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PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

December 1, 1921, to March 1, 1922

Ask your Theatre Manager when he
will show them

Ethel Clayton in "Exit—the Vamp"
by Clara Beranger.

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"
From George M. Cohan's famous play
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Directed by Frank Borzage.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything!"
by Lorna Moon.

"Just Around the Corner"
by Fannie Hurst.
A Cosmopolitan Production.

William S. Hart in "White Oak"
A William S. Hart Production.

Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash"
From the novel, "The Shulamite"
by Alice and Claude Askew.

Betty Compson in
"The Little Minister"
by James M. Barrie.
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

A William de Mille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills,
Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson
From the novel and play by
Zona Gale.

Wallace Reid in "Rent Free"
by Izola Forrester and Mann Page.

"Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst.
Directed by Frank Borzage.
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the
novel, "Enchanted Hearts"
by Darragh Aldrich.

Agnes Ayres in
"The Lane That Had No Turning"
by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."

"Boomerang Bill"
with Lionel Barrymore
by Jack Boyle.
A Cosmopolitan Production.

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang," with Ann Forrest.
From the novel, "Perpetua," by
Dian Clayton Calthrop.

A George Fitzmaurice Production.
"Three Live Ghosts," with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry.

"One Glorious Day," with
Will Rogers and Lila Lee
by Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman."
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case."
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

George Medford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
with Dorothy Dalton.
From the story by Frank Norris.

Marion Davies in
"The Bride's Play," by Donn Bryne.
Supervised by
Cosmopolitan Productions.

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid
in "Forever."
A George Fitzmaurice Production.
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Vol. XXIII

FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 1

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Gallery of Players.....	11
Portraits in gravure of Gloria Swanson, Jane Novak, Pauline Starke, Walter McGrail, Edith Roberts, Wallace Reid, Will Rogers, Madge Bellamy and Lillian Gish.	
At Harvest-time.....	20
Justice.....	21
More anent Hollywood!	
Out From the West.....	22
A character study of Bill Hart.	
Mrs. Reid Returns.....	24
Enter—Penrod!.....	26
Long, Long Ago.....	27
In Placid Mold.....	28
Which describes Edna Purviance.	
Where the Old World Meets the New.....	30
Morals.....	31
Charlie and Sarah.....	36
All about Viola Dana and Alice Lake, Siamese Twins.	
Barrie and the Shadows.....	38
The Great Art.....	39
Illustrated by Olive Butler.	
Presenting—.....	41
George Fawcett wins honorable mention.	
The Pioneer of the Shadowed Drama.....	42
In other words—Hobart Bosworth.	
Meet Mrs. Ray.....	43
Sharing With the Lions.....	44
An interview with Claude Gillingwater.	
Charms—and the Woman.....	46
With Pauline Frederick cast as the woman.	
The Actor-Poet.....	48
Received Payment.....	49
Dash of Scarlet.....	54
Which typifies Rosemary Theby.	
That's Out.....	56
He Maintains Illusion.....	57
Huntley Gordon and philosophy.	
Letters of a Youthful Critic.....	58
The popular juvenile writer becomes a contributor.	
With John Barrymore.....	59
She Wants to See Them Weep.....	60
Which is Lila Lee's ambition.	
Exercise for the Stout Figure.....	62
Another beauty talk.	
Pardon My French.....	63
Across the Silversheet.....	68
On the Camera Coast.....	70
Greenroom Jottings.....	72

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Name

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City State

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little gamin of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont.—The first Theatre Guild production of the year is a drab but powerful American play, "Ambush," by Arthur Richman, who has woven his theme—the readjustment of ideals to life—into an absorbing thing. Very well played by Florence Eldridge, Frank Reicher, Katherine Proctor and others.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Broadhurst.—Lionel Barrymore in a Parisian importation, "The Claw," dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Eltine.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

Fulton.—"Liliom," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Dudley Digges is an excellent Sparrow. Well worth seeing.

Garrick.—The Theatre Guild's second bill of the season, numbering two French adaptations, "The Wife With a Smile" and "Boubouroche." Arnold Daly is visiting star in both.

Harris.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

Jolson's.—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Klaw.—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred and Norman Trevor fea-

tured. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

Lyric.—"The Three Musketeers," The United Artists presents Douglas Fairbanks in the famous D'Artagnan rôle of the Dumas story. Undoubtedly Doug proves himself in this attractive special production.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Silver Fox," with William Faversham. An admirable comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, written with keen satire and humor. Of a blundering author, a philandering wife and an idealistic poet. Splendidly acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune." Mr. Faversham, Lawrence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb subtlety; Ian Keith and Vivienne Osborne.

Music Hall.—Irrving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-

moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Rolanda. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Akins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

Ritz.—"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

Selwyn.—"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic importation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by Estelle Winwood, John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Dont miss "The Circle."

Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Follies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is 'way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

Times Square Theater.—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement." An imported English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the re-

The Magazine's List of Plays and Revues You Should See

- "The Circle"
- "Anna Christie"
- "The Silver Fox"
- "Ambush"
- "The Music Box Revue"
- "Liliom"
- "Kiki"

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sultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katharine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

Vanderbilt.—“Anna Christie,” with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins’ able production of Eugene O’Neill’s newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor’s daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

ON TOUR

“*The Return of Peter Grimm*,” with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

“*Blood and Sand*,” with Otis Skinner. Dramatization of Ibañez’s novel of the career of a toreador. Catherine Calvert in the leading feminine rôle.

“*Getting Gertie’s Garter*.” Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn.

“*Back Pay*,” with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

“*Nice People*.” Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

“*The Merry Widow*.” A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehar operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading rôles are in the hands of Lydia Lipkowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angelis and Raymond Crane.

“*The Easiest Way*,” with Frances Starr. Interesting David Belasco revival of the vivid Eugene Walter drama of New York’s tenderloin. One of the big plays of the last twenty years.

“*Honors Are Even*,” with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue, presenting the duel between two people who love each other but won’t admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small rôle of a callow lad stand out.

“*Welcome Stranger*,” Aaron Hoffman’s story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

“*Ladies’ Night*.” About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies’ night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

“*The Broken Wing*.” A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement.

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"SILENT YEARS"
directed by Louis J. Gasnier

One of the most delightful books of recent years is Harriet T. Comstock's "Mam'selle Jo." It is a story in which mother love, touching the supreme heights of sacrifice and devotion, stands as a rock against which the evil forces of malice and slander hurl themselves to their own destruction. "Silent Years" is a thrilling dramatization of "Mam'selle Jo."

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starring Sessue Hayakawa

Recognized critics state there is no more finished dramatic actor for the screen today than Sessue Hayakawa. In his latest picture, "Five Days to Live," he draws the veil from that deep, spiritual, fatalistic love that Eastern stoicism completely shadows from Occidental eyes. This picture is a peep into the soul of the ancient East.



"POSSESSION" from Sir Anthony Hope's novel "Phroso"
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Sir Anthony Hope, master teller of dramatic stories—Mercanton, the "Griffith of Europe," a rare combination of matchless talents, resulting in a picture of such intense realism as to hold the spectator breathless. This tale of adventure, intrigue and romance, acted amid the identical surroundings that gave the novel its atmosphere and color, the background a real and famous old castle and a great natural cave 300 feet below ground, has all the thrill of a vivid personal experience.



"EDEN AND RETURN"
starring Doris May

Dainty Doris May, who delivered a landslide of mirth in "The Foolish Age," repeats with a vengeance in "Eden and Return." For sheer fun, marvelously ingenious situations, the snappiest kind of rollicking, riotous action, this comedy offers an evening of uproarious hilarity that you willingly will go far to see.



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—How you can rouse it

SLEEP, fresh air, exercise—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must have special care, if you wish it to show all the beauty and charm of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

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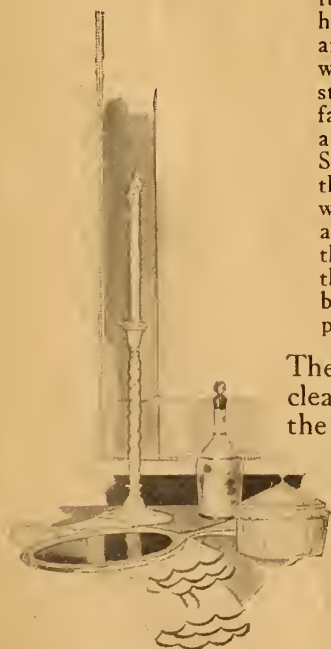
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Motion Picture Magazine



GLORIA SWANSON

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

JANE NOVAK

Jane Novak has often been shadowed to splendid advantage. However, everyone is so interested in knowing whether or not she will marry Bill Hart that they forget to remember her as an earnest player—they forget to consider her characterizations





Photograph by White Studios, N. Y.

PAULINE STARKE

Pauline Starke is quite worthy of being termed an artist. There is no emotion so elusive that she has not been able to bring it to the silvercloth. Her next appearance is in the title rôle of Vitagraph's "Flower of the North"





Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

WALTER McGRAIL

Walter McGrail spends his days wooing the fair ladies of the screen. Recently he has devoted himself—cinematically speaking—to the lovely Anita Stewart. Without a doubt, he is one of the screen's most popular leading men



Photograph by W. F. Seely

EDITH ROBERTS

Edith Roberts, the erstwhile Universal star, will soon emerge in the De Mille production, "Saturday Night."
And the screen will boast another silken creature—another silken creature with charm and appeal



Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

WALLACE REID

Recently Wally has been giving himself to other things, and the speedy race-track comedies have been neglected. He brought the sophisticated Anatole and the dreamer, Peter Ibbetson, to the shadows. Now, he is busy creating the title rôle in "The Champion," an adaptation of the stage play of the same name



Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

WILL ROGERS

Vaudeville recently boasted Will Rogers. At present he is a headliner at the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic," which he deserted sometime ago for the screen. We use this portrait with the hope that he will come back to motion pictures—and very soon



Photograph by Nelson Evans, L. A.

MADGE BELLAMY

Madge Bellamy left the stage to embark upon a motion picture career at the Thomas H. Ince studios where she rapidly won a place for herself. She will soon be found playing opposite Jack Holt in "The Call of the North"



Photograph by Frank Dien

LILLIAN GISH

Every new portrayal of Lillian Gish's is one which may well be numbered among the achievements of the shadowed drama. Her next characterization will be in D. W. Griffith's "The Two Orphans," and it may be awaited with great anticipation



Photograph by Frank Dien

At Harvest-time

From a Scene of the D. W. Griffith Version of
"The Two Orphans"

Justice

By
ELINOR GLYN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This is the second of Elinor Glyn's series of articles on Hollywood as she recently found it. Her articles are without prejudice and present a true picture of the motion picture colony—its people, their ideals and life as they live it from day to day. The third article, completing the series, will appear next month.*

I HOPE those who read my paper in the last issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have understood my point of view, which is, not to defend disgustingly wild orgies, which I loathe as much as any of the adverse critics, but to plead for justice for the rest of the community; because a whole industry that gives innocent pleasure and instruction to the public can be injured by indiscriminate condemnation. The Moving Picture world in general certainly understands the meaning of the saying that "Charity begins at home"—for I have never seen such kindness and sympathy, one to another. How often does one hear of some little girl, rising to stardom, who has supported her mother, or brothers and sisters, or even relations further afield, since childhood. They have nearly all of them someone else besides themselves to work for. If a pal—among the section who have not yet risen beyond "extra" work—is out of luck, and is down to his last cent, someone else who may be

Below is a camera study of Elinor Glyn, taken while she was in California. Regarding the motion picture people, Madam Glyn writes: "No charity in Los Angeles ever appeals to moving picture people in vain. They give their services time after time for hospitals and anything else they are called upon to help . . . And yet, with one horrid orgie exposed, all the good things are forgotten and vials of wrath are poured out upon the entire company!"



only a dollar or two better off for the moment, will give a helping hand, and share his lodgings with him. And among the little girls it is the same, they all seem willing to do each other good turns—and are not spiteful and glad to tear each other to pieces, as women are in many other more highly respected professions! During the three days I played the part of an "extra" in my play "The Great Moment," so that I might learn what was that life, and how it felt to be waiting about for hours "made up" on a draughty set, I never saw or heard anything but kindness, cheery good fellowship, and patience.

If any subscription is ever started for any special case of trouble or misfortune, everyone seems to be generous and sympathetic.

And when the Great Pageant for the Actors' Benefit Fund came off last June, it was the Movie Colony that flocked to the Speedway to spend their dollars—not the general public whom they amuse, and who, one might think, would show their appreciation.

(Cont'd on
page 86)

Out From the West

landscape blend into a dull rose. There is a hushed stillness broken by animal sounds and then comes the night, black, gold-studded.

"No, I'm not reckonin' to quit makin' pictures," he said slowly, interrupting our thoughts. "Just wont make 'em far ahead like I been doin'. 'Taint a wise thing to do. When you do, somethin's always wrong by the time your picture's out or else your best bit of business comes along in somebody else's picture first. That's why I'm away from my studios right now. I'm two pictures ahead and I figured I'd run up and have a look at my Connecticut farm and git a bit of writin' done, not to say nothin' about

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood



Photograph © by Spurr, L. A.

GOTHAM was taking its tea. Weirdstrains, imported from the popular South Seas, came from banked palms. There was the scent of costly perfumes intermingling. Cigarets were being fitted into ridiculously jeweled holders by toying jeweled fingers. Brilliant epigrams, which analyzed meant nothing or else proved as false as the speakers themselves, fell upon the ear. Men and women stood about in groups, talking, laughing—satiated with their luxurious and superficial existence.

And high above in a suite of rooms overlooking the city, now fading into early twilight, was one of inscrutable expression, his face bronzed by the sun of desert and plain. Bill Hart had come to Gotham from out of the West. And he had brought with him all those things which belong to the West, principal among them high ideals and a profound respect for the standards which the years have proved, a cognizance for the realities of life.

Of a surety, life presents strange contrasts.

"Sit there, in a comfortable chair, Missey," he said the greeting over and indicating a chair with a sinewed hand. "Sit there."

Our first interrogation—whether the rumors concerning his retirement from the screen were true—went unanswered for a few minutes while he studied the twilight. It was a gloaming different from that which he has known thru the last years. Dusk was throwing her first grey mantle over the buildings standing there as ghost sentinels of the approaching night. On the desert it is different. The flitting pastel colors of the

"No, I'm not reckonin' to quit makin' pictures," Bill Hart told us slowly; "just wont make 'em far ahead, like I been doin'. 'Taint a wise thing to do. When you do, somethin's always wrong by the time your picture's out." Above, a camera study, and right, Bill Hart photographed on the roof of his Manhattan hotel



By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

a little vacation before I got back on my job."

He talks with the drawl of the West. Slowly—cautiously almost. He would never be guilty of talking simply for the sake of talking. Undoubtedly, he has a deep respect for words.

"Your writing? Did you write before you went into pictures?" we asked him.

"No'm. Never knew I could write a durn thing," he assured us. "Only took to writin' when I couldn't get what I'd made up my mind to have in my pictures any other way."

Interested as he so sincerely is in his pictures, we asked him how he felt about his old pictures which are being reissued. It was as tho we had kindled smolders into new flame, Bill Hart's voice took a steel ring. His fist smote the arm of his chair and his eyes narrowed and, narrowing, gleamed.

"I've spent twenty thousand dollars fighting them," he announced, "but still they keep on showin' those old pictures. They have the nerve to label them 'W. H. Productions' and to send the same picture out again, and again with new titles. How in thunder's anybody goin' to tell whether they've seen the durn thing before. Kids—little fellows—write me that they've saved up their coppers to see me and then found they have seen the picture before. That's not right. You know it ain't. It's a crying shame and folks'll think it's me doin' it. They'll blame me for the cheatin' show. I won my case but what good did it do. Right under my nose they dare show the old pictures in Los Angeles. When I hear about it or see the posters outside their theater, I stop them, I can tell you. What's the thunderin' use of laws if people dont keep 'em?"

We sought to change the subject. We searched for less dangerous ground. We asked him which he thought the more intelligent, horses or dogs. And in the answer we found a new Bill Hart. A Bill Hart keenly interested. His voice held a caress for the animals he had left behind.

"I reckon I like horses best. They're most intelligent," he told us. "Why? Because they haven't had the association with humans that dogs have. My dog sleeps on the end of my bed, but the Pinto—he's out in his stall or in the corral. But he knows all I say to him just the same. I always prefer a horse—even for transportation. Reckon the automobile's a notch in the march of progress. It's

all right if you have to git somewhere in a whale of a hurry but it ain't got no sense. No mam."

That was that.

Before we left we asked him about his engagement to Jane Novak. We asked it indirectly, let it be said, for there is a reserve to him peculiar to the man of the open. It is not a thing to be broken down or easily scaled.

"You've got a right to ask," Bill assured us simply. "When you belong to the public they're naturally interested in you. No, I'm not engaged to be married to Miss Novak. But I want to say right here and now that she's all I admire in womankind. She's good and she's sweet.

"Someday I hope to marry because I love kids and
(Continued on page 84)



Photograph by C. Smith Gardner

The ideals of Bill Hart stand forth surely. His standards are definite. He has not compromised. He is of deeds, I would say, rather than words. Of stern stuff!



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Mrs. Reid Returns

By

TRUMAN B. HANDY

FOR a considerable length of time Hollywood Boulevard—the stamping ground of the film-famous—has been buzzing with sundry, varied reports concerning the domestic life of the Wallace Reids. In fact, ever since the redoubtable, irrepressible Wally jumped into the shining limelight as one of the most popular heroes of the screen.

And practically everybody—I, for one—who has ever frequented either the *ad lib* eating emporiums or the dancing marts of film-land's capital, places where the forked tongues of the gossip are quite generally allowed free rein, has heard from time to time that Mrs. Wally, in other words the pretty, Frenchy Dorothy Davenport, was on the verge of separating herself from her handsome husband.

In other words, all Hollywood—except that portion of it that knows the Reids and is accepted by them—would like to believe that a divorce has been brewing for lo! these many moons.

It was emphatically declared by the users of the forked tongues that as soon as Mrs. Reid should return to the screen, she would cease to be a part of her husband's household. Also it was pretty generally intimated that she was very weary of playing second fiddle in the orchestra of her husband's popularity.

But, however, *facts* shed a quite different spotlight onto this charming and artistic household. Mrs. Wally has announced her return to the screen after an absence of perhaps five years. But, on the other hand, it is easy to deduce from her attitude that she is quite old-fashionedly in love with her husband.

I very frankly admit that, knowing that Mrs. Reid has come back to her old-time acting laurels as the co-star of Lester Cuneo in a series of out-of-doors, I hid myself out to the Reid residence on the outskirts of Hollywood especially to interview a dissatisfied wife. Therefore, I suppose I, as a reporter, should register disappointment.

For when I arrived at the Reid home—which is Renaissance, artistic to the nth degree, and snuggled comfortably under a protecting hillock—my gaze lighted upon the very optimistic picture of three adorable children splashing around in a Pompeian swimming pool. One of them, a four-year-old, afforded himself no little amusement by encircling his small self with the inflated inner tube of an automobile tire which floated lazily on the sun-kissed wavelets and served as an excellent, home-made life-preserver.

"Billy dear, where *are* you?" came floating out of a room of the house opening onto the pool. The tones were sweet and womanly and contained a sufficient note of anxiety to assure any hearer that they represented a startling amount of interest in the water-baby.

"Here, Mummy—out divin'," came chokefully from the youngster, who, at this time spying me, propped himself up out of the water and announced that I'd find "all the grown' folks there in the billiard-room."

It was a typical fashionable afternoon tea party that I happened in on. Marguerite Snow, who in private life is Mrs. James Cruze, wife of the director, had dropped



All photographs by
Melbourne Spurr, L. A.



"I believe that any woman who has ever been before the public in professional life always has a desire again to be before that same public," Dorothy Davenport Reid explained, "even if she is married. When you're used to a life replete with the excitement of the stage or the screen, you find you miss it terribly when you sit at home day after day, with nothing to do but amuse yourself." Above, a new portrait, and at the left, with Billy Reid, the reason for Mrs. Reid's late absence from the screen

in to tell Mrs. Wally all about her wonderful trip East. There were other guests there, too, and the hostess, garbed in a simple lavender, was kept busy at the samovar.

If additional years have ever favored anybody, that person is Dorothy Davenport. In the old days when she used to shine brightly as a Universal star—when she married

Wally, her leading man—she looked for all the world like Lillian Gish looks now.

However, with her smartly bobbed titian hair and her ultra-smart high heels, she looks more like a Parisian mannequin than a modern American woman. She has *élan*, and grace, and style, and perfect command of manner. But, withal, her laughter, her insouciance, her pearl-white skin are contradictory and make you think of her *not* as

(Continued on page 85)



Enter---Penrod!

Penrod is Booth Tarkington's conception of American boyhood . . . and, at the same time, one of the most genuine characters of modern fiction. Some time ago Wesley Barry played Penrod on a Los Angeles stage. He loved the rôle and desired to play it for the screen. His wishes are being realized. Marshall Neilan is now filming this Booth Tarkington story, and Wesley, of the popular freckles, will perpetuate American boyhood with his Penrod





Photograph by Abbe

Long, Long Ago

A new camera study of Norma Talmadge, in the screen version of
"Smilin' Through"

In Placid Mold

One can readily understand how Edna's calm, unruffled personality would make a superb background for an artist as undoubtedly temperamental as Chaplin. The serenity of it was recognizable even over the telephone.

It was a little exasperating, the cool pleasantness of that voice. I had been trying to make a definite appointment for two weeks or more, but I had never gotten further than a deliberate: "Well, just now I have to see to my wardrobe. If you will go to the studio at three, I will *try* to be there." I give Edna all due credit for trying, but she was not there.

And then, to further tantalize, I saw her about a week later at Sunset Inn, down at Santa Monica, on Photoplayers' Nite, where Louise Fazenda and I had gone to watch Milton Sills preside. A cluster of stars were there—Betty Compson dancing with Rudolph Valentino, Nazimova, Bobby Harron's brother John with some pretty companion. Edna, in a red evening gown of be-

coming simplicity, was sitting a few tables beyond us, very beautiful, from where we sat, with firm, startlingly white shoulders and straight decisive features. Her figure is perhaps a little rounder than it was, its former lithe-someness supplanted by a more stunning maturity of mold, a fine erectness of carriage. She took her pleasure as one must imagine she takes everything, calmly, with an almost stolid gaiety. It is impossible to imagine her ever becoming mussed, in hair or in dress. She grooms herself scrupulously.

I managed to find her at home only a few days later. She was, as I had thought, pleasantly quiescent, placidly willing to talk to me, but, as she regretted, with nothing exciting to say.

"What truth there may be in the report that Charlie is to feature me in a picture before I leave him, I do not know. It certainly is not in 'The Idle Class.' In that I



Photograph by Bigelow

"What truth there may be in the report that Charlie is to feature me in a picture before I leave him, I do not know," said Edna Purviance. "I have two more pictures to make with him before our contract runs out"

EDNA PURVIANCE has had the unusual faculty of endurance in a profession where success blooms swiftly—and fades even as it blooms.

Among one's earliest memories of screen comedy, her blonde beauty stands out clear-

ly. Then it was as it is today—the inevitable companion of a little black mustache and a pair of shuffling, enormous feet. Edna was Chaplin's foil in his first rioting two-reelers, and she was his leading lady in his last and greatest picture, "The Kid." In between lies a period of years in which, admittedly, there have been Chaplin pictures without Edna—but very few. Always the great "Charlot" has returned to her.

By
CLYDE STUART

have little else to do than to wear some becoming gowns. But I have two more pictures to make with Charlie before our contract runs out."

She liked "The Kid" because it was the first comedy that ever gave her any amount of acting to do. She deplored it because by the time it was released, a year after it was commenced, her clothes were quite out of fashion. She is intensely interested in clothes. One can hardly blame her. She wears them exceedingly well. Even that afternoon, in her plaid sport skirt and sweater, she looked delightful. Her hair was carefully, smoothly arranged. And apparently its order was permanent. She did not continually pat at it. She has that rare art of dressing at the beginning of the day; not all thru it.



Edna Purviance has had the unusual faculty of endurance in a profession where success blooms swiftly and fades even as it blooms. And after seeing her, you readily understand how her calm, unruffled personality would make a superb background for an artist as undoubtedly temperamental as Chaplin



The beauty of women is strange. With some it is chiseled, distinct—like Edna's. Her eyebrows are perfect. Her blue eyes had apparently been polished that morning. In sketching her, the artist would outline her in one continuous unbroken line. It is a type of beauty that often needs kindling.

I asked her what, then, she would do when she left Chaplin.

She refused to be definite.

"It is hard to say. There are several offers to be considered, all of them more or less worth while. It is not improbable that I will join the United Artists and have my own company."

Edna lives in a beautiful section of Los Angeles, considerably apart from Hollywood. It is strange that many of the earlier members of the Coast film colony are not residents of Hollywood. They seem to prefer isolation in the more prosaic, but no less beautiful, residential districts. Edna lives on a street near Westlake Park from which, by taking one or two steps from the door, she can overlook the only lake in the city. Her bungalow, one of several in a court, is crowded with silver loving-cups, Chinese prints, an assortment of musical instruments. The cups, Edna explained, she had won years ago, when the movies were in the first unrestrained heyday of their fame, when blue laws, and censors, and prohibitionists, and speed

(Continued on page 84)



Out on the edge of the continent, nestled at the foot of the rugged Western mountains, a Scotch village has sprung into being. Ancient and mildewed buildings, thatched cottages, the town pump and the old moss-grown Town Hall are there, supplying the atmosphere for a forthcoming Paramount production. In truth—California—where the old world meets the new

Where the Old World Meets the New---



Morals

By GLADYS HALL

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WHEN Sir Marcus Ordeyne found Carlotta, he was writing a learned tome on the morals of the Renaissance.

Sir Marcus Ordeyne was, if the paradox may be employed, passionately absorbed in morals, their study and exposition. Not that anyone is ever passionately absorbed, or anything else, in morals. Still, they consumed most of Sir Marcus' thoughts and ambitions.

"Morals," he was wont to say, "are the backbone of the body of humanity. Without morals"—and then he would spread widely apart his long, aristocratic fingers in a gesture which consigned a moralless humanity to an unspeakable Sodom and Gomorrah.

Sir Marcus' other interest in life was Mrs. Judith Mainwaring. Mrs. Judith Mainwaring had a husband somewhere in the background of her life. Now and again she alluded to him, but it wasn't the sort of allusion that gave one much of a portrait of Mr. Mainwaring. What it did do, strangely, was make one sorry for Mrs. Mainwaring, poetically, tenderly sorry. You didn't know why, but you felt that she had been wronged, and that, in all probability, she had been wronged by Mr. Mainwaring.

Sir Marcus Ordeyne enjoyed Judith's company. That it was mostly because he was used to it, he didn't know. She made him comfortable. There was always her drawing-room, hospitable and charming. There was always a tête-à-tête, if he desired it, or a few interesting people, if he felt, which he seldom did, sociological. There were flowers in spring, picturesquely selected and hand arranged. And in the chill of autumn and the rigidity of winter, there was a fire, and the new magazines and the best books. Judith talked just enough. He listened perfectly. When Sir Marcus Ordeyne talked to her at length

about the morals of the antedated periods, she made a pleasant picture for his eye. She made the morals of the Renaissance a live and vivid thing. Now and then she would balance her slipper daintily on the end of a silken toe, and then drop it. It became the duty of Sir Marcus Ordeyne to kneel before her and re-establish her footgear. Generally, he went right on talking about ethics the while. His blood flowed orderly in his veins, did the blood of Sir Marcus Ordeyne, until he met Carlotta—but we anticipate—

One evening, Mrs. Mainwaring dropped her slipper, and as he replaced it she said to him, with an undercurrent in her sleepy voice, "Marcus, shall you be doing this same thing, in just this same way, eight years from now?"

Having replaced the gold-tissued slipper, Sir Marcus gathered up the proofs of his manuscript and regained the easy chair he occupied opposite to the lady. He gave

his pleasant laugh.

"Most probably," he said. He added, "I hope so. These are pleasant moments in my life, Judith, my times with you."

"Pleasant moments!" The woman opposite to him smiled. "Pleasant moments aren't going to suffice you all your life, Marcus. Some day, some one is going to wake you up, and you are going to find that the morals of the Renaissance and your respectable old house and your valet and your annual trips to the Continent and—and me, my friend, are all as dry as dust. All at once you are going to discover that you have, not the blue fluid of the Ordeynes in your veins, but good, red blood. Some young thing, Marcus, with wide eyes—some young thing whom you will have to teach—who won't know very thoroly what you mean when you talk, but who will think you wonder-



She liked living in the home of Sir Marcus Ordeyne. A nice woman, named Mrs. MacMurray, took her shopping, and they bought her "queer" English clothes. Sir Marcus had told her she must not wear her Turkish costume again. She had put it away, obediently

ful, just because you are you—a very young person,

Marcus, will make your world for you——"

Sir Marcus Ordeyne rested his lean and cultured head on the back of his tall chair and laughed:

"Judith, how feminine you are tonight," he said; "conjuring up fantasies! Horrid fantasies, my dear friend. 'A young thing!' I detest the species."

But Judith shook her head.

At that moment, bewilderedly, Carlotta was arriving in England.

The next morning, at ten-thirty precisely, Sir Marcus Ordeyne found her. Found Carlotta.

She was sitting on a park bench, staring about her, with the eyes of one suddenly liberated, suddenly given air and sunshine and spaces, and not knowing quite what to do about it.

To be still more precise, it was rather Carlotta who found Sir Marcus Ordeyne than Sir Marcus Ordeyne who found Carlotta. True, he had noticed her. One could not help but notice Carlotta; but he had with him some new and very engrossing notes on the Renaissance, and would have gone on his way had not Carlotta spoken to him. The casualness of her voice arrested him.

"I'm all alone in your country," she said; "I don't know what to do."

Sir Marcus Ordeyne stared at her. Then he frowned at her. "Don't you know," he said, "that a young girl does not speak to a strange man."

Carlotta smiled. What a smile! Spring! She said: "I don't think you are so very strange. I've seen men lots

stranger. The one they wanted to marry, for instance——"

[Of course, she might be mad. Quite possibly she was! In humanity, Sir Marcus Ordeyne shifted his his ulster pocket and adopted the park bench also.]

"They" would you to marry?" he said. "Your parents, you mean? Somewhere in the country?"

"Not exactly," explained Carlotta. "Hamdi Effendi was my mother's second husband. And it was in

"A harem!" Sir Marcus Ordeyne felt his blood curdle and his nostrils dilate. He felt revolted and shocked. A harem! "Are you of English birth?" he asked.

Carlotta nodded affirmatively. "Both my parents were English," she said. "My father was killed in a Turkish massacre, Hamdi Effendi married my mother. She died very young. Afterward, I grew up in the harem, and, lately, they have been trying to make me marry. Of course, I know that I must give to marry whom they tell me to; but when I said, '—my future husband—ugh!' Carlotta spread out her slim fingers. "He was fat!" she said. "I would have hated any man but a fat man. Why, you never read of lovely ladies marrying fat men. I told Hamdi Effendi I could find me a thin husband, or I would run away. He said he didn't see what it mattered in a husband—whether he was thin or fat—and I said that, after all, I was English, and that it mattered a great deal to me. I must have been thin. I even appealed to him. I told him his favorite was thin. He wasn't fat—and he said no, but that he had had favorites who were. He stormed at me—but I ran away. Just as I said." Carlotta sighed a little, and smiled again at Sir Marcus Ordeyne, "And here I am."

"But did you come alone?" "No. Harriet Robinson brought me. He was killed last night."

"Harry Robinson! Who was he? And how was he killed?"

[She talked logically, but, good gracious! Who ever heard such a tale outside a paper-covered thriller?]

Carlotta smiled, a little wistfully. "Harry Robinson was a nice young Englishman," she said. "He used to come over the garden wall and make little love to me. I told him about the fat husband Hamdi Efendi had picked out of all the husbands in the world for me, and he asked me to run away to England with him. And so I did. Anyway, he was thin——"

Sir Marcus



"Yes, Pasquale has met her," explained Sir Marcus. "He dined with me last week, and came across a slipper of Carlotta's in the drawing-room. I sent it to her room by Stenson, and she came out in her Turkish costume, the little rascal. Pasquale was delighted with her"

found himself saying, "Were you—in love—with this Robinson?"

Carlotta shrugged her shoulders. "He was thin," she repeated, thinking it over; then she

regarded Sir Marcus Ordeyne. "But so are you," she said, brightly. "I feel about the same about the two of you."

"And when did the young man leave you?" Sir Marcus pursued.

"Last night. He got off at his home station to tell his family what he meant to do about me. I was to wait for him in the station for three hours this morning. I did wait, but he didn't come. Then I found out that his train had been wrecked. There were six killed. He was one of the six."

"Aren't you sorry? Don't you care?"

Carlotta's eyes were candid, momentarily troubled. She might, thought Sir Marcus, have lost track of a nurse who had been kind to her—given her sweets. . . .

"Of course," she said, "he was nice. He didn't want to die."

There was a little silence, then Sir Marcus said: "Have you no friends in England?"

Carlotta said: "Only you." Then, fearful that she had hurt him, she added,





"Mrs. Mainwaring came to me on the day I went away," Carlotta told him. "She told me you were marrying me out of pity for me. She said that you really loved her . . . always had . . ."

there he was! Obviously, as a man and a human, he couldn't leave a young and tender girl alone in London, penniless, hatless, friendless, a prey—

Sir Marcus Ordeyne took Carlotta home.

It was far more surprising to Sir Marcus than it was to Carlotta. Carlotta had been brought up to believe that men ruled her destiny. There was nothing particularly strange to her in the idea that a man should take her to his home and install her in a little private seagraglio of his own. Doubtless, he would be her husband, and if not, he would find some one else for her. To Carlotta every man she caught a glimpse of was a potential husband. She had enough faith in Sir Marcus Ordeyne to believe that if he did not select himself for her he

"but you're enough. You're friend enough for me."

Sir Marcus felt conceptions and reconceptions dissolving in his brain. He had a fleeting picture of Judith in her drawing-room, comfortable, correct—eager, too . . . But

would find one "just as thin." Man was a species called "husband" to Carlotta. There was, as yet, no further differentiation in her mind than that of "fat" and "thin."

She liked living in the home of Sir Marcus Ordeyne. A nice woman named Mrs. MacMurray took her shopping and they bought "queer" English clothes, tweed skirts and sweaters and straight silk dinner frocks. Sir Marcus had told her she must not wear her Turkish costume again. She had put it away, obediently.

Carlotta rather changed things for Sir Marcus. In the first place, she cleared up his understanding as to his friendship for Judith Mainwaring, or, rather, her friendship for him. He had always regarded it as a tranquil relationship, interesting but platonic. He could talk to

her and be comfortable with her and there was just enough estheticism in the relationship to keep it from being daily bread. But now, suddenly, he knew that he dared not tell Judith about Carlotta, and if he dared not tell Judith about Carlotta there was a reason. Some fundamental reason. What was it? If Judith were just his very good friend she would be interested in Carlotta. But Marcus knew, quite

MORALS

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Real-art production of the scenario by Julia Crawford Ivers, based on the novel, "The Morals of Marcus," by William J. Locke. Directed by William D. Taylor, and starring May McAvoy. The cast:

Carlotta	May McAvoy
Sir Marcus Ordeyne.....	William Carleton
Sebastian Pasquale.....	William E. Lawrence
Judith Mainwaring.....	Kathlyn Williams
Antoinette	Bridgeta Clark
Stenson	Sydney Bracey
Harry	Starke Patterson
Hamdi	Nicolas de Buiz
Mrs. MacMurray.....	Marian Skinner

definitely, that Judith would not be "interested" in Carlotta. He knew that she would resent her. He knew . . . why, he knew that she would be jealous of her. That, somehow, Carlotta would ruin his friendship with Judith. There would be no more happy evenings. They wouldn't talk about the House, or Lloyd George, or H. G. Wells or the theories of Bernard Shaw. They wouldn't talk about the "Morals of the Renaissance." Because, inevitably, every topic would lead back to Carlotta and her exotic presence in his house. Judith would ask endless questions he couldn't answer. Judith would probe and he felt a sudden intimate dislike of being probed. He felt a coward, but he avoided going to her home, avoided writing her. He wanted to think Carlotta out first, so that, clearly, he could explain her to Judith.

Poor Marcus! He didn't know that Carlotta was the first thing in his life he couldn't "explain." She was his first experience with instinct.

Of course Judith heard about Carlotta. She heard it from many sources and with bizarre and fantastic adornments: Sir Marcus Ordeyne had stolen the Sultan's favorite . . . Sir Marcus Ordeyne had Turkish blood in his veins and was, surreptitiously, starting a harem . . . there were at least six houris seen on the premises, lounging on sumptuous cushions sipping Moorish coffee . . . the things that went on, my dear! . . . Sir Marcus Ordeyne and "Morals!" Who had ever heard of a man who devoted his outer life to the study of morals that could bear investigation. Investigate Sir Marcus Ordeyne, for instance, and you find . . . a harem!

Judith Mainwaring suffered in as long a silence as she had it in her to maintain, and then she telephoned Marcus and asked him, casually, to bring his "ward" to tea.

By the shock she sensed in his manner, by the broken syllable of his reply, Judith knew the worst. Ah, the cool, imperturbable Marcus! The lean ascetic to whom her wiles and lures had been but the follies of a pretty woman, to be borne with for that reason . . . dear Marcus who had said, so innocently, "I detest the species!" . . . Her Marcus . . . hers no longer—

Judith thought that her pain would kill her, and knew that it wouldn't. No, she would go on . . . and on . . . Marcus was her dream and one awoke from dreams . . . ah, but she had dreamed him so deeply and so long. . . . Now she was awake. Wide awake. The daylight was cruel and bleak, and hurt her eyes. The air of reality was thin and harsh, and hurt her heart. But she would grow used to them . . . after awhile . . . there was time to be got thru with . . . a certain number of days . . . and nights . . . the once blessed evenings when Marcus had been

with her and would now be with her no longer . . .

Maybe this young thing would hurt him, as he had hurt her. Maybe, then, he would come back to her, *knowing*. . . . But she wouldn't want him then . . . knowing. She had wanted him to know from her. Marcus . . . so infinitely wise . . . so infinitely simple.

Marcus didn't want to take Carlotta to Judith's for tea, and he didn't know quite why he didn't want to, and because he didn't know why he didn't want to, he felt impatient with himself, and took her anyway. He had always had a detestation of chaotic persons—persons who didn't know why they didn't want to do things— Marcus had, hitherto, been able to tabulate his aversions and his desires as a man should.

Of course it was rather horrid. Carlotta was whimsical and sort of cleverish, but Marcus wished she hadn't been. He kept explaining things to Judith. His manner was conciliatory and it made him furious. Judith was critical and benevolent and, he felt it, cruel. Mentally, she was tearing Carlotta to pieces, to shreds. Or trying to. She didn't succeed very well, because Carlotta was almost entirely unconscious of her. Women didn't figure a great deal in Carlotta's
(Continued on page 96)

Carlotta bent to him and her lips hovered against his, thrilling, awake, passionate. "With me . . .," she said, "with me, . . . alone . . ."



Charlie and Sarah

Alice says she Irish and Brooklyn.

Let this curtain-raiser suffice to show that the two differ sufficiently to be bosom friends.

"Where do we go?" demands Viola, stripping on a finger of her glove—and asserting that the skin is stripping with it. "I have to get back early, because Dad is having a man up to see me about investing my money."

"Investing in motion pictures?" I asked.

"I should say not! I want something safe."

"Where do we go?" demands Alice.

We reach the running-board of the Leek *fiacre*.

"Let's go to the Hollywood Hotel," says Viola, enthroning herself on a forward cushion. "I used to live at the Hollywood Hotel."

Viola Dana and Alice Lake are known as the Siamese Twins about the film colony by reason of their inseparability. At the left, a new camera study of Miss Lake, and below, Alice as Sarah Bernhardt and Viola as Charlie Chaplin



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

UNDER the surveillance of Ray Leek, publicity commander of the Metro cantonment, I sat in the salon of the Hillview apartments awaiting Alice Lake and Viola Dana, champion bantamweights of the screen world. They had consented to go a five-course round at some quiet tavern, that I might record their moods, manners and movements under the influence of the *demi-tasse*.

As I say, I waited with the Metro duenna, observing with my rare perspicacity that the Siamese Twins, as they are known about the film colony, by reason of their inseparability, were thus far manifesting no distinction from the rest of the gender *femina*.

Finally they emerged—sartorially incomplete, of course, having only started on the gloves. Viola asserted that Alice made her wear them. She thought the idea of wearing gloves to dinner was most unreasonable, since one no sooner got them on than the soup arrived.

Thus the glove was thrown down, metaphorically speaking, and the combat started.

Alice likes gloves.

Viola does not.

Alice likes dark men.

Viola demands blonds.

Alice emotes for art.

Viola clowns.

Viola says she's French and Russian.



By
HERBERT HOWE

"Do you s'pose they'll let us in, then?" demands Alice. There is no retort to this. Viola is considering suit against the saleslady who that day had fitted her with gloves. She alleges that the lady, in the course of fitting, had, with premeditation and malice aforethought, given her hang-nails.

Upon alighting in the lobby of Hollywood's chief hospice, six gentlemen—actual count—rush forward to salute *les petites*.

Eventually, we reached the menu. Viola refused to vouchsafe it a glance.

"Why should I look at it?" she asks. "I told you I used to live here. This is spare-ribs and roast veal night."

She suddenly is seized with a morbid desire for a home of her own.

"I'm going to get married," she avows.

"So am I," says Alice.

"What type of men will be cast for the parts?" I inquired.

ALICE: I dont care, so long as he's dark.

VIOLA: Mine must be blond. All the men I've ever fallen for have been blonds—except five or six.

ALICE: I want a man with character. You know—*human*. A cave-man? I should say, I *dont* want a cave-man.



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.



"Do you know what we call one another?" Alice Lake asked. "I call Vi 'Charlie' and she calls me 'Sarah.' They expect her to be as funny as Chaplin and me to be as emotional as Bernhardt." Above, a recent portrait of Miss Dana, and at the left, Charlie and Sarah without disguise

VIOLA: I do. Only there isn't any.

ALICE: Above all, he mustn't be affected. I like people to be themselves. I could *kill* a conceited man.

REFEREE: You wouldn't

marry an actor, then?

ALICE: All actors aren't conceited. Now, there's David Warfield—

VIOLA: Heavens, you haven't designs on Dave, I hope.

ALICE (*with feminine logic*): I'm not going to marry at all.

VIOLA: You're backing out!

ALICE: No. If it gets in the magazines that I want to marry, some nuts will think it is an ad and start sending me photographs.

VIOLA (*sentimentally*): I had a
(Continued on page 93)



The tales of J. M. Barrie are things of the shadows, delicately wrought with whimsy. Perhaps that is why they are so lovely upon the screen. Perhaps that is why the screen catches their rare and elusive quality and keeps it as something of its very own. "The Little Minister" is the latest Barrie whimsy to be shadowed

Barrie and the Shadows



It was Penrhyn Stanlaws who undertook to bring "The Little Minister" to the screen. In the illustrative photographs Betty Compson is seen as Lady Babbie, the rôle originally portrayed by Maude Adams on the stage. Nigel Barrie plays Captain Halliwell, and George Hackathorn invests the title rôle, created by Robert Edson behind the footlights, with his talents. It is well that Barrie has given his tales to the shadows

A Great Art

By
FLORENCE DESHON

Illustrations by Olive Butler

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are glad to offer the article below which is from the pen of Florence Deshon, whom most of us know thru her screen portrayals. In this satire, Miss Deshon proves her ability as a writer as well as an actress.

MR. E. D. ESS was feeling very pleased with the world as he sat in his office of The Enormous Picture Co. He put his feet on his desk and lit a big black cigar with a glittering band on it. That evening all the papers would carry a notice of his latest exploit. He had spent five hundred thousand dollars in exactly three minutes, and he knew that was a record—in fact, the record up to date. He was indeed pleased with himself, otherwise he would not have received the mysterious stranger who pushed his way unannounced into his private sanctum.

"What do you want?" he growled. Don't misunderstand; he didn't feel angry. But after you have made a million dollars, you always growl. That is the language of the very quickly rich and Mr. E. D. Ess belonged to that class. It was after all quite a good-natured growl.

"I want to see you, and nobody else but you—that's why I fought my way thru those fifteen barred doors," said the stranger, and indeed he looked as tho he had been in a fight. His collar was torn off, his coat badly mussed, and his hair a bit pulled—which will lead my reader to guess he had tussled with some of the dear unfair sex, but such was not the case. It was just his own sex that had so unkindly treated him, altho he looked like such a nice fellow behind his big horn-rim glasses.

"I've written a scenario; it's my first; but I want to learn to write for the screen, and in all your articles I notice you clamor for original stories, so I thought I would bring one straight to you and we could talk it over." He said this very quickly. Ordinarily a trap door would have opened beneath our audacious friend, and he would

have disappeared below, never to be heard from again. But you remember Mr. E. D. Ess was in a very pleasant mood, and really he liked the young fellow's nerve, and the evidences of his athletic ability.

"Hand it here, young fellow, I'll give it the once over," he said. A very large manuscript was promptly laid before him.

"I'd like you to begin with the first scene," said the young man, and he hurriedly turned over the pages to scene one.

Mr. E. D. Ess read for exactly thirty seconds. Then he shook his head.

"Nope. Wont do."

"Really? How can you tell so quickly?"

"As a busy producer I have the knack of making quick judgments. Just to show you, we'll take the very first scene. Girl refuses to go to church with parents. Father tries to compel her. In the end he strikes her for her disobedience. This is the last straw. She is twenty-one years old and wants to live her own life, so she quietly packs up that night when her parents are asleep and leaves for the city.

"That's terrible! Terrible! No action, no suspense, nothing! And I'll tell you another thing. See that map over there?" The young man turned and saw a map of the United States in two colors, pink and white, mostly pink. "See those pink states, well, in every one of those places, if a girl refuses to go to church, it's out. Understand? They just cut it out. It's against their Board of Censorship."

The young man looked thoughtful. "Really now. Well, I'm sorry," he said. "I just

"I want to see you, and nobody else but you—that's why I fought my way thru those fifteen barred doors," said the stranger. And indeed he looked as tho he had been in a fight. His collar was torn off, his coat badly mussed, and his hair a bit pulled—



wanted to show a picture of a modern young woman determined to do as she pleases, and I wanted to get her away from her parents and transfer the action to the city."

"Well I'll tell you, young fellow, that's a darn poor way to get your girl to the city—just have her go upstairs and pack her bag! Say, these are *moving* pictures—moving! Action! You've got to have pictures moving!" He sat back quite pleased with the clear way he had presented his point.

"I just wanted to get her away from home," said the young man weakly. "It really wasn't very important. Read a little further, perhaps you'll like it better."

"No, I don't have to. But I'll tell you what I'll do," Mr. E. D. Ess growled very softly, "I'll help you. You're an intelligent young man, and I'll just tell you very quickly how to get that girl to the city."

Our young friend looked delighted. "Really you are too kind," he said, "that's just what I wanted, just a little information."

"Well you'll get it. My time is worth \$125,000 a minute." He couldn't help saying that, altho it almost had a disastrous effect. His listener turned very pale and nearly fainted, but with a great effort he controlled his feelings, and braced himself for the ordeal of receiving a million dollars worth of information.

"Now we'll have the girl go properly to church, because if she's the heroine she's got to be good, good all the way thru. Why, if she defied her father like that in the very first reel, how could you ever get the audience to believe in her again? They'd suspect her of being the vamp, and that would queer her from the start.

"She goes to church, and her sweetheart is going to call for her afterwards and walk home with her. Now, this is what happens. An automobile drives up, a young man gets out and walks toward her; he is the villain, but she is not supposed to know it."

Our young

"Oh, we won't need all that, Sir Gilbert. You can have the rest." And very carefully Mr. E. D. Ess tore off the front page, which read "The Rebellion of Rachel Young," by Sir Gilbert Worthing"

friend interrupted: "You mean it's so dark that she doesn't recognize him?"

"No," shouted Mr. E. D. Ess. "Maybe she recognizes him, that doesn't matter, but he has his back to the audience, and they don't recognize him. That's the point." He glared a little. He didn't like being interrupted when he was in the throes of creation, so he bit his cigar very hard and went on.

"She gets in the car with him, unsuspecting, and she drives away. They go along for a little way. Suddenly he slows down in a dark spot and tries to kiss her. She recognizes him, is very frightened, and tries to fight him. He starts the car ahead full speed, she still struggling. Suddenly they start over the bridge that leads to the city. She knows she is miles from home. There has been a car strike and the men have torn up the tracks, and that evening they are going to dynamite the bridge. The car just starts across when the explosion takes place. They are both thrown in the water, she still struggling with him. She is almost exhausted when a boat comes in sight. It is the beautiful new yacht of Mr. Percy Asterbilt, returning from Europe. She cries for help, a rope is thrown, and in a fainting condition she is landed to safety.

"When she comes to, she is in the captain's cabin. She looks around in a dazed condition, then she lifts the window and sees that the boat is approaching the city. Just then the door bursts open and the owner enters." He stopped, a little breathless, he had been talking so rapidly. "Good stuff—hey? Action, lots of action! Fine chance for good night shots, and some peachy close-ups. Swell clothes too."

Very slowly and wearily our young friend nodded his head. "Yes, I see," he said, "Moving pictures—a great art. I have much to learn."

He rose sadly and held out his hand for his manuscript. "You've been very kind," he said. "I'll never forget this."

Mr. E. D. Ess closed the manuscript, and for the first time he glanced at the title page. What he
(Continued on page 100)





Presenting - - -

George Fawcett, who has given innumerable worthy portraits to the cinema. His latest characterization of the old Major of the Napoleonic wars is one of the high spots of "Forever"



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

The Pioneer of the Shadowed Drama

By
BARBARA BEACH

the business. Prophets, however, are seldom heeded in their own land until it is too late.

High up among the purpling foothills of the Rocky Mountains, Hobart Bosworth has gathered about him his lares and penates . . . all the beloved household treasures that he has garnered thru his adventurous fifty-four years. His walls are lined with books whose covers are worn from many readings. There are relics from sea voyages and trips to the snow country, to Yosemite, Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon. Every nook

HAS it ever occurred to you to wonder who was the pioneer stage star to enter pictures?

Who was the first to be brave enough to leave the laurels of achieved success behind the burning footlights and Columbus his way into the silent paths of the newly blossomed art?

Hobart Bosworth was the man, and even now he bears, off-stage, the air of a prophet rather than that of a fist-fighting cinema actor. From the beginning, he prophesied the possibilities of pictures and even now he could prescribe the proper tonic for the financial sickness which has beset

"Life is a funny proposition," Hobart Bosworth said. "It plays tricks on you. Each time success has sought me, it has been in another line from that in which I was seeking it." Above, a camera study of Mr. Bosworth, while at the right and below, he is seen in characters from his recent pictures



and cranny reveals the personality of the man: beautiful paintings of nature in her many varied moods, bearing the signature of Hobart Bosworth in the lower right hand corner; photographs of him in Shakespearean garb and in Roman togas; easels with unfinished paintings on them and surrounded by the other impedimenta of an artist.

And all this in a hotel!

When I stepped across the threshold of his living-room on the second floor of the fashionable Beverly Hills Hotel, I left behind me dull realities and entered a fairyland of imagination.

Mr. Bosworth said:

(Continued on page 88)

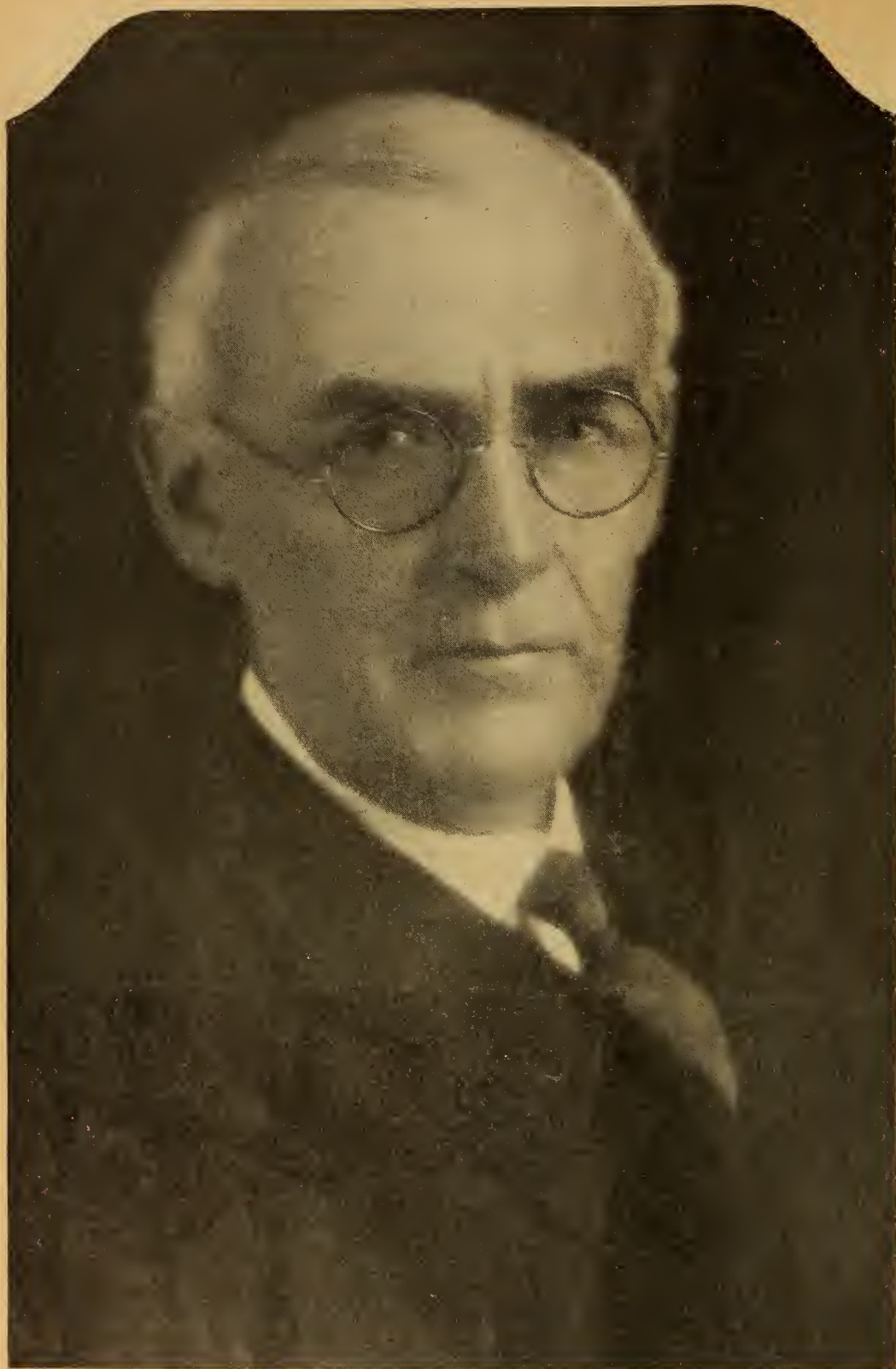
Meet Mrs. Ray



Those who know Charles Ray as the rural youth on the screen might have expected Mrs. Ray to be a freckle-nosed lass in a gingham frock and sunbonnet—with a milk pail on her arm. However, these photographs of the mistress of the charming Beverly Hills home of the Rays show her to be orchidaceous, if anything—and quite charming enough for even her popular husband



Sharing With the Lions



Until Claude Gillingwater created the rôle of the old Earl in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he had never played before a camera. Yet in that one rôle he seems to have demonstrated that a good actor of the spoken drama can, with little trouble in the transition, become a rather more than good actor of the silent. Above, a recent portrait of Mr. Gillingwater

IT occurred to me, on my way to interview Claude Gillingwater, that I could think of no other of whom the critics had said, "He shared honors with Miss Pickford." that is a thing not ordinarily done. Good actors have appeared often enough in the Pickford

vehicles, but I recall none who have been able to overcome the dominance of little Mary's personality, who have lingered long in the after-thoughts of the picture, even long enough to appear in the next morn-

ing's reviews as other than also-rans. But it was a difficult burden and, considering what is staked upon an actor's first picture, an audacious one. He could never for a second forget that nose, lest a quick movement throw it into a betraying angle of light. It limited the motion of his head, constricted the muscles of his face. How he made the tears come in spite of it all is a question worth pondering.

When Mary Pickford first saw Gillingwater, he was playing in "Three Wise Fools," an extremely successful play, so successful, in fact, that it seemed impossible to secure the freedom of any principal in the cast. Gillingwater was a pivot man, himself largely responsible for the survival and final splendid run of the play in the face of loud condemnation by the critics. When Mary's

ing's reviews as other than also-rans.

Until Claude Gillingwater created the rôle of the old Earl in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he had never played before a camera. Yet in that one rôle he seems to have demonstrated that a good actor of the spoken drama can, with little trouble in the transition, become a rather more than good actor of the silent. It is difficult to recall a more poignant screen moment than that of the old Earl's parting with the little Lord Fauntleroy. Pollyannic tho Mary may be, she manages to give us moments of beautiful heartbreak; yet it was Gillingwater who carried this to its climax, staring down at the battered harmonica while forgotten tears forced themselves down the frosty old cheeks. It will, in a sense, be that moment upon which he will build his screen career.

"And it was that moment," he said to me a little later, when we were seated on the veranda of his Los Angeles hotel, "that caused me the most anxiety. I was afraid of it. I did not know whether people would laugh at those tears or sympathize with them. And it was the more difficult because I could never forget my false nose."

It is an amazing fact that thruout the picture he carried several ounces of putty on his nose, making it aquiline in the place of its original, less pronounced lines. It was a self-imposed handicap, undertaken as a final act of fidelity to the conception of the old Earl

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

lawyers approached the producer in regard to Gillingwater's release, they were laughed at. The story of how she at last did get him is only another item on the lengthy proof list of gentle Mary's business acumen. She has that indefinable, invaluable knack of knowing what she wants when she wants it—and, most important of all, how to get it.

"For myself," said Gillingwater, "I was ready to try it. The success of the change from stage to screen depended so much, I knew, upon the producer and the director under whom the actor made his first picture. I believed, and still believe, that there is no finer producer in the business than Mary Pickford. Her understanding of pictures, of acting, lighting, direction, photography, the question of finance, amounts almost to the uncanny. I felt that I couldn't go wrong in making my debut with her."



Above, Mr. Gillingwater as the old Earl in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; below, as the old sea-dog in the forthcoming Jackie Coogan production, "My Boy," and at the left, with Jackie in a scene from this picture



Photographs (above and right) by Shirley Vance Martin

The impression that one gets of Gillingwater is of great lounging height and iron grey hair. The thought came to me, remarking his heavy eyebrows, the suggestion of deep lines from nostril to mouth, that he would make an admirable Lincoln.

Learning his experience, one loses much of his wonder at the man's surety and quick understanding of screen values. At seventeen—he would seem now to be between fifty and sixty—he ran away from an importunate uncle and managed to get in with a small barnstorming company. He wasn't stage struck, he said. "I just drifted into it," was the way he put it.

(Continued on page 103)



Charms---and the Woman



Photograph by
Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

exoticism. The beauty of it lay not so much in an actual flare of colors and richness as in the suggestion of them. There was that rare repression which, skillfully used, enhances rather than detracts. One finds that in Pauline Frederick herself. Her power, the depths of her, are realized by suggestion rather than by bald revelation.

She came out presently, thru the French window, and stood there, between the two cockatoos, waiting. We walked toward her over the velvet lawn. She gave me her hand; smiled from beneath the broad brim of her hat. She was dressed simply, in a frock of some light substance, perhaps of organdy, tinted yellow and touched with green. We went into the sunroom, a place of cretonnes, and wicker chairs, and coolness. A finch, free of any cage, darted, singing, from place to place. We found seats.

It has been often said that a great actress always acts. J. C. Wright, an audacious young artist who has turned a keen mind upon the designing of motion picture settings, once remarked to me that the only time a great actress could ever strip herself completely of artifice and become just a woman would be at the moment

Photograph by Campbell Studios



THE thought came to me that I might have expected such a place. I might have realized that Pauline Frederick would never lose herself in an inappropriate setting. It would have been inartistic. Pauline Frederick is ever the artist.

It is difficult to realize the problem Pauline Frederick presents to the producer. She is too big for the average story. Therefore, her vehicles must be chosen with consideration and regard

There was beauty and brilliancy. Two cockatoos, one in a dazzling raiment of red and blue, the other in pure white, shrilled and balanced on two high perches set just outside the tall French windows of the sunroom. Lawns fell away greenly to the highway. Behind the large stuccoed house, with its roof of red tiles, a Jap was throwing a glistening spray of water over a terraced garden. Tall strange flowers blossomed there. Other Jap servants scurried in and out of the big house. A glittering car slithered smoothly along the road that led to the garage and stables. There was the low hum of insects over everything. An occasional dragon-fly, orange and black, hung motionless on visible wings, then darted away. The place was smothered in opulence, in restrained

By
LESLIE BRYERS

when she might find herself, alone, in a mirrorless room. It was an interesting thought.

It is setting Pauline Frederick in no way apart, therefore, and it is in no way impugning her sincerity, to suggest that, in the majority of her waking hours, she remains the actress. With every woman, to a less degree perhaps, it is so. Acting, simulation, when one stops to consider it, is a fundamental of our whole social structure. I am not the first one to shudder at the possibility of the world suddenly stripping off its veneer and giving vent to its natural impulses. It would mean a mad saturnalia, with our most touted reformers leading the rout. And yet, because she can control her emotions, can summon or dismiss them almost at will, Pauline Frederick may venture closer to them than the average woman, and so closer to sincerity. The average woman acts, but she acts instinctively, clumsily. Pauline Frederick, recognizing the primal emotions, frankly preferring them, nevertheless acknowledges the exigencies of society and meets them, consciously, with a graceful mask.

"And I detest society pictures," she said. "In them the emotions are lost beneath affectation and hypocrisy. People are never themselves. I like to get down to elemental things. After the big scenes in 'Madame X' I left the studio racked with sobs, shaking like a leaf. I would get on my pony and ride furiously, it seemed for miles and miles, until finally physical exhaustion equaled and quelled that of my mind. I think if I had not had those rides I should have gone mad."

She is not entirely reconciled to her absence from the stage. I recalled "Innocent," a play in which I had seen her several seasons before in New York. Because of that play and its resplendent gowns, because of one gown in particular which revealed the full splendor of her arms, I had always thought of her as The Lady With The Beautiful Arms.

"It was a splendid play," she said. "All those gowns

were made for me in Paris. Yes, I would love to go back—if I could take with me my California, my horses, my shooting, and my outdoors. But I have just been to New York. Two weeks was enough. I could not stand it longer. It was so close, so confined.

California seems to have effected a complete metamorphosis in Pauline Frederick. From the woman of gorgeous, triumphant New York nights, of soft white beauty, of tinselled fame, attended upon by eager, correctly clothed, correctly mannered admirers, she has become the woman of the outdoors, still triumphant, still beautiful, but garbed now, almost inevitably, in riding habit and boots, the head of the "Polly Frederick Outfit," a cavalcade of faithful cowmen who come with their ponies to

(Continued on page 95)



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

Miss Frederick is an interesting and baffling study. She is a woman of extraordinary contradictions, of multiple fascinations, of reckless generosities. And the thing accentuated above all else is her charm



Photograph by Pach Brothers

Glenn Hunter came from the country, seeking a theatrical career. He has done many things behind the footlights, playing in Booth Tarkington's "Clarence," while this season finds him cast opposite Billie Burke in another Tarkington play, "Intimate Strangers." However, recently he has come to the screen. Upon his characterization in "Smilin' Thru," Norma Talmadge has bestowed great praise. And the following poems suggest that Glenn Hunter may some day be known for his poetry as well as his portrayals

FEAR

ALL morning I have
tried to write
A little song for
you.

But the rain stretches long
black fingers
On my window pane.
My pen lies idle—
Long black fingers clutch
at my heart.

PLOUGH-BOY

Brown-eyed, bare-legged plough-boy
Whistling in your furrow,
I wish I were like you—so happy—so free!
I left your fields
With all the growing things,
And the rich loam, under the blue sky.

The Actor-Poet

I sought a taste of fame
And beckoning, always
ahead,
A ghost-like will-o'-the-
wisp—
It lead me to a city—
Where, in the seething,
surging froth,
I drank of things that seared
my soul
And warped my being.
And I forgot
That somewhere the earth
was damp and sweet,
And spring played magic
with the hills,
And Fame with her sisters,
Heart-ache
And Disillusionment,
came to me —
Weary, broken, longing for
peace,
I sought the faded past—
And here in the sunlit mea-
dow, I find you—
Brown-eyed, bare-legged
plough-boy
My youth—my dead self—
Whistling in your furrow!

EXILED

Scattered the fallen leaves,
Down strange by-ways
Where I wander ever lonely
Hearing your ghost-voice—

Sad my heart like unto the barren trees about me
Whispering their sorrow.

SAINTE ANNE

Moonlight on the gabled roofs of Sainte Anne—
Soft voices of old France, down by the water's edge—
Dawn thru my tiny window, touching the crucifix over
my couch
With rose-lights.

TO YOU—

Once I saw you smile—it was the
Sun on my morning-window,
Once I heard you laugh—it was the brook
Flowing past my garden.
Once I heard your step—autumn leaves
Tripped up the flowered path;
Now I hear you sigh—night wind
In the cherry blossoms.

(Continued on page 90)

By
PEGGY DRYDEN

my repugnance in asking for a job. I can't bear to go and ask if they want me—yet I am a very good business woman. I know it sounds ridiculous for an actress to feel that way, but I sit at home and wait until the picture companies send for me. As soon as I know they want me, I'm all pep and energy, ready to work night and day if necessary."

"How did you happen to go into pictures in the first place?" I prompted.

"Well, I was living at a girls' club in New York and, directly after my one and only attempt to get on the stage, I happened to meet D. W. Griffith. I was sixteen years old and very plump, as some girls are at that age before they have sort of lengthened out. I was so innocent that I was almost stupid. I shall never forget Mr. Griffith's looking at me. Then he said: 'Why, you are quite a voluptuous beauty, aren't you?' I remember flushing up and stammering some such idiotic remark as 'So they tell me.' I had no idea what the word he was calling me meant and Mr. Griffith realized that and to this day kids me about it.

"Finally, he asked me if I wouldn't like to go into pictures with him. I told him all my training and ambitions had been directed toward the stage. But he said I would never be sorry. The matron at our club urged me to accept his offer because I wouldn't have to leave the girls or the club to go on any one-night stands and trips as I would if I went on the stage. So . . . that's how I got into pictures."

She laughed at my serious concentration on what she was saying and further bewitched me with a glimpse of a dimple and the dazzling white of her teeth. Someday I'm going to make a movie star confess to me how she retains the smoothness of her complexion and the pure whiteness of her teeth and then—watch out for a wholly beautiful world.

"You liked Mr. Griffith?"

"Intensely. He is wonderful. I enjoyed every moment I worked with him. I don't know why, but I was never afraid of him as so many of the girls seemed to be—but I don't seem to be able to be afraid of anyone."

Which recalled a certain incident to my mind. A famous director who revels in boudoir and bathroom sets sent for Miss Theby one day. He leaned back in his great chair impressively, perhaps expecting Miss Theby to be a trifle er-a overcome at the honor he was doing her.

"They tell me you can act," he said.



Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

"Yes?" answered Rosemary.

"You understand that if you come to me you'll have to act. Of course you have seen my pictures."

"No," said Miss Theby, "have you seen mine?"

I like her quick intelligence, her fearlessness, her lack of pretense, and her pep. She lives in a small bungalow

(Continued on page 88)

Rosemary Theby is like a poem painted in scarlet. The eyes of both men and women follow her like moths dancing about a flame. She is like that

That's Out

OUR OWN
NEWSMONTHLY

LATEST inside-dope says that Bill Hart is going to marry Winifred Westover, and not Jane Novak (exclusive and copyrighted).

There are signs of the film industry coming out of its infancy. Only nine stories were purchased from the *Saturday Evening Post* last month for screening.

Another of our predictions has come true. In "Enchantment," Marion Davies at last has a good picture, and even the critics admit that Marion is not so bad, after all.

Schildkraut, young foreign film invader, should make a big hit with the fans in the Griffith production, "The Two Orphans."

Those who read "The Sheik" were disappointed in the film version. Those who wouldn't read it, got what they expected. The scenery was good.

Mae Murray does a dance in her new picture, "Peacock Alley," that surpasses anything of the kind ever seen before on stage or screen. Don't miss it.

Eugene O'Brien surprises the fans by becoming a regular Doug Fairbanks in "Chivalrous Charlie," licking no less than twenty men.

With all the investigations we have had in the last few years, it has remained for the movies to get "The Man Higher Up."

It is reported that Schnitzler, author of "The Affairs of Anatol," which was picturized by Cecil B. de Mille, is coming to this country. If Schnitzler has seen the De Mille



version of his play, we advise his being carefully searched for dangerous weapons before he is allowed to enter the country.

Now, that the navies and armies of the world are going to be done away with, what will become of the news weeklies?

While Elaine Hammerstein has been giving her time to making "Yesterday's Wife," a lot of other girls are worrying about "tomorrow's husband."

Many are the heroines who have been shipwrecked upon a desert isle, but none without sufficient rouge to keep her lips in shape for the close-up.

Now, that the question of "Why Girls Leave Home" has been settled, it's time to take up the question of "Why Men Leave Home." We submit the following as possible explanations:

Betty Blythe, in "The Queen of Sheba."

Gloria Swanson, in "The Great Moment."

Pola Negri, in "Passion."

Mae Murray, in "The Gilded Lily."

WHO'S TO BLAME?

The public blames poor pictures on the producer; the producer blames them on the exhibitor; the exhibitor blames it on the public. Read the following reports on productions, made to the *Moving Picture World* by exhibitors:

"The Road to London." Not much of a picture, but
(Continued on page 90)

He Maintains Illusion!

By
GLADYS HALL

HUNTLEY Gordon does not like reality—that is, on the screen or stage. He says reality may have its place, but that place is not in the drama, either silent or otherwise.

We were talking, with every semblance of profundity and knowing what we were talking about, concerning "The Trouble with the Screen Today." I was narrating an experience I had had not long ago in having quite a learned gentleman, with scientific complexes, tell me, plaintively, that he had recently seen a picture wherein the leading lady, having fallen into a lake, was, in the next scene, discovered upon the deck of a boat, quite dry. His intelligence, he complained to me acrimoniously, was constantly being insulted in such ways.

"What do you think is the trouble?" he asked me.

I indignantly told him that I had never been eye-witness to such a dry-dock exhibition and so was not in a position to state. There is honor among thieves!

Relevant to all this, I asked Mr. Gordon what *he* thought, and that is how we happened to get on to the topic of reality.

"Too much has been told," he said, "about the screen. About the way this is done and that is done. Every trick perpetrated is immediately and minutely explained. In the passion for truth-telling, for exposure or disclosure, or whatever it may be called, illusion has been destroyed. And it is illusion the people want when they go to the theater, be the form of expression what it may. They don't want to go and 'see the wheels go 'round.' They don't want to know all the tricks to the trade. They don't want such beauty and mysticism as the illusion gives them to be dissected and autopsied for them. The truth has hurt the screen. The subtly fine fabric of the dream has been injured.

"The stage, in the old days, had a far greater glamor



Photograph by H. Fair, New York

than it has today. It was a realm of mystery, peopled with mysterious phantoms, half real, half imagery. They were gorgeous mummers and they created gorgeous atmosphere.

"The screen had the same opportunity, a subtle, remote opportunity. It has foregone it. Or it has been foregone for it. Take the ice scene in the recent great screen drama, for instance. It was smashing and tremendous and gave a huge thrill. Immediately, the papers and magazines set about carefully retailing *how it was done*. Everyone knew it must have been 'done' in some way, but why rob the thrill of its pulse? No, I don't believe in this super-reality."

"What do you think, then," I pursued, "about telling the whole truth about the *players*?"

Huntley Gordon is a regular fellow. He laughed and
(Continued on page 84)

"Too much has been told," declared Huntley Gordon, "about the screen. About the way this is done and that is done. In the passion for exposure or disclosure, illusion has been destroyed—the subtly fine fabric of the dream has been injured"



Letters of a Youthful Critic

By

DOROTHY WHITEHILL



EDITOR'S NOTE: Dorothy Whitehill, the popular author of scores of juvenile books, has undertaken to do a series of reviews for our younger readers. Every child who has read Miss Whitehill's stories will want to know what her Judy in these letters thinks of the new pictures. And the charm with which these letters are written will prove interesting to the grown-ups as well.

DEAR PUNCH: Do you remember, when we both had the measles, the day it rained and the fire in the old fireplace wouldn't burn? And I curled up in the window-seat and didn't care because I had such a perfectly splendid book to read?

I read you parts of it and you said it was all right for a kid's book but not for you.

Well, it just wasn't only a kid's book, so there!

It was my favorite book in all the world, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and last night I saw it at the movies and Mary Pickford was in it!

Just imagine, Punch, my favorite book and my very favoritest actress both at once.

Oh it was just heavenly and Mary Pickford played *Dearest* and *Cedric* too. At first it bothered me to understand how she could ever hug her own self but after awhile I just forgot and loved it all.

It started with such funny old scenes in New York. Such queer clothes, Punch, and, oh, such ridiculous bicycles. Cedric came riding down the street on one and had the most awful spill.

There was Mr. Hobbs in his grocery store too, looking exactly like the pictures of him in my book. And best of all, Cedric sat on the cracker box when he told Mr. Hobbs that he was an earl.

Then the lawyer gave him money to buy all his friends presents and after that they sailed away to England.

When they got there, *Dearest*, beautiful *Dearest*, went to live in the little house alone and she was so sad but I knew it was all going to turn out right.

The old lord liked Cedric right away and gave him a splendid pony and, oh dear, the very first time he rode it,

he was thrown right off and I screamed because I forgot it was Cedric and just remembered it was my very own Mary Pickford and I thought she was hurt.

Uncle Roddy said, "Oh well done" under his breath, the way he does, but he told me not to be silly when I screamed. Of course I didn't really scream, just breathed very loud.

There's an awfully funny part where Cedric ties a string to his tooth and ties the other end to the door-knob and waits and the door opens the wrong way.

The part where the old lord begins to love him is too heavenly for words and then that horrible woman comes with her ugly child and the old lord, who was a wonderful old dear, is heartbroken and says goodbye to Cedric and of course I cried and Uncle Roddy wiped his glasses several times.

But of course Dick and Mr. Hobbs and the funny old apple woman came and fixed everything, and in the end Cedric gives a party and has his curls all cut off and best of all *Dearest* comes to live with them.

I wish I could tell you how simply lovely *Dearest* was but when I try to tell Uncle Roddy, he says, "Child, you're ranting," and I suppose you would too, but, oh Punch, please go and see it, for I loved it and I'd like to see it over again about eighty times.

Your affectionate sister,
JUDY.

Dear Punch: Last night as a 'special treat, Uncle Roddy took me to see "Peter Ibbetson" and it was just wonderful.

(Continued on page 101)



At the left is Mary Pickford as Little Lord Fauntleroy with the old Earl. At the right is Mimsey and Gogo in the perfectly heavenly garden in "Peter Ibbetson"



By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

member then her keen ambition to do things.

Today she has accomplished a great many of those things. She has contributed several of the best interpretations of the screen year. Her performances in "The Prince Chap," "Midsummer Madness," and "Easy Street" were particularly excellent. My Editor considers Lila's work the most successful part of every picture she has appeared in. I told Lila this and she exclaimed:

"Really, are you sure she meant *me*?"

Not many would take a compliment in that unspoiled way.

Probably you know all about the little Lee's career, so there is no need of refurbishing the history of her discovery by Gus Edwards and her success, won when a mere child, on the vaudeville stage as "Cuddles"—nor of how she became a lasky star and outgrew her rôle—nor of her registering one of the brightest hits of the screen as Tweenie in "Male and Female."

Today—and, after all, today is all that really counts—Lila Lee is one of the most genuine leading women on our screen. The years have brought development to her beauty and to her screen work alike



Photograph by Keyes



Today—and after all, today is all that really counts—she is one of the most genuine leading women on our screen. A sweet sincerity crowns her beauty like a pearl of great worth. Always lovely to look upon, it seems to me that she has developed beauty of face—a dusky beauty which is deeper than the sparkle of Bebe Daniels' and warmer than that of Gloria Swanson's. The years that have brought development to her beauty and to her screen work have also changed her outlook on life. At present she has no desire to return to the stage and, so quickly is our childhood forgotten, she is perfectly sure she would die from stage fright before the footlights. Neither does she contemplate matrimony.

"Marriage," Lila told me, "does not seem to go very well with a career, and just at present I am wholly interested in my work. Then, too, mother would have a fit if I even thought of such a thing. My sister has just married and moved to Chicago, and mother is so lonesome. If I should leave her, I don't know what she'd do."

Loyal Lila—true to her family, her friends, her work and her ideals. She is one of the few girls I have ever met who can keep all of the commandments without seeming a prude, for she is very, very human. In spite of her serious attention to her work, she loves to play as well. Dancing is one of her pet pastimes, as is picnicking and swimming. She has vivid likes and is as thrilled at meeting some colorful person like Rudolph Valentino as tho she hadn't been meeting them all her life.

Exercise for the Stout Figure

By
CORLISS
PALMER

talk I shall deal entirely with those forms that by exerting the muscles and breaking up the cells of fat, give the result of reducing both bulk and weight.

Of these, walking is first in importance. Every step brings into play muscles of the legs and, if rightly done, muscles of the thighs and hips, even reaching those of the waist and shoulders. Naturally, there is a right way and a wrong way to walking, just as there is to everything else. The first thing is to get started right, then keep the right position thruout your walk.

To get started right, stand erect, square your shoulders, hold your head up, chin in, have your feet together, toes slightly out. Now throw the body forward. You will notice that the shoulders naturally rise a little and the head takes a more aggressive attitude. This is the first position in walking: it is also the first position in falling, for walking is, in reality, a series of unexecuted falls, each fall checked by throw-

ing the foot forward. Now keep this aggressive attitude and walk as tho you had a purpose in life and every moment of life was worth something! It is, you know.

A brisk walk is better than a slow one. However, do not walk too swiftly if unaccustomed to this exertion, and do not walk far at first. Each day you may increase your pace and add a dozen blocks to the length of your walk.

Remember that you must not overdo the walking at first in your zeal to get results. Too long and too brisk a walk the first day will have the doubly harmful effect of overtaxing the muscles, causing a resultant soreness for several days, and also of discouraging a beginner from the continuance of this very beneficial exercise.

(Continued on page 108)

Photograph by Spero

Above is a new camera study of Corliss Palmer, who says: "The most pleasurable form of exercise is dancing. And there is nothing to be compared with it, in the grace and poise it gives the body"

NEXT to the diet, exercise is the greatest factor in life toward acquiring and maintaining a graceful and youthful figure. If one is too heavy in proportion to one's

height, or if one is too thin, there are exercises that will reduce and others that will fill out until the perfect proportion is reached. Some forms of exercise, such as walking, are good in either case; other forms accomplish special work, some tending to break down fatty tissues, others tending to build up unhealthful tissues. In this



Pardon My French

By
NORMAN BRUCE

THE rain in Selena, New York, is damper than it is anywhere else in the world.

There may be people who will dispute this statement, but it is quite certain that they have never been in Selena when it is raining. Ordinary rain may wet the outside of buildings, and leave puddles in the hollows of the pavements, but it does not wet the interior of a hotel room, and make the sheets on the lumpy mattress damp, and get into the rice pudding in the dining-room, and make one's very thoughts sodden and sloppy like Selena rain.

Polly Martin sat on the iron edge of the bed in the tiny room which she shared with Gloria Devere, the blonde leading-lady, and Pitti Sing, Gloria's dog, and stared out thru the greyish cotton lace curtains at the lights of Selena's Main Street, blurred with the torrents that splashed the pane.

It had rained steadily since the "Driven From Home" Company arrived five days before, adding another to the usual calamities attendant upon touring the cornfield circuit. The Opera House had a tin roof, so that the players had to shriek and roar the most intimate confidences to be heard at all, the male juvenile suffered from rheumatism, and muttered things that were not in the part when he strained Polly in an ardent and lineament-flavored embrace, and the rest of the cast as well as the audience sneezed and coughed competitively while Gloria asked the handsome hero, tenderly but croupily, "Darling, tell me truly, do you love me for eternity?"

A few drops of the prevailing dampness dripped from

Polly's extravagant eyelashes as she reviewed the situation. Five years ago, having won all the honors possible in college, she had completed her course in a blaze of histrionic

glory by acting Lady Macbeth in the senior play. Her classmates had declared enthusiastically that she was better than Marlowe, and the names of Siddons, Bernhardt and Duse were mentioned slightly. She had started for Broadway, *via* the stock company route, carrying with her in her trunk tray a silver-framed photograph of a young man with soulful eyes and Greek-god features which she had allowed her college mates to suppose had romantic associations.

As a matter of brutal fact, Polly had purchased the picture with the frame in a department store. Almost the only advantage she had derived from her theatrical novitiate was to learn the name of her handsome *Incognito*—Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillicuddy, Broadway's favorite, now starring in "The Splendid Sin."

Polly looked at the beautiful, romantic eyes, the straight nose and smiling lips in the silver frame, and the drops fell faster upon the head of Pitti Sing, "at this rate I'll be a g-great grandmother before I get to Broadway!" she rebelled.

The rain continued to swish against the windows. On the wall a lady in a white nightgown clung to a pink-colored cross in the middle of tempestuous sea, adding to the general effect of dampness. In the immediate past lurked the drab memory of a supper served in little china bathtubs upon a dingy tablecloth, in the immediate future



Polly continued to gaze dreamily at a smeary forest back-drop. "He once played here," she murmured; "he walked these very boards—" She gazed at them reverently

loomed the necessity of overlaying her face with grease-paint and rice powder and tripping out onto a dusty stage, caroling a blithe little song about the merry month of May.

"For the love of mud!" Gloria exclaimed, entering at this juncture. "What are you pulling the Lillian Gish for? Say, gimme the blacking, I got to darn a hole in my stocking. Isn't this a hell of a town, tho?" She spoke without resentment, as one merely stating a fact.

"You shouldn't speak ill of the dead," Polly reproved her with a listless attempt at sprightliness, dragging on her rubbers.

The rest of the company, gathered in the Opera House, greeted them gloomily. "To think," lamented Madge Bellew, the elderly lady who played white-haired mothers that sit with Bibles in their hands waiting for their bh-boys to come home, "to think I turned down Belasco for this!"

"Belasco!" snarled the adventuress, lifting one eyebrow—she held the other in her hand—"you mean Barnum and Bailey!"

"The audience has come—I saw him checking his galoshes in the lobby," reported the comedian. "If Bolton's taken in twenty bucks this week I'm a millionaire! I see where Mine Host attaches my other rubber collar and my solid glass stick-pin with genuine brass mountings—"

Polly, inured to such prophecies, added to her pretty countenance the rosy glow of health which distinguishes the country maid in histrionic art and opened the drawer of the ancient dressing-table in search of a lining pencil. A heap of dusty playbills met her gaze. From the topmost one a familiar face looked forth with sad, beautiful tragic eyes, the face of Ferdinand Mac-Gillicuddy, beneath the legend, "Selena Opera House, one week only." The date belonged to the pompadour period, when people still had a constitutional right to get drunk, and bathing suits were made with ankle-length skirts and leg of mutton sleeves.

"Him!" sniffed Madge Bellew, catching sight of the picture in Polly's hand. "Say, that ham would still be selling hair-restorer and Injun

herb remedies with a medicine show if some relative hadn't died and left him money. He's bribed every office-boy on Broadway, pays for his press notices too, and sends himself bouquets of flowers! If he's an actor, then Jack Dempsey is a china painter—"

Polly continued to gaze dreamily at a smeary forest back-drop. "He once played here!" she murmured. "He walked these very boards—" she gazed at them reverently.

"Sure—and swore at this very dressing-room!" growled Bunny Bellair who had begun his career twenty-four years ago with a butler's part, and was still playing butlers. "Never mind, folks—tomorrow we play a town where I'm a riot!"

"Your playing is rotten, old boy," the villain conceded, "but I wouldn't say it was a hanging matter—"

A bell tinkled. "First Act—places, please!" The manager, Fred Bolton, thrust his head in at the door, "Bunny take the prompt book. I've got to—h'm—send a telegram—"

The juvenile lingered behind the others, exchanging a meaning wink with Madge. "A telegram, did you get that? And he's been so damn polite all day—there's something rotten in the state of Denmark, mark my words!"

"Well, who'd stick around this burg if he had money enough to buy a one-way ticket to somewhere else?" asked Madge reasonably. "G'wan, there's your cue—hold, Claude Melnotte! This pure innocent gal shall never

be your bride'!"

The play proceeded. The hero coughed and cursed, the villain sneered and sneezed, the audience shivered in soggy air, redolent of rain-coats, leaking gas, umbrellas and dusty upholstery. Polly, tripping gaily off at the end of the third act, found herself in the arms of a stoutish, baldish person who stood doggedly in the wings. Blushing, he released her hastily.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he said, "this here isn't a pleasure trip to me, I come on business, but I guess I come an hour too late. Mr. Bolton is gone."

"Gone!" echoed the cast of the "Driven From Home" Company in several different keys, but each unlocking his heart. "Skipped out. Left us to walk the weary?"

The Sheriff of Selena nodded gloomily. "I'm sorry for you, folks, but this town ain't no parking place for busted troopers. Josh Hedges over to the Palace Hotel says he's a Christian man, and besides the sheets will hev to be changed anyhow, so he's willing the wimmen should sleep there tonight, but the rest of you'll hev to festoon yourselves over the chairs in the lobby, and if I ketch any of you hanging 'round town at noon tomorrer, well, we got a nice roomy jail!"

In the room with the pink nightgowned lady clutching the cross, Gloria sank dejectedly into a chair. "So this is fame!" she said bitterly. "And there was a 'Welcome' sign stuck up at the city limits, too! I've a good mind to leave the show business forever!"

"It looks more as tho the show business had left you," Polly rejoined as dryly as possible, considering the pervading moisture. "I've always said I wouldn't commercialize my art by going into the movies, but if Dave Griffith should force his way in here now and offer to star me, I might allow myself to be reluctantly persuaded. I always thought I might have talent for a bathing girl picture."

"You have," said Gloria, regarding her critically, "two of 'em! But the way it looks like tonight, you'll have to use your legs for walking for one while."

However, with daybreak came a glimmer of hope. Bunny appeared with the news that the captain of a freight boat had offered to carry the stranded company to New York if the gentlemen wearers of the buskin would lend a hand with the coal, while the feminine Thespians wielded potato knives and rolling pins in the kitchen.

"Any kind of a rôle looks good when you're hungry!"



punned Bunny. "To my mind, the most beautiful line in any play is the one I have so often uttered, 'Dinner is served.'"

The younger generation of Selena saw them off, uttering the innocent cries of childhood which have paid so many poet's laundry bills.

"Hams!" the little darlings yowled. "Hams! Yah! Ha-a-aams!"

"Hams-and-eggs!" suggested one of the most brilliant intellects, inspired. His fellows took up the cry. From somewhere appeared a basket of eggs of uncertain age—articles which a hen would have felt to be little cause for pride. The harassed actors, looking back from the deck of the freighter at the roofs of the town still obscured with a grey veil of rain, and at the small demons dancing upon the shore, felt that it was positively their last appearance in Selena.

The Hudson abounds in some of the most expensive scenery in the world, but they saw very little of it, being otherwise occupied.

"I can manage most mashers," remarked Mazie Montanye, the adventuress, "but this potato kind gets me! I never was suited to domestic parts, anyhow."

"I've kep' house," Madge Bellew averred, "but I did most of the cooking with a can-opener. Girl's, how in hell are you going to tell which side an egg had ought to be fried on?"

Polly Martin stepped off the freighter two days later, with four burns on her hands, the silver-framed picture of Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillicuddy in her pocket, and a heart filled with exultation. At last, at last—New York!

Paw was perspiring and apologetic. "I cant seem to git this harness buckled up right," he confessed. "I've sweat two collars limp a'ready! I thought mebbe this young lady——"



Polly felt a sudden pity for the resentful bewilderment in the old eyes. She sank down beside him. "I know a dandy game of solitaire," she suggested — "making kings meet! You lay out the cards in threes——"

Broadway. She was breathing the same air as *he*. Ecstatic fancy leaped ahead. Who knows, she might even meet him! She would get a part, become famous, and one day as she sat in her dressing-room there would come a knock on the door and he would stand before her, and he would say——

"If you haven't got any other place to park your toothbrush, you'd better come along with me," declared Gloria, interrupting her dreams. "Mother Cudahay has got the hardest tongue

and the softest

heart of any landlady in the theatrical district. She used to be in the three a day, and say—she knows all the different kinds of hard luck by their first name!"

For four days Polly tramped Broadway without any appreciable result, except to wear out the soles of her shoes and acquire an extensive acquaintance with the genus office-boy. People looked by her, beyond her, thru her, but no one looked at her. She began to feel as tho she were invisible.

Once she saw *him*. He came out of a manager's office—he was even handsomer than his pictures. "I tell you——" he was saying crossly, "Burke's

Said Ma Hawker, talking of the theft: "I might of knowed that a gal that couldn't talk anything but that outlandish furrin' language wasn't to be trusted. Still, I'm tender-hearted. Markis, I wouldn't of believed she was a thief if you hadn't seen her take my necklace with your own eyes"



too old! I don't want any forty-year-old ingénue tittering opposite me in 'The Day Dream.' I want a girl who still believes in fairies and love and moonlight—if there is such a girl extant, I'll find her——"

And then, before Polly could decide whether to faint away across his path or drop her silver-framed picture carelessly in front of him, he was gone! And the office-boy was droning, "No casting t'day, ladies!"

It wasn't until the fifth day that Polly was really frightened. Then, walking up Sixth Avenue with the elevated roaring overhead, all of a sudden she felt very, very small and alone, and the tall buildings seemed to tower threateningly over her, to waver as tho they were going to fall and crush her. Try going without breakfast and luncheon, and see for yourself! She took hold of a

nearby door-post to steady herself, and without knowing what she was doing found herself reading a scrawled card, fastened to the post under her hand. "Wanted, a French Maid for suburban estate. Apply within."

"I think I could take the part," Polly murmured aloud, as she stumbled up the steep dirty stairs to the Employment Agency. The man at the desk was talking with someone when she entered. The applicant's back, turned toward her, had a familiar look. It had once been a jaunty belted green back——

"A rich Western family," the agency man was saying, "bought some of the oil stock they print in gilt and tie up with pretty red ribbon to sell Kansas farmers, and, by George, they struck oil! They've come East to get into society, and they



want a butler. Have you got any references? Never mind, I'll write you some. Ever butled before?"

"I've butled for the best of 'em!" the applicant assured him. "Belasco, Frohman, the

Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillicuddy kissed her fervently. Polly looked up at him. "I think," whispered Polly, demurely, "I think I will take an—an encore, if you please"

Shuberts——"

It was Bunny! In another moment Polly stood beside him. "Ze position for ze maid, eet is not fill? I am French—wee, wee, Mon-seer!"

To Polly, in her new rôle of French maid, Mrs. Ezra Hawker, late of Cyclone Center, Kansas, and more familiarly known as Ma, unburdened herself speedily. "I suppose it ain't exactly swell to talk (Continued on page 101)

PARDON MY FRENCH

Novelized, by permission, from the Messmore Kendall production of the Goldwyn release, "Pardon My French," based on the scenario of Harry O. Hoyt, adapted from the story by Edward Childs Carpenter. Directed by Sidney Olcott, and starring Vivian Martin. The cast:

Polly	Vivian Martin
Bunny	George Spink
J. Hawker	Thomas Meegan
Mrs. Hawker	Nadine Beresford
Zeke Hawker	Ralph Yearsly
Countess Carstairs	Grace Studiford
Marquis de Void.....	Walter McEwen
MacGillicuddy	Wallace Ray

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays in Review



Above, Charles Ray, in "Two Minutes to Go," a story fashioned of college froth: at the right, Mae Murray, in "Peacock Alley," a trite affair with gay trimmings; and below, "The Wonderful Thing," in which Norma Talmaçge plays her rôle with fine understanding

ONE importation follows another. Germany was the first Continental power to send her films to our screen, but the other countries soon followed in her wake, with the result that it is indeed an unusual month which does not witness the première of at least one importation.

The latest imported film of interest is "Hamlet," with Asta Nielsen, the famous

Danish tragedienne, portraying the title rôle. It is true that Bernhardt and other actresses have played "Hamlet," but they have played him as he has always been accepted—as a man. Miss Nielsen's portrayal is unusual, for she plays "Hamlet" as a woman masquerading as a man. This departure is not without basis. Dr. Edward Vining, the American Shakespearian scholar, in his work, "The Mystery of Hamlet," contends that Hamlet assumed the guise of a prince for reasons of state.



Whether this contention is or is not correct is secondary. At any rate, it is interesting. And the production, exploiting Dr. Vining's theory, too, is interesting—even more interesting in retrospect.

To relate the story would be superfluous, for it remains strangely faithful to Shakespeare's work with the exception of the birth of "Hamlet" and the inconsistencies later springing from this departure. However, they are minor.

The old castles and the deep-dyed intrigues of the court are both there. The producers claim that they have gone to Shakespeare's locale, using the original Castle of Elsinore for many of their scenes. Certainly the backgrounds are similar to those Shakespeare described and always possessive of an atmosphere.

European producers deal with facts definitely. Unpleasant phases are presented, interspersing the drama at logical intervals. There is a lack of sugar-coating which tends to make the productions stimulating and gives them a peculiar verve.

But to go back to "Hamlet" in particular, the photography is frightful and often irritating. Undoubtedly, the



By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

foreign films have not mastered the art of photography.

Asta Nielsen and her characterization has been mentioned last, because it is the high spot of this importation—the thing to be remembered above all else. She is the cynosure of interest in every scene in which she appears, and we believe the production would seem infinitely less logical and far less attractive without her. She is far more interesting a figure than most of those which the screen has shadowed, and, altho her portrayal of "Hamlet" was in defiance of tradition and convention, she played to a receptive audience. She is the pivot about which the drama revolves.

The American screen may well welcome her shadow portraits.

THE SIN FLOOD
—GOLDWYN

"The Sin Flood" is one of the few pictures we have seen lately which has a definite reason for existing. For a foundation it has an excellent story which was written by Henning Bergers, and called "Syndafloeden," the literal translation of which is "The Sin Flood." Arthur Hopkins produced it on the New York stage, and called it "The Deluge," but that, too, was sometime ago, and why it has not come to the screen long before this it is difficult to say.

The story is laid in that part of a Southern city which is below water level. And there is but one water-proof shelter, which is a café frequented particularly by the brokers from the cotton exchange opposite. As the title indicates, the flood comes. A motley group are imprisoned in the few water-proof rooms, and when death threatens they lay aside their personal grievances and petty ambitions to accept the doctrine of brotherhood. The gradual breaking down of life-long standards and defenses is exceedingly well done. It is real.

This is simply a bare outline, really the idea which is used as a background for the other plots that together make for a production of great strength and appeal.

The ending of the story is sophisticated, and might

(Continued on page 112)



Above, James Kirkwood, Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix, in "The Sin Flood," which is one of the finest pictures that has come from our studios in many months; at the left, a scene from Marshall Neilan's artistic gift to the screen, "Bits of Life"; and below, Asta Nielsen, in "Hamlet," the latest importation, which is rich in her presence



Photograph by Nelson Evans, L. A.



On the Camera Coast

At the right Lois Wilson or Miss Lulu Bett, as you will, is snapped on the Hollywood tennis courts; below, Helene Chadwick adopts the studio pet, and at the bottom of the page, Mrs. Joy, with her daughter, Leatrice



combs. I thought them more beautiful than the movie stars, but of course everyone to his own taste.

Fred Niblo was master of ceremonies. He may not be so famous as Foch but I'll say he is just as brave. Just suppose, for instance, he had invited Buck Jones to make a bow and had forgotten Tom Mix! But he didn't, altho Buck was called onto the stage and proved the handsomest man present, according to the young thing just behind me, who proclaimed her willingness to die if she could only see Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino. Unfortunately for those around her she didn't see them, Rudolph refusing to make personal appearances. Gloria, however, made a bow from her orchestra seat.

The spotlight also fell upon Constance Talmadge, who arose and smiled about a thousand dollars' worth. The Queen of Sheba,

Betty Blythe, appeared fully gowned in answer to the call. Each player was greeted with salvos of applause, none getting more than the charming Betty Compson and Anita Stewart. Mr. Niblo declared that Miss Stewart was just as sweet as she looked, for he directs her and can speak from experience. If what he said is so, he ought not to be paid a cent. Anita was radiant. Other divinities who were glorified during the evening were: May Allison and husband, Robert Ellis, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Bert Lytell, Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd, Rex Ingram and Mrs. Ingram, whom Fred Niblo called "sweet Alice Terry," Mrs. Niblo (Enid Bennett), Douglas McLean, Antonio Moreno, Louis Wilson, Dorothy Dalton, Carter de Haven, Wesley Barry, Jackie Coogan, Doris May, Lloyd Ingraham and May McAvoy.

Buster Keaton appeared on the stage in a screaming skit, "The Death Of Salome." M. Keaton's Salome surpassed in my opinion that of Mary Garden and Eva Tanguay's. Herod sat on the throne and read the *Police Gazette* during most of the dance.

Salome's costume was a simple thing, consisting of the conventional trousers, shirt and vest, with china cups as breastplates and an alarm clock hung pendent over the rear. A length of sausage served as a snake, the head of which Salome applied to one of her teacups—with apologies to Elinor Glyn—and thus passed away in a series of back flops.

Jackie Coogan made a speech. Buck Jones whirled the rope while ladies



THERE were more world potentates at the opening of Marcus Loew's theater in Los Angeles than there were at the disarmament conference in Washington. Some people may have heard of Marshal Foch, but they wouldn't break their necks to see him the way they did to behold Gloria Swanson (in person).

The interior of the theater is by far the most beautiful piece of architecture in Los Angeles. It is of Spanish renaissance, the chief decorations being the ushers who wear mantillas and high

By
HERBERT HOWE

gasped. T. Roy Barnes delivered himself of a monolog. Walter Hiers served in lieu of Power's elephants to test the strength of the stage. Ora Carew recited a piece about a little newsboy, who being bare-legged earned a lot of admiration. Ruth Roland sang as only a serial star can sing. Al St. John told some jokes, but rode a bicycle better. Larry Semon said a few words, and Bert Lytell introduced Marcus Loew, who said a few more.

The show was late in starting, each star trying to be the last to arrive in order that no one would miss her entrance. When I departed at one o'clock in the morning, the Young Thing was still crying for Rudolph Valentino, and numerous stars were still waiting to take their bows.

BORN: CHARLES JONES

Speaking of Buck Jones, he isn't and never was. The gentleman who used to be called Buck Jones never knew who his parents were, what they looked like or where they were located when he arrived. In fact, all the data he possessed was certain circumstantial evidence that he was born. And he suffered some doubts on that score, it seems, so the other day he went and had himself christened "Charles Jones," thus becoming a regular, duly-registered mortal. The real reason that he is doffing "Buck" for "Charlie" is that he intends to doff the buckskin drama for the charlotte russe. In a word, he is to be a man who plays many parts instead of just a cowboy. I lament the passing of my favorite ranger, but welcome the entrance of a genuine actor. Good-bye, Buck; long live Chuck!

THE LITTLE HOME IN THE WEST

No longer can there be any dispute as to whether Los Angeles or New York is the capital of the film world. The California citadel has scored a victory by winning the Talmadges, Norma and Constance, now working at the Brunton studio, which has been taken over by a syndicate headed by Norma's husband, Mr. Joseph Schenck. Charlie Chaplin, who vowed he was sick and tired of the sight of a camera, is bravely overcoming the illness. Mary and Doug swear they will be home soon to take up the cross once more. But New York still has Lillian Gish, D. W.



At the left, Kathleen Norris and her husband Frank Norris, the noted novelists, arrive at the Goldwyn studios; below, Edna Purviance and a juvenile Charlie; while at the bottom of the page, F. Richard Jones and Mabel Normand borrow the camera platform while Mabel retouches her make-up between scenes



Photograph by Keystone Photo Service

Griffith and Richard Barthelmess. Quality, not quantity, is the New York slogan now.

MAY COLLINS VS. CLAIRE WINDSOR

Charlie Chaplin returned home, and clang!—the battle was on. Claire Windsor met him at the station and got photographed and interviewed. May Collins did not meet him, but got photographed and interviewed just the same. When asked why she did not greet him at the station, Miss Collins said:

(Continued on page 99)



Greenroom Jottings

Elinor Glyn, who recently left our shores for a visit in England with her people, has returned to the land of the free—so to speak. She will resume activities at the Hollywood studios of the Famous Players-Lasky. Her next story will be "**Beyond the Rocks**," in which **Gloria Swanson** will appear.

It is a woman's prerogative to change her mind. **Madame Nazimova** has availed herself of this privilege. There isn't going to be any repertoire. Nazimova has grown so interested in making Ibsen's "**A Doll's House**" that she has not the heart to cut it down to what she feels would be half the size it deserves. Oscar Wilde's "**Salome**" will not be forgotten, however. That too will be filmed as a complete feature production.

James Rennie hearkened to the call of his art, recently, and left his charming wife, **Dorothy Gish**, in New York, while he journeyed to Culver City to appear in Goldwyn's "**The Dust Flower**." However, he expects to return as soon as his work is completed. In the meantime, Mrs. Rennie is living with her mother and sister **Lillian** while she completes her work in "**The Two Orphans**" and awaits her husband's return.

All is not fair in love—. **Constance Talmadge**, who recently came into front page prominence thru her romantic elopement with **John Pialoglou**, a wealthy Greek tobacco merchant, once more has occupied front page display. This time it is because she is suing Mr. Pialoglou for a divorce. Constance insists there is no other man or anything like that. She says the fact is she must, of necessity, make pictures in California. And since California is impossible for Mr. Pialoglou, he demands that she give up her career. All of which Constance absolutely refuses to consider.

George Walsh recently put his name on the dotted line. It was a contract with Universal and specifies he will star in their productions.

There are vogues among the players of motion pictures. Just a short time ago, scores of shadow favorites were opening in dramas on the stage. Now the vogue is vaudeville. We think **Will Rogers** started it. At any rate, **Louise Glaum** and **William Desmond** have since made known their plan to devote some time to the varieties.

Anna Q. Nilsson has remained away from New York longer than she expected. While she was abroad she decided to accomplish something. So she joined the cast of "**The Man From Home**," and is in Italy working with **George Fitzmaurice** on this new production.



Marshall Neilan has posed as the vaudeville ventriloquist—Wesley Barry as the dummy. And, despite the fact that Wesley is far from a dummy, Mr. Neilan has guided his destinies now for several years.

Eros—or Cupid—or whoever is responsible for the affairs of the heart, devoted a goodly share of his talents and time to **Alice Terry** and **Rex Ingram**. Despite the fact that they had determined to wait until the completion of "**The Prisoner of Zenda**" before marrying, they recently met at the altar. The altar is merely a figure of speech, however. As a matter of fact, they were married in the Pasadena Tea Room where they first met. It was during a respite in the filming of the new Metro picture, and only a few friends were present.

The best plans often go astray.

Alice Calhoun recently packed scores of brand-new trunks, and with her mother entrained for California. Miss Calhoun will make at least one production at the

Western Vitagraph studios—"Blue-bell." And it is possible that she will remain in the land of orange trees thru the winter.

Hugo Ballin and Mrs. Hugo Ballin—or **Mabel Ballin**, as you prefer it—have started work on their next picture. It is "**Luxury Tax**," and tells a tale of brilliant society and extravagant women.

Charlie Chaplin has announced that he is about to write a magazine story. It will deal with his trip abroad, and **Pola Negri** will undoubtedly be given representation



Miss Violet Heming, who posed for this study of her lovely hands, says: "Cutex provides the busy woman with a quick, easy and delightful way of keeping her own nails always in perfect condition."

Just wipe away the ugly dead cuticle

NEVER use a manicure scissors on the cuticle. This is what causes hangnails, and that ragged, frowsy condition of the nail rims that makes any hand look ugly and unkept.

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Greenroom Jottings

therein. Mr. Chaplin met her, and declares her to be "even more charming and vivacious than she is on the screen."

Norma Talmadge admits that she has been particularly ambitious of late. She has said that she would rather make a great picture than do anything else she could think of, and, so saying, she departed for California. Now comes word that her next picture will be **Balzac's "The Duchess de Langeais."** Perhaps Norma's wish will come true.

Most people say that **Norma and Constance Talmadge** went West to make pictures because conditions are better there during the winter months. That may be all right, but there is another reason—a far more important one! It was rumored that the stork would pay a visit to the **Talmadge-Keaton** domicile in the early spring. And as soon as the rumor reached New York, the family began to pack.

Rudolph Valentino has been raised to a star's estate by Famous Players-Lasky, so they say.

Ethel Clayton recently completed "**For the Defense**," and at the same time her contract with Paramount. However, several attractive offers have caused her to postpone her European trip, and it is not unlikely that she will sign a contract and begin work on her first picture under her new contract in the very near future.

Marjorie Prevost, sister of Marie, has changed her last name to Maurice. Marjorie has screen ambitions, but she is determined to get there on her own merit. Therefore, the change of name.

Altho nothing definite is known as yet, it is not unlikely that **Lillian Gish** will soon appear in productions from her own studios. We can think of no one more worthy of stardom. For years Miss Gish has been one of the finest artists of the screen.

tioned. However, he is making up for those eight fortnights at summer hotels and on boardwalks. He recently left for Africa, where he will hunt big game. It is hardly the thing you would expect from this producer of super-sophisticated and silken dramas—unless you chanced to know him personally. Life is always paradoxical.

There are any number of people who have missed **Madge Evans'** shadow on the screen of late. But be of good cheer. She is being starred in "**On The Banks of the Wabash**," a story taken from the popular song. And when you see Madge again she will be a young lady. It is the first of a series of pictures in which she will appear. Madge will undoubtedly number among screenland's most popular flappers.



John Robertson, who is abroad in the interest of Famous Players-Lasky, writes that one of his most pleasant afternoons was recently spent with Sir Gilbert Parker, who visited the studios. They are shown here discussing future stories. It is a serious question

Everyone is always interested in knowing what **Henry Walthall** is doing, what he did last and what he will do next. Everyone is glad that he has given up road shows and will devote his time exclusively to the screen for a time at least. After completing his work in the **James Oliver Curwood** story, "**Flower of the North**," he immediately began his portrayal in the **John M. Stahl** production, "**The Clear Call**."

Elsie Ferguson still divides her time between the stage and the screen. The

winter season is certain to find her delighting her New York audiences in a new play. "**Varying Shores**," by **Zoe Akins**, is employing her talents this season with marked success.

Betty Blythe is the latest long-distance commuter. It was only a short time ago that she returned to California and her home nestled in the foothills. However, she is returning to New York to play the leading rôle in the next **Rex Beach** production. The film circles of Manhattan were glad to welcome her back again. **Corinne Griffith** in particular rejoiced over the return, for they are firm friends.

Bobby Vernon is a proud father. The new daughter's
(Continued on page 90)



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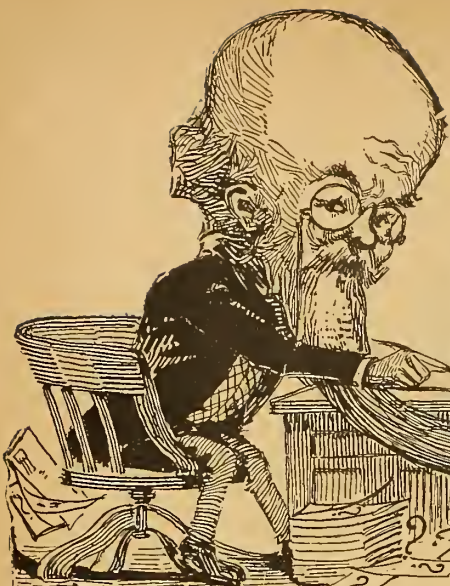
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The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Happy New Year! Once more the clock of Father Time is pushed ahead. As I have eleven times written, may this year be the happiest and most prosperous year you have ever had! Exit, 1921. Enter, 1922!

X. Y. Z.—Thanks. Wallace Reid can be addressed Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. That is her real name—Bebe Daniels. Alice Brady is playing on the stage in New York.

TALL BRUNETTE.—Very beautiful. You say, love is the dawn of marriage, and marriage is the sunset of love. In some marriages, the sun never sets. Irene Castle is five feet seven inches. What are you?

MAD CAP.—No, I am not grouchy, as you think. La Rochefoucauld says, "As we grow old, we grow more foolish and more wise." I am eighty. You want to know why Antonio Moreno doesn't play the part of The Sheik. I suppose, because Vitagraph didn't buy the story—or, because he isn't playing for Lasky. You may choose whichever answer you wish—both are correct. Jackie Coogan, Brunton Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

RETTA ROMAINE.—I should say, I was glad to see you. And you are still romancing it—no, you have discovered one Louis Calhern. He is six feet one inch, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, has dark hair and blue eyes. Address, 327 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York. Write me any time, and remember me to Vyrghnya. Tell her to write.

ELWINA N.—You say you dont know whether you would rather have beauty or brains. Well, one pretty woman has sometimes made more trouble in an hour than a hundred intellectual ones could in a year. To have brains is more lasting, but perhaps not so interesting. Buck Jones is married—but he is living with his mother, so they tell me. William Farnum has been in Europe all summer. Pola Negri's next picture will be "A Polish Dancer." And cant she dance!

DOROTHY.—Of course, I'll be your daddy. You write a very clever letter, and I want to hear from you again—soon. I have no record of Jerome Sammers. Very sorry.

MYRTLE J.—Thanks for the picture of little Helen. She is a very beautiful child, but there is very little chance of getting her in pictures.

SHARP P.—So you think I am sarcastic. I'm sorry. The bee that had no sting would be soon robbed of its honey. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. You can reach Constance Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York. At this writing, she is somewhere in California, but a letter addressed there will reach her. Helen Holmes and George Larkin are starring in a series of two-reel Westerners. They are both old-time favorites. Yes, Will Rogers and Lilla Lee, in "One Glorious Day."

BRUNETTA.—You're all wrong; the squirrel is one of the best swimmers of the animal kingdom. The picture you enclose is of Eva Novak. Yes, Monte Blue and Marguerite Clark, with Lasky. Harry Lloyd, at the Rolin Studio, Los Angeles, Calif. Richard Barthel-

mess, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BLONDE BABY.—So you like light-headed boys! I understand. Eugene O'Brien, Robert Agnew, Conrad Nagel, Ralph Graves and Buck Jones are all blondes, but not light-headed ones.

B. K.—Ouch! No, I haven't a permanent wave in my whiskers. At one dollar an inch, I would be permanently ruined. My whiskers manage to marcel by the application of H₂O at night. I doubt whether Marguerite Clark will play in "Peter Pan." Betty Compson, for Lasky, and Alice Calhoun, for Vitagraph. Bessie Love, Ruth Stonehouse and Thomas Santschi, in "The Honor of Rameriz." Run in any time.

TRIXIE.—No, I dont intend to make any resolutions this year. What's the use? I break 'em every time. Well, the mystery of the Hereafter is very great indeed, but we may take courage in reflecting that we have left some of it behind us. Swedenborg never married. He died in his eighty-fifth year. You seem to favor Priscilla Dean. You missed a treat in not hearing Farrar.

PALS.—Good for you, but dont hold too high hopes. Life is a business, not good cheer. You can get a picture of Vera Gordon by writing to the Vera Gordon Productions, Palace Theater Building, Room 1107, New York City. She will be glad to send you one.

AGGIE VATING.—See the November issue of SHADOWLAND for a beautiful picture of Sessue Hayakawa. Claire Windsor, in "Grand Larceny." Yes, it is true that Ruth Roland was injured while struggling with the villain during the filming of "The Timber Queen." Just heard she'd been injured recently by fire during the filming of a scene. We'll all hope it was slight.

MARION OF THE HEIGHTS.—So it has got you. Well, love is blind, and that is why he always proceeds by the sense of touch. Since I have never met you, you will pardon me. Yes, Viola Dana was married to Jofin Collins, who died with the influenza, in October, 1918.

KATHERINE H.—You write a brilliant letter. You must have sharpened up your pen today. In this advanced century, a girl of sixteen knows as much as her mother, and enjoys her knowledge much more. What think you? Lillian Walker was Lilly and Seena Owen was Anna in "The Woman God Changed." Yes, a great many of the players have bobbed hair. Virginia Faire and Gaston Glass, in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

MAZIE.—But you must be careful in choosing a friend. Almost every friendship holds a degree of disappointment, yet friendship is still the best thing in the world and the constant dream of the finer souls. George Fitzmaurice is now in Italy directing.

JUST 100-PROOF.—Bonded, and all that? Better the feet slip than the tongue. Gloria Swanson is with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Thanks for the picture. Yes, Ralph Graves is married to Marjorie Seaman. Max Linder's pictures are released thru Goldwyn—his last, "Be My Wife." Write me again.

CURIOSITY.—Comment vous en va? Well, the rich man's son has to fight one of the worst foes in the

—and people turned again to
look at her!

She had just used Boncilla—and Boncilla does amazing things for the face.

ALL FACES—YOUNG OR OLDER

Respond quickly to the world's greatest clasmic facial pack—Boncilla Beautifier.

Definite results that you can SEE and FEEL are apparent from the very first application.

The Restful Road To Beauty

Boncilla is so easily and quickly applied, in a very natural way—with the finger tips.

Two minutes only required to cover the face—and neck if desired—with this soothing, refreshing clasmic balm.

Then a book—and easy chair or a restful sleep, while it is drying.

Without further touching the face, this clasmic covering begins its gentle, lifting manipulation, unlike any you have ever experienced before, and you realize at once that a facial transformation is taking place.

It begins by opening the pores—admitting oxygen down to their very depths, and cleansing them as never before.

Then it sets to work to bring a flow of rich, red blood to the capillaries, giving tone and strength to every fibre of the face and new life to the nerve centers.

RESTORES YOUTHFUL CONTOUR

If the face is thin and pale, Boncilla Beautifier builds up the hungry facial tissues, giving them a renewed plumpness and firmness.

NOTE.—You can feel Boncilla lifting the lines out.

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The ideal Boncilla treatment is to give a touch of Boncilla Cold Cream following the removal of the Beautifier.

If you should be going out in the street, apply Boncilla Vanishing Cream to protect the face from weather and dust and to form the proper base for Boncilla, clinging, Face Powder. These creams and powder are delightful in their delicate fragrance and smooth texture, and will please as a part of the daily facial toilet.

Boncilla treatments, at first should be applied twice or more each week—should you wish to hasten the results, you can use daily, then later use occasionally. There is no such thing as too many Boncillas, any more than there is too much fresh air.

WHY WAIT FOR MONTHS

for results from ordinary methods, when Boncilla Beautifier gives an improvement that you can SEE and FEEL from the first treatment?

Go to your favorite toilet counter and ask for Boncilla Beautifier—the genuine clasmic facial pack.

If your dealer cannot supply you with our introductory Boncilla "Package-O-Beauty," send 25 cents, special price (regular price 50 cents), with the coupon to us, giving us your dealer's name.

WHY WAIT

For weeks or months for results from ordinary methods, when Boncilla will show surprising improvements from the very first application?

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Fill out the coupon below, take it to your dealer or send it to us, with 25 cents, special price (regular price 50 cents), and receive our "Package-O-Beauty," which contains Tubes of Boncilla Beautifier, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and a touch of that exquisite Boncilla Face Powder.

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Boncilla Beautifier comes in three sizes.

No. 3 size\$1.00
No. 5 " 1.50
No. 8 " 2.25

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Each 75c

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Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 25 cents. Send me your Package-O-Beauty.

Name

Address

City

The Answer Man

world—the lack of necessity for exertion. I'm sorry for you. Gertrude Robinson is not playing now. She was James Kirkwood's wife the last I heard of her. Helen Martin used to come in to see us very often. She is not the same as Rubye de Remer. Marguerite Courtot did play with George B. Seitz. You want more news about the old favorites. Write me every month.

ZEER.—Corliss Palmer has auburn hair, and she is twenty years old. Charlie Chaplin recently turned down an offer to appear at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, New York City, at \$15,000 a week for two weeks, he to do anything he pleased for the amusement of the audience. Poor Charlie!

SUNNY SHORE.—Thanks for the verse. I shall prize it highly.

N. QUISITIVE.—No, I never get lonely. That reminds me, Mark Twain said that the coyote was probably the loneliest animal in the world—even his fleas would desert him for a velocipede. I can always enjoy a book. I'm reading "If Winter Comes," and will tell you about it later. Helen Ferguson, opposite Bryant Washburn, in "Hungry Hearts," for Goldwyn. I like to hear from Southerners.

PARADISE ROSE.—Well, it's this way. Character is what you make for yourself; reputation is what others make for you; popularity is often the trick of making reputation look like character. So you think Mary Thurman is beautiful. No record of little Zoe Ray now.

G. T. R.—Your letters are always good. They're so full of news.

JILL.—That was Jewel Carmen and L. Shumway, in "The Confession." Whatever you do, don't be contented with yourself. If everybody was satisfied, there would be no progress.

BOBBIE.—So you think I am between twenty-eight and thirty-five. You're only a little out of the way—add about forty-five years more. Guess again.

A. L. S.—That was good of you. You say you thought of me during the milk strike this fall. It was a milk strike, not a buttermilk strike, so I had my buttermilk just the same. Sylvia Breamer is playing opposite Bert Lytell. A voice from the tombs: Mignon Anderson is to play with Alice Lake in "Kisses," for Metro.

F. A. R.—You neglected to give your address. Sorry.

VERONICA.—As La Rochefoucauld says, "Hope, deceitful as it is, carries us agreeably thru life." So, let's go on hoping. I am glad you like House Peters. I do.

ANGEL SUE.—One could make a great book of what has not been said. Roy Stewart, in "The Innocent Cheat." You're welcome.

TELL ME.—Robert Warwick is playing on the stage now. Robert Ellis, opposite Katherine MacDonald, in her new picture, "The Infidel." Yes, Pauline Starke, in "If You Believe It, It's So," with Thomas Meighan.

MERYTEA.—You're out—you never touched first base! Your criticism of Conway Tearle is not good, because you overlooked the first principle. You admitted that he acted the part and looked the part, and created the impression and effect desired; yet, you point out a small minor defect. Some critics see the fly on the barn door without seeing the barn. January, 1911, was the first issue. Address Corliss Palmer at this address.

WESTERN L.—Your's was sure short and sweet. Jack Hoxie can be reached at 1325 North Hobart Boulevard, Hollywood. Sorry you were disappointed in the contest. There were many beautiful girls here, but very few looked well on the screen.

EDITH.—Married women and bachelors waste a lot of good time feeling sorry for each other. Hugh Ford, in "Civilian Clothes." Joseph Kaufman, in "The Land of Promise." You're very welcome.

DEVOTED BLONDE.—Where? Very few people know what love is, and very few of those that do, tell of it. Margaret Loomis, in "Always Audacious." Lila Lee, in "The Charm School."

HONEY.—No, I am not in love. As Balzac says, "A lover is a herald who proclaims the merit, the wit, or the beauty of a woman; what does a husband proclaim?" You can get in touch

with Pearl White at the Fox Studio, Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

JEANETTE L.—All right, send along the fudge. I still have my sweet tooth. Now, be reasonable; how can I put you in touch with some good-looking boys? I ain't no Beatrice Fairfax, either.

TED.—Dream on, Teddy! We dream such beautiful dreams, that we often lose all our happiness when we perceive that they are only dreams. But the dreamer doesn't get very far these days. You say, you want Cullen Landis and Kenneth Harlan interviewed.

I HOPTA B. A. WRITER.—Hope on, little one. Pauline Frederick is playing for the Robertson-Cole Productions. Ethel Clayton, in "For the Defense." Marjorie Daw and Herbert Rawlinson, in "Barry Gordon," for Universal.

PRECOCIOUS.—Well, if you are singing in a chorus, do not acquire the idea that you are making all the music. Yes, Wallace Reid has brown hair and blue eyes.

BETTY BIRD.—Great guns! You ask only twelve difficult questions. Which four will you have served first?

DOLLY.—No, Dolly; I never tire of answering questions. Your little joke is good, so here it is: "Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud." "Yes, sir; it was ground this morning." "Ain't we got fun."

MADAM PRESIDENT.—If you send twenty-five cents in stamps to almost any of the players, they will send you their picture.

BETTY B.—Thanks a lot for the suggestions.

JACQUELIN.—Indeed! No, I have never been thru the Panama Canal. There are seventy steamship lines, serving the great trade of the world, making use of the Panama Canal, and there are eleven other lines which make calls at the eastern terminals of the canal, without passing thru it.

DARLA.—Well, to fall in love is not difficult; the difficulty lies in telling it. Juanita Hansen is twenty-four. "Everybody's Sweetheart" was Olive Thomas' last picture.

FANTINE.—So you are reading "Les Miserables." That's good. You say you couldn't imagine Charles Bryant as Armand in "Camille." Well, who could? Nowadays, those who love nature are accused of being romantic.

FLORENCE M.—You can get a copy of "Just Me" by writing to Brentano's, Fifth Avenue, New York.

IMA.—So you want to see Corliss Palmer playing opposite Wallace Reid. No, I wouldn't allow it. I'm in love with her myself. Ernest Truex, in "Little, But Oh My." Sessue Hayakawa, in "The Vermilion Pencil." Marie Prevost, in "The Frisky Flapper." William Farnum, in "Perjury." Viola Dana, in "The Five Dollar Baby."

WALLACE McD.—Yes, I saw Mae Murray's "Peacock Alley." She certainly screens beautifully, and it is a gorgeous picture. Her next will be "Put and Take." No, Lowell Sherman is not married. Frank Mayo, in "Dr. Jim." Helene Chadwick is playing in "The Sin Flood." She is the only woman in the cast.

HOT DOG.—So you have been testing the virtue of patience, believing that all things come to him who waits, and disregarding the case of the lady waiting at the church. Marie Doro is playing in "Lilies of the Field," on Broadway—a stage play. Write me again, and tell me all about it.

JACK T.—No, I am not getting any stouter, but I have to watch my diet very carefully. I mustn't lose my girlish figure. John Bowers can be reached at Goldwyn's Studios, Culver City, Calif. Yes, Lila Lee is not married.

JACKIE JR.—Well, this is my motto. Do as little as you can for an employer, and it won't be very long before you are not doing anything at all. I read all yours and enjoyed it. Priscilla Dean, in "That Lass of Low-ries." William Russell and Helen Ferguson, in "Desert Blossoms."

IMA MOVIE FAN.—So you want to see more of Bebe Daniels—in our books. That's different. She is playing in a picture adapted from "Saving Sisters" and

(Continued on page 110)

Mary Garden
as Carmen

Rigaud's Mary Garden

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A TOUCH of MARY GARDEN ROUGE—a puff of just the shade of MARY GARDEN POWDER that blends with your coloring—and yours is the bloom that vies with the petals of a rosebud.

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We Announce Ideal Cast Contest Winners

The last ballot has been tabulated. We are ready to announce the reader winners who guessed most correctly the Ideal Cast, together with the number of votes received by the member of that cast in each instance. It has been no small task. Hundreds and

hundreds of ballots were received from every state in the Union, as well as from distant countries.

There were any number who did not guess

IDEAL CAST

Leading Woman	Norma Talmadge	3,996
Leading Man	Wallace Reid	5,952
Villain	Lew Cody	4,662
Vampire	Bebe Daniels	5,325
Character Man	Theodore Roberts ...	5,829
Character Woman	Vera Gordon	2,634
Comedian (Male)	Harold Lloyd	4,650
Comedian (Female)	Dorothy Gish	4,539
Child	Jackie Coogan	7,501
Director	D. W. Griffith	4,170
		49,258

the cast itself correctly. These were immediately discarded. Then came the task of totaling the number of votes in each instance and subtracting that total from the total of the Ideal Cast. For example, the first prize was awarded to the contestant whose votes

totalled 53,500, while the votes received by the Ideal Cast totalled 49,258. A difference of 4,242.

The winners are as follows:

L. D. Watson of 611½ Main Street, Newton, Kansas, wins first prize. His Ideal Cast is as follows. His award is \$250.

Leading Woman	Norma Talmadge ...	5,000
Leading Man	Wallace Reid	8,000
Villain	Lew Cody	4,000
Vampire	Bebe Daniels	4,500
Character Man	Theodore Roberts ...	5,000
Character Woman	Vera Gordon	2,500
Comedian (Male)	Harold Lloyd	3,500
Comedian (Female)	Dorothy Gish	3,000
Child	Jackie Coogan	8,000
Director	D. W. Griffith	10,000
		53,500

Miss G. Ponssen of 1803 Fifteenth Avenue, Seattle, Washington, wins second prize. Her Ideal Cast is as follows. Her award is \$100.

Leading Woman	Norma Talmadge ...	3,752
Leading Man	Wallace Reid	5,208
Villain	Lew Cody	3,665
Vampire	Bebe Daniels	4,387
Character Man	Theodore Roberts ...	5,120
Character Woman	Vera Gordon	1,297
Comedian (Male)	Harold Lloyd	3,886
Comedian (Female)	Dorothy Gish	4,178
Child	Jackie Coogan	7,108
Director	D. W. Griffith	5,006
		43,607

Mrs. G. P. Greenleaf of Netcong, New Jersey, wins third prize. Her Ideal Cast is as follows. Her award is \$75.

Leading Woman	Norma Talmadge ...	3,438
Leading Man	Wallace Reid	4,943
Villain	Lew Cody	3,182
Vampire	Bebe Daniels	3,811

Character Man	Theodore Roberts ...	4,633
Character Woman	Vera Gordon	1,861
Comedian (Male)	Harold Lloyd	3,411
Comedian (Female)	Dorothy Gish	3,732
Child	Jackie Coogan	6,742
Director	D. W. Griffith	3,830
		39,583

Miss Manilla Tanner of Box 2485, Globe, Arizona, wins fourth prize. Her Ideal Cast is as follows. Her award is \$50.

Leading Woman	Norma Talmadge ...	3,450
Leading Man	Wallace Reid	5,100
Villain	Lew Cody	3,295
Vampire	Bebe Daniels	3,657
Character Man	Theodore Roberts ...	4,020
Character Woman	Vera Gordon	2,635
Comedian (Male)	Harold Lloyd	3,400
Comedian (Female)	Dorothy Gish	3,570
Child	Jackie Coogan	5,375
Director	D. W. Griffith	3,710
		38,212

Mr. Aulton B. Smith of Station 1, Box 5, Gastonia, N. C., wins fifth prize. His Ideal Cast is as follows. His award is \$25.

Leading Woman	Norma Talmadge ...	3,505
Leading Man	Wallace Reid	5,125
Villain	Lew Cody	2,375
Vampire	Bebe Daniels	3,949
Character Man	Theodore Roberts ...	4,722
Character Woman	Vera Gordon	1,700
Comedian (Male)	Harold Lloyd	2,788
Comedian (Female)	Dorothy Gish	3,444
Child	Jackie Coogan	6,125
Director	D. W. Griffith	4,222
		37,955

IT is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to *know* that one is well-bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know the little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette:

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first, or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theatre party who occupy a box. Which seats should the women take and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What should women wear to the theatre in the evening? What should men wear? Is it correct for a man to leave a woman alone during intermission?

At the theatre, evidences of good conduct can be more strikingly portrayed than perhaps anywhere else. Here, with people surrounding us on all sides, we are admired as being cultured, well-poised and attractive, or we are looked upon as coarse and ill-bred. It depends entirely upon how well one knows and follows the rules of etiquette.

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when the music ceases and he must return to his

original partner?
Do you know the
correct dancing posi-
tions?

How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, *Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith*, or *Mr. Smith, meet Miss Brown*? Which of these two forms is correct: *Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith*, or *Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby*? When introducing a married woman and a single woman, should you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith*, or *Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown*?

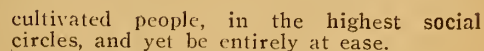
When leaving the ball-room, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? It is only by knowing exactly what is correct, that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those whom one comes in contact with.

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly



There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

for FEBRUARY

Three things happen in February: George Washington's birthday, St. Valentine's day, and—CLASSIC.

George's birthday stays about the same: synthetic red cherries, rubber-edged hatchets, miles of red, white and blue bunting, speeches, and indigestion from the cherries.

St. Valentine's day doesn't change either: candy and flowers, and reams of bad poetry, love letters, sweet exchange of amenities, and mental indigestion from the poetry.

But CLASSIC!

Well, it does change. It grows better with each month of its life. *The proof is in its pages.* Buy the February number and be convinced.

A witty and entertaining interview with the most profound person in Hollywood—Bill Reid, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wally, by Herbert Howe.

A delightful conversation with the irrepressible Connie Talmadge.

Patsy Ruth Miller and Edna Murphy, two of the younger stars, tell their story for you.

Enid Bennett discusses her perfectly good, brand-new child.

Rare and beautiful picture pages of Nazimova, Lillian Gish and Helen Ferguson, and many others.

A moving story of "The Sin Flood," with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix. A case-hardened editor was seen to weep at a preview of this great picture. The story is written by the one who wept.

If you have any interest at all in things cinematic, you can't afford to miss the February number of CLASSIC.

The picture-book de luxe of the movie world.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

for FEBRUARY

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

About interviews, happy endings and Alice Calhoun.

DEAR EDITOR: Altho I have been a reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for some time, I have never written you before. So I have decided that I will write you about my likes and dislikes, and I hope to see my letter in print.

In the first place, I don't like to read interviews in which the stars set forth their philosophy of life, etc. If I really wanted to know about that stuff, I certainly would not want it from a movie star, but from some one that really was a great thinker and philosopher. My idea of a perfect interview is one in which the star tells about her or his early experiences, how they broke in, etc. And please deliver me from "high-brow" interviews like Elsie Ferguson indulges in.

I like happy endings. I go to the movies to be entertained, and not that I may leave in a "blue" state of mind. Of course, I like dramas, but I want them to end happily. I know that all pictures can't end happily, but those that can't, I wish to be few and far between.

I like Alice Calhoun. She is altogether charming, and her acting is fine, and she has a charming personality. I want to see more of her in pictures like "Princess Jones" and "The Matrimonial Web." Monte Blue is also a favorite of mine. I thought he was to be starred, but as yet I have failed to see any of his starring pictures. I certainly think that he deserves stardom. Elsie Ferguson was delightful in "Footlights." I hope she has more theatrical stories like it.

I like your magazine very much and enjoy the Answer Man's columns immensely. More power to him (?).

In closing, I wish to say that I would like very much to hear from fans, and will gladly correspond with them.

Sincerely,

CARL HANSEN,

2131 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill

In which Rupert Hughes and Pola Negri find high favor.

DEAR EDITOR: Read your column and enjoy the various tastes and ideas of the so-called fan. Of course, each is entitled to his or her opinion, but the letter in the November number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE regarding Pola Negri drew my attention. I beg to disagree. She may not be so wonderful an actress, but there are pros and cons. The writer compares her to Norma Talmadge, and how she could portray the actress in "Passion." That, in itself, is absurd—Norma Talmadge (and she is my favorite screen player) has produced many plays.

I see the plays shown at our theater every night, and wonder if the writer of that afore-mentioned letter saw Pola Negri's "Gypsy Blood." I think that is an improvement over the first. Had I been Pola Negri, and read that letter, I think I'd be so discouraged I wouldn't care to attempt another picture. Perhaps it is lucky the actors and actresses don't have to abide by the fans' ideas.

Now I must say a few words concerning the best production I have seen in quite some time. Praise is still being heard here. It is Rupert Hughes' "The Old Nest," and anyone who, after seeing it, can offer any

criticism, cannot be human. A picture truer to life cannot be; and I cannot say enough—anyone who has not seen it, is missing something. Rupert Hughes has several other good productions, one being "Dangerous Curve Ahead." His are the style of plays that holds the interest of the audience from start until a few minutes after "the end" has flashed before them. He understands human nature, and pays special attention to the little things, tiny attentions and small, otherwise overlooked habits of life. Give us more of these style pictures. And again, before I close, I say go to see "The Old Nest," and I know that no one will be able to criticize it, as did the disappointed one after hearing so much concerning "Passion."

Oh, just another word about "Way Down East." That, too, is worthy of anyone's time and thought. It is these pictures that leave a lasting story in the mind, and are worth remembering. I would like to hear from fans who agree or disagree with me.

Sincerely,

ORLEAN GEORGENSON,

929 North Fourteenth Street,
Manitowoc, Wis.

The following letter touches upon many things; all of them pertinent and interesting.

DEAR EDITOR: Most folks like to know what others think. I do. I get lots to chew on in these letters you print from other fans. So I am going to contribute my bit, and I hope, Dear Editor, that you will see fit to print what I write.

Some one, not so long ago, wrote that she wished Mary Pickford would grow up. I don't. I saw her in "Pollyanna" and "The Little Princess," and she was wonderful. Mary Pickford is the only one who can play kid parts and play them well. I hope she will keep on playing them. Please, Miss Pickford, don't give us any more pictures like the "Lovelight," but more like "Pollyanna."

Mary Miles Minter can't play kid parts at all. I have in mind "Anne of Green Gables." Why can't they put her in some play where she can be a regular American girl without having her hair skinned back so tight she can't close her eyes—and freckles? I am sure people would much rather see her beautiful golden curls and her complexion without freckles. That is why folks go to the movies, for there is lots of the other kind in real life.

Why isn't Lila Lee starred? She surely came very close to stealing the honors in some of the later pictures in which she appears. I remember one of them in particular which starred a well-known actor, but I went to see it especially because Lila Lee was in the cast. I do hope that in the very near future I shall have the pleasure of seeing her name head the cast.

The title, "Forbidden Fruit," promised more "kick" than it delivered. Nevertheless, it was a fairly good picture.

Mae Murray and David Powell's "Idols of Clay" bored me beyond measure, and Katherine MacDonald's "My Lady's Latchkey" was worse yet. It was badly done in both direction and construction. Miss MacDonald is a very talented actress, and I think it is too bad that she does not have better stories given her. Mae Murray, in

the "Gilded Lily," was very interesting, and she sounded a much more sincere note in this picture than in any other picture she has made recently. I note that her husband directed her in this one. Here's hoping he will do so in future.

I have always liked Douglas Fairbanks in every picture I have seen him in, but I must say that I was very much disappointed in "The Nut." It was interesting in one or two places, but for the most part it was all "bosh." "The Mark of Zorro" was wonderful.

Why does Mack Sennett persist in making five-reel pictures? Why will he not confine his "slapstick" to two reels? It was interesting at that length, but five reels is too much of a good thing. Come, Mr. Sennett, let's go back to the dear old bathing girls and custard pie times. "Them was the happy days."

And now a word about the Talmadges. Why doesn't Norma stick to light, airy plays instead of dipping into tragedy? Why cant the directors pick out the right person for that kind of stuff? I have heard so many people say the same thing. Please, Miss Talmadge, stick to plays like "She Loves and Lies" and "The Isle of Conquest" . . . I read a letter in a recent issue of your magazine saying that Constance Talmadge's "Mamma's Affair" was rank foolishness. I must say that I do not agree with the writer. People who have mothers will appreciate the picture, while those who came in cocoanut shells will hardly be amused. The idea that a woman who has given herself over to "nerves" may be the cause of misery and distress to all who surround her, and especially to her daughter, is shown in this picture, and it teaches a good moral lesson to everybody. I hope Miss Constance will see fit to keep on giving us comedy pictures, as she has in the past, for I have enjoyed every one immensely.

Everybody likes a good play, but deliver me from the so-called "all-star" cast. To me, it seems like a good bit of everything and not very much of anything. I enjoy your magazine, every bit of it, very much, and here's wishing you all the success in the world.

Many fans request other fans to correspond with them, and I have written nice, friendly letters to several, but never received an answer. It makes me think sometimes that the people who write the fan letters are not human beings, but myths of some description who found a way to the earth by mistake. However, wont some of the fans write to me? I promise to answer every letter that I receive.

Yours very truly,
JAPONETTE TENNANT,
Box 920, Enid, Okla.

METAMORPHOSIS OF A STAR

By VARA M. JONES

I knew her in a bygone day,
That star, and say!

She was so dull she didn't know
B from A.

But now, I vow,
The way she talks
She's some highbrow,
And never balks
At any topic of the day.

Her interviews are fine; first rate.
To hear her prate

So critically, analytically—
It's great.

So different from that bygone day—
Of course; I know it's so!

I just want to say,
I'd like to know
How do they get that way!



Ask Us Now

This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

10-Day Tube Free ⁷⁵³

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 536, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

Danderine

**Stops Your Hair Coming Out,
Thickens and Beautifies**



35-cents buys a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug store. After one application you seldom find a particle of dandruff or a falling hair. Besides, every hair shows more life, vigor, brightness and abundance.

TRADE-MARK REG.



None Genuine Without
This Trade-Mark.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

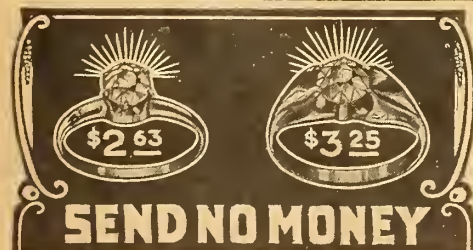
Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

Write direct to Dr. Margaret Ruppert.

Dr. Margaret Ruppert

Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment

Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



**If You Can Tell it from a
GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back**

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cat. price \$5.25) for Half Price to introduce, \$2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price \$5.50) for \$3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad, State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit \$2.63 for Ladies ring or \$3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted. MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA, Las Cruces, N. Mex. (Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

He Maintains Illusion!

(Continued from page 57)

said, "Oh, I guess they'd get us anyway, so it might as well be spilled."

"No, but *really*—" I persisted.

"I don't see that it makes much difference," he said, "if they care enough to know about us, it would seem ungracious to adopt a top-lofty reticence. On the other hand, when they *do* know—" he indicated by a gesture that the game was up!

"Haven't you any *personal* grievances?"

I asked.

"Not one—save my looks."

I had been eying him appreciatively. Tall and fair and what a lady novelist would doubtless describe as "well-built." I felt he must know these things himself. Was he striking a false note? The first—

I said, "Oh, come now—"

"It—they, I mean, limit me so," he complained.

I had just been thinking there could be no limits.

"Hero," he said, dolefully, "that's all they'll let me play. A character part is out of the running for me. Directors say 'He wouldn't do for that—take a look at him.' And they do take a look at me, with the result that I am inevitably cast as the injured or otherwise virtuous hero making his way, in love and war, to some eventually glorious conclusion. Admittedly, it is not unpleasant, but it is rather confining and at times discouraging to such abilities as one may believe one possesses."

"Now that I've had your grievance," I said, "give me your enthusiasm."

"I've two," he said, promptly, "Ralph Ince and Cuba."

I didn't see the connection and said so.

"There is and there isn't," he said, "the only connection being that both have been wonderful to me. I would not have such knowledge of the game as I have, nor such love of it, nor such small success if it had not been for the encouragement and friendship of Ralph Ince. He is a peer among directors and men. As for Cuba—well, just say that I love it, will you? The people are warm and hospitable and lovely, and I have never had so splendid a time as I had making pictures down there."

I thought it might be amusing, not to say enlightening, to hear Huntley Gordon who has made screen love to many, talk about women. I wanted his ideas on the subject—or does one refer to women as a "subject?"

He refused to be interviewed.

After prodding for some three and a half hours, I managed to elicit from him the information that he found them "dangerous"—that he is a bit shy of the altar—and that he has been in love! But how deeply in love; what type of gal he prefers and why, in what respect he finds them "dangerous" and the experiences *intime* that have led up to these rather sketchy conclusions—on these matters I found him—discussing Cuba or Ralph Ince!

He maintains Illusion!

In Placid Mold

(Continued from page 29)

cops never dared show their heads. The Chinese prints came from Chinese fans across the sea.

"I try," said Edna, "to get away from Los Angeles as much as possible between pictures. I go to Santa Barbara a great deal—and Coronado. It is fatal to stay here too long at a time."

One cannot think of her doing things superlatively. That is, she would smile

where we might laugh. She would say, "That's nice" where we would exclaim, "Oh, wonderful!" But, on the other hand, she would say "It doesn't matter" where we would grate out a "Positively disgusting!" or something more graphic. It is not a quality to be criticized. It is philosophical in a way. It is Edna's denial of Worry, the bugbear of most of us. Without it, it is true, she might have progressed much further in the film world than she has. She has been for many years one of the most photographically perfect women on the screen. It is only that content, that resignation, that has failed to give her the necessary stimulus.

It is to be hoped that her tentative plan of joining the United Artists may be realized and carried thru to success. Edna has become one of the traditions of the American screen. It would be a pity if her departure from Chaplin pictures should in any way tend to lessen her appearance upon it. I do not think that she intends that it shall. She did not tell who it was that purposed to back her. Things are too indefinite for that yet, but she spoke with easy confidence. Her future does not disconcert her apparently.

Her last remark, when she came to the door to say good-bye, gave a clear view of her attitude toward things generally.

"I'm sorry I didn't have anything extraordinary to tell you," she said with a slow smile, "But life's rather dull just now anyway!"

Out From the West

(Continued from page 23)

should have a whole bunch of 'em around me all the time, but I'm not figuring on to getting married just yet."

"And when you do marry," we insisted, "what quality will you seek in the woman above all else?"

"Goodness," Bill Hart told us steadily. "Yes mam, goodness."

"Not beauty?"

He smiled his slow, undecided smile.

"I reckon every man wants his wife to be good to look at. And even if she's homely as sin, a man thinks she's beautiful when he's in love with her. But if she isn't a regular wife who is a comrade, nothin' else counts for much. I wouldn't want to marry one of these here women who wants to live in a hotel with not a bloomin' thing to do but take her poodle for an airing and then rush to the theater or some dangfangled dance every blessed evening. Matter of fact, I always feel kinda sorry for them poodle dogs. No mam. I wouldn't want that kind of a woman."

That was how we found Bill Hart when he came out of the West.

His ideals stand forth surely. His standards are definite. He has not compromised. To prove yourself to him would be worth while, tho difficult, for in him you would find a valiant champion. He is of deeds, I would say, rather than words. He has not been handicapped by the highest forms of civilization.

Of stern stuff!

EVERYBODY SING!

By VARA M. JONES

Vamp of the screen, to thee
A farewell elegy
Methinks is due;
Past, now, your hectic sway,
I chant the solemn lay,
Requiescat in pace!
Exit's your cue.

Mrs. Reid Returns

(Continued from page 25)

the matron, but rather as the débutante. "I left pictures just before baby, Billy, was born," she said as soon as her duties as hostess permitted. "There was never any reason why I shouldn't go back, and Wally was perfectly willing I should act if the right opportunity came along.

"There were various times I put on my make-up. First, to play the lead in one of Wally's father's plays, 'Mothers of Men,' and, more recently in 'The Fighting Chance,' at Lasky's.

"I believe that any woman who has ever been before the public in professional life always has a desire again to be before that same public—even if she is married. When you're used to a life replete with excitement, you find you miss it terribly when you sit at home day after day with nothing to do but amuse yourself."

Our conversation drifted to what is the greatest part of any woman's life—her husband. Mrs. Reid's eyes shone when I remarked that Wally is one of my screen favorites, and we commenced to discuss his Anatol in the De Mille picture.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "All during the making of that play we could hear of nothing else. Wally was crazy about Anatol. Anatol was exactly Wally himself.

"Wally has so many moods that it is impossible to concentrate. Tonight he may come home from the studio and sketch or paint like mad. Tomorrow the sketching is forgotten in favor of his saxophone, and after he's played that for an hour his thoughts turn to writing poetry fervently.

"A woman is always fascinated by a man of moods. She never knows what he is going to do next—and the watchful waiting is interesting."

The chief difficulty in her returning to the screen, she said, has been to get the proper vehicles.

"Inasmuch as I am to use Wally's name, I feel that I owe it to him and to the Lasky company not to play anything that will discredit them. Personally, I have always liked 'heavy' rôles. They are far more interesting than mere, straight leads. Yet imagine me,"—and she laughed—"with this snub nose doing 'heavies'!"

But, to be a good ingénue, you have to be born with the spirit of youth in your soul, she says.

"Why, at fourteen I was playing the mother of a four-year-old child on the stage. Mother needed a leading woman and couldn't afford to get one so I did the part—but I was as big then as I am now."

Every film fan knows that Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Reid) is a niece of the late Fanny Davenport, one of the truly brilliant figures in American theatrical annals. And, tho thoroly representative of latter-day theatricals, she is in herself the soul of acting.

"No matter," she said, "where I may be or what I am doing, I shall always remember the public. I'm so surprised, tho, that they haven't entirely forgotten me, even now, after being off the screen all these years, I continue to get a number of letters, which always please me and make me just a bit hungry to get back.

"But, somehow, nobody would ever believe that I have really wanted to act and that Wally doesn't object if I do act. For no reason at all, everybody has married me off and finally retired me from the screen."

But, as I was saying, Mrs. Reid is one of those scintillant souls who've been born with a sense of humor. Furthermore, she knows how to make use of it. Her conversation hits on all six all of the time and her train of thought keeps running in high.

Her first story was bought by D. W. Griffith

And she won the first cash prize of \$2,500 in the J. Parker Reade contest against a field of 10,000 scenarios

FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH learned how to transfer her natural story telling gift to the screen. Will you send for a free test of your ability?

When Frances White Elijah was doing war work in her Chicago home, she never imagined she would become a successful photoplaywright.

What reason had she to think she would ever write such a letter as this to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation:

"I have just received your check in payment for my story 'Wager'd Love,' which your sales department sold to D. W. Griffith.

"It has scarcely been six months since I registered with you and your assistance and encouragement have made my success seem like magic."

Think what that means! Her first story sold to one of the most discriminating producers in the world. And she had only started to train her story-telling gift six months before!

Today she enjoys fame and income; and the distinction of having written the best of 10,000 scenarios submitted in the J. Parker Reade contest.

What does this story mean to you? If it causes you to ask yourself, "Could I sell a story to Griffith—or Ince—or any of the producers?" this will prove the most interesting advertisement you ever read.

Perhaps you could do that very thing

At the outset, let us correct one false notion many people have. Literary skill, or the writing style required for novel and magazine authorship, cannot be transferred to the screen. The one and only requisite of photoplay writing is ability to think out and tell a good, dramatic story. Given that ability, any man or woman can be trained to write for the screen.

But, you say, how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability, provided you are an adult and in earnest. And we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short-story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story telling instinct, if you have ever said to yourself when you left a motion picture

theatre: "I believe I could write as good a screen-story as that," send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to develop the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on—stories for which producers are glad to pay from \$500 to \$2,000.

It is the story tellers opportunity

The same producer who bought Frances White Elijah's first story has rejected the work of scores of famous novelists and magazine writers. They did not possess the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Elijah, who was absolutely unknown to the motion picture industry, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we shall frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event, it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

Sample copy of the Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Author's League, the national photoplaywrights magazine, will be sent free with the questionnaire.

Advisory Council

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124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE SEND ME, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME

ADDRESS

Corliss Palmer Powder



CORLISS PALMER

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that *does not look like powder*—"art that conceals art."

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.



WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesite carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

Justice

(Continued from page 21)

No charity in Los Angeles ever appeals to moving picture people in vain. They give their services, time after time, for hospitals and anything else they are called upon to help. . . . And yet, now that one horrid orgie is exposed, all the good things about them are forgotten, and vials of wrath are poured out upon the entire company! I wonder how many people know of Mary Pickford's private charities? How that "World's Sweetheart" thinks out surprises to give pleasure to each inmate of poor old ladies' homes and orphan asylums—with her name never attached? How Douglas Fairbanks has a system of private investigation for hundreds of deserving cases who will never know who helped them? How our own Charlie (I say this with delight, because Charlie is English!) hands out help to poor boys and girls who are trying to get into the profession?

These are the three brightest stars of the screen, where success is concerned, and they epitomize the entire movie world in regard to the charitable attitude they take towards their fellows.

It must never be forgotten that when one is talking of justice, one must review the facts of the case. Now, there are some facts not so pretty staring us in the face, which must be touched upon presently. People have rushed into this young industry from every grade in life. Many of the most ignorant, and recruited from the poorest and lowest sections of the nation, have become public favorites, either by their beauty or their talent. They have found themselves in receipt of from five hundred to five thousand dollars a week, and upward, with no knowledge of how to spend that sum. No innate sense of the fitness of things, or education which could inculcate good taste. Is it justice to expect such persons to be restrained? They are intoxicated by their success, and are like children let loose from school; they want to be boisterous and kick over the traces. They have no tradition in the profession to guide them by—and every possible opportunity which propinquity gives, aided by the effects of climate and strong young blood, are there to push them on to excess.

Very few of them have traveled or seen any other world but their own. There are many of them unaware even that there are other standards to attain. So nature guides them, and if nature in some particular cases is bad, horrid things happen.

I do not know the conditions before prohibition, but I am told that everything in the way of orgies has become much worse since. The rebellious spirit, which is in all human beings to grab at forbidden fruit, seems to rule in the screen world, as well as in every other world.

A journal which I have before me makes this announcement:

"The Chief of Police, in ordering the wholesale dismissal of the force, states that fifty per cent. are engaged in liquor traffic, and there is more drunkenness and more deaths from liquor than before prohibition." And this is said of an institution which has been in existence since America was a country, and stands for law and order! But everyone is not up in arms on account of this!—which reads to me as something not only disgusting and disgraceful, but dishonorable and traitorous as well. Whereas, because of one hideous exposure (not *fifty per cent.*, remember!) the poor movie world, which has no traditions, and is not the guardian of law and order, is jumped upon and denounced! That is the unfair part.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

are pleased to announce a

NEW MAGAZINE

Beauty

*Beauty Secrets
For Everywoman*

AND, like "Motion Picture," "Classic" and "Shadowland" (particularly "Shadowland") it will be a **Beauty**. She will be dressed in the finest clothes we can find. The paper and printing, cover design, engravings, paintings and text will be truly beautiful, and you will want it on your library table for that reason alone. But if there is a woman in your family, either daughter, mother, grandmother or aunt, you simply can't do without it. If one does not insist on it the other will—probably all. The gentle art of

How To Be Beautiful

will be treated by the greatest authorities. Noted beauties will tell their Beauty Secrets. Beauty Parlor Experts will tell how to make the human face more beautiful and how to preserve Beauty. There will be an "Answer Man" who will answer all kinds of questions on how to powder, paint, cold-cream, bathe and treat the face, on how to manage the eyebrows, lips, hair, hands, etc., and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. Here is a list of some of our distinguished contributors:

Myrtle Kingston	Jeanne Jacques	Montanye Perry
Elsie Ferguson	Norma Talmadge	Jules Latour
Katherine MacDonald	Corliss Palmer	Corinne Griffith
Dorothy Donnell	Nazimova	Gladys Hall
Constance Talmadge	Agnes Ayres	Ruth Roland
Dorothy Gish	Lillian Gish	Lillian Montanye
Pauline Frederick	Gloria Swanson	and many others

"I want to help you grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first."

We want to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. We hold that it is the duty of every woman to be as

beautiful as she can, and our duty to show her how. Just glance over a few of these titles:

Rouge and Lip Salve.	Pimples and Freckles.
Those False Eye Lashes.	Wrinkles, Their Cause and Prevention.
The Harmony of Colors.	Fresh Air and Beauty.
The Effect of Beauty on the Senses.	Foundation Cream.
How to Train the Eyebrows.	Charm. How Artificial Means Add To It.
Making the Old Look Young.	Does Beauty Appeal to Man more Than Personality.
Preparing for Bed. What must my Lady do at Night for the Morrow?	Expression. How Make-Up Can Make or Mar It.
Massage.	That Muddy Complexion.
Blackheads.	Do Men Admire the Painted Girl.

These few can give you but a vague idea of the plan and scope of this wonderful magazine. Every issue will contain an appropriate short story, good for anybody to read but particularly interesting to women who want to beautify themselves. And don't forget that many well-known beauties will write on

Beauty Secrets For Everywoman

Surely out of all this wonderful mass of material you can find one or more items that will alone be worth the price of the magazine. The first issue will appear on the newsstands about January 6th.

Place Your Order Now With Your Dealer!

There is always a rush for a new magazine. It will be a real scrimmage for this one, for we are printing only 100,000 copies to start with. If you wish to subscribe the rate is \$2.50 a year. Each number will contain several paintings worth that, suitable for framing. And you will get twelve numbers.

The price will be 25 cents a copy

Don't Forget the Date, January 6th, 1922

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Address

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The Pioneer of the Shadowed Drama

(Continued from page 42)

"Come, come into my kingdom. This is all mine. See my view, my mountains—am I not rich?"

And I answering truly said: "You are indeed. I should never have believed you could make a home in the very heart of a hotel."

"Here we live without any worries over the servant problem," he went on. "If I want to bring home one, two or a dozen guests for dinner, I don't have to shiver all the way home for fear the wife won't have enough lamb chops to go around. And yet we have our beloved privacy. It is a splendid solution of the housing and servant problem. But shh . . . come here, do you want to see the cutest thing in the world?"

He opened a door and drew from the depths of another room a tiny laughing-cry, more or less shy, little woman.

"I want you to meet my wife!"

The pride with which he said wife was not only the result of being still in the honeymoon stage, but settled without a question what Hobart Bosworth thinks about marriage. There was nothing more needed to be said concerning his views on that subject.

So we turned to his career.

"Life is a funny proposition," he said, lighting his great-bowled pipe, "it plays tricks on us. Each time success has sought me it has been in another line from that in which I was seeking it. It is like adventurous souls who journey restlessly around the world in search of happiness only to find it at the last in their own home.

"As a boy of twelve I was absolutely illiterate. But I had a great ambition burning within me. I wanted to be a painter. For three years I was at sea on old merchant sailing-ships, and it was good, hard physical labor. Every cent I earned I spent on books, determined to educate myself. Then in San Francisco I wrestled and boxed for a living and sometimes starved.

"There a lady who knew I had spent my last nickel for paints asked me why I didn't supe in the theater evenings and take painting lessons in the afternoon. I thought this was a wonderful idea. You can imagine the rest—how the bright lights of the theater enmeshed my boyish imagination. Soon I was taking parts and I spent my spare time studying the Elizabethan drama."

Later Mr. Bosworth became a member of the famous Augustin Daly Stock Company in New York City. He played leads with Julia Marlowe, Henrietta Crosman, Amelia Bingham and Mrs. Fiske. Finally he was starred on Broadway by Harrison Grey Fiske in "Marta of the Lowlands." It was during the successful run of this play that he was stricken with tuberculosis.

Far from being terrified or heart-broken, he said: "At last I shall have time enough to read and paint all I want to."

He went West and for years lived in a hammock in the open, reading and studying the classic and Shakespearian drama.

In 1909 Frank Bogg, who was producing pictures for Colonel Selig, asked Bosworth to play in a picture.

"We'll give you one hundred and fifty dollars for two days work," he urged.

Bosworth needed the hundred and fifty so he took a chance, and he enjoyed the work taken in the midst of lovely locations. That was the beginning . . . He stayed with Selig until 1913, playing in one-reel productions, historically correct and beautifully produced. He wrote the scenarios for "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," "The Sins

of Marcus," "The Eye of Conscience" and a hundred other classics.

In 1913 he produced Jack London's "Sea Wolf" which was one of the earliest multiple reel subjects ever made. A great success, it proved his contention that a four- or five-reel film was possible.

I have dwelt on the Bosworth career so that you may see for yourselves that he knows pictures from the ground up. Now I want to tell you a few of the things he told me concerning them.

"The reason pictures do not progress faster is that the big men in pictures are all ruthless egoists," he told me.

"It is true that most genius is egotistical, but it is not the callous selfishness which our foremost directors practice.

"It is queer that I should be playing these brutal he-man rôles when I can't bear to even hit a man. Several months ago I broke the bones in my hand because I preferred my fist should hit the floor rather than Niles Welch's nose against whom I was fighting in the picture.

"Foolish overhead is eating up the profits in pictures. I made the 'Sea Wolf' for \$9,000 in 1913; today a similar production would cost \$900,000. Why? Because then I didn't pay a mint for the scenario, nor for an assistant director to remind the director what he should do, nor an assistant assistant director to lift the camera and stool for them. We had one camera and one set of lights and we arranged them ourselves, and in doing things ourselves we knew they were done and done correctly.

"No star is worth \$7,000 a week to a producer. He can't possibly make that much out of her pictures, yet the producers go on paying such salaries.

"I love my horse, my wife and my dog. My horse first, because my wife can call out for food when she wants it, but my horse is absolutely dependent on my remembering to hand him his bag of oats."

And so I leave Hobart Bosworth to you—his public. In life a gentle, kindly figure, a prophet, a poet-painter, a cultured scholar of his own teaching, a brave gentleman and an actor of blood-thirsty rôles at the Thomas H. Ince studio today.

Dash of Scarlet

(Continued from page 55)

in Hollywood with her maid. For a while she had Teddy Sampson (Miss Teddy Sampson) staying with her, but Rosemary was working very hard, getting up early in the morning, and she found it more restful to be alone. She would enjoy dancing every night of the week, but not at the expense of her career; so, periodically, she swears off and will not go out for weeks at a time.

She has the divine spark, the flame that makes one person stand out on the silver-sheet, and the lack of which makes an actress just a beautiful figurine.

With her ability, she should be further than she is today.

A flame, Rosemary, who only needs the proper harnessing to create great things.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

By JAMES B. CLARK

THE INGENUE: The art director speaks like a book.

THE HEAVY: Yes, but, unfortunately, he can't be as easily shut up.

Important Notice!



Quality has been our aim.

Quality is our aim.

But, beginning with the **March Magazine**, there will be greater **Quantity**.

There has been **Quality and Quantity** before.

There will be an even greater **Quality and Quantity** now.

Because of the addition of considerable pages to the **March Motion Picture Magazine**, there will be more clever articles—more beautiful and exclusive photographs.

Elinor Glyn concludes her series of articles on **Hollywood** as she found it——

Adele Whitely Fletcher and **Gladys Hall** have written another one-act interview playlet. It is decidedly clever, with **Charles Ray** the popular subject——

Perhaps you have wondered about the Main Street of Mary Pickford, Rudolph Valentino and Charlie Chaplin. **Herbert Howe** describes it vividly in “**Main Street, Hollywood**,” which is generously illustrated.

The added pages make scores of other features possible.

Dont forget, beginning with the **March Motion Picture Magazine**——

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What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends can see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
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Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart

Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter

Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
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The Actor - Poet

(Continued from page 48)

MEMORIES

I know that sometimes
Into my little room
You pass,
And gaze with your dear eyes
Upon the treasures I have left.
Perhaps you see
Ghosts of my boyhood—so lately spent—
Shaping themselves
Down thru the changing years.

Outside
The harvest apples are lying in the grass,
And down the path the purple asters nod.
The sky sinks slowly
Into a rosy west.

You turn to go—
About your lips
A sweet smile softly comes
And from your heart
A gentle sigh.

Memories
About you cling,
Holding you to the past—
Mother—

That's Out

(Continued from page 56)

certainly pleased my patrons.—Idylhour Theater, Canton, Ill.

"The Affairs of Anatol." A weak, improbable, trite and childish story . . . We predict the public will like it.

Why criticise the movies for lurid titles, when her "dignified" sister, the drama, revels in such shows as "The Demi-Virgin," "Getting Gertie's Garter," "Partners for the Night," "Up in Mabel's Room"?

We wonder if any of the stars own the houses in Hollywood before which they have their pictures taken for publicity purposes.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 74)

name is Barbara Dorothy Vernon.

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt have both recently been elevated to stardom. And the Lasky company is combining their talents in the forthcoming William B. de Mille production.

Alice Lake has bobbed her hair. She held out for a long time and declares she has only done it now for the sake of art—and that alone. Incidentally, Conrad Nagel has been engaged by Metro for Alice's new picture.

There has not been a new William Farnum release for sometime. Bill has been vacationing, as everyone knows, on foreign soil. But he is now back at the Fox studios and "Man's Weakness" will be his first production after his holiday. Herbert Brenon is directing and they do say it will be the picture of Bill's career.

Rumor has it that both Dorothy and Lillian Gish will soon go on the stage. This does not mean desertion so far as motion pictures are concerned, however. It means another interest.

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You, too, can have the clear, warm tints of youth, the alluring beauty of lovely coloring if you know the secret of instant beauty, the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Presto! The face is beautified and

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INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

Charlie and Sarah

(Continued from page 37)

proposal once by mail. He said he would rather clasp me to his bosom than be President of the United States.

REFEREE (*fervently*): Who wouldn't?

ALICE: Well, I'm not going to stop anybody's chances of being President of the United States.

VIOLA: If they keep on making you play grandmothers in your pictures, you certainly won't. Cheer up; in your next picture you are to play a young girl of thirty.

ALICE (*addressing Referee*): Do you know what we call one another? I call Vi "Charlie," and she calls me "Sarah." They expect her to be as funny as Chaplin and me to be as emotional as Bernhardt.

VIOLA (*making wry grimace*): Producers expect a screen actress to have the face of a girl of sixteen, the brain of a woman of fifty, and the acting ability of Bernhardt.

ALICE: If we could only be ourselves. I don't want to be Bernhardt—not so long as I can get around as I am.

REFEREE: What are you going to do when you start losing your beauty?

VIOLA: We haven't started having any yet.

ALICE: I'll be a censor.

VIOLA: I'm going to raise a family.

ALICE: You're a fine person to raise a family. In all your pictures, you vamp. For four years they called you the Baby Vamp, and now it's the Flapper of the Screen.

VIOLA (*dignifying slightly*): I don't know that anybody would get a very good idea of your character from seeing you on the screen. I haven't seen you in a picture yet that you weren't seeking revenge on some one.

ALICE (*addressing Referee*): And in real life I never seek revenge; do I, Vi?

VIOLA (*suspiciously*): Well, who said I vamped in real life?

[Enter, F. Richard Jones, director of Mabel Normand in "Mickey" and "Molly-O." He is hailed familiarly as "Dick" by Alice and Referee and introduced to Vi and duenna Leek. He shows a magnificent platinum and gold watch, which he has received as a gift from Mabel, who at the time is having a vacation in New York. The Referee recalls that Dick has the reputation for never knowing when to quit work. Perhaps Mabel wants to provide him with a way of knowing before she starts her next picture under his direction.]

ALICE (*to Dick, as he departs*): We'll be down to see "Molly-O" as soon as you give a preview.

VIOLA: We're chronic fans. We went to the movies every night last week; didn't we, Alice?

ALICE: We saw "The Queen of Sheba" last night, and we cried so much we were ashamed when the lights came on.

VIOLA: We cried so much that we had the mee-mee's when we got home. Betty Blythe is wonderful. I admire her refinement in being able to wear those costumes without ever suggesting anything vulgar.

ALICE: Miss Blythe is marvelous, and so is Fritz Lieber. He's a Shakespearian actor.

VIOLA: Alice goes to every kind of a show—even Shakespeare. Can you imagine it? And she couldn't wait until Robert Mantell got here, to drag me down to see him.

ALICE: Well, wasn't he good?

VIOLA: Yes, but he sings. And he kept coming back to sing without any encore.

ALICE: All great actors sing when they play Shakespeare.

VIOLA: I like Shakespeare, but I think



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he must have been asleep when he wrote "As You Like It." What a dumb-bell play that is. Can you imagine any girl like Rosalind, getting away all that time as a boy, just by wearing a little boy's suit?

ALICE (somewhat irrelevantly): I love Savoy and Brennan.

VIOLA: Savoy would make a fine Rosalind, wouldn't he? Can you hear him saying, "You must come over," to Orlando?

ALICE: Savoy's favorite screen actor is Douglas Fairbanks. He says he thinks Doug is "gorgeous."

REFEREE: Have you no favorites?

VIOLA: Sure we have—a lot of them.

ALICE: I like Dick Barthelmess and Jack Barrymore.

VIOLA: I think Jim Kirkwood is fine—and Lon Chaney—

ALICE: I like Jim, too.

VIOLA: And Joe Martin. Oh, Alice, give your imitation of that Black girl that used to hang around Vitagraph.

ALICE (proceeding to look cross-eyed and talk in a nasal tone, with a lantern-jawed effect not unlike Joe Martin): "All the men are just crazy about me. Cant keep them away—just crazy about me."

[With loud roars from Viola, Referee and Duenna, Alice gets up and imitates the stride of the siren Miss Black.]

VIOLA (her laughter subsiding): Alice nearly killed me this morning by giving imitations as we were getting up. You ought to imitate that scenario writer who was always getting us aside to tell us his stories. They were all alike.

ALICE: Well, you had to admire him for sticking to his story!

VIOLA: Anything I hate is to be told a story. It's terrible to go to a dinner with a movie crowd, and have to sit next to a director that wants to tell you about the corking thing he's going to do next. You look away, and just get to talking to some one else, and he nudges you and says, "Oh, say, I've got a wonderful gag!"

ALICE: Did you ever see a Mexican jumping bean, Vi?

VIOLA: A which?

ALICE: They jump all around, and never stop.

VIOLA: My word! It must be embarrassing trying to eat a plate of them. What do you use—a butterfly catcher?

ALICE: You dont eat them. They have worms in them. When the worm turns over, the bean jumps.

VIOLA: They must be spooky, like the relatives of those people who have seances at our apartment house.

ALICE (shuddering violently): Oo-oh! They're awful. The room is all dark, and their relatives come down—or up—and jiggle the tables, write on pads, ring the alarm clock—

VIOLA: And put the cat out.

ALICE: Just suppose, Vi, that some time when they are being subpoenaed or seanced—or whatever they call it—the relatives make a mistake in the number of the apartment and get into yours. Oo-oo-oo-oh!

VIOLA: Alice is afraid of the dark. She wanted a drink of water last night, and lay awake three hours because she was afraid to get up and get it.

[A venerable dame, passing our table, catches the word "drink," and glances suspiciously thru her double-barreled glasses.]

ALICE: I know what she's thinking. She's thinking, "Those loud, vulgar movie people."

VIOLA (wearily): Everyone is attacking us now.

ALICE: Especially the San Francisco people. And only last year we went up

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VIOLA: And you wore your new seventy-five-dollar hat in the rain.

ALICE (mournfully): It got all squashed down flat on my head.

VIOLA: Yes, it looked like a cat had crawled up there and died.

[The lights begin to wink suggestively. Viola, with a sigh, commences to struggle with her gloves.]

VIOLA (reaching under the table): My feet hurt.

ALICE (sympathetically): So do mine.

[Having at last reached agreement on one subject, they are ready for home, where Viola, with the advice of her counselor, Alice, is to face the man who wants to invest her money.]

REFEREE: Good-night, Charlie. Good-night, Sarah.

CHARLIE and SARAH (in perfect harmony): Good-night. Now, don't you publish anything we said!

Charms—and the Woman

(Continued from page 47)

ride with her over the hills. Two little things—the banal straws again!—marked the difference. Thru some caprice, she wore French heels that morning. She complained that she found them awkward, that she missed her riding boots. And later she remarked that she never used face powder. French heels and powder! Surely the symbols of a woman's success. Only Pauline Frederick could have the audacity to ignore them. She, a Californian now, is content to be sunkist! One cant deny that it becomes her.

Her next picture, tho, has yet to be chosen. It is difficult to realize the problem that Pauline Frederick presents to the producer. She is too big for the average story. When she is cast in one, one might liken her, perhaps crudely, to a powerful perfect engine in a dilapidated chassis. Only once was Goldwyn able to meet her ability with a story of equal caliber. That once was in "Madame X," her last Goldwyn picture. Now Robertson-Cole is proceeding cautiously, determined not to duplicate Goldwyn mistakes.

I believe that she stands today as our greatest emotional actress. I believe that she will continue so to stand, chiefly because with her the actress is the woman and the woman the actress, because she has height and depth, understanding and—God pity the woman who hasn't—subtlety, and because, once having undertaken a part, she gives herself, body and mind and soul—witness those mad sobbing rides after "Madame X"—to the business of living it.

She presents an interesting, a baffling, study. She is a woman of extraordinary contradictions, of multiple fascinations, of reckless generousities. The thing above all that I would accentuate is her charm. It is the one constant color in a kaleidoscopic personality. I might have been brief and said at the beginning, simply, "She is charming." It would have given you a truer, finer picture than all my attempted analysis.

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Morals

(Continued from page 35)

horizon. There was nothing strange to her in Sir Marcus' having a charming woman for a friend. She would have thought it stranger if he had not had. She felt that she didn't like Judith very well, but that it didn't matter one way or another. Judith was far more keenly aware of Carlotta than Carlotta was of her.

Judith was malicious. Marcus didn't know that that was because she was so hurt. Hurt by Carlotta's young loveliness; hurt by Carlotta's naive sweetness. Hurt bitterly by her presence in Sir Marcus' home; hurt, too, by the brain not to be despised. Judith knew that Carlotta was no mean rival. She had come into Marcus' life bearing rich gifts . . . So Judith, in her weakness, was malicious—

"Has Pasquale met her yet?" she asked, in an aside. She asked it in such a manner as to stab Sir Marcus. Sebastian Pasquale was Sir Marcus' one other intimate, besides herself. He was a man with a dashing charm and a dashing code of morals. His big heart and a certain vivid generosity of nature had endeared him to Sir Marcus. He was not the sort of man to meet a beautiful girl, with impunity. Yet he was Sir Marcus' friend, and, as such, Judith knew that it would not have occurred to Marcus to doubt him. She meant him to doubt him. She meant him to doubt Carlotta. She knew it wouldn't do any good. She knew it would only do harm; but, like most women, goaded in their emotions, she lost distinction, she lost discretion, she lost her ability to play a consummate hand.

Sir Marcus smiled in the direction of Carlotta, looking at some books in a corner of the room. "Yes," he said, "Pasquale dined with me last week and came across a slipper of Carlotta's in the drawing-room. I sent it to her room by Stenson, and she came out in her Turkish costume, the little rascal! Pasquale was delighted with her."

"Of course," Judith's lips curled; "of course he was," she said.

She saw Marcus glance again at Carlotta, swiftly, alarmedly, and knew that she had planted her arrow.

At home, Carlotta observed: "I didn't like Mrs. Mainwaring."

Marcus tried to frown at her. "She is my friend," he said.

Carlotta shook her head. "No, she isn't," she said. "She isn't your friend. I don't know what she is, but she isn't a friend. She—she is something she pretends not to be . . . that's why I don't like her—"

There was something the matter with Sir Marcus Ordeyne.

He couldn't write with any facility or conviction at all on the *Morals*. He couldn't go to see Judith Mainwaring. His evenings with her had gone as flat as a saltless sea.

His club bored him to chronic yawning.

It *couldn't* be Carlotta. She was away visiting Mrs. MacMurray, and she was only a child, anyway; a whimsical, dear child, who thought of men as husbands, desirable if thin—

Yet how lonely the house was without her! It had never been lonely before. Breakfasts were dull, oatmeal colored. The evenings—good heavens, they were interminable! How dully people talked. Funny, a child—

A child—but Judith didn't think of her as a child. And Sebastian Pasquale—he didn't, either. Only that morning he had admitted to Marcus that he had met her and walked with her. He had said flowery

things about her—about Carlotta . . . Suddenly something shook Marcus innerly—he felt a pain that was sweetness smite him—a sweetness that was pain—he felt his heart grow great in his breast, and he was aware of his blood in his veins—he put his hands suddenly to his brow, and it was damp—to his eyes, and they were wet—to his mouth, and it quivered—

This was love. He loved Carlotta. Loved her.

Ah, now he knew. Now he felt sorry for Judith. Sorry for Pasquale, sorry for all men and all women to whom came this bitter sweetness, with no promise of award. "We are the fools of love whose hearts are broken . . ." He felt sorry for himself. Sorry because Carlotta was a child, unawakened. She didn't love him. the tragedy of Today drowned for the new lover any hope of Tomorrow . . . She didn't love him now, and Now tore at him, spirit and flesh—

He got what relief he could by buying her beautiful things to surprise her on her return.

He *did* surprise her. And delight her. She told him if she didn't kiss him she would die. He felt that if she did, *he* probably would. But she did. She kissed him. A child's kiss. It might have been given to Mrs. MacMurray. Carlotta was asleep.

Marcus gave a dinner party that evening, and two events conspired to make him ask Carlotta to marry him, after the guests had gone—the guests, who were Judith and Pasquale—and an uninvited guest—Hamdi Effendi.

The first event was a conversation directed more or less generally to all of them, by Judith, to the effect that Sebastian Pasquale and Carlotta would make an ideal couple.

The second event was the rather stormy entrance of Hamdi Effendi, and his musical-comedy stand to the effect that Carlotta must return to the harem. Marcus had had an inspiration. "As my wife," he had told the Turk, "you have no further rights over her." Effendi had stormed out again, still muttering threats and anathema.

After the guests had gone, Marcus asked Carlotta to marry him. "For your own protection, my dear," he said. He didn't add, "and because I want you so much." He knew that she didn't know what his kind of wanting meant.

But after Carlotta had gone to bed, thinking of her consent to Marcus' question, she knew that she hadn't said "yes" just because he was—thin—

Marcus had a very bad time of it with Judith. He went to see her one day, shortly after their dinner at his home, mostly because he felt he must. He had an idea that it was going to be in some sense uncomfortable for both of them. And it was. Judith "made a scene." She told him that she was going to behave very badly, very unwisely, but that she couldn't help it, because she loved him badly, unwisely, and every other way; and, wise or unwise, she had to tell him, and he had to listen. She told him that she knew it was of no use; that he loved Carlotta and that it was all over for her, but there it was. Marcus fidgeted and said that it wasn't of any use for him to say that he was sorry. But, anyway, he was, and he was awfully fond of her, and he wished they could continue to be friends and all that. Judith laughed at him, then. Laughed at him thru her painful tears, and told him she loved him just because he was so stupid and so blundering and so dear, and she told him that he couldn't do anything about it, of course, nor anything for her, save to go to

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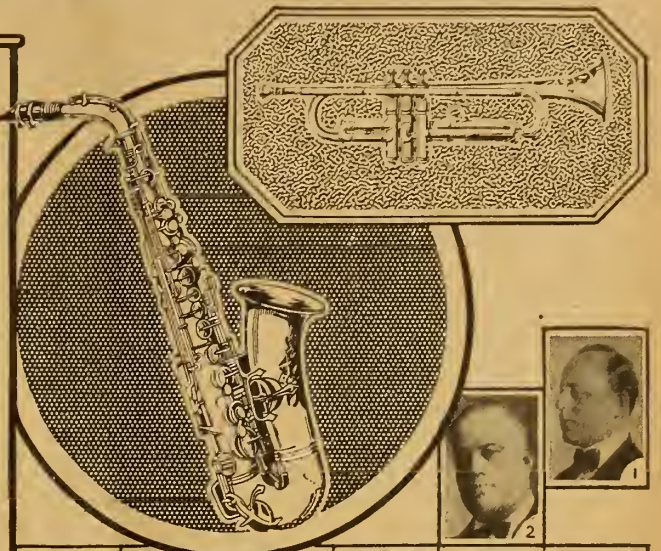
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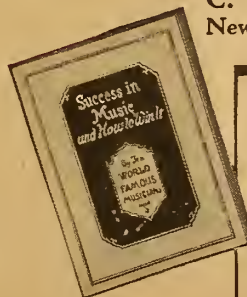
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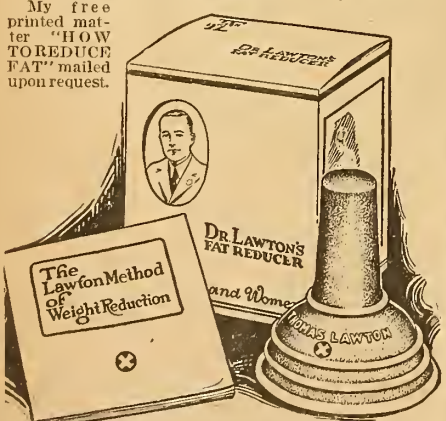
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his club that day and spend it alone, as a sort of interment to their friendship. "I'd like to think of you today," she said; "just this one more day as mine, as dedicated to me. I can't bear it to think you would go straight from my confession—to her."

Marcus promised readily that he wouldn't go back to Carlotta until the evening. It was, he said, and he felt, the least that he could do. After all, he had gratitude as a debt to Judith. She had given him time and a great deal of pleasure, and now—albeit unasked—she had given him her heart.

When he did go home that night, he found that Carlotta had gone.

At first, desperate, he thought of Hamdi Effendi. Of abduction; but, in the morning, he learned that it was his friend, Sebastian Pasquale, who had betrayed him. Sebastian had run away with Carlotta.

Marcus had nothing to turn to. Morals didn't exist—even in the Renaissance. And Judith told him, when he phoned her, that her husband had returned.

Marcus lived alone with his thoughts and found them to be memories bound about his heart.

Carlotta had been gone two months to a day, to an hour, when, at tea-time, she walked into Marcus' study.

Marcus was sitting there alone, thinking his same thoughts, thoughts of Carlotta. He was always thinking about her, about the way her hands had played among the tea things, about the way her voice had sounded in the room as dusk came on, about the way her eyes had shone on him, warm and candid. Bitter thoughts, too . . . doubts . . . about Sebastian Pasquale and her . . . about how she could have done so cruel a thing. But he was tender in his thoughts the night she came back. He had been thinking about how young she was—after all, how young. Youth is cruel. Youth doesn't know how things can hurt . . . He hadn't even had the excuse of being young, and he hadn't known. He hadn't known how he had, all along, been hurting Judith.

Then Carlotta came in. At once he saw how changed she was, and a terror gripped him and wiped away all other considerations. She wasn't young any longer—not as she had been. She wasn't sleeping, either. No, she was awake, tragically awake. She was a little bit afraid, too. Afraid of him. Of HIM! Who wouldn't harm a single silken strand of all her lovely head.

He gave her tea, and she began to talk at once, as if she wanted to get it over with. She said something, too, about "going right away—as soon as she had told him—things she had come to realize he had a right to know—he had been kind—then she hadn't understood how kind—but now she did—she understood that, and other things, too—many other things—how stupid he must have thought her"—and she disregarded his involuntary gesture of denial—

"The day I went away," she said, "Mrs. Mainwaring came to call on me. She was kind to me that day. She told me I needed some advice, that she had known you for years, and that your heart was bigger than your head, which was not so very wise. She said she didn't blame me, because I didn't understand quite what I was doing, but that you were marrying me out of pity for me. She said that you really loved her, and always had. I—I didn't quite believe her, because I didn't think you would love her, being you—but the other part—I—I—you see, you didn't love me, either . . . No, please let me finish. And then, after she had gone, Sebastian Pasquale came in and told me the same thing—that you were marrying me because you had 'got yourself in for it,' and were a gentleman and would

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do the sporting thing; but that you loved Mrs. Mainwaring, and everyone knew it, and that Hamdi Effendi had made threats on your life if I stayed in your house. Sebastian said that if I ran away with him, I would clear the way for you with—Judith—and save your life, and make him, Sebastian, happy at the same time. And so—I did—

Marcus groaned out, "Oh, my child—oh, my love—"

But Carlotta didn't hear him. She went on, trance-like, "When I got out of the house with Pasquale and, in the cab, he put his arms around me, all at once, a light lit up in my mind. His touch made me think of your touch—Marcus—made me want it—and I knew all about—everything. And I ran away from him that same day—I haven't see him since—Mrs. MacMurray helped me—she got me work to do. And then, suddenly, it came to me that I ought to come back and—and thank you—tell you that now I understand what you did for me—what you risked for me—how—how dear I think you are to have done it—and how happy I hope you will be—with—"

But Marcus stopped her before she could say the name. He knelt by her chair and took her hands against his breast—"Say 'with me,'" he prompted her, begged her; "say 'with me,' my darling—because I can't be happy any other way, Carlotta, not possibly—"

Carlotta bent to him, and her lips hovered against his, thrilling, awake, passionate. "With me," she said; "with me—alone—"

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 71)

"I am not that sort of girl! . . . It was much nicer staying at home and having him come to see me."

To which Miss Windsor made hot reply in the next day's paper. She said Charlie had wired her to meet him; so there!

When asked whether or not they were engaged to Charlie, both ladies were excessively coy. May said she had a contract that forbade her marrying for a year, adding, "but, you know, producers sometimes grant special dispensations." Miss Windsor, who got lost in the hills a few blocks from Hollywood Boulevard a while ago, was able to find her way into print with a few remarks about the "wonderful friendship" between her and Charlie, etc., etc.

After all, what does it matter about who is engaged to Charlie, so long as both get a nice lot of publicity?

IN AND OUT OF JAIL

Texas Guinan is the latest star to go to jail. A groceryman alleged that she had given him a bad check, so the dicks went right out and grabbed the volatile Texan. She spent the night in a cell, but got out the next day and made things merry by threatening suit against the officers who had dared incarcerate her. The judge promptly dismissed the charge against her, declaring, "There was no offense committed. It is an outrage that this woman should bear the humiliation."

It seems that the star had given the groceryman a check just before her departure for New York. While she was absent, her bank account was attached as the result of a civil court action. If she had written a hundred checks and had had a million dollars in the bank, the checks would not have been honored, because of the attachment. From henceforth, let grocers and cops have a care the way they handle our female Bill Hart.

(Continued on page 104)

The Other Day I was Watching Two Fellows Exercising in a Gymnasium—One was strain-

ing desperately to do the same feats of strength his companions were accomplishing, but his efforts were in vain. He did not have the physique and his methods were entirely wrong. Close by, however, was a robust man whose every muscle smoothly rippled as he went through his exercising as though it were child's play. Being a great admirer of strong men and proper training methods, I introduced myself to this second man and asked him where he had learned the knack of muscular contraction.

He grabbed my hand and exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Liederman, I'm mighty glad to meet you. I'm one of your pupils." He turned out to be Arthur Lawrence, one of New York's well known strong men.

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Hardly a week passes that I do not hear of such cases. It would take volumes to contain the thousands of letters of thanks which stream into my office. My pupils are my best arguments that the Liederman progressive system is the sure road to perfect "Muscular Development."

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Alo Studies

A Great Art

(Continued from page 40)

saw there seemed to send him into convulsions. He turned red and began ringing all the bells he could lay his hands on. Meanwhile, in a strangling voice he called, "Don't move!"

People came rushing from all sides, and the room was half full by the time his two partners entered. He then rose proudly to his feet. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have the honor to introduce to you Sir Gilbert Werthing, the great English novelist and playwright."

"Stop!" he commanded, and held up his hand, as they all started to rush forward. "He has brought us an original manuscript."

He said this very softly—almost in a reverent tone. They all glanced lovingly now at our now bewildered friend, while he added, "And we are going to give him one hundred thousand in cold cash! Gentlemen, what do you say?"

His two partners stepped up and examined Sir Werthing in that same loving way. It seemed almost as if they were going to stroke his cheek, and he looked a little frightened. "Let's give him a hundred and fifty thousand," purred the two partners. They mistook his silence for a refusal. Still he was speechless. Then Mr. E. D. Ess boomed out, "Two hundred thousand is the limit. What do you say, Sir Gilbert?"

Slowly, the great playwright looked from one to the other of the partners. "You want to buy my story for two hundred thousand?" he said. "Really, now, I thought you didn't like it."

With a wave of his hand, Mr. E. D. Ess dismissed the past. "What do you say?"

There was a slight pause. The Enormous Picture Company wondered if Sir Werthing was going to get more money out of them. His answer came very timidly. "Why, yes," he murmured; "charmed, charmed." And he smiled.

It was as tho his answer had touched a magic spring. Instantly a camera sprang up before his face. The partners surrounded him, a flashlight flared; he realized that he had been photographed. A young man then dashed up and asked him a few impertinent questions, and then flew, without paying any attention to the answers, and he knew he would be misquoted in all the papers. Suddenly the room cleared and he and Mr. E. D. Ess were alone with the check. He took the check and looked at it. It faded out like a movie, and he saw jewels and beautifully dressed men and women, and yachts, and mansions, and strange countries. Somewhere in him a little voice lifted thanks for his talents which were so valuable, and could bring him such rewards. He came back to the check again, and remembered he had to give up his manuscript in return. Very graciously he handed it over to Mr. E. D. Ess.

"Oh, we won't need all that, Sir Gilbert. You can have the rest." Very carefully he tore off the front page:

"THE REBELLION OF RACHEL YOUNG
BY
SIR GILBERT WORTHING"

The rest of the manuscript he handed back to our bewildered friend. The vision of the yacht and mansions returned, and he put his fingers lovingly around the check resting in his pocket. "Have it your own way," he said pleasantly.

Mr. E. D. Ess rang another bell, and a little girl came briskly into the office. "Jenny," he growled. "Here you are. Wrap a story around that title. You know the kind I want."

She took the title and glanced at it.

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"That'll be easy; I'll have it tomorrow at four," she said, and whisked away.

Readjusting his mustache and his collar, Sir Worthing sauntered out of the fifteen doors, which were now, one by one, held respectfully open for him. "A Great Art, A Great Art," he mumbled to himself all the way down to the street. "A Great Art," he said to the hat boy when he arrived at his club. And the hat boy, who was used to the ways of genius, simply smiled and said, "Yes, sir; a Great Art."

Letters of a Youthful Critic

(Continued from page 58)

I cried and cried and cried!

It was all about two children—Mimsey and Gogo, who lived in Paris and played in a simply heavenly garden, all apple blossoms, sunshine and smiling ladies and gentlemen.

There was one ducky old gentleman who told them stories and taught them to "dream true."

Oh, Punch! Do you think we could "dream true"? It looks very easy. You just remember to put your hands under your head and cross your legs and shut your eyes tight. And then—well, all sorts of splendid things *should* happen.

But Mimsey and Gogo didn't do much dreaming in the garden. They played circus and had, oh, the most scrumptious time.

And then, just when everything was beautifully happy, Gogo's mother and father both died and a horrid, oh, a simply hateful man came and took Gogo away from Mimsey and the garden, and even his dog.

Just imagine! He kicked the dog, too; I saw him, and, oh, how I hated him.

After that, the picture wasn't so nice, because, you see, Mimsey and Gogo grew up. My nice Mr. Wallace Reid was Gogo, and he was fearfully unhappy. I like him much better when he drives automobile trucks and makes everybody do just what he wants them to.

Miss Elsie Ferguson was Mimsey, and when I saw her, my heart stopped beating; she looked so beautiful. Just like the loveliest of all the ladies in our old Godey's book.

But the picture got very puzzling after a while, and the nicest times were when they dreamed true and went back to the garden.

You would have liked the part when Peter (that was Gogo's grown-up name) killed his horrid old uncle. I didn't, but I was glad he was dead.

Oh, Punch, it was terrible after that. They took Peter to prison and almost hung him up to die, and I cried; but Mimsey made them stop.

And, after that, it didn't matter about the prison, because they dreamed true every night, and went to the most heavenly places.

And, do you know, in the end, Mimsey was burned up in a fire after a Christmas party she was giving to some little children; but it didn't matter a bit, because she was quite whole when she and Peter went up to Heaven together.

It was all very exciting and sad, and I'd love to see the first part all over again. But I think I'd leave after the horrid uncle takes Gogo away, because the rest didn't interest me very much.

I asked Uncle Roddy if he thought I could "dream true," but he said I had too healthy an appetite. But then, Uncle Roddy is always saying things I don't understand.

Your loving sister,

JUDY.

Pardon My French

(Continued from page 67)

to the hired help, but seems as if I'd got to kind of lay off my ettiket onct in a while, like those consarned corsets that I dont hardly dast eat a chocolat drop in. It's a dreatful job, bein' refined; but I'm going to be refined if it kills me, and Paw, too!"

"Wee, wee!" said Polly, sympathetically. Her accent was as becoming as her uniform, which she had copied after the maids in musical comedy—a scrap of apron, a ruffle of a cap nestled among her bright curls, high red heels, extremely abbreviated skirts. "*Jer comprong, Ma-damn!* I—what you say? I under—stand!"

"I thought mebbe you could sort of coach me," Ma continued. "Not but what the Hawkers was very highly thought of back home, and the Squibbles, too; but me and Paw have associated more with mules and hogs than with sassiety folks, and now and then I can feel my grammer skidding."

The result was daily tutoring in the correct manner of entering a room, shaking hands, using a lorgnette and grappling with the silverware. Paw, a meek little man who addressed Bunny as "Sir" and Polly as "Ma'am," sometimes attended these lessons, and likewise the third member of the Hawker family, Zeke, the heir-apparent, a tall, gangling youth with a prominent Adam's apple, carrot hair and huge freckled hands, something the size and shape of hams.

The French maid was not long in finding out what Zeke thought of her. "I like you fust rate," he told her without cumbersome circumlocution. "You and me could git along swell."

A simple and direct soul, Zeke, without inhibitions or repressions, a very Freudian spirit! In the fulness of his heart, he attempted to kiss Polly, and she slapped him with somewhat more force than coquetry.

"Hayseed!" she cried, contemptuously; then hurriedly, "*Beaucoup seed of the hay! Mong Dieu, consommé filet de sole en casserole, biscuit tortoni, demi tasse!*"

Polly's French was of the table d'hôte order, but it served to rebuke Zeke. "You dont need to git het up," he said sullenly. "I dont have to hang 'round hired gals now. I'm going to marry a countess. Leastwise, Ma and Paw and me is going to supper at her house tomorrow."

In proof, he exhibited a violet note, strongly scented and signed in dashing chirography, "the Countess of Carstairs." Speaking vaguely of mutual friends, the countess invited Mr. and Mrs. Hawker and their son to dine with her and the Marquis de Void. The notepaper bore a silver device, not unlike the head of a bull.

"All them nobility have got trade-marks," Ma explained; "they even hev them embroidered on their underwear, I've heard tell." It was the next evening, and she was dressed for the initial appearance into society, in a striking gown of bright yellow satin and a necklace of pearls. "Paw! For the land's sake, hurry up and git dressed. I dont aim to keep the Countess waiting."

Paw was perspiring and apologetic. "I cant seem to git this harness buckled up right," he confessed. "I've sweat two collars limp a'ready! I thought mebbe this young lady—"

"I like Paw," Polly confided to Bunny, as they strolled about the garden later. "He's the only one of us that isn't trying to play another part. He's—"

The sentence was never finished. At this precise moment a tennis ball bounded over the wall and struck Polly full in the face.

(Continued on page 103)



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State

Received Payment

(Continued from page 53)

reasonably serene. Dayne wanted money, of course. He always wanted money. He spent most of his time following Felice and her millionaire about, which was expensive traveling. Celia was amazed at the change the last six months had made in him. He was morose and sullen, eaten up with the fierce fires of impotent jealousy.

She longed to be rid of him, and had secretly made up her mind to buy him off, somehow or other. She sighed with relief when he left her. She wanted Cary. But what was the use wanting him? He was in South America. She wanted to shake off the burden she was laboring under. But what was the use of wanting? It couldn't be done. But she had her work, thank heaven for that, and now it was about to be crowned with success. Of that, she felt sure.

"Your cue, Miss Hughes," said a proud young call-boy, and Celia flitted thru the doorway on her pink ballet slippers, each little frill of tulle standing out from her slender waist, aquiver with eagerness.

Out front were three people she knew quite well, altho she did not know that any of them were there. Dayne, brooding on his fancied wrongs, had bought himself a ticket with some of Celia's own money, hoping to find some surcease from the passion that was driving him mad.

A few seats in front of him, the same malicious fate had placed Felice and the man whose money she had elected to spend. Dayne's sullen glow of baffled anger broke into a flame. He sat thruout the first act with clenched hands and beaded brow. He moved his lips, but no sound issued from them.

The third that Celia knew so well, was no other than Cary, back opportunely, from his trip, sunbrowned and husky, bristling with the confidence of success and as vitally alive and well as a young colt. He'd let Celia go thru with this performance—finish her engagement, maybe—and then she'd belong to him, he thought to himself, with the glorious assurance of youth.

At the close of her act, and after the riotous applause had subsided, the three went back-stage—Cary, to see Celia and congratulate her, along with Milton and Starr—Felice dragging the reluctant millionaire to present him to Milton—and Dayne, with a malevolent purpose in his mind, and the pangs of maddened jealousy tearing at his heart—a sinister note in the gay tempo.

"Oh, Cary," cried Celia when she saw him, unable to keep the gladness out of her voice and the welcome out of her eyes. "Oh, Cary," she repeated, standing beside him, flushed and triumphant, "when did you get back? Tell me about your trip."

But a thousand interruptions kept him from answering her. Friends and admirers kept crowding up. Milton and Starr slapped each other on the back with the familiarity of old cronies, and shook each other's hands like two amiable old imbeciles. You would have thought it was their own personal triumph.

Felice's treasure trophy was presented with due formality, and at last the host of friends were driven bodily from the room. Celia sank down in an arm-chair. Cary and Milton stood by her, Milton holding her hand and patting her hair from time to time, and Cary wishing desperately that he might dare. Starr, standing between Felice and her fiancé, uttered a contented sigh. Everything had turned out right, after all. He was old, and ready to go now. He had done his best for this radiant girl,

who never, somehow, seemed really to be part of him. Yes, it was all for the best. He found it in his heart to be glad for what he had done.

Into this gentle silence there suddenly burst a harsh, discordant voice. The door was flung violently open, and Dayne, wild-eyed and haggard, burst into the room, followed by several excited stage-hands.

"We couldn't hold 'im, Miss 'Ughes."

"Why, it's all right," said Milton, recovering from his amazement. "He's a friend of ours."

The other men withdrew, leaving Dayne trembling and defiant, behind them.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Milton, as soon as the door was closed.

Dayne swayed dizzily to and fro. He began to mutter almost as if to himself.

"I loved her so much—but she's cold—her heart is made of ice—no, gold. Gold! That's all she cares for—but she won't get it—if I can't have her, no man can. I'll kill her first! Ah——"

He drew a long, thin knife from inside his coat, and, before the startled group could stop him, he lunged toward Felice. She shrunk away in terror, and Starr, the faithful, the devoted Starr, stepped quickly in between.

It was a hushed and subdued group that gathered around the cot in Celia's private dressing-room. Starr lay quiet except for the horrible stertorous breathing of those who are close to death. Celia, in her incongruous ballet skirts, laid an anxious head to his heart.

"Father," she said in pleading; "Daddy-boy, speak to your own little Celia."

He opened his eyes at the sound of the tender little pet name she had called him in her childhood.

"I am her father," he gasped. "I lied to you, Mr. Milton, sir. She is my girl, not yours—my girl—my little Celia—can you forgive an old friend—and faithful servant? I wanted her to be cared for—always—so I lied about it, Daniel Milton—I lied to you—Celia—Celia!"

"He—he's gone, dear," said Daniel Milton, gently pulling the girl from the still figure, and holding her in his arms. "I want you to be my little girl just the same. I—I love you for your own sake, Celia, Child. Will you stay with a lonely old man—whose last friend is now lost to him?"

"Oh, I've been a wicked woman," cried Felice suddenly. "I was not worth this dear old man's death. But I will make reparation somehow. I—I'll marry Roger Dayne—if he can be saved, and work for him and keep him straight, and I'll be good myself. Oh, poor Celia—oh!—oh!"—and her voice ended in a penitent wail.

But time takes care of grief, and love takes care of disappointments. And, when the spring came around again, it was not old Daniel Milton, her grandfather, who was taking care of Celia, but Cary Grant, her unmistakably real husband.

FOR A STAR ROUND-TABLE

By A. POWELL FOHN

How would you like to see:
Wallace Reid as King Arthur?
Thomas Meighan as Sir Lancelot?
Gloria Swanson as Queen Guinevere?
Lillian Gish as Elaine?
Ralph Graves as Sir Galahad?
Douglas McLean as Sir Gareth?
Doris May as Lynette?
Lowell Sherman as Sir Modred?
Theodore Roberts as Merlin?

Sharing With the Lions

(Continued from page 45)

That first sortie into the world did not last long. He returned to his home and attempted to interest himself in law, the profession planned for him by his family. But later, when he became of age, he left home again, and again sought the stage.

"The taste I had had of it," he said, "only aggravated a desire for more. I was not a good actor. To put it plainly, I was rotten. I did the only thing possible—made up my mind to be a better one. There were some years of struggle, and then I landed finally with Belasco. He thought it was an accident, but I happen to know that it was a long-cherished intention of mine. I remained with him nine years. I don't think I missed a rehearsal in all that time, whether I was amongst those being rehearsed or not. I went to watch Belasco work. I would take nothing in exchange for that experience."

His faith in Belasco is interesting. He believes *him*, if I may judge from what he told me, the master producer. When I suggested that the famous manager was becoming a little *passé*, that his realisms were staggering rather badly under the hail of jeering criticisms, he declared that if Belasco so wished, he could put on a production equal to, if not finer than, the best of present modern productions.

Gillingwater himself is something of a playwright and producer, in that for a period of four years he alternated his seasons on Broadway with excursions into vaudeville in one-act plays of his own creation. "Wives of the Rich," he thought, was the most successful. One of them, perhaps the one I have named, caught the interest of Fritzi Scheff, and she arranged to have it incorporated into a musical play, in which she was to star. But "Mlle. Modiste"

was written in its stead, with a rôle designed for Gillingwater.

"Dubarry" and "Madame Butterfly" were among the countless other productions in which he appeared.

He had just completed his second picture, "My Boy," starring Jackie Coogan, the Kid. In it he plays a rôle parallel, in a general way, to that he played in "Fauntleroy." There is again the irascible old man won over by the love of a child. But "My Boy" takes the theme from the aristocratic halls of the old Earl into the dingy hut of a derelict sea captain.

His praise of Jackie was high.

"The most remarkable child I have seen. He has a grasp of emotions that is startling. His work is felt, not thought, I believe, and yet I have seen him go thru a big scene, weeping convulsively, five and six times over, with no sign of let-down. He maintains the pitch so long as he wills."

Gillingwater was to have played, too, in "A Tailor-Made Man" with Jack Pickford, but the production was hastily canceled when the Fairbanks, D'Artagnan and Mary, went abroad.

He was not, at the time of the interview, certain that he would confine himself to the screen thereafter. But there is a reason, more fundamental than all the rest, to reassure us. His wife and son have for two years been living in California. In that time his son has gone from failing strength into robust young health. Two years more will give that health the stamp of permanency. It is not difficult to detect, from his few quiet words, where the deepest purposes of Gillingwater's life are centered. It is probable that he will remain in California and continue to split honors, even Stephen, with the roaring lions of filmdom.



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For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Pardon My French

(Continued from page 101)

Before her startled shriek had died upon the evening air, a head appeared above the wall, followed by the rest of an exceedingly handsome young man in a silk shirt and white flannels, who hurried to Polly and bent over her anxiously. "I hope I didn't hit you," he began, in a musical voice.

Polly gave one startled look up into the well-known visage of Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillicuddy, and then with great presence of mind, fainted away in his arms.

At this moment, Ma Hawker was trying her new social graces upon the romantic person of the Marquis de Void. "Don't you just love to hear the French peasants singing the mayonnaise?" she inquired, trying at the same time to hold her little finger crooked genteelly, smile at the Marquis and scowl at Paw, who had tucked his napkin under his chin.

The Marquis leaned ardently toward her. "Ah, but you have the soul, the most poetic! 'Ow I would love to show you my beloved Paris, and Monte Carlo and Egypt wiz the pyramids, so old! Zey are almost as old as you are—hem, I mean, zey are so wonderful, like you!"

Across the table, Zeke and the Countess were getting along swimmingly. "I took to you right away," Zeke confided. "That's a purty dress you've got on; what there is of it. And what there *aint* of it is purty, too."

"I am afraid," murmured the Countess, with a dazzling glance, "that you are a ver dangerous man, Meester Zeke!"

Two people in the Hawker house were wakeful that night. In her tiny attic room, Polly sat upright among her pillows and gazed with eyes of dream out into the silver dimness. She and Ferdinand MacGillicuddy had spent the evening exploring each other's souls. To him, she had confided her histrionic ambitions, and her present dramatic rôle as French maid; to her, he had confessed, with a touching little quiver of his deep tones, that success had not brought happiness, and that what he longed for more than anything else was to be understood. They had parted rather better friends than their three hours' conversation would seem to warrant.

"I'll see him again at the house-warming," Polly thought, glamorously. "I'll tell Mrs. Hawker he's the most famous actor in the world, and she'll invite him."

In her gilt Louis Seize bed, Ma Hawker basked wakefully in the memory of the evening's triumphs and planned those of the future. The Countess and the Marquis had both promised to come to the house-warming next week. What would Cyclone Center say when they knew the Hawkers were hobnobbing with such swells?

"I must ast See-leste," mused Ma, drowsily, "whether I should call the Markis 'Your Highness' or 'Your Grace.'"

On the night of the house-warming, Polly slipped into Ma's room to find Paw Hawker, fully dressed with the exception of his shoes, guiltily enjoying a stolen

(Continued on page 106)



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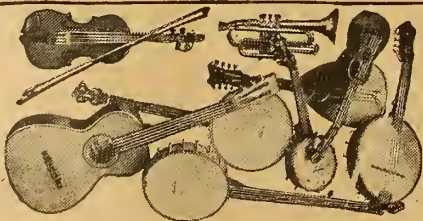
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On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 99)

THE INGRAM HONEYMOON

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry got married in Pasadena and left immediately the next day on their honeymoon, going to Los Angeles to see three motion pictures. Talk about a cabman's holiday! But they will have a real trip, with all expenses paid, when Marcus Loew, head of the Metro company, sends them abroad to make a picture.

DE MILLE ADOPTS CHILDREN

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille have adopted two children, a boy and a girl, to educate, in addition to their own little daughter. Fancy being directed thru life by a man who helped to make Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan what they are today! The possibilities are infinite.

NAZIMOVA IN MARY'S HOME

Nazimova now occupies Mary Pickford's bungalow, on the Brunton lot, where she is filming Ibsen's "The Doll's House." She plans also to do Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." I have suggested that Buster Keaton direct her in "Salome."

DESERTS HAROLD LLOYD

By the time this causerie has been digested, Harold Lloyd will have signed a new contract with Pathé or some other firm. But, wherever he goes, his leading lady will not follow. Mildred Davis intends to lead a dramatic life, even as Gloria, Marie, Bebe and others who were raised on mince and custard. Having met Miss Davis in person, I am no one to be a calm judge of her ability. She's a dizzying, electric person, like Mabel Normand, hence should do just about as she pleases with her emotions.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO FREED

By this time, Rudolph Valentino should be free to accept proposals. Jean Acker has sued him for divorce under her true name of Harriet E. Gugliemi, and he has filed a cross-complaint for divorce under his Italian nomiker, Rudolph V. Gugliemi. Jesse L. Lasky has offered Valentino a five-year starring contract, I'm told, but it would hardly be wise for the signor to accept while the signora is calculating alimony.

MRS. EARLE WILLIAMS, HEIRESS

A fortune of several hundred thousand dollars has been left to Mrs. Earle Williams by Henry Walz, an uncle, who died in Paris. This is the second fortune bequeathed Mrs. Williams, the first coming from her father's estate. All in all, the Williamses should be able to struggle along for several years, despite the depression. Mr. Williams drew a salary check every week for ten years from the Vitagraph company, and he recently renewed his contract with that concern.

KATE VS. PATI

When "The Lagoon of Desire" is released, it will introduce a South Sea siren, Pati, who has been dubbed the Negri of the South Seas, or the Pola of Papeete. She won a prize of three thousand francs for being the best upaupa dancer on the Island of Tahiti. The manager of the Katherine MacDonald studio thinks that "The Infidel," produced by his organization, will prove as realistic in South Sea atmosphere as "The Lagoon of Desire," altho the settings are all Californian. He further adds that by producing a South Sea picture in this country a vast amount of money is saved. As to that, I don't know. Miss MacDonald is reputed to get fifty thousand dol-

lars for her services in each picture, while Pati, the Tahitian beauty, received twenty dollars and a toothbrush. It remains to be seen which is the best hula dancer.

THE HEAVENS SHOOK

The usual fall housecleaning took place at the William Fox studios. Several stars were unsphered, among them Eileen Percy, Barbara Bedford, Maurice (Lefty) Flynn and Johnny Walker. With the exception of Miss Percy, none of them ever lived long enough, astrally speaking, to justify their existence. The Fox business methods are truly wizardly. It would seem that players are starred for no reason whatsoever save that they are cheap. Those who escape the guillotine may linger for a while, but it takes a robust constitution.

UNIVERSAL STARS ANOTHER

Universal has a rapid-change star system, second only to that of Fox. Sometimes it makes sudden "discoveries," such as Miss Dupont, and rushes them into electric lights before there is time to give them names. Anyhow, the critics usually do that. Now it has engaged George Walsh, who escaped from the Fox joint after he had been stripped to his B. V. D's.

LOTTIE PICKFORD TO MARRY?

The Coast oracles are prophesying the marriage of Allan Forrest and Lottie Pickford immediately upon Miss Pickford's return from Europe, where she joined her mother and sister. Mr. Forrest was divorced some time ago from Ann Little, while Miss Pickford severed matrimonial relations with Mr. Rupp. The child of the latter marriage has been adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Pickford and renamed Mary Pickford. Still other wise ones are predicting a revival of the romance between Lottie and Kenneth Harlan. They were reported to be engaged at the time Mr. Harlan married Flo Hart, a "Follies" belle, who is now divorcing him with allegations of cruelty. Mr. Harlan has returned to California to serve as leading man for Constance Talmadge. Mr. Forrest is also here, serving as a stellar right guide. Thus far, no duels.

MABEL, REMEMBER THE MAIN!

Mabel Normand is going to make two more pictures at the Mack Sennett studio and then skip for Europe, so she alleges. Her principal objective will be Spain, as she wants to see the country that sent us Columbus and Antonio Moreno. To keep her satisfied in the meantime, Mack Sennett has written a play for her, dealing with the early Spanish days in California.

CHAPLIN IS BUSTED

In case Charlie Chaplin is abducted by the ladies, we'll still have something to remember him by. Claire Sheridan is modeling a bust of him. In preparation for the task, Miss Sheridan practiced on Lenine and Trotzky.

A YOUNG VISITOR EXPECTED

The Los Angeles *Examiner*, claiming an exclusive dispatch as usual, announces that the bird called the stork will arrive here in the spring and will visit at the home of Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton.

THE BOULEVARD BOOKWORM

I met Viola Dana on Hollywood Boulevard at nine o'clock the other night. When I asked her what she was doing out so late, she said she had become interested in a book and had forgotten to go to dinner. Now, that's what I call literary. She also informed me that she had purchased a house in the foothills and was moving with Papa and Mama Flugrath. Rich people, those Metro folks: Marcus Loew builds a theater, Vi Dana buys a house, Alice Lake gets a winter coat and Rex Ingram a bride.



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"HOMEWOOL"

Pardon My French

(Continued from page 103)

smoke and a contraband game of cribbage. "She's downstairs," Paw explained, "pearl necklace, diamond stomacher and all. 'Full dress,' she calls it." His tone was gloomy. "Land knows why, seeing there ain't more'n half of a dress on her! And I've seen the day that woman wore red flannels till April, and a knit shawl 'round her shoulders in July, because she was chilly!"

Polly felt a sudden pity for the resentful bewilderment in the old eyes. She sank down beside him. "I know a dandy game of solitaire," she suggested, "making kings meet! You lay out the cards in threes—"

Paw was staring at her wonderingly. "What's happened to that frog-leg talk o' yours, little gal? My gosh, you dont mean to say you c'n speak American?"

The maid blushed. "Excuse my French!" Polly laughed. "You see, it wasn't mine. I borrowed it—I was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, myself!"

They were chatting over the cards like old friends when Ma appeared in an aura of five-dollar-a-drop perfume. "Paw!" she reproved him, "put your shoes on. You're goin' into sassiety, not to bed!"

Her husband regarded her reluctantly. "There dont seem to be much difference!" he remarked meaningly. "I sh'd think your dress was more appropriate for a night-gownd. An' you a Methodist!"

"Paw, dont talk so countrified!" Ma tossed her permanent wave as she turned to Polly, once more a French maid. "See-lest, I want you should put on that low-necked dress I gave you and pretend to be one of the company. Stay clost by me and keep an eye on my party manners."

The French maid courtesied. "Wee, wee, Ma-damn!"

The Hawkers' house-warming was well attended, for the Countess and the Marquis had both brought friends, and the titles were as common as the cocktails. Bunny had proved himself an efficient butler, and there was plenty to drink, which perhaps explains why Zeke became roguish and attempted to imprint an impassioned kiss upon Polly's lips. His plans miscarried, however, and the kiss landed on the tip of one ear.

"You'd ought to be proud!" he said, aggrieved; "it ain't every day you'd git a rich man's son like me to spoon with. I bet I c'n kiss the Countess without half tryin'!"

Polly elevated her nose. "*Omalette aux fin herbes, café parfait, marron glace!*" she shrugged. "*Plat du jour! Wee, wee!*"

As Zeke, awed by these remarks, which he evidently took to be personal, departed in the direction of the Countess, who was watching jealously, a deep laugh at her elbow brought Polly's mirthful gaze to the face of Ferdinand MacGillicuddy. "You're a wonder!" declared the actor. "I've been looking for you for years, Little Girl—"

Polly's heart leaped. "You mean—you'll give me a part in your next play?"

"I mean," said Ferdinand, earnestly, "that I—"

But he didn't finish the sentence for three hours. For at this moment Ma Hawker, escorted on one side by the Countess Carstairs and on the other by the Marquis de Void, and followed by most of the rest of the house party, appeared tumultuously on the scene. "I might of knowed that a gal that couldn't talk anything but that outlandish furrin' language wasn't to be trusted," wailed Ma. "Still, I'm that tender-hearted, Markis, I wouldn't of believed she

(Continued on page 109)

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RICHARD WALLACE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—

By K. M. J. LYDON

If both corners of Eugene O'Brien's mouth turned down.

If they tied Harry Carey's thumb.

If the barbers caught William Farnum.

If Mary Pickford retired.

If Tom Moore had his eyebrows plucked.

If Theda staged a come-back.

If Wesley Barry used a freckle remover.

If William Hart forgot to come back.

If Doug's mustache grew up.

If Wallace Reid cultivated a Vandyke.

If Mae Murray lost her lip-stick.

If ingénues weren't so sugary.

If the villain didn't have his mustache to twirl.

If Theodore Roberts ran out of cigars.

If the stars' fathers spoke up.

If the hero went to sleep on the job.

If Norma Talmadge's shoulder-strap refused to slip.

If Conway Tearle didn't frown.

If the bathing queens got wet.

If Ben Turpin wore glasses.

If Universal discovered an actress.

If "Foolish Wives" is shown to this generation.

If Cecil de Mille directed Charlie Chaplin.

If the villain planted one on Pearl White's jaw.

If George Bernard Shaw wrote a scenario.

If Bebe Daniels starred in it.

If the press agents said what they thought.

If Alice Brady lost another pound.

If the Mounted Police didn't get their men.

If Tom Mix's horse balked.

If Griffith wasn't such an artist.

If Gloria's wave was washed out to sea.

If Constance Talmadge's socks developed a ladder.

If Mary Miles Minter wasn't so good.

If Irvin Cobb doubled for Rudolph Valentino.

If Marion Davies wore a hair-net.

If Rupert Hughes starred in his own stories.

If the censors went on strike.

ALICE IN CENSOR-LAND

(With the usual apologies.)

By ANNA K. BENNETT

"The time has come," the Censor said,

"To cut out many things:

Your Star must neither smoke nor vamp,

Nor wear a gown that clings;

A kiss must *never* more be screened—

A wave of crime it brings."

"Oh, wait a bit!" the Actors cried,

"Before you have your chat;

For most of us are out of work,

And all of us are flat!"

"Poor things," replied the Movie Man—

They thanked him much for that.

"I weep for you," the Censor said;

"I deeply sympathize!"

The while he held his handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes;

And then he calmly sorted out

One *film* of each size!

"Oh, Actors!" cried the Movie Man,

"Just see what he has done:

We'll have to close our picture-shop,

For films have we none!"

And that was scarcely strange, you see—

They were *censored*—every one!

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Exercise for the Stout Figure

(Continued from page 62)

However, if in your zeal to reduce as rapidly as possible, you walk until you are fatigued and sore, get into a tubful of hot water—as hot as you can stand it—and stay there for fifteen minutes. This will relax the overtaxed muscles, cause a good night's sleep and in all probability prevent any feeling of soreness the next day.

And, by all means, take your walk again the following day, and every day thereafter, whether the muscles are sore or not. The muscles you have begun to exercise you must keep exercised, and the soreness will soon pass away, leaving an active, vital glow thruout the body.

Now, don't stop to listen to your friends about this. At least, not to those facetious friends who say you are all right just as you are, that your robust, buxom figure is lovely, and why should you deny yourself all the good things to eat and be bothered with unpleasant exercise? Cultivate the people who tell you the unflattering truth about yourself and count them your best friends.

The mirror and the scales are two more good friends, the latter more than the former, as one is inclined to be blind and fatuous concerning one's reflection, while the scales will not lie. So consult them every week to see what benefit you are deriving from your exercises.

Being overweight is an abnormal condition, just as much so as being underweight. So do not fear those who ridicule your efforts to regain a slender figure. If beauty were nothing, you are still right from the viewpoint of health. Ten to one, anyhow, these sneerers are jealous of your desire to look well and envy you the will-power that enables you to fulfil the desire. And you might tell them, as I will tell you, in the words of something I read somewhere, that, walking or riding, we are all on our way to the grave, but those who walk will arrive long after those who ride.

The most effective exercise for rapid reducing is rolling. I cannot recommend this as heartily as I do walking, since it lacks the health-giving power of walking. But, as it works more rapidly than walking, it may be employed to good effect and without any harmful results if one goes about it properly.

Rolling should be done on the floor. The hard surface does not yield to the contour of the body as the bed does, but resists, and by its resistance crushes the cells of fat. A tight-fitting, inelastic garment should be worn, as it holds the flesh compactly, keeping it from yielding to the floor in any direction by spreading out laterally. This causes greater weight and pressure on the flesh and therefore is more effective in crushing the cells of fat.

Do not roll in a relaxed condition. Tighten up the muscles from head to toe. Keep your arms pressed close to your side. Start the rolling motion with shoulders and heels. Roll as far in one direction as the space will permit. Now roll back in the opposite direction. Since you must not use your arms or your knees, you will find that every muscle in your body is required to keep rolling. Three minutes of this the first day is quite enough, and may be increased slowly or rapidly after that, according to the effect on the nerves and muscles. It will undoubtedly cause soreness at first, which may be remedied by the hot bath before retiring.

All violent exercises taken in the morning should be followed by a cool or cold bath—preferably a shower—and a brisk rub with a rough towel. This washes off the oily secretions and closes the pores.

Between the extremes of walking and

rolling, there are many other reducing exercises. But there is no real substitute for walking, and it should continue a part of the daily routine regardless of any other exercises that may be added to the program.

The most pleasurable form of exercise is dancing. And there is nothing to be compared with it, in the grace and poise it gives the body. It is so important and so beneficial that I shall devote a whole article to it in an early number of this exercise.

In spite of the fact that modern dressing ignores the waistline, most women wish to preserve this attractive feature of the body, and no man or woman wishes a protruding, unsightly front. Most exercises that are good for reducing will help to restore the waistline, but there are two special ones that will do it more rapidly than the general exercises will.

The first is a bending exercise. Stand erect, heels together, shoulder back. Raise the arms to a straight, vertical position above the head. Now swing the body forward from the waist, trying to touch the floor with the finger tips, and without bending the knees. Now up again to a vertical position, hands above head. Repeat the movement ten times the first day, fifteen the second, twenty the third. Then go thru the movements twenty times every morning and twenty times every evening before retiring.

The other exercise for reducing the waist is also a bending exercise. Stand as in former exercise, only placing the hands on hips instead of above head. Now swing the body laterally as far as possible, to the right, then to the left, describing a semi-circle at first, and more than that later, as the muscles become elastic. This should be done ten times the first day and increased at the same rate of speed as the former exercise.

Now, I have seen these exercises put into operation, and I know what they will do. There are many other gymnastics for reducing, but from the many with which I am familiar, I have chosen these few as the most effective. If you will look back over this talk and sum it up, you will see that the exercises recommended are few and simple. And with the one exception of rolling, they are easy to do. The thing to remember is to take them regularly and perform them with vigor. And always have the windows open when exercising, so there will be plenty of fresh air in the room. No matter what goal you are striving for, be sure to guard the general health as you go along.

Pardon My French

(Continued from page 106)

was a thief if you hadn't seen her take my necklace with your own eyes."

Three hours later, Polly, minus the French accent, stood again with Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillicuddy in the garden, finishing the account of her brief experience in jail.

"It's funny now, but while it lasted, it was horrid!" she shivered.

"You're cold!" Ferdinand said solicitously; "you ought to have something around your shoulders." And so he put his arm about them. "But how did you happen to discover about the Countess and her confederate?"

"I saw their pictures in the Rogues' Gallery when they were going to take mine," Polly explained, "and when I said I knew them they told me that they were Frisco Lizzie and London Joe, the slickest pair of confidence workers that ever wore handcuffs!" she laughed reminiscently. "Will

(Continued on page 115)



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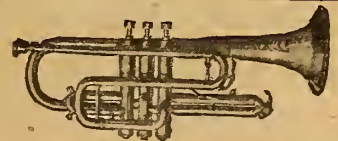
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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 78)

"Eva on the Ice." Norma Talmadge has gone to the Coast, and she will produce three pictures.

MILDRED B.—Sorry I can't give you any information about George Le Guere.

TOPSY D.—So you have dandelions in your backyard. That's pretty early—or late. I wish I lived there. Did you know the dandelion is a corruption of the French *dent de lion*, lion's tooth, from some fancied resemblance of the leaves to the teeth of the lion? The Greek name, *leontodon*, has the same meaning. Remember when you used to put them under your chin to see if you liked butter? I do. Ethel Clayton, Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Gareth Hughes is with Metro.

CECELIA G.—Nearly all people read, hear and see enough to make them wise—if they only could remember and properly use it. That's a mighty old picture—Norma Phillips and J. W. Johnston, in "Run-away June." Yes.

PEARL.—You just bet, my beard comes in handy these cold days. Yes, I'm still living in the hall-room. I have a gas stove which fireplaces the room for me. I live very economically. In the spring, I plant potatoes on the roof—you see, I live on the top floor—and all I have to do is to pick potatoes off the ceiling. You refer to Ben Deeley. Jane Novak was Joan. The Lee Children are in vaudeville now.

JOHNNIE H.—But the angels of this world generally carry very expensive feathers in their wings. Have no fear, there is no Mrs. Answerman. I'm all by myself, in my lonely. Sometimes I put my beard up on curlers. Ah, if I only had a wife! A nice little rosebud. I had my eye on C. P., but she's a little too old for me.

FERN.—Glad to see you again. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897; Bebe Daniels in 1901. Vernon Steele is playing opposite Ethel Clayton. Lester Cuneo, in "Silver Spurs." Tom Mix, in "Trailin'."

M. R.—Why don't you send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs, if you are lonely? It has been said that to excel them in wit, is a thing the men find it the most difficult to pardon in women. I do not agree, but think that wit in woman is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows luster from its setting, rather than bestows it; since nothing is so easy as to fancy a beautiful woman extremely witty. We've said enough on the subject.

A. T. C. M.—Thanks for the compliment. Why don't you write to Katherine Perry, Selznick Company, Fort Lee, N. J.? She is playing opposite her husband, Owen Moore. You say you are eighteen, and you love old men—my address is 175 Duffield Street. You can get in touch with Theodore Roberts at Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Calif.

HELEN R.—No, I have no coat of arms. It is rather a sad fact that the ancestors of a great many men, who boast of their coats of arm, had no coats to either their arms or their backs, and those who have only their ancestors to boast of are like potatoes—the best part under ground. Charles Meredith, twenty-six; Ralph Bushman, about twenty.

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By ALLENE GATES

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I only wish my parents
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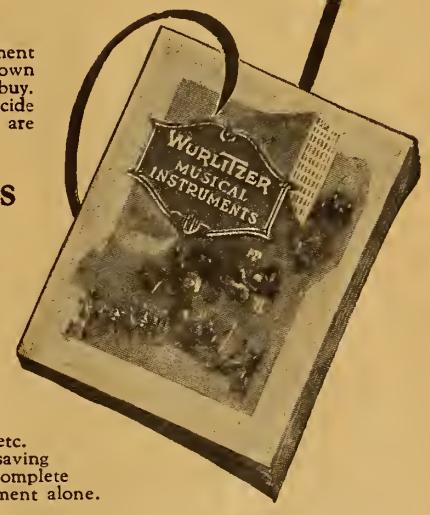
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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 69)

easily have been changed so that the basic idea would have been disproved. However, the Goldwyn company, contrary to the usual order of things cinematic, where producers seem particularly to enjoy changing endings to suit their purpose, have respected the author's work. The ending is guilty of only a minor change. Such forbearance deserves commendation.

Frank Lloyd has directed the picture as tho he believed in it. The selection of the types, which was undoubtedly one of the most important phases of this production, is most commendable. Every character is human—you believe in them absolutely.

James Kirkwood plays the corner preacher who has lost his pulpit thru his craving for liquor; Helene Chadwick plays the chorus girl in love with the young broker, and Richard Dix is the young broker, divided between his regard for the little chorus girl and his ambition, which prompts him to marry the daughter of his employer. A delightful bit is contributed by L. H. King, as the devotee of the free-lunch counter, while Ralph Lewis is the old cotton king.

"The Sin Flood" is one of the finest pictures which has come from the studios in many months. It is infinitely worth seeing.

THE WONDERFUL THING—FIRST NATIONAL

"The Wonderful Thing" is more simple in style than any story in which Norma Talmadge has appeared for some time. As Jacqueline Laurentine Boggs, the daughter of the American pork king, Miss Talmadge is cast as a young girl, romantic and hungry for life. Personally, we liked her in this rôle quite as well as we like her as the misunderstood woman, as she is usually cast.

Jacqueline marries Donald Mannerby, the head of the old house of Mannerby. Donald is poor, but proud, and Jacqueline is not accepted by his family as readily as is her wealth, derived from mid-Western pigs. There are the complications you have come to expect when a moneyed American girl marries into the aristocratic family. Jacqueline is unmercifully snubbed by the various members of the household, but she eventually wins them over, only to embark upon far worse difficulties with her husband.

Miss Talmadge was appealing as the romantic Jacqueline, who finds herself handicapped by the lack of a family tree and the source of her wealth. She played her rôle with a fine understanding. Harrison Ford was also interesting.

Julia Hoyt, the noted society woman, makes her cinematic début, which was so much talked about in newspapers and magazines, in "The Wonderful Thing." She plays one of the important rôles capably.

PEACOCK ALLEY—TIFFANY

"Peacock Alley" is the first production from Mae Murray's own studios, and while it does not equal some of the things Miss Murray did prior to this, it is, nevertheless, an attractive offering. We use the word attractive advisedly, for it is this rather than especially interesting or profound.

"Peacock Alley" tells a story of Cleo of Paris, played, of course, by Miss Murray. A certain Elmer Harmon, from a provincial American town, meets Cleo abroad and finds her irresistible. The Harmonites do not share his ideas on the subject, however, when she returns as his wife, and startles the town by her gay clothes. Elmer finds his wife more precious than the town, and together they seek New York and the pleasures it has to offer. Along about the end of the picture, there are complications, which result in a frightful heartache for

The February SHADOWLAND

FOR its second number of the new year, SHADOWLAND, the magazine beautiful, will have a number of striking features.

Frank Harris will contribute a new contemporary portrait, this time of Viscount Brice.

Benjamin de Casseres writes entertainingly and in fine critical spirit of Victor Hugo.

Alfred Kreymborg, the poet-radical, interviews Gordon Craig, the master of the newest stage craft, upon the shores of the Mediterranean.

Ernest Boyd, the brilliant essayist, furnishes a clever and sprightly article, "Indentured Morality."

Sheldon Cheney writes of the latest movement in stage art under the title of "The Naked Stage."

There will be many other things of note. An unusual one-act play, for instance. SHADOWLAND have a number of striking ones ready for publication, including another by the scintillating Franz Molnar.

The color plates and tint sections will be more dazzling than ever. SHADOWLAND for February will reveal the best, newest and most interesting in art and photography. There will be dozens of pages you will want to frame.

Dont miss the February number of the magazine de luxe.

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the carefree Cleo. But the ending has a baby and apple-blossoms, and a Normandy farm-house. Certainly, it is satisfactorily happy.

Miss Murray adds a decidedly attractive note to the production by those scenes which find her dancing, and Monte Blue causes you to give a second thought to the unfortunate Elmer Harmon.

It is a trite affair, is "Peacock Alley," with gay trimmings.

TWO MINUTES TO GO—FIRST NATIONAL

If one may judge by Charles Ray's latest picture, he numbers among the scores of stars and producers who are having difficulty in securing story material.

"Two Minutes to Go," as might be judged, is a story of college days and football. There was an idea there of the star player of the team scoring a victory after being misunderstood by his fellows because he had not played during the early part of the season. It was probably a good idea. But it wasn't sufficient for five or six reels, so the result is a preliminary three reels of Hallowe'en pranks and college froth.

It is a mildly amusing story, but certainly not equal to previous Ray productions. Nor is Mr. Ray fortunate in his rôle.

DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD—GOLDWYN

"Dangerous Curve Ahead" starts off with a view of a disappearing motor, be-ribboned and designed in honor of the bridal pair it carries. And you know immediately, even without remembering the threatening title, that trouble is brewing. It is not melodramatic trouble, but, instead, the trials and tribulations of every day. A family comes, and with it wealth, strange as it may seem. The little wife begins to be socially ambitious. And the events which occur are the sort of things which might happen to almost anyone you know.

"Dangerous Curve Ahead" is not a great picture—it makes no attempt at being a superfeature or masterpiece, or whatever they call extraordinary productions. It is a story of the todays and tomorrows of life, and quite pleasing.

Helene Chadwick becomes more and more attractive in her portrayals. She plays the wife. And Richard Dix is the young husband. He, too, is human in his characterization.

At least, "Dangerous Curve Ahead" is logical. It proves entertaining without taxing the imagination to too great a length.

UNDER THE LASH—FAMOUS PLAYERS

A month or two ago we said that Gloria Swanson had lost her charm, together with her exotic coiffure and wardrobe. We apologize, for we have seen her in "Under the Lash." "Under the Lash" is one of the most interesting pictures we have seen in the last few months, in the first place. And Gloria Swanson offers a portrayal wrought with a deep understanding and charm. The story tells of an old man on a South African veldt and his beautiful wife. A young English overseer comes to the estate—there are unexpected developments; developments as unusual as the locale of the story, but nevertheless logical.

The others in the cast, which includes Mahlon Hamilton, were very good, especially Lillian Leighton as the shrewd and avaricious Tanta—but, thruout the story, Gloria Swanson holds your interest and proves her ability to be quite as decorative in billowy laces as she has previously been in creations from the Rue de la Paix.

BITS OF LIFE—FIRST NATIONAL

Marshall Neilan has done worthy things for the cinema. He directed Mary Pickford in a number of her greatest successes, and did it well. However, his "Bits

(Continued on page 115)

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Give me a life in the wide desert spaces,
Let me live with a horse and sleep with the stars;
Give me the life of the pioneer—
Only, of course, keep the camera near!

Give me a life that is roomy and airy,
Give me a life that is lonely and free;
Give me a life on the wide, boundless prairie,
A gun at my hip and a rope at my knee;
Where there's room to ride for mile after mile—
But stop for a close-up once in a while.

Give me a life with the wildest vocations,
Away from the haunts of the maddening throng,
Away from the slavery of fashion's creations,
Away from all sophistry, shaming and wrong;
And a couple of assistants who're old at the game
To put on my make-up and care for the same.

Away with this troublesome striving for money;
Little I care for the trappings of wealth.
Give me a life that is breezy and sunny,
A life of danger and hardship and health.
Likewise—this is a minor part—
Give me the pay that they give William Hart!

MOVIE TITLES

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By HAROLD SETON

The episode of Lot and his Wife will be called "Don't Turn Around."

The episode of Cain and Abel will be called "Brother Against Brother."

The episode of Jonah and the Whale will be called "Inside Information."

The episode of Jezebel will be called "Going to the Dogs."

The episode of Absalom will be called "I'll Be Hanged if I Do."

The episode of the Prodigal Son will be called "The Price He Paid."

The episode of Aaron and his Staff will be called "Spare the Rod."

The episode of Moses and Pharaoh's Daughter will be called "Whence Came This Baby?"

The episode of King Ahasuerus and Queen Esther will be called "Behold My Wife."

The episode of Samson and Delilah will be called "By a Hair's Breadth."

The episode of Noah and the Ark will be called "The Beast-Boat."

The episode of Daniel in the Lions' Den will be called "Dauntless Dan."

The episode of Job and his Comforters will be called "Without a Friend."

The episode of Rebecca will be called "Well! Well! Well!"

The episode of Methuselah will be called "Monkey Glands."

The episode of David and Goliath will be called "Davie Did It."

The episode of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego will be called "Tried By Fire."

The episode of King Solomon and his Wives will be called "One Man in a Thousand."

Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 113)

of Life" is by far the best and most artistic thing he has given the screen. As a matter of fact, it is one of the finest things which the screen has shadowed, without making any attempt to set a standard or be extravagant. If "Bits of Life" does nothing else, it may prove that a picture does not have to cost hundreds of thousands or possess a cast which, numerically at least, resembles the German army in order to be worth while.

"Bits of Life" is just that.

Definitely, it is composed of four short stories, three of which have been taken from current magazines, and one which Mr. Neilan wrote himself.

The first story, "The Bad Samaritan," tells of a gentleman crook and the veneered cunning of his ways. But he attempts to reform—and immediately the police suspect him. It is delightfully satirical, and Rockcliffe Fellows endows the title rôle with a humorous understanding.

The second story is "The Man Who Heard Everything." It tells of an earnest barber who has been deaf for years. He imagines life, and his life includes his pretty wife, his customers, his helper and one or two children who play in front of his shop, as he would wish it to be. Then he saves his earnings, so he may purchase an ear telephone. It enables him to hear. Dreams crumble—

We would like to give honorable mention to the actor who plays this title rôle, but we have been unable to learn his name.

The third story has the colorful background of Chinatown. It is based on the Chinaman's preference for a man-child. Lon Chaney slinks thru the incensed and silken-hung settings with a degree of artistry which excels even his previous performances. The girl-wife, too, is splendid.

The fourth and last story is an imaginative adventure tale, with an explanatory ending. It has a brightening influence after "Hop," which is the name of the Chinese tale, and offers a clever burlesque.

"Bits of Life," we hope, inaugurates a vogue for other things of its kind.

Pardon My French

(Continued from page 109)

you ever forget Zeke's face when the cop took the necklace out of the pocket in the Countess' underskirt? And poor Ma couldn't apologize enough. She told me just now that they were going back to associate with fancy-bred hogs, instead of staying here with the common, ordinary kind!"

"So you're out of a job?" asked Ferdinand. "I thought I heard Zeke offering you a position—"

Polly nodded. "Zeke is a very ardent wooer," she murmured. "He told me that he'd just as leave marry me as not! But I am rather expecting to get another position before long—on Broadway." She looked up demurely, under the very long, extremely ornamental lashes, and Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillicuddy recognized his cue and drew her close.

"I want you for my leading lady on Broadway and off," he declared. "It's a life job. Will you take the contract, dear?"

Polly appeared to reflect. "If you will hire Bunny as our butler," she assented.

Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillicuddy kissed her fervently.

Polly looked up at him, and he saw by her eyes that at last he had found a girl who believed in fairies and moonlight and love. "I think," whispered Polly demurely, "I think that I will take an—an encore, if you please!"

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MARCH

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

Mary Pickford

FLORENCE

3908

Keep That Wedding Day Complexion



The blushing bride of today should be the blooming matron of tomorrow, retaining the charm of girlhood's freshness to enhance radiant maturity.

For bridal beauty should not fade, nor the passing of each anniversary be recorded on your face.

Keep the schoolgirl complexion which graced your wedding day, and you will keep your youth. With a fresh, smooth skin, no woman ever seems old.

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To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture.

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Don't keep it only for your face

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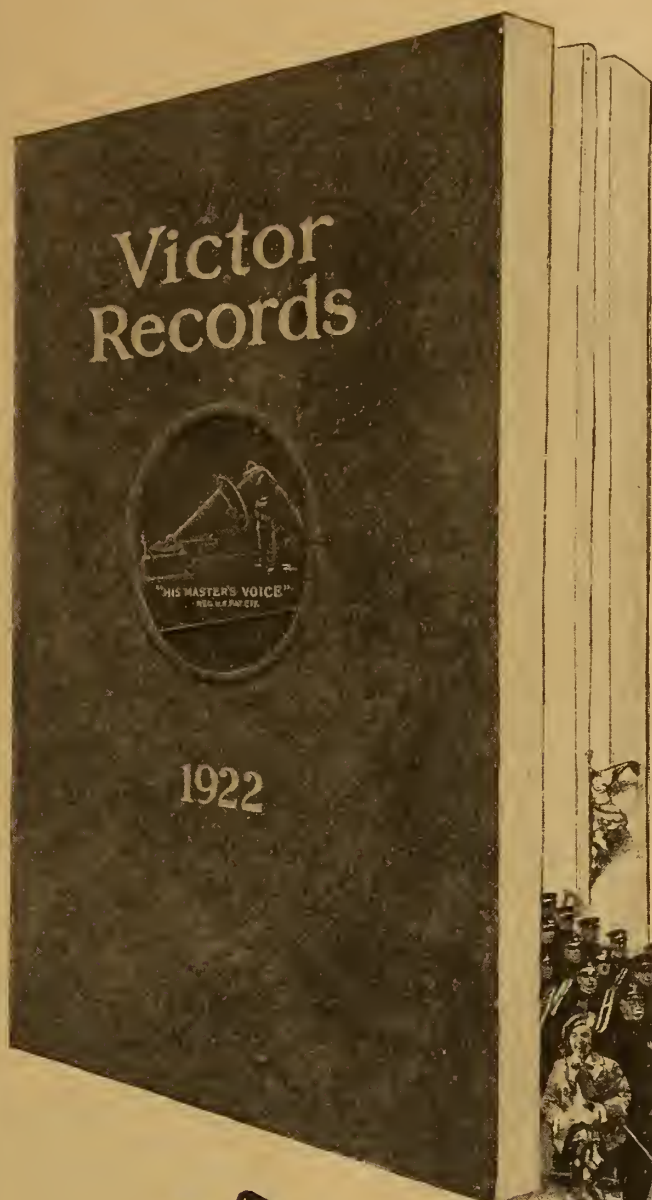
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By Jeanie Macpherson

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Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

William S. Hart in "Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production

"One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Forever"
By George DuMaurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production

George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris

Gloria Swanson in
"The Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger

May McAvoy in
"A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production

Wanda Hawley in "Bobb'd Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production

"Boomerang Bill"
With Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walkers"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang"
With Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua"
By Dion Clayton Calthrop

Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps"
From the novel
"The Parson of Panamint"
By Peter B. Kyne

Constance Binney in
"Midnight"
By Harvey Thew
A Realart Production

Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Family Album.....	11
Family Portraits in gravure of the Pickfords, the William Desmonds, Conrad Nagel, Bryant Washburn, Viola Dana, the Stewarts, Wallace Reid, Suzanne Vidor and Richard Barthelmess.	
Solitude	20
Justice	Elinor Glyn 21
We Interview Charles Ray.....	Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher 22
An Ideal in Stars.....	Willis Goldbeck 24
Abraham Lincoln: A Shadow-portrait.....	26
Main Street, Hollywood.....	Herbert Howe 27
Describing the Main Street of the film favorites.	
Conrad in Quest of Adventure.....	Maude Cheatham 30
The Dawning.....	32
An interesting photograph of Bill Hart and Mrs. Bill.	
A Guilty Conscience.....	Grace Lamb 33
Cobwebs of Convention.....	Truman B. Handy 38
How Florence Vidor feels about them.	
Into the Purple.....	Richard Bishop 40
In the Land of Drowsy Waters.....	41
Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.....	Hazel Simpson Naylor 42
And, incidentally, Irving Cummings—	
John Barrymore.....	Cerline Boll 43
No More Mothers.....	Clyde Stuart 44
Thus spake Mary Alden.	
Saturday Night.....	46
As portrayed by Cecil B. DeMille.	
The New Course in Interior Decoration.....	Laura Kent Mason 47
My Boy.....	Gladys Hall 49
The Gentleman from Japan.....	Leslie Bryers 54
Sessue Hayakawa, of course.	
Letters of a Juvenile Critic.....	Dorothy Whitehill 56
Exercises for the Thin Person.....	Corliss Palmer 57
The Editor's Page.....	58
Winter Blossom.....	59
That's Out.....	Tamar Lane 60
The Song of Life.....	Norman Bruce 61
Young Ideas.....	Jane Hernon 66
As set forth by Doris May.	
A Hundred Times a Father.....	Margaret Mack 68
On the Thames.....	69
Down Thru the Ages.....	70
Siren Stuff.....	Robert Drew 72
Across the Silversheet.....	Adele Whitely Fletcher 74
On the Camera Coast.....	Herbert Howe 76
Greenroom Jottings.....	78
The Answer Man.....	82

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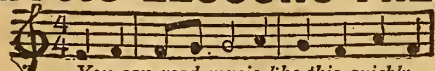
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little *gamin* of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont.—The first Theatre Guild production of the year is a drab but powerful American play, "Ambush," by Arthur Richman, who has woven his theme—the readjustment of ideals to life—into an absorbing thing. Very well played by Florence Eldridge, Frank Reicher, Katherine Proctor and others.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Broadhurst.—Lionel Barrymore in a Parisian importation, "The Claw," dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Eltinge.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

Fulton.—"Liliom," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Dudley Digges is an excellent Sparrow. Well worth seeing.

Garrick.—The Theatre Guild's second bill of the season, numbering two French adaptations, "The Wife With a Smile" and "Boubouroche." Arnold Daly is visiting star in both.

Harris.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

Jolson's.—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Klaw.—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred and Norman Trevor fea-

tured. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

Lyric.—"The Three Musketeers," The United Artists presents Douglas Fairbanks in the famous D'Artagnan rôle of the Dumas story. Undoubtedly Doug proves himself in this attractive special production.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Silver Fox," with William Faversham. An admirable comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, written with keen satire and humor. Of a blundering author, a philandering wife and an idealistic poet. Splendidly acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune." Mr. Faversham, Lawrence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb subtlety; Ian Keith and Vivienne Osborne.

Music Hall.—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-

moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Rolanda. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Akins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

Ritz.—"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

Selwyn.—"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic importation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by Estelle Winwood, John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Don't miss "The Circle."

Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Folies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is 'way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

Times Square Theater.—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement." An imported English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the re-

(Continued on page 8)

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

sultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katharine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

Vanderbilt.—"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

ON TOUR

"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

"Blood and Sand," with Otis Skinner. Dramatization of Ibañez's novel of the career of a toreador. Catherine Calvert in the leading feminine rôle.

"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn.

"Back Pay," with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

"The Merry Widow." A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehár operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading rôles are in the hands of Lydia Lipkowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angelis and Raymond Crane.

"Honors Are Even" with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue, presenting the duel between two people who love each other but won't admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small rôle of a callow lad stand out.

"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement.

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The Only Sure Way to Avoid Embarrassment



Do you know the correct thing to say in this embarrassing situation?



Do you know the correct thing to wear to every social occasion?



Do you know how to word invitations, acceptances, etc.?



Do you know how to create conversation when left alone with a noted person?



Do you know what to say when you arrive late at an entertainment?

WE have all had our embarrassing moments. We all suffered moments of keen humiliation, when we wished that we had not done or said a certain thing. We have all longed, at some time or other, to know just what the right thing was to do, or say, or write.

Every day, in our business and social life, puzzling little questions of good conduct arise. We know that people judge us by our actions, and we want to do and say only what is absolutely in good form. But, oh, the embarrassing blunders that are made every day by people who do not know!

The Only Way

There is only one sure way to be calm and well-poised at all times—to be respected, honored and admired wherever you happen to be. And that is by knowing definitely, positively, the correct thing to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurant or at the most humble home, whether you are at the most elaborate ball or the most simple barn-dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordinary people, you will be immune to all embarrassment, you will be safe from all blundering mistakes if you know the simple rules of etiquette.

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It is embarrassing to overturn a cup of coffee and not know just what to say to the hostess. It is embarrassing to arrive late to an entertainment and not know the correct way to excuse yourself. It is embarrassing to be introduced to some brilliant celebrity, and not know how to acknowledge the introduction and lead subtly to channels of interesting conversation.

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Do you know the correct way to introduce people?



Do you know how to avoid embarrassment at exclusive restaurants?



Do you know the correct etiquette of the theatre and opera?



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CAN your complexion stand the test of outdoor light? Take a hand glass to the window, raise the shade as high as it will go—and what do you find? Is your skin faultlessly clear? or do ugly little blackheads become visible?

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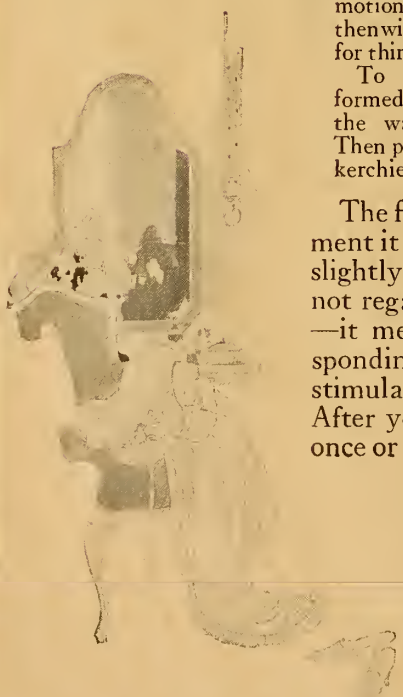
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Photograph © by Nelson Evans, L. A.

The Family Album

In memory of the passing vogue of the family album, whether it was red or canary-yellow plush, affording, as it did, decoration to countless parlors and entertainment to scores of guests, we present the family album of the cinema—

Hum, hum. That's Mrs. Pickford, Mary Pickford (she's Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks really, of course), and Mary II. They do say, little Mary will follow in her famous aunt's footsteps. The Three Generations, you might say.





There's the William Desmonds. Mrs. Desmond was Mary MacIvor before her marriage, you know. No, she isn't making pictures any more. Bill prefers her to play the rôle of wife and mother. And then, Mary Joanna does demand considerable time



Photograph by Spurr, L. A

Isn't Ruth the living image of her father! Conrad Nagel could never disown that baby in a million years. Not that he wants to. He's crazy about her. As a matter of fact, he's given up the idea of the stage for a while, so that she can have sunny California for her playground



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

That's just a picture the photographer snapped on the Washburn lawn one afternoon. There's no prouder father in filmdom than Bryant. Not that you blame him, when you look at Franklin Bryant IV and Dwight Ludlow Moody



There's the lucky man with three stellar daughters. No wonder Emile Flugrath looks so well pleased with life. That's Viola with him—Viola Dana is her stage name. Then, there's Edna Flugrath, who stars in English productions, and Shirley Mason



Photograph by Hoover Art Studio, L. A.



Aren't Anita and George Stewart the living image of one another? George is the youngest, you know. Now, that he is out of military school, he's trying the screen, too. With Anita for a sister, it should be easy for him to get a start, outside of the fact that he really has ability



Justice

By

ELINOR GLYN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In this third and concluding article on Hollywood, Madam Glyn talks of the short heyday of the cinema favorites—of a new vogue which might well be encouraged in the motion picture colony. . . . The motion picture world is fortunate in their champion!*

THE thing to do to better the matter of morals in the motion picture world is to raise the position of the screen artist into one of dignity, and gradually create a tradition of fine conduct and decent living, as the legitimate stage has created for itself—rising from the time of Shakespeare, when they were considered to be but "Rogues and Vagabonds," to a status of honor and public respect. So the thing is really up to the members of the picture colony themselves. They should be their own police and their own most severe judges, if they want to make their profession come up to the first rank of avocations. •

The successful members should be the examples, and each individual who achieves fame, should realize that he or she has now taken on a grave responsibility, and must keep up the honor of the community by leading a straight and self-denying life. Just as the sentries in the war knew that the lives of their comrades lay in their hands, and at whatever cost, kept a sharp lookout. Once this principle of responsibility were established among the heads, how very soon all lesser lights would follow

the lead, until it became *the fashion* to be decent and refined—The fashion! that potent arbiter of conduct! More forcible than any written law!

If the wisest and best men on the screen would show horror and contempt for the girls who become intoxicated at the parties, and behave badly, instead of encouraging them. If the really nice girls would refuse to consort with the men who are given to drinking and wild living, if they would try and aim at refinement in manners and habits, not only refinement in bodily raiment, in no time a new wave would sweep over the face of things. Why must people drink to excess?

Below is an informal portrait of Elinor Glyn, who says: "If all directors would sternly insist upon sobriety and good behavior on their sets, instead of often averting the eye from offenders, or glossing over the knowledge that such and such an actor or actress is indulging in excess while making a play, this would materially assist matters"

What weakness of will—what bestiality—indeed that is not a good word to use, for animals—beasts—never do these things. If I were a man and once saw the

lady of my heart with a maudlin look in her eye, and a thickness of speech, I should be sick with disgust and would never want to kiss her again—and if she loved me she would never want to incur my disgust. So it lies in the hand of each sex in the movie world, as in all other worlds, to be the guiding stars of the other, show displeasure (Cont'd on page 107)



We Interview Charles Ray

of course everyone is here. Charles Ray, the newspapers will blurb, is such an inducement. Now that I see him I am inclined to agree with the newspapers, but I know, too, something of the alimentary needs of those poor hacks among whom it has pleased God to call us. It is not Charles Ray, artist tho he is,

who has so illuminated their features. No. Regard them. At whom do they look the longest and the most longingly—Charles Ray or yonder Czecho - Slovakian waiter, even now bearing down upon us with mushrooms under glass? (G. H. pauses in midst of

"What boy brought up out of town hasn't been a barefoot boy?" asked Charles Ray. "And then I spent long summers on my grandfather's farm, in his orchards, in the hayloft. And always I have absorbed. Without my innate powers of absorption, I would be unable to do what I do today." At the left, a portrait study, and below, Mr. and Mrs. Ray photographed at Niagara Falls



SCENE I.—A private dining-room of generous dimensions in one of Gotham's smartest hotels. The luncheon given the Press in honor of Charles Ray's first visit to New York is in progress. The editors and the writers of every magazine and every newspaper are very much among those present. They treat each course with concentrated attention. Between courses, they are conversational. During courses, they are silent. Among the number are GLADYS HALL and ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER. Charles Ray is seated at the head of the long and laden table. Mrs. Charles Ray is also present, very charmingly . . .

A. W. F. (in between courses, casting a predatory eye about her): Everyone is here, my dear, everyone . . .

G. H. (thinking it too long between courses): Dont "my dear" me, in the first place. It is an annoying little social habit you have acquired and, to me, at least, blatantly insincere. When I consider what you address me as in the office . . . ! In the second place,



WE . S. A. U. (Same As Usual)
CHARLES RAY . Charles Ray

harangue and turns her attention to Charles Ray, then mutters as tho to herself). Still the luncheon may be secondary in this case . . . strange as it may seem . . .

A. W. F.: Your own alimentary canal colors the alimentary canals of all with whom you come into contact. Your avarice for

food is an international fact. No living luminary would dare to respond to an interrogation from you with less than a dinner at Delmonico's. And to change the subject we wouldn't have missed

Charles Ray is a little shy. You would expect that. And very well dressed, and sort of mild and honest. You would imagine him an exemplary husband. At the right, Mr. Ray is caught laughing at a cartoon scene from one of his productions. Below, with "Whiskers"



seeing Charles Ray had we absented ourselves from the festal board today. We have an appointment with him tomorrow at the office . . .

G. H. (*defiantly*): I like seeing him twice.

A. W. F.: Nevertheless, even seeing Charles Ray twice . . . even this food hardly compensates us for the risk we're running this minute. They're going to call on people for speeches, you know . . .

G. H.: It's like you to ruin my luncheon. The only one I'll have this month, at the rate editors are paying special writers for their stuff!

A. W. F. (*soothingly*): Calm your fears: only the most important members of the industry will be called upon. You've never been safer in your life.

G. H. (*emits a disdainful silence*).
(One by one the important members of the unborn industry rise to pay tribute to the youthful host.)

(Continued on page 100)

An Ideal In Stars



Photograph © by Nelson Evans, L. A.

remaining contours of a pliant, graceful figure. Slender ankles, curled half beneath her on a long seat before the screened-in fireplace, gleamed thru stockings of black silk.

It was something of an ideal in interviews.

Betty Compson, I think, is something of an ideal in stars.

I thought, watching her, that one could consecrate his life to no finer cause than the understanding of beautiful women. Koshchei has cloaked them, blessedly, in riddles.

I had to say something finally. So I ventured: "It was nice of you to send the car for me." I glanced thru the glass of the door to a blue sedan that stood at the foot of a flight of shimmering steps. It had borne me in swift silence across the city. "How," I wondered, "do you manage to be famous and thoughtful at the same time?"

She seemed a little startled at that. It was the only time that in answering me she did not

Photograph by
Donald Biddle Keyes



ONE, upon meeting Betty Compson, is content to rest a while in the immense blue serenity of her eyes. Or again to speculate upon a distinctive trait of her smile, wherein one side of her red mouth, the left side, is lifted, fascinatingly, a little above the other.

Her charm is in her apparent passiveness. It has warmth, a disturbing appeal. One is quickly enveloped. Below, as she appears as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister"

There is, surprisingly, a touch of the child about her, in little mannerisms that under other circumstances one surely would come to adore. Now one merely beholds. Allah be praised!

Amidst well-placed luxury—unobtrusive tapestries, brocades, heavy silken pillows upon deep divans, a floor lamp tasseled in dull gold, the green of patio palms thru curtained French doors—I sat down with her to talk.

Her hair was red gold, hiding her ears; her face sweetly pale. There was a white column of throat and, encased in the black sheen of satin, the rich

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

seem to be considering me. Her reply, when it came, was deprecatory, a little disconcerted.

Our talk was curiously half-articulate. Each of us had convictions; each of us lacked the words to convey them adequately. And those of mine that were really paramount I could not even attempt to express. My understanding of beautiful women has carried me at least that far! So I stuck to ideas, struggled with them, and surrendered consistently with a *but-of-course-you-understand* gesture. Betty always did. It was quite charming of her.

It occurred to me that starting a career with "The Miracle Man" was like commencing a mountain climb at the summit. One cannot advance from the ultimate.

Her red lips parted a little upon white, even teeth; her eyes widened, deepened, with surprise.

"But I have not

"I find," said Betty Compson, "that it is no longer worth while to sacrifice so much to one's work. It becomes an obsession. I have disciplined myself to forget my work as soon as I leave the studio, to pick it up again only when I return. I do it, then, to the best of my ability"



Photograph © by
Nelson Evans, L. A.



gained the ultimate! I have still so much to perfect!"

I was insistent.

"Practically you have. There is nothing now but repetition. It may equal the original in actuality; it cannot in satisfaction."

I do not think she liked the thought. Perhaps it was unfortunate. Truth usually is. But I did not wish her to find it importunate. I attempted a diversion. Nemo, a grotesque Pekingese, who preferred discretion to dignity, fled ignominiously when I reached for him.

But there was a concealed return to the idea, a half-conscious admission, in Betty's resumption of conversation, when our laughter had died.

"I used to *live* my roles," she said, staring absently ahead of her. "In the days of 'The Miracle Man' I *was* Rose, night and day, off the lot as well as on. I had Rose's mannerisms, her slang, her likes and dislikes. I went to bed Rose; I awoke Rose. At the end I weighed only one hundred and five pounds—but I had done 'The Miracle Man.'"

She was silent a moment, considering some
(Continued on page 92)



Photograph by Freulich

Lincoln: A Shadow Portrait

A new serial has come to the motion picture. Universal is now producing serials which find their background and action in the important events of American history. "In the Days of Buffalo Bill" is now being filmed, with Joel Day in the rôle of Abraham Lincoln. His is a splendid shadow portrait!



Main Street, Hollywood

A Grand Tour of the World's
Cinematropolis

By

HERBERT HOWE

"**B**UT where are the movies?" exclaimed Miss Clare Sheridan, the champion diary-keeper, upon alighting in Los Angeles.

The invariable cry of the tourist.

Once upon a time people came to Los Angeles to revel in sunshine and scenery; today they seek the movie mills.

It is natural that the film ateliers should be the chief attraction, for they are the source of the world's most interesting com-

A great deal of trouble can be saved in depicting Hollywood's business district, as pictured above, by asking you to give your own a careful scrutiny — providing you do not live in a town of more than a thousand inhabitants

modity, and around them has been woven a glamor as rich—and as fictional—as that investing the Arabian Nights. Every year throngs of the worshipful make pilgrimages to this famed Mecca without coming any closer to the sacred shrines than they were back in Altoona or Muskegon. It is easier to penetrate the Holy Sepulcher than to enter a film studio and gaze upon the sublime visage of an astral deity.

As a matter of fact, the Cinemese comprise only a small percentage of the Hollywood populace. Lords of oil, brewing, packing and mercantile trade hold the magnificent estates within the boundaries of the municipality. Only with an expert guide can you discover the homes of the movie peers. At the left, the square ochreous villa of Nazimova, which is discovered on the road to Beverly Hills





affairs of the Cinemese. I fully expected to behold its lobby filled with familiar faces, but the only screen favorite that I recognized was the Potted Palm. I all but embraced it, so long has been our acquaintance *via* the screen. Show me any picture in which a palm, potted or potless, does not display its scantling form and I will show you a picture of the Statue of Liberty without her torch.

My first call at the desk was not for ice water but for the movie studios. I supposed, of course, that they would be as common and convenient as peanut roasters.

Upon arrival in Los Angeles, I expected to see the Sennett belles chasing butterflies around the station and Charlie Chaplin executing flank movements at the corner. Instead, there was the usual dingy platform thronged with dyspeptic people and their indigesto luggage. A neurotic taxi, which seemed to have gained nothing from the rejuvenescent clime, offered me conveyance to the Alexandria. Moving with the rhythm of a cocktail shaker, it jounced me over temperamental pavement to Fifth and Spring streets where stands the hospice frequented by transients who expect to be interviewed or otherwise mentioned in the public print. In a word, *the* hotel. No doubt you often have seen it mentioned in relation to the



At the top of the page is the Hollywood Hotel, of picturesque mission style, veiled from the street by enormous spreading palms. Nearly every star has lived here at one time. Directly above, is a view of the Japanese estate of the Bernheimers—the show place of Hollywood, which stands on a high, round hill, entirely surrounded by landscaped Oriental gardens. At the left is the new Moorish dwelling of Wallace Reid



"Where is the nearest studio?" I asked.

With canonical intonation, the clerk chanted:

"Go to Fifth and Hill, take a Hollywood car, get off at Caluenga and Hollywood Boulevard, and ask the first person you meet."

Simple. Yet I had not contemplated even such a slight exertion. I had expected to find some industrial evidence in the air, I suppose—as it is in Pittsburgh. At least, I had been led to believe that persons of ravishing beauty and gorgeous plumage engaudded the thorofares. Yet not a flashing eye nor glancing ankle did I see. On the contrary, I have never beheld so many octogenarians and anemic females. The traffic movements are as irregular as they are in Bingville on a Saturday; people eddying and clotting like dead leaves in a sluggish creek.

At Fifth and Hill I seized a red car by the



Above, Frank's restaurant, where the excellent French cuisine tempts the flower of stardom. Recollect the many interviews which have found their background here. And at the left, the Colonial entrance to Alice Lake's home

fore-rods and swung aboard. It was a pay-as-you-enter coach; the fare six cents.

"What is the extra penny for—war tax?" I demanded facetiously.

The venerable conductor shook his head and went on making change, slowly mumbling. His speed of subtraction made me suspect he was counting on his fingers.

Fate being kind, I took a seat in the prow, which was open to the air, determining to catch a fleeting view of a studio if any, forsooth, did fleet. One ear I posted to the breeze for the magic word "Caluenga," which I learned, too late, is pronounced "Kahenga." The conductor gargled it down to "Kenga," as do the sovereignty squatters. A sure way of telling a foreigner from a native son is by the pronunciation of this word.

About twenty minutes out from the shopping district of Los Angeles, where the residential district began to thin and the stores appeared with the irregularity of teeth in a baby's mouth, I was awed by gigantic white letters on a roof in a hollow—WILLIAM S. HART STUDIO. I marveled that such a modest structure could uphold such a Herculean name. It was not a glassy edifice such as I expected a studio to be, but a green clapboarded building that looked like a corpulent granary. Behind it rose the sage, moth-eaten hills over which a few timorous houses straggled lonesomely as tho the footing were hard. Further along Sunset Boulevard the residences multiplied. We were approaching Hollywood. As the conductor nasalized

(Continued on page 102)



Conrad In Quest of Adventure

ably think these scenes were fakes. So much of the trick stuff was used in the early days of motion pictures that audiences are loath to believe we

actually do these things. They would be surprised at the risks we run. For instance, in our fire scenes last night we figured there would be a lane between the burning buildings, but no one counted on the wind which blew the heat and smoke together until there was no lane,

Conrad Nagel's love of study and the contemplation of the worth-while things of life have left their mark in his intense sympathy and understanding of humanity, its motives and struggles. He is an artist by every instinct. At the left, a camera study of his characterization in "A Fool's Paradise," and below, with Mildred Harris, in a scene from this production



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

NOW that the excitement was all over, we were celebrating with a gala luncheon, Conrad Nagel, Mrs. Nagel and I, for at four o'clock that morning the final scenes of Cecil de Mille's new picture, "Saturday Night," had been filmed. This came as the climax of a strenuous week of long hours before the camera and was staged in a blaze of glory, a tenement fire forming the spectacular finish.

Mr. Nagel, playing the leading rôle, had made some thrilling scenes in a narrow street of flames with high buildings on either side burning at full speed, but after a few hours' sleep he appeared as fit as ever with only a row of blisters on his left cheek and a singed lock of hair as mementos of the occasion.

Hitherto, Conrad Nagel's experiences on the screen have been nice, safe juvenile rôles where he encountered nothing more than emotional or temperamental obstacles, but as leading man in Cecil de Mille's last two pictures, "Fool's Paradise," and "Saturday Night," he has faced a number of dangerous chances that vie with the most daring serial stunts.

"The funny part of it all," remarked Mr. Nagel, ruefully, "is that the public will prob-



By

MAUDE CHEATHAM

just a mass of flames that were very, very real."

"Don't forget *Angie!*" reminded Mrs. Nagel.

"Oh, yes, there was Angie, she was the ringleader of the thirteen alligators I shared some scenes with in 'Fool's Paradise,'" explained Conrad. "They said she was over two hundred years old, but believe me, she's as agile as ever, and we had to be alert to escape her maneuvers. You know, alligators get their victims by catching them with their tails and tossing them into their mouths, it is all done like lightning, too. However, I got a distinct thrill out of these chances, they put pep into one, and I may start out in quest of film adventures.

"The trouble with us in California is that everything is so beautiful, so peaceful, and so wonderfully happy that we drift along too comfortably. It is devitalizing, we need a fight with Angie to stir us up."

The Nagels chatted like merry children of their many plans for the short week of leisure before Conrad starts his next picture. When he is working, every other interest is side tracked, both devoting their entire time and energy to his art.

"I'm very fortunate," declared Mr. Nagel, flashing a warm smile across the table at his wife. "Tho Mrs. Nagel is a nonprofessional, she understands my work and sympathizes with all my varying moods. She visits the studio each day, and I talk over every detail with her. She's the best little playmate, too, that ever came down the pike, the baby is trying hard to get into her class, but——"

"She celebrated her first birthday yesterday," interposed Mrs. Nagel, eagerly. "There was a cake that looked like a frosted muffin, and one tiny pink candle——"

"Which she immediately grabbed and tried to eat," proudly supplemented Conrad.

Nature has been generous to Conrad Nagel. He is a very good-looking six-footer with firm, clear-cut features and is very blond.

Temperamentally, he is a student, and his illusions, ideals, dreams and hopes are imbued with a fine poise and wisdom that is surprising, especially when one considers that his years include but twenty-four.



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

His love of study and the contemplation of the worthwhile things of life have left their mark in his intense sympathy and understanding of humanity, its motives and struggles. He is an artist by every instinct and has trained his emotions to become his servants, tho never losing their warmth or vitality.

His parents being musicians, Conrad Nagel seemed destined from the first for an artistic career. They early

(Continued on page 96)

"I shall stay in pictures as long as I can," Conrad Nagel said. "Some day, I hope to direct, and, eventually, I shall return to the stage. Then, too, for the present, I want to stay in California. It is a wonderful place for baby Ruth." Which shows that, after all, before the actor is the man!



The Dawning

It was over two years ago that Winifred Westover, with her blue eyes and sun-kist hair, played opposite Bill Hart in "John Petticoats." A strong friendship was born of the days they spent together during the filming of this picture . . . Then recently, during Bill's visit in Gotham, Winifred Westover was seen in the Hart box at the theater; in the Hart car on the Avenue . . . And so the love, which found its dawning two years ago, was consummated one evening in December, when Bill took the gold-crowned Winifred for his bride



THE Hon. Irving Marner had got into the way of having what he wanted when he wanted it. This felicitous state of things included posts in the army, women, and even more incidental pleasures. Money and position were his at birth, and so he had never wanted them, nor, indeed thought very much about them. People said he was a "selfish blighter" but he didn't know they said it, and if he had known it, would merely have suspected them of jealousy, which may, or may not, be so. The Hon. Irving Marner was only annoyed when interfered with, and as that, by the grace of his personal gods, was seldom, he was almost always jolly and easy to get along with.

Then to India, in the rainy season, came Emily, young and desirable wife of Gilbert Raynor, occupying the post next in subservience to that of the Hon. Irving.

Emily was beautiful and gay and sweet. Emily was very much in love with her husband. Her husband was very much in love with Emily. Emily was not exceedingly strong, and the only reason she had come to India in the rainy season was because she and Gilbert would have died, separate and alone, if they had been forced to remain separate and alone for another twenty-four hours.

Intense were the missives that had passed between them prior to the arrival of Emily. "O, darling, I can't live without you"—signed, "Emily." "But, oh, darling, you will die if you come to this accursed hole," signed "Gilly." "I know, angel, but I shall die if I don't come, for all holes are accursed where you are not," signed "Emily." "Damn it all, my Heart of Hearts, then come

A Guilty Conscience

By
GRACE LAMB

to me, for where we twain are together is Life Everlasting," signed "with my heart's blood, Gilbert."

And so, of course, Emily came.

The Hon. Irving Marner hadn't seen, he told this himself at the club, a pretty woman in months n' months. Small wonder he fell thuddingly in love with the beautiful Emily when she came to the dinner tendered her by the Indian Civil Service Commission the night following her arrival.

Emily, he decided, upon sight, was the one woman, the one love, the one and only thing on earth capable of giving him an instant's happiness. He must have Emily—but how?

It was evident enough to all beholders that Emily's one love, one and only thing on earth capable of giving her happiness was Gilbert. Gilbert, of course, must be dispensed with. There was an advantage, never before fully savored, of being the superior officer of the husband of a beautiful woman. The Hon. Irving Marner began to enjoy his authority. He began to use it a bit, here and there, on Gilbert Raynor, just to let the young man know who was boss around the "accursed hole." Gilbert was a trifle surprised at the change in Marner's attitude, but India did queer things to men. Perhaps old Marner had a touch of the fever, or just the willies. Gilbert was too happy with Emily to ponder much over the sudden authoritativeness acquired by the Hon. Irving.

Prior to the arrival of Emily, Gilbert and his superior had been rather pal-y than otherwise. They had things in common. Of course, they didn't know then that they would ever have anything *quite* so much in common as the love of Gilbert's wife. And so, of course, when Emily came and the Hon. Irving began acting the su-

superior officer rather than the equal and friend, Gilbert noted it and rather wondered over it.

He spoke of it to Emily. Emily smiled at him, strangely, he thought. He had the sudden knowledge that Emily understood the Hon. Irving better than he did, for different reasons. . . . Intuition, he supposed.

The Hon. Irving began to refuse him things. It was in his power to make Gilbert's job either very pleasant indeed or rather the reverse. He began to make it the reverse. He tried, and succeeded, in making Gilbert feel the hole very accursed indeed.

For instance, fever broke out in Kajra, the worst fever-ridden post in all the lowlands, and Brown, the resident agent, fell ill of it. Gilbert knew, and Marner knew, too, that Brown had a wife at home and two small children and another one coming and that it was a matter of dear and vital importance to at least half a dozen that Brown live. "For God's sake, Marner," Gilbert pleaded, "transfer Brown, or he'll go, sure." "Impossible," said Marner, grimly, when, certainly, Gilbert knew that there was nothing impossible about it.

Gilbert told Emily about it that evening over tiffin. "He had a funny gleam in his eye," he said, smoking perplexedly. "I don't get Marner at all lately. He's a devil. Seemed almost as if he hoped Brown *would* die; as if he was—well—I can't explain what I mean exactly, but as if he were experimenting with him. Rum go, this is."

Emily shivered, as if with cold, tho the night was very warm. "I hope," she said with a little catch in her voice, "oh, I hope Brown doesn't die."

Gilbert went for a cape, and

knitted his brows in perplexity. Awfully queer. Here was Marner not giving a tinker's damn whether Brown, whom he knew very well indeed, lived or died. And here was Emily, who had never seen Brown and had practically never heard of him, shivering and growing almost hysterical over the remote possibility of his death. Certainly was queer, how people got.

But Brown's death was not remote. It took place the next day. Gilbert had to notify his family in England; the young wife and the two little girls and the mother who had brought Brown up, alone, by her own effort. Gilbert never hated a living human as he hated Marner while he was laboring over that cruel message, trying, all in vain of course, to rob it of some of its pain.

A day or two later Gilbert came in for tiffin and found Emily lying on a couch. The servant told him the *mem-sahib* had been like that all day. Gilbert felt a cold hand clutch his heart. The fever! Why, *why* had he ever allowed Emily to come to this vile hole? He had thought it was his love for her. Love! What kind of love was it that would permit a woman like Emily to come to this place of rains and fevers. Nothing had been right since she had come. There seemed to be a bird of omen, an ominous dark cloud over the whole place. Things threatened and insinuated. Everything was changed. It wasn't her fault. Quite the contrary. It was just that she was so fair and gay and sweet that she showed the hellish country up by contrast, made them all *realize*.

In a panic, Gilbert sent for the doctor. The doctor examined Emily and said that she was threatened with the fever and that she must go to Simla if she were to escape it. He didn't look very optimistic when he spoke of the chances of Emily's surviving the fever.

Simla was expensive: the trip and the accommodations and the care Gilbert felt

A day or two later Gilbert came in for tiffin and found Emily lying on a couch. The servant told him the *mem-sahib* had been like that all day. Gilbert felt a cold hand clutch his heart. The fever! Why, *why* had he ever allowed Emily to come to this vile hole?



that Emily would need, away from him. He would have to have a post with more pay. Marner ought to be able to fix it for him; Marner would fix it for him, especially when he knew what it was for, whom it was for. Gilbert was sure that Marner liked Emily. He always seemed to brighten up, to be more like himself when Emily was about. Yes, of course, old Marner would fix him up so that Emily might go to Simla.

Of course, there was the strange case of little Brown, and Marner's attitude, his inexplicable stand, about that. It was pretty sickening. . . . But then, this would be different. Marner would never in the world see such a fate come to Emily, when, by giving Gilbert a better post, it could be prevented.

Gilbert went to Marner and laid his case before him. He told Marner that he didn't care what the post was, nor where, since he didn't suppose he'd land in Simla, no such luck, and so couldn't be with Emily anyway; and he didn't care how hard he'd have to work; he didn't care about anything at all, he'd sweat like a pig and live like a native so that Emily might escape the fever into the more rarified atmosphere of Simla.

Marner heard him thru with a curious twisted little smile. Gilbert didn't recall that he had ever seen Marner smile before in just that way. Curious chap, Marner. Full of moods. If he had been an actor or an artist instead of an employ  e of the Indian Civil Service Commission, Gilbert supposed he would be characterized as "temperamental."

Marner said he would "think it over." He told Gilbert to come back the next morning. Gilbert had the uneasy thought that there was that in his manner reminiscent of the Brown tragedy, something experimental.

Gilbert put a good complexion on the case when he told Emily about it. He said that Marner was "right as rain." He'd come thru. Emily would see. And he



didn't understand why Emily looked at him with such a mothering little whimsy in her eyes. That is, he didn't understand it until later on, when he was destined to understand a great many things.

And on the same morning Gilbert knew that the fever had got him. He had to be held up by his two English friends when he started on his rounds that morning. They pleaded with him to give it up, but he would have none of them.

The next morning when Gilbert saw Marner he was told that he was to have Brown's post.

Brown's post!

"You'll get more pay," Marner had said, with evasive eyes.

More pay . . . yes, why yes, of course. . . . One always got more pay for going to fever-raddled Kajra where, as a matter of fact, one went only to die.

Marner knew that. Knew all about it. Knew more about it than any other man in that section, and yet he had sent Gilbert there . . . *knowing*. . . . There were other posts. Gilbert knew that, too. Only yesterday.



After Marner had left her that night, Emily stood for a long while at the window, twisting her wedding ring on her finger—and thinking

blossomed reputation for ill doings.

When Gilbert broke the news to Emily (of course, she would have to know), Emily cried and had hysterics and begged and implored Gilbert not to go, to go back home, to throw over the whole proposition. She said there was no use in their staying on. The country was evil and the men were evil and the whole thing was evil infested. It was no place for Gilbert or for her. But Gilbert said that he had a commission and he must stick to his job and that the first, imperative thing for her was to go to Simla and get well and strong again. Then, they would see. . . . He told her he was Herculean and would weather the fever at Kajra. She was not to worry. Had she ever seen Brown? Well, pshaw, if it were Brown's case she was thinking about, she was to put it right out of her head! Brown had

after their talk, Marner had sent young Cyril Fessenden to Dhar, at more money than Gilbert was getting—and young Fessenden was a budding youth with a very full-

fairly. Thus, the Hon. Irving as he went about the routine of the day. Sometimes, at nights, he thought differently. Sometimes, at nights, he would see Gilbert's face the day he went to meet Emily, after their long separation. What a light there had been on his face that day! Just as if all the thrilling expectation of the world had concentrated itself in his eyes. And then, when he had told Marner that Emily was threatened with the fever; that she had never been overly strong; that, come what might, Emily must go to Simla. . . . What fear there had been then, stark fear for the woman he held far dearer than himself.

In Kajra, Gilbert was working like a dog and feeling pretty rotten and reading the Bible at nights, simply because the other reading matter was so awfully bad and magazines more or less un-

available. Perhaps he felt, too, altho he never said so, that the profound sincerity of the greatest of all books could, alone, assuage his need just then.

One night he came across a passage in the Old Testament, and he read it, not once, but six exact times. After he had read it the six exact

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Vitagraph production of the scenario by Jay Pilcher, adapted from the story by George Cameron and starring Antonio Moreno. Directed by David Smith. The cast:
Gilbert Raynor.....Antonio Moreno
The Hon. Irving Marner.....Harry L. Van Meter
John MacDowell.....John MacFarlane
Emily Raynor.....Betty Francisco
Mrs. Tearle.....Lila Leslie
Khidmitgar.....Allan Garcia

times he knew it by heart; felt in fact that it was cauterized ineffaceably upon his heart. Felt in very fact that it was miraculous that he had come upon it; that there was a cloven tongue speaking to him. The passage dealt with one of the stories of David and told how he saw a very beautiful woman and learned that she was Bath-Sheba the wife of Uriah. David sent Uriah with a message to Joab instructing Joab "*Get ye Uriah into the forefront of the hottest battle that he may be smitten and die.*" The story continues to the effect that Uriah was killed and that, after her period of mourning had expired, Bath-Sheba became the wife of David.

Gilbert saw it with a painful clarity. Kajra was the forefront of the hottest battle. Marner was David. Emily—good God—Emily was Bath-Sheba, who, after her period of mourning. . . .

The Hon. Irving Marner went to Simla.

His days were made feverish by visions of the beautiful Emily; and his nights were made hideous by nightmares of Gilbert, who, horribly, seemed to turn into Brown and be dying of fever in Kajra.

It became necessary for him to see Emily, not only because he loved her, or words to that effect, but because she must dispel for him the horrors of the nights.

Emily's first words to him were: "Have you the latest news of Gilbert? What is the situation in Kajra now?"

Marner answered her, casually. "But," he said, immediately, "it is not about Gilbert that I have come to talk. It is about you—and me."

Emily regarded him steadily. "I hope I do not understand you," she said, at length.

Marner smiled, "But I think you do," he said, "d'you know, that is one of the things I so like about you—you are a very understanding person. Besides being beautiful."

They were sitting on the veranda now. Marner thought he had never seen the beautiful Emily so beautiful. Fragility became her, made her more-flow-e r-l i k e.

Her anxiety for Gilbert—how wonderful it would be if it were but transferred to himself. He had more to offer her. All women liked rank and wealth and standing. What had Gilbert Raynor but his graceful tanned body and his rather untamed ardor? Tiresome attractions at that. . . . Women's affections transferred readily; Marner had had experiences. . . .

Emily was speaking. She said, in a voice very steadfast for the frailty of her appearance, "I think understanding is a very essential thing, especially between a man and a woman; more especially when there is an element introduced such as you have introduced today. Mr. Marner. You see, I . . . I am very medieval. I love Gilbert with all the love I am, or ever could be, capable of. There are things like that. There are loves like that. There are even—women like that. I am one of them. My love for Gilbert is such a love. Please believe me, for I am being very truthful."

The Hon. Irving Marner didn't pay much attention to women's words as a general thing. He thought actions went better with women but there was no mistaking the tone of this woman's voice. It rang, bell-like and unmistakable, into the recesses of his being. Once, long ago, before he had trifled so variously, he had thought that there might be a love and a woman such as this, but that had been long ago. Now, today, he learned that there was, but not for him. For young Raynor, whom he had sent to Kajra—from whence few men ever returned.

"What," he said to her beyond his volition. "What if Gilbert were—not to return?"

Emily looked straight thru him. "Then, Mr. Marner," she said, "I should hate you far worse than I do now, because I'd know you had killed him."

"What makes you think such a thing?"

(Continued on page 98)

When she bent over him, the other faces about him and the dreams and fears cleared from him. This was Emily; Emily who loved him, and none but him, and so he had nothing to fear



Cobwebs of Convention

But Mrs. Vidor is an iconoclast. An ultra-feminist. As much of an ultra-feminist as any of her sisters who's ever carried a suffrage banner or been locked up in jail on a hunger strike.

She has no more actual regard for the "conventions" of marriage than a Bernard Shaw heroine. Yet there is nothing about her quiet demeanor that would hint at advanced radicalism. She's like a scarlet petunia in a garden of hollyhocks.

When a woman marries nowadays, she seems to assume the idea that marriages are made in Heaven. Not Mrs. Vidor!

"If Mr. Vidor and I found it *impossible* to get along I'd get a divorce tomorrow!" she declared.

Out in Hollywood—where the movie heavies grow their whiskers long—the ordeal of Hymen is like vaccination. It doesn't always "take." Consequently, having been apprized of innumerable matrimonial infelicities in the film colony, I find myself skeptical about film-colony nuptials. They seem—ahem!—temporal, unless proved otherwise.

However, my impression of the King Vidor's has always been that they are *the* ideally mated couple of the flicker camp. It seems, however, that a coterie of well-meaning publicity proponents has created this matrimonial paradise for Florence and King—made her a sort of complimentary Beatrice Fairfax who is qualified and willing to reply saccharinely to all the wails of the lovelorn.

Disillusionment! Florence Vidor is far too intelligent, far too broad minded, far too unassuming. She has no Beatrice-Fairfax desires. While her own marriage has been a success, one cannot, she declares, formulate a set of rules such as one finds in a cook-book.

Marriage is a more pretentious state whose success



Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

"You cant hold your husband by nagging him or pestering him with a lot of ideas he is not interested in," Florence Vidor maintained. "Neither can you hold him if you are ugly and untidy or stupid. Entertain him and try to make him happier than any other woman ever could make him, and he'll always court you"

THIS is going to sound like C. B. de Mille and George Jean Nathan arguing on their pet matrimonial theories. It isn't going to sound a bit like Florence Vidor, because we've all come to regard her as a very motherly little soul who was too

much in love with the idea of wearing a Mrs. on the fore part of her name to ever say anything iconoclastic.

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

or failure is due directly to the more or less transient instincts of the two parties involved.

We have, all of us, been led to think of Mrs. Vidor as the type of matron who carries her marriage vows about with her in her vanity case. On the other hand, she despises mawkish sentimentality and hypocrisy. She has perspective and foresight and an active brain. She would have the same personal magnetism if she were, instead of being beautiful, as plain as a charwoman.

She is disgusted with contemporary matrimony, the majority of



Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe



"My ambition?" asked Florence Vidor. "Not so high. I simply want people to be able to say truthfully that I have done my sincere best in the accomplishment of things." Above, a camera study, and at the left, in a scene from a forthcoming production

whose principals are bored to death and don't know it. She remarked that her own wedding ceremony didn't impress her at all. Mere words! Filled with a lengthy clause about "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" and all that—stuff and nonsense, it is, inasmuch as the only thing that can *bind* two persons together is love and companionship.

"Most married women are parasites," she declared, "who live with their husbands because they believe they are doing their duty as good wives.

"They know their husbands don't love them because they have proof that they aren't faithful to them and are giving their time to others. Yet they continue to live with them.

"I have no use for this type of martyr. She
(Continued on page 94)

Into the Purple

By

RICHARD BISHOP

luminous. She is a girl who does not apparently study her moods, and one finds that what she says is both sincere and spontaneous.

Early in her life she experienced a matrimonial disappointment. Consequently, she has little or no use for men. Ask her about her views of men and she waxes cynical.

Harriett Hammond has never particularly liked comedy. "It was a means to an end," she explained. "I went into it not intending to remain, but because I thought it was an opening wedge into something bigger"

Her ambitions do not run at all to domesticity, never to marriage. Of course, she's been proposed to several hundred times by mail, but this thought she passed off lightly.

(Cont'd on page 88)

Photograph (below) © by Mack Sennett

Photograph by
Paul Grenbeaux

WHENEVER nowadays we hear of some new star looming on the cinematic horizon, we get together with ourselves and agree that sometime or other she's been in the Sennettian mid-day frolic. The story of erstwhile bathing girls becoming crowned queens of screen tragedy is getting to be a chestnut. It seems that at least a third of the present-day emotional heroines were at one time in the comedy beauty chorus.

Latest of the charmers to "arrive" in drama is Harriett Hammond. For nigh on to two years now have we seen her gracile lines, her shapely limbs and her lissome smile in Mack Sennett's laugh fests. But, being an ambitious young lady, Harriett has taken her fling into the more serious side of pictures.

She is distinctly what one would *not* expect of a sheer beauty. Somehow or other, we have come to learn that brains and beauty are not handmaidens. Miss Hammond, on the other hand, contradicts that very impression. She is ultra-serious. She maintains no illusions about herself. She is avowedly ambitious, but, at the same time, her personality isn't of the protruding variety that simply infuses itself into every one of her thoughts.

Naturally, she is lovely to look upon. Her





In the Land of Drowsy Waters

A Camera Study of South Sea Island Life

By Alvin Victor Knechtel



Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Irving Cummings, he of the handsome brown eyes and villainous vamping ways, has turned producer. How often you have watched him wooing the girl on the screen; that manner of his of running his hand feelingly up her soft arm until it rests on the nape of the neck,

Irving Cummings quietly drew all his savings from the bank—the savings of a lifetime, mind you—built a camp high up in the mountains and started his own company so he might direct. "I love it," he said, speaking of directing. "I had faith enough to put in all my own money. I couldn't fail." At the left, a portrait, and below, a scene from one of his pictures

the devil-may-care way he has of kissing her hand, that unforgettable carressing look in his deep brown eyes. How often you have thrilled as he out-"Codyed" Lew in his love scenes!

When Mr. Cummings came West about three years ago to play in pictures for Lasky, they cast him as the heavy villain.

(Cont'd on page 95)

IT'S a blue world — blue Sundays, blue movies, blue business men and blue matinée girls.

Contributive to this indigo eulogy is the news that Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver and Harriett Hammond have parked their bathing suits forever in moth-balls. But even more pertinent to the blues in question is the fact that our pet leading men are developing ambitions to become directors. It is sad enough for the tired business man to anticipate a boring cinema evening without his Mack Sennett water babies, but what, I ask you, are we going to do now that our handsome leading men are hiding their romantic eyes behind the camera.

It was first Marshall Neilan and then Tom Forman who deserted us for a pair of puttees and a megaphone. Now it's Irving Cummings.





John Barrymore

Cerline Boll Sketches the Cinema Artist



Mary Alden is dominant, compelling, beautiful; everything that the accepted mother, her own characterization of motherhood in the much-bruited "Old Nest" is not. There is something electric, intense, an almost hard brilliance about her. She is more the picture of an enchantress than a mother. At the right and left, two character studies from "The Old Nest," and below, another portrayal



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

No More Mothers

By

CLYDE STUART

I HAVE not been able to decide whether the four and a half hours of the interview were the result of capitulation or persistence—whether because of Mary Alden's wish or in spite of it. Certainly there was fascination there, something that with her first words stunned me—"brutalized" was the word I used later in a moment of mutual analysis—into a state of receptive immobility; determined immobility perhaps it seemed to her. At least I clung there to my chair, from three until half-past seven, absorbing and absorbed, while the grey expanse of Los Angeles roofs, visible from her apartment windows, melted slowly beneath the hot glare of the afternoon sun into the indefinite shroud of evening.

Mary Alden is dominant, compelling, beautiful; everything that the accepted mother, her own characterization of motherhood in the much-bruited "Old Nest," is not. There is something electric, intense, an almost hard brilliance

about her. It is in her hair of jappanned jet, her grey-green eyes, her scarlet mouth; is finally confirmed by the milk whiteness of her throat, the deep, surprising resonance of her voice. It is the picture of an enchantress, not a mother.

It was interesting to watch her mood soften as the interview progressed and the hours passed. After sending me on into the sitting-room, while she removed her hat—she had come in immediately prior to my arrival—she followed brusquely, found a chair, and leaning back so that she regarded me thru half-closed lids, remarked challengingly:

"I shall never play an old lady again."

I watched her for a moment, the whiteness of her throat, the almost arrogant curve of her mouth. Then I said, placidly enough:

"Why not?"

She stirred impatiently, swept back a vagrant lock of jet hair from her smooth forehead.

"No, not again. Not until



the wrinkles come of themselves, until I have no longer to pencil them in."

She was quite motionless in her chair, and yet the impression she gave was one of movement, tremendous energy.

"That woman, Mrs. Anthon, the mother in 'The Old Nest,' seems to have become a part of me. Thirteen weeks of her have made me feel ten years older! Before, I would have been pacing the floor instead of sitting here.

"Now I wait when I want something done until I hear the maid stirring; then I call her. Always I have done things myself, without thought of exacting service from someone else. But I am trying to get back my vitality. This afternoon, before you came, I had been at a gymnasium, exercising, swimming in the pool, finishing with a steam bath. All that is why I shan't play an old lady again; until I am an old lady."

"But," I suggested, "surely there is satisfaction in the mere ability to play such rôles."

"I never undertake a thing that doesn't bring me satisfaction," she said briefly. "I have come to that point where, tho not overloaded with money, I am independent of it—materially at least, and in so far as it applies to my work."

The thought seemed to brighten her. She relaxed her position enough to sit upon one foot.

"To have achieved that is, to me, to have achieved something ultimate. I am content with that. I have no desire to go on piling up riches. Now I do not need to violate any of my cherished concepts, to undertake rôles which I do not wish to undertake. I can be an artist." She smiled at me faintly thru the blue haze, her eyes widening for the moment to reveal their full intensity of flecked green. "I have dragged myself thru the mud to uphold an ideal," she said quietly.

She gave an interesting analysis of "The Old Nest."

"I have no idea whether it coincides with the Hughes point of view," she said, "but to me the Anthon children represent the repression of the Doctor and Mrs. Anthon. In Jim, the black sheep, we have what are probably Dr. Anthon's long suppressed desires at last breaking out. For we only know that the Doctor is the last of a long



Photograph by Steckel, L. A.

line of Dr. Anthon's. We have no idea whether he really wanted to be a doctor or whether it was the weight of tradition that forced him into the old rut. And the other children, they are all like the mother, all individualists, each with his own fixed ambition, his one interest—as Mrs. Anthon's one interest was her children. I was not entirely in sympathy with Mrs. Anthon. Her love for her children seemed somehow not quite true, not quite unselfish. Her only grief was that she could not have them with her. They were all successful, yet she could not rejoice in their success. She did not need them. Materially, she was provided for. She was not alone. There was the doctor. And yet she was miserable. She really found greatest happiness in Jim because he was the one who failed and was forced back to her for succor.

"Why did I attempt old ladies in the first place?"

(Continued on page 90)

"I will play no more mothers," declared Mary Alden. "I have played on the average of one old lady a year. But I feel now that I have done enough. The strain is tremendous. I feel that I am hastening my own age"

Saturday Night

As Portrayed
By
CECIL B. De MILLE



"To everyone beneath the sun," says Cecil B. de Mille, "Saturday night means something." To one, it may mean the movies or an evening in the village with a strawberry soda at the corner drug store; to another, it may mean a dinner-dance or a week-end at some charming country house. Therefore, his next production, "Saturday Night"



The silken and de luxe dramas of Cecil B. de Mille are always awaited with keen interest. There is always the anticipation of a brilliant cast, gorgeous gowns, priceless furs and priceless jewels. "Saturday Night" is no exception to the rule, with its cast including Leatrice Joy, Edith Roberts, Conrad Nagel, Julia Faye, and Jack Mower

The New Course In Interior Decorating

By

LAURA KENT MASON

Illustrated by Olive Butler

"I'M going to make a lamp for the living-room with a silk shade just the shape Lord Hartley had in his rooms," said the girl with the rose-colored blouse.

"Yes, wasn't it a dear? And if I can afford it, I'm going to make some of those oblong pillows, like Margaret Sherman-Gilder had in her boudoir. I think they are awfully smart," answered the girl with the blue wrap.

No, they were not coming from a reception at Lord Hartley's nor a dinner at the Sherman-Gilders. Rose Blouse and Blue Wrap had been to that great educator of the supposedly middle-classes, the movies. For the movies have added one more branch to their long line of activities. They have become a complete guide to decorating the average home. Going to the movies, these days, is quite like taking a course in Interior Decorating. And, what's more, the average home is benefitting from the new ideas in decoration.

Years ago, when the movie plot consisted of a big-eyed Heroine, a noble Hero and a Villain in constant pursuit, the interiors shown on the screen were as simple as the scenarios. The exteriors were lovely, of course. But then, who can use, for home use, the fact that a group of trees forms an excellent background for a love scene or that distant mountains aren't half bad to look upon? Quite all right, of course, but no help at all to little Mrs. Just-married who, with Bill Just-married, is trying to furnish a four-room apartment or bungalow on practically nothing at all.

In the Bad Old Days of the movies, the interiors consisted, usually, of some poor back-drops which usually swayed in the wind and were painted to resemble, quite faintly, paneled walls or wall paper. When there was an opening to indicate a door, a huge pair of velour portieres were hung in the imitation door-way. For single door-ways, there were property doors which some

optimistic property man may have thought resembled wood. The furniture consisted of anything that happened to be around the studio or that could be hired from the nearest furniture store for a small sum. If it were a living-room scene, a "parlor set," in all the glory of its plush and shining wood, was used. A bedroom set had, very properly—or improperly, as the case happened to be, a bed in it, and perhaps a dresser and a couple of chairs, as well. A dining-room had a dining-room set. Why not? It was a dining-room, wasn't it? Yes, the furniture in the movie of, say, even ten years ago was just furniture. It may not have detracted from the plot, tho it did actually detract, in some instances, but it did not add to the beauty of the home. Things are different, today.

Some of the loveliest of the interiors are those done by men like Joseph Urban, who have made unqualified successes as disciples

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of the newer stage art, before they entered the movies. Others, who are helping the movies, are famous interior decorators, who are more accustomed to "doing" famous country homes for millionaires than arranging just artificial settings for a mere photoplay. But they are adding their skill in making the movie a thing of beauty as well as a guide to what to have in the home.

Today, if a motion picture story is supposed to have taken place in the time of Queen Elizabeth, every detail of the period is correct. The walls are correctly paneled in Elizabethan oak. The refectory table is a copy of a table used in Elizabeth's time. The chairs are sturdy replicas of those of the Elizabethan period. If the scene of a movie is supposed to be in the Italian Renaissance, you may be quite sure that the scenes are reproduced with a fidelity that is remarkable. The Renaissance hangings, the carvings, are really the sort that were used in Italy's Renaissance period. Queen Anne or one of the Georgian decorators—the effect, for the movies, is carried out carefully in any case. Watch the settings, as well as the actors, when you go to the movies. You will receive, in painless, tabloid form, a course of decoration that will be invaluable if you have—or may have, some day, a home to furnish.

In modern scenery, the movies have much to offer. Watch your actors, first. If they represent culture, you may be quite sure that their background reflects this same strata of life. But don't be fooled by the glitter of a background. If your actors are playing the New-rich or the Too-vulgar-for-words, their background, no matter how appealing it may appear, is the background you want to avoid in your own home.

In the movies, as in life, the home of good taste is the one quite free from too many ornaments. Only a few years ago, the movie interior, intending to represent the home of a man of wealth, was one cluttered with useless

and hideous vases, with scarfs and hangings and poorly chosen tapestries. The last few years have changed all this. Now, when you see, in one of the newer films, a representation of a young man's living-room, you may be sure that the plain-line furniture, the severe hangings and rugs, the comfortable chairs, the big fire-place, is really the sort that a young man of wealth is likely to have. The bedroom of the flapper is just as truly reproduced, with its dainty enamels, its soft taffeta hangings, its delicate informality.

The keynote of the modern living-room is simplicity, taste and beauty. All of these are echoed in the modern living-room of the films. Be sure that you are copying the right kind of rooms—the rooms inhabited by the people you want to be like—and then go ahead and copy. You won't go wrong if you follow the decorations in the films.

In color, of course, you must use your own judgment, until some genius can really invent a film that will reproduce the real colors of interiors. But, even here, the pictures will help you. You can tell light and shade, of course. You can tell the color of wood-work by the gloss of the wood. Oak, and especially carved oak, is always dull. Mahogany may be highly polished or have a satin finish. Enamel can usually be told in the films. In decorating a home it is well to avoid brilliant colors. Keep to quiet tones, excepting in small touches, an occasionally small enameled table, a brilliant cushion, a daring vase. Your movies, if you watch them close enough, will give you the intensity of tone even in these things. If you develop even a small color sense, so as to learn the simpler matching of colors, you can tell by the movies what effect you want to produce and how to produce it.

The movies are doing one great thing for interiors that no other art could do—they are showing the people the real homes of people of culture and standing. The stage, at its best, could merely reproduce what a good home *should* be. The average play has three acts. In the most modern plays, one or at most two settings are used. So, if you can see only two interiors at each play, it will take you a long time to see enough good interiors to formulate your taste in good interiors. But in each motion picture that is a reflection of home life of people of a cultured class, half a dozen or a dozen interiors are shown. And they are all shown in detail and correctly. More than that, in hundreds of cases, these interiors, here lately, are not reproductions at all. They are the real things.

For years, of course, real exteriors were shown on the screen. You would see the *outside* of Lord Somebody's home. Then, when interiors were shown, they were poor imitations of what

the real home looked like. Sometimes, no attempt was made at
(Con'd on
page 106)

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My Boy

By GLADYS HALL

All photographs

by Shirley & Martin



THE *Calpernia* was due, and Cap'n Bill Herron concluded to go down and see some of his friends in the immigration service. Time was when these same friends had not been in the immigration service. Time was when they had been aboard the old *Lisa Jane*, long since gone to permanent rest on dry dock; the old *Lisa Jane* of which, in the hardihood of his vigorous youth, Cap'n Bill Herron had been skipper.

Cap'n Bill Herron didn't take any offense, tho, that his shipmates of long ago were efficient immigration clerks while he, like the *Lisa Jane*, was permanently in dry dock. He took a sort of personal pride in the statistical facts the immigration officers reeled off to show the extent of their knowledge and their importance.

Cap'n Bill agreed with them that there were "too many kids in Amurrica." And if there were too many kids in Amurrica, by that Cap'n Bill meant Amurrican kids, what on earth was the idea of admitting all the little Orlinskys and Levinskys and Petruskys and Schneiders and Yamblatts in Christendom and heathendom.

It always gave Cap'n Bill quite a thrill when the officials sent some hapless family, some strained looking mother with a swarthy brood, back from whence they had come. Said Cap'n Bill, "Half of these foreigners take liberties with liberty—I know."

Then he saw Jackie.

Now Cap'n Bill had never had a kid of his own. Years and years ago he had been married, and years and years ago his wife had died. There had been one year of dreaming—the only dreaming Cap'n Bill had ever done—in the little old house where, now, the Cap'n had "rooms." Figuring largely in the dreaming was the image of the

small boy they were to have some day when the Cap'n's "ship came in." The "little chap" was to have fair hair and wide brown eyes—like his mother—and when he was little he was to sing in the church choir, and when he grew big he was to follow the sea. The old *Lisa Jane* would be painted afresh when the Little Cap'n took command . . . and so they dreamed on . . . But the Cap'n's dreams never came true . . . and after awhile he sort of forgot to dream. He had the *Lisa Jane* for a great many years and times were strenuous on the sea; and after that he had the rheumatism and it didn't give him much occasion to dream of anything, save his pipe and one or two cronies, and then, as the age rolled around, his younger friends rose with the tide of it, the immigration laws, and suchlike.

Then Jackie . . .

The day the *Calpernia* docked Cap'n Bill was down on the docks early. There was always a lot doin' when a big ship like the *Calpernia* got in. There were celebrated folk aboard, such folk as figured in garish crayon sketches in the Sunday supplements, writers and artists and actor-folk and other "queer dicks."

And then Ellis Island where the flotsam and jetsam of the world was filtered thru the gigantic sieve of official inspection. Among the flotsam and jetsam was Jackie.

The Cap'n noted him first among a brood of young Levinskys. He was notable among that brood, indeed. His small, fair, eager face shone like a star in a dull sky. He wore his cap at a valiant angle. His eyes were twin questions; eager, interested. The Cap'n felt a tug at a particular heart-string long untouched. What was he remembering? Years and years ago . . . the wife . . . the little boy, the "little Cap'n . . . but why

Should he think of those many years ago, today . . . down on Ellis Island, watching with keen old eye while Russia and Italy and Armenia and Poland vomited forth their excrescences. . . . It was the boy . . . the boy among the Levinsky group . . . the boy who shone from among them all, brightly, like a gem . . . Funny . . . Rum thing . . .

One of the Immigration officers was speaking to Cap'n Bill, lost in unwonted musing, "See th' kid with the cap pushed back on his head," he said, "he slipped in with the Levinsky crowd . . . he's got to go back . . . mother died at sea . . . no place for him to go . . . no one to claim him . . ."

That night, he took Jackie home; Jackie tended house, while, from his corner, the old Cap'n chuckled and watched, puffed at his pipe and coughed to clear his throat when the smoke—or was it the smoke—choked him . . .

The Cap'n noted. Generally he gobbled the details and asked for more. In this instance something odd was happening to him. He felt as tho the officer's words were words he had heard before; words that, somehow, had as much to do with him as with the eager-faced youngster staring about him with friendly, curious eyes . . . "Mother died at sea . . . no one to claim him . . ."

Cap'n Bill was getting old . . . "doddering" . . . he muttered it to himself, *of* himself; "doddering . . ." He added, "that's *my* boy" . . . His old brain went on, turning over, spinning a curious texture, flavored with salt and sea, mellowed with age, sweet with remembrance . . . "My boy," he kept repeating; "why, of course . . . mother died at sea . . . well, not precisely, perhaps, Liza didn't . . . but still, so she did in a manner of speaking. *Wanted* to, anyway. 'I wish I could die at sea, Bill,' she would say to me, 'an' you could put

me down in the waves with your own hands. 'Twould be kind o' safe-like . . . an' free . . . ' That's how she'd talk, Liza would . . . And then she died. You might say 'twas at sea. 'No one to claim him' . . . that's right, too, that little kid we used to dream along of didn't have no one to claim him . . . got left, he did . . . poor chappie . . . Now, here he is . . . after all these years . . . come back from the sea . . ."

"Say!" a hand tugged at the old man's oilskin jacket, "say, dont let them take me back, please. I dont want to go back *a'tall*. Say, please . . ."

"Hey! Hey, what?" the Cap'n bent over, bones creaking, the better to inspect the small, upturned face. "what's that," he snapped, "well, where do you want to go? Hey?"

Jackie met the old man's eyes, studied them, studied his whole face, then he said, "With you. I want to go with you."

"Oh, now, bless my soul! Hear, hear, come hearty, mate, what would you do along with me? In one room? No way of taking care of you? Oh, now, oh, hear!"

"Oh," Jackie stood erect, "I can take care of myself. Probably," he gave the



Cap'n another careful survey, taking note, it seemed, of the slight trembling of the veined hands, the creaking of the unmistakably swollen joints, "probably," he said, thoughtfully, "I shall have to take care of you. But that's all right," he finished, pleasantly, "'cause I almost always *do*—have to . . . of oldsters."

Cap'n Bill burst into a loud laugh. The spell of his dreaming was momentarily shattered, and he thought the boy a jolly little chap. After all, he could take him to the room for the night. They wouldn't send him back before the morning anyway. Poor little shaver, with his mother buried at sea (where she wanted to be) it was a pity to send him back with the Levinskys and their kind, herded in, for one night. He could make him happy, he believed. Give him salt pork and good beans and spin him sea tales . . . "You come with me, then," he said, "I'll take you for the night, anyway . . ."

Jackie and the Cap'n made good their getaway. The Cap'n ruminated to himself, holding fast the little hand on the home walk. "I'll bring him back in the morning. They can send him back then. 'Tisn't but right . . . mother dead at sea . . . no one to claim him. A pity! As likely a little chap as'd ever a man a ship . . . Well . . . the ways of the sea were devious ways . . ."

The Cap'n had led a lonely, untended life. Save for that one brief, halcyon year, he had fried his own vittles (and they were *mostly* fried), made up his "bunk"—cleaned out his room and generally tended house.

The night he took Jackie home Jackie tended house, while, from his corner, the old Cap'n chuckled and watched, puffed at his pipe and coughed to clear his throat when the smoke—or *was* it the smoke—choked him . . .

Jackie, fried pork and heated up beans and boiled a pot of coffee. All the while he talked cheerily and with a certain air of reassurance to the Cap'n. "You see," he said, in a lower key than he had been going in,



"you see, Mother was sick for ever and ever so long. We didn't have any money and I had to be her mother and Daddy *and* her little boy. As she grew worse, I grew less and less her little boy and more and more her mother and father and sort of doctor and nurse . . . you see, that's how it is I'm like I am, useful-like." Cap'n Bill growled in his throat, but Jackie liked the growl. He took it for what it was worth. He added, softly, "That's why I d-dont cry much about Mother. I—I know she's happier now than she was. You see, that's how it is . . . about not crying . . . 'tisn't that I dont *care* . . . she was all my friends to me . . ."

And sometimes Jackie was just a little boy, and would tease the old Cap'n—tickle him when he was snoring—or imitate him dancing a sailor's hornpipe, and then the Cap'n would awaken and there would follow a sham storm of abuse, such as deluged Jackie's soul

Only very late that night, after the supper dishes had been cleaned up spic and span, and spicly and spanly put away, did Jackie become a small, dependent boy at the mercy of the officials of Ellis Island, and that was just before he and the Cap'n turned in, when the Cap'n held him on his knee and spun him marvelous tales of the sea as it was in the old days, when there were schooners and traders and magnificent happenings . . . even pirates and things . . . and little Jackie thrilled and oh'd and ah'd and then grew drowsy and fell asleep with his head against old Bill's hairy chest.

For the first time in all

MY BOY

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the First National attraction of the Irving M. Lesser production of the scenario by Lois Zellner, based on the original story by Jack Coogan, Sr., and Victor Heerman. Directed by Victor Heerman and starring Jackie Coogan. The cast:

Jackie . . . Jackie Coogan
Cap'n Bill Herron . . . Claude Gillingwater
Mrs. Donaldson . . . Matilda Brundage



"Until now . . . ?" Jackie was mystified. He looked about for the mysterious little boy, and then the old Cap'n hugged him tight and laughed chokily in his throat and muttered, "You, matey, you—y'know . . ."

his life, that night, Cap'n Bill put a child to bed.

Of course, Jackie never went back to Ellis Island. Of course, Cap'n Bill kept "his boy"—and as the days went by he wondered, if he wondered at all, what in thunderation life could have been

before the boy came along—or if, indeed, it had been life at all. For now the measure of their days ran smoothly, sweetly. In the mornings Jackie straightened up the Cap'n's quarters and in the afternoons he minded Mrs. Carey's baby while she did her marketing or delivered her washing, or amused some of the numerous progeny of their other neighbors. Jackie was good at entertaining. He could sing and dance "as smart as you please" as Mrs. Carey was wont to say, admiringly. "It's as good as a show, 'pon my word of honor . . ." In the evenings the Cap'n would tell Jackie his choice sea yarns, which by now, had to be twice told. And sometimes Jackie told little stories of his mother and how she had been saving to get back to America where she had been born and how she was going to take Jackie to his grandmother's, but had never told Jackie her name, and how he was here now, and that was all . . .

And sometimes Jackie was just a little boy and would tease the old Cap'n—tickle him when he was snoring—or imitate him dancing a sailor's hornpipe and then the Cap'n would awaken and there would follow a sham storm of abuse such as delighted Jackie's soul.

And one night the Cap'n reminisced and told Jackie about Liza Jane, the girl with cheeks "like the pink in sea shells," who, briefly, had been his wife, and about the little boy they had imagined, who had never come, until now . . .

"Until now . . . ?" Jackie was mystified. He looked about for the mysterious little boy, and then the old Cap'n hugged him tight and laughed chokily in his throat and muttered, "You, matey, you—y'know . . ."

It was all quaint and Dickensian and gruffly tender . . .

And then trouble came to the Cap'n's quarters. The Cap'n came down with a cold and the cold developed into bronchitis and he was very bad indeed. A settlement nurse came in and looked grave and asked who was taking charge of him and Jackie said, "I—I am." He added, stoutly, "and I *can*, too . . ." The nurse looked puzzled and shook her head and left prescriptions which, at the end of a week, had consumed almost all the money

there was in the sea chest wherein the Cap'n kept his savings, his earnings and various odds and ends he treasured for reasons peculiar to himself.

There was nothing left for Jackie but to shoulder the financial responsibility of his household, and it was Mrs. Carey who suggested to him that he'd be fine dancin' a bit with the organ-grinder man who came almost daily to grind out his tin-panny tunes down their streets. "He useter have a monkey," she added.

The organ-grinder man was approached and when he had seen Jackie dance and heard Jackie sing, agreed to have the boy go about with him and swell his meager program.

Jackie, as a partner to the organ-grinder, was instantly successful and enormously popular. The streets whereon he danced and sang were generally lined with craning heads from top-story windows down to basements and even the tradespeople threw coins into the organ-grinder's hat.

At first the Cap'n was too ill to realize how smoothly his state of finances seemed to be going; too ill, even, to take notice of Jackie's prolonged absences; then, later, when he grew better and the fever left him, he questioned the boy and Jackie gave him enthusiastic accounts of his days' work. "You see, it's great," he said, enthusiastically . . . The old Cap'n shook his head. "I dont like it,"

he protested, "'Tain't right, someway. You're too young to be top-sailing it about the streets with a wop . . ."

Jackie grinned proudly. "*I'm a'right,*" he said, stoutly, "an' Johnny Finnegan, the policeman on our beat, has been swell to me. The other day the wop tried to get away with my share of the coin as well as his own, Johnny had a run in with him. 'You lay off the kid's share, ginney,' he told him, 'or I'll see that you get a share o' somethin' you're not a'lookin' for.' Oh, everyone's swell to me and you oughter see 'em laugh and clap and all when I dance and sing. I think I'll be a actor when I grow up."

And in between times Jackie kept the Cap'n's quarters reddeed up and the Cap'n fed and supplied with his medicine and even the District Nurse said that if he wasn't the most wonderful boy she had ever seen, it would have been a pity that he wasn't born a girl, to which Jackie whistled scornfully and muttered, "Aw, how'd you mean . . . ?"

The Cap'n was nearly well, sitting up half the day, and telling Jackie the sea stories of an evening, when Jackie was invited to a party given, so he told the Cap'n, by a swell dame named Donaldson. "Mrs. Carey says," he explained, "that the old lady's mugs on charity for kids and every year she collects 'em from the different districts and has 'em up to her house and gives 'em ice cream and cakes with icing and candies and san'wiches . . . It'd be fair sailing," he added, wistfully, quaintly, "to have ice cream and cakes with icing on 'em . . ."

Cap'n Bill looked at him, hunched up on the floor at his feet, his little face ruminative, his eyes dreamy with thoughts of sweets long gone without, and his heart smote him. Jackie was such a little chap, after all, and little chaps do like ice cream and pink cakes and sand-wiches and candies. The Cap'n had a sort of strong hunch that Jackie was born to pink cakes and ice cream, and that, somehow, his tiny craft had run amuck.

"You must go along to the party, my boy," he said, gruffly.

Jackie shook his head. "Cant, Cap'n," he said, "day set's a Saturday and the wop and I clean up on a Saturday. Be-

sides . . ." he considered his bare feet, his ragged trousers, "I dont *look* a party," he finished.

But the Cap'n persisted that Jackie must go; that he'd look a party in anything or nothing; that if he didn't go, the Cap'n would take a bad spell again and that the wop could go to blazes for all of him for that one Saturday afternoon.

Rather loath, Jackie went, with the rest of the kids from the district, to Mrs. Donaldson's party.

Almost at once Jackie liked Mrs. Donaldson and he gave a great sigh of pleasure when he saw her house. It was all like a dream; like some of the dreams he dreamed and didn't tell the Cap'n, for fear it might make him feel bad-like; dreams of things his mother had told him . . . things like that . . .

Mrs. Donaldson was a sweet-faced, rather elderly woman, with young eyes and a sweet-sounding laugh and placid looking grey hair. Jackie thought it would be nice to sit on her lap and lean up against her and tell her the lots of things that he . . . well, that he couldn't very well tell the Cap'n; not that the Cap'n wouldn't understand, for he understood everything, but that would make him feel bad because the little old sea-faring chest in the Cap'n's quarters was so lean . . .

Jackie danced at the party, too, and sang a little song, and when he had done he saw

(Continued on page 91)

Jackie stood quite still, detaining Mrs. Donaldson. "Grandmother," he said, and nodded back to the old man bent over the deal table, "we've been mates . . ." he said. He waited a minute. What if his grandmother failed him now—what if she didn't care . . . ?



The Gentleman From Japan



Photograph by Ichiro E. Hori

One finds in Hayakawa that consistent courtesy, that deference to another's opinions which yet in no way sets his own at a disadvantage, which characterizes the majority of his race. It is impossible to observe whether his manner is concealing boredom or interest. It is always impassive

TO all intents it was an interview. To all effects it was a ballyhoo.

The perfumed censers, purple shadows, solitudes and silences of your true Oriental fable were ostentatious in their absence. Thus I offer you a Nipponese *conte* of which the main ingredients

are, apart from M. Sessue Hayakawa himself, clam broth, chocolate cake, Bessie Love and the supernatural.

It was the lunch hour of the Fillumites at the R-C studio, with the soup chorus in progress.

There were, besides the suave gentleman from Japan and myself, ten others: an Art Director, a Director, an Assistant Director, an Assistant's Assistant, a Leading Lady, a couple of Fillum Cutters, a Manager of Some-

Amidst confabulatory outbursts from The Ten, M. Hayakawa tentatively broached the Theory. (I draw aside the curtain momentarily, so that thee, gentle fan, may catch a literal glimpse of the scene, *à la* Hashimura Togo. M. Hayakawa opens the discussion):

"You think pippul believe mental telepathy nowday?" he offer brothishly, behind napkin.

Bessie Love interprèt to me gratingly. Understanding, I prefer to him vigorously.

"Yes, indeedy!" I ingratiate.

"That is my new picture," he volunteer teethfully. "Pip——"

"An' I alus marvels," drown out Knowing Gentleman impolite, "how all of this here Alexander Du-masses' dreams is come true. The trip to the moon, the sub-m'rines and such. It was faith that did it, like Seshoo here says. Du-masses believed."

"You mean Jules Verne," venture Fillum Cutter sniffishly.

By
LESLIE BRYERS

"I do, at that," gargle Knowing Gentleman.
"Will you pass the butter!" exasperate Hon. Director.

When noise is dead, Japanese Gentleman pick up thread where dropped.

"Pippul in my new picture believe volcano blow up. They want it—blow up. They believe. So! Volcano blow up!" he prestidigitate. "Believe thing and it will happen," he addition to me happily. "Great picture."

All of which goes to show, if anything, that the game of interviewing, played over a lunch course, has its bunkers.

But seriously. I doubt the ability of any interviewer limited to

It is useless to attempt a description of the man. He is so exactly the likeness of his photographs that one need go no further. He is distinctive, in that his appearance is appealing, apparently, as much to Occidentals as Orientals. At the right a camera study and below with his wife Tsuru Aoki



All photographs by Paul Grenbeaux, L. A.



an hour's spasmodic conversation, to penetrate to the most interesting recesses of Hayakawa's mind. In the first place he is intensely methodical in his thought. Having fixed upon an idea, he clings to it, elaborates it, exhausts it; interestingly perhaps, but to the detriment of all other ideas. That noon, as perhaps you have inferred, the idea was mental telepathy, or more broadly — faith. In "The Vermillion Pencil," a Chinese tale, which he is making as his latest starring vehicle for Robertson-Cole, the crux of the story hangs upon the explosion of a volcano, brought about by the concentrated prayers of the populace. It was this that prompted his question, "Do people believe in mental telepathy nowadays?"

Hardily we tossed the question back and forth across the table, mauling it, distending it, pinching it, inflating it, and in the end we had no more than that with which we started.

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In conversation his eyes are
(Continued on page 109)



Letters of a Juvenile Critic

By

DOROTHY WHITEHILL



PUNCH DEAR! I dont blame you at all for having it your favoritest book. It's just too perfectly thrilling for words. "The Three Musketeers" I mean. I saw it to-night at the movies and I cant go to bed until I tell you all about it.

Guess who was D'Artagnan? The very best person in the world—Douglas Fairbanks—and he was so real that I think he always has been D'Artagnan but has only just told people!

I remember every little thing he did, but of course I cant write it all to you, it would take too long. But here are the parts I loved best. First of all he starts out from his house and says good-by to his nice old father who reminds him to be "Loyal to the King; reverent to the Cardinal (a really horrid person), and devoted to the Queen; but above all—*Fight!*" Then he gets on a funny rickety old horse and starts for town (town was Paris, you know), everybody laughs at him and he gets just perfectly furious and wants to fight them all. When he gets to Paris, he kisses his horse good-by and sells him and buys a most dashing hat with a sweepy plume. And then, oh, Punch! Punch dear! he fights with just dozens of soldiers, one right after the other and beats them all, every single one. That's how he meets Athos, Porthos and Aramis. He makes an engagement to have a duel with each one outside the walls of the Carmelite Convent but instead of fighting them he joins them and fights a heavenly duel with the Cardinal's men. After that The Three are just crazy about him and they make a pact of friendship and say, "All for one, one for all!"

Then all sorts of exciting things happen but the most exciting part is where the King tells the Queen that she must wear a diamond clasp that he gave her—and, oh dear, the horrid Cardinal had seen her give it to the Duke of Buckingham—to a ball that is being given at court. Just imagine, Punch, the Duke was way over in England. Of course it was silly of the Queen to give a man a brooch, it would have been much more sensible to have given him cuff-links (I'm going to give Uncle

Roddy cuff-links for his birthday), but then men wore queer clothes in those days. Anyway, she simply had to have that clasp and so she sent off the Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan to get it for her.

They had dreadful adventures on the way but D'Artagnan got there in spite of everything and just when I thought he was going to get the brooch, Buckingham discovered that Milady had stolen it. Oh, Punch, I could have cried, but it didn't matter really because Doug wasn't going to let her get away back to the Cardinal with it. He followed her to the boat and at night he went right into her stateroom and tried to find the brooch but instead of giving it to him nicely Milady was awfully stubborn and oh, Punch, I know it wasn't very gentlemanly but Doug simply *had* to bite her.

My, but it was lucky he did because later when he had got back safely to the Queen, that wicked Milady pretended that she was the Queen and put her hand around the curtain to get the clasp. D'Artagnan almost gave it to her but then he saw the mark of his teeth on her hand *just* in time. I was so terribly afraid that he would think it was his Queen that I said right out, "Dont give it to her," and everybody laughed but Uncle Roddy said that Doug must have heard me because he stopped and gave her the empty box instead.

Oh, Punch you must go and see it, for there's just heaps I haven't told you about it. You'll just adore it. Uncle Roddy did tho, of course he wouldn't say so, but I know because he took me to Mirror's afterwards and bought me three ice cream sodas, one right after the other!

Your very sleepy,

JUDY.

P. S.—Wouldn't you just die of joy if Douglas Fairbanks should make a picture of "Robinhood and his Merry Men"? I would.

DEAR PUNCH: I do think Mr. Meighan must like
(Continued on page 101)



On the left-hand side is Douglas Fairbanks, who was the very best person in the world to play D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers," and at the right is a scene from "A Prince There Was," which has the most wonderful ending



Exercises for the Thin Figure

IN one of my recent talks on beauty I gave some hints for the benefit of underweight persons who are desirous of filling out hollow places and giving a soft curving contour to the face and form. I outlined their diet and other habits, touching upon the beneficial effects of sleep and exercise, just as in a previous article I outlined the diet and habits for people troubled with obesity and eager to lose weight. Also in a recent talk I advised certain exercises which tend to reduce the weight and give grace and proportion to the body. So in this talk I will describe the forms of gymnastics most effective in filling out angles and increasing the weight and beauty of the thin individual, man or woman. The cry for symmetry, proportion, beauty is as insistent from the one extreme as the other.

To recommend walking as a means of gaining flesh after having recommended it as a means of reducing, may savor of the patent medicines advertised to make one thin or fat according to one's desire. But it is none the less true that walking is effective in either case. That is easy to understand when you consider its great value as a health builder. If the walk is taken briskly, the process of breathing increases in rapidity, the lungs are filled with fresh air, and the life-giving, germ-destroying oxygen puts in ten times its usual amount of work in the same length of time. The brisk regular motion of the walk is also very soothing to the nerves and consequently very beneficial to the thin person who is more frequently troubled with nerves than is the stout individual. Anything that benefits the nerves also benefits the general health, and thus tends to get one into a normal condition in which the food may be absorbed and assimilated by the body.

Another important consideration is the increased appetite a walk always gives unless one walks until too fatigued to wish food. This, of course, is an undesirable state of affairs and must be guarded against. Do not walk too briskly or too far the first day. Try a mile the

first day and see what effect it has. If it causes only a little fatigue—a little is natural—then increase the length and the rapidity of the walk daily until you discover just what is best. Nobody can tell you: it is one of those things you will have to learn for yourself. But you, with the interest of health and beauty at heart, can study and form a pretty good estimate of just what is good and what is harmful, and act accordingly.

There are some thin people who have enormous appetites and eat ravenously, yet seem to get thinner each day. Some appear to be almost emaciated. Now anyone with ordinary intelligence knows that this condition is abnormal and can and should be corrected. It is not only a matter of diet and exercise, but the doctor is needed to prescribe special treatment. Many people are not aware of recent remarkable discoveries of medical science concerning terrible conditions existent in the alimentary canal, but all up-to-date doctors are thoroly

(Continued on page 106)



Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

A new portrait of Corliss Palmer, who says: "Anything that benefits the nerves also benefits the general health, and thus tends to get one into a normal condition, in which food may be absorbed and assimilated by the body"

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to the Motion Picture Industry:

Every motion picture player should constantly bear in mind that the reputation of the entire profession is, to a large extent, in his or her keeping. Every time a player makes a misstep, the newspapers flash the news over the world and the whole industry and profession is damaged beyond repair. The recent Los Angeles scandal probably cost the industry many millions of dollars and gave it a black-eye that it will take years to heal. Things like this act as the last straw and thousands of people who were on the fence decide the whole motion picture business is corrupt and they, therefore, forbid members of their family attending the motion picture theaters.

Hence, every player and other employee connected with the industry owes it as a duty to be unusually careful and to avoid even the appearances of evil. You are under suspicion. You are on trial. You must prove yourselves worthy of the homage which has been paid you. Even the little things should be remembered—little things perfectly harmless, and yet, things which if published or thrown on the screen might give the impression of looseness. For example, a player was recently shown in Screen Snapshots at some kind of gathering, and was being photographed when, during the festivities, two or three men, including the director and cameramen, as we remember it, came forward and kissed her. Perfectly harmless and innocent, no doubt, but the impression is given that kissing is promiscuous in the movies and that directors and others are free to

take such liberties, even with the stars who might demand respect if they desired it.

Censorship of the films is one thing and censorship of the morals of the players is another. Both should be unnecessary. Nevertheless, every player should try to do nothing which will convey the impression that there is any more looseness or freedom in the motion picture profession than there is in any other profession or walk of life.

Motion Pictures Sponsor the Classics:

Motion pictures have done many splendid things. They have proved themselves, time and time again, a friend of mankind. They have shown one half of the world how the other half lives—they have brought glimpses of foreign lands to those unable to roam—they have given romance to hungry souls—

And they have done another thing. They have given new life to many of the classics—to many of the splendid pieces of literature which have been forgotten in the wake of the modern fiction. Librarians and bookdealers declare that as soon as one of the old works is filmed there is immediately a demand for that author and that particular work itself.

Since Douglas Fairbanks has brought "The Three Musketeers" to the screen, more people have read Dumas and "The Three Musketeers" than before in years. The same is true of other instances. Of a certainty the motion picture has served many purposes!

At the Douglas Fairbanks Studio—

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

By LESLEY BATES

With dice and domino, the revels rise;
Along the staircase play the musketeers;
Great Porthos' laughter rocks the chandeliers;
Blue rapiers flash, like brave D'Artagnan's eyes.

But now a megaphone makes broken dreams
Of dice and domino, of wine and blade—
The guardsmen go; their skill and laughter fade;
D'Artagnan smokes, his mind on modern themes.

It is no more. The olden days are done.
We stand like painted toys with bloodless lips—
No longer "one for all and all for one!"
The glory of high manhood from us slips.

God make us bold again to follow after
Stout hearts, strong limbs, the joy of ringing laughter!

Brunton Studio—

(Where Mary Pickford filmed "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Douglas Fairbanks filmed part of "The Three Musketeers.")

By LESLEY BATES

Here is a wondrous, magic place,
Where fancy runs at her sweet will.
D'Artagnan, tigerlike in grace,
Foil's Rochefort from a window-sill.

Lord Fauntleroy, in Pickford curls,
Bewitches, with immortal smiles,
Fond idol of a million girls,
From Norway to the South Sea Isles.

A dainty Lord, in splendid hat,
She rules the lot with gentle eyes.
D'Artagnan swaggers in to chat—
He likes to be in Paradise.

About noon-time, they wander out
Thru English lanes or French staircases,
All wonderful to see, no doubt—
But they prefer each other's faces!



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Winter Blossom

Winter Blossom will again bring the poetry of the distant East to the shadows in the new Goldwyn production of the Gouverneur Morris story, "What, Ho! the Cook"



OPEN LETTER TO DOUGLAS

DEAR DOUG: You are our favorite actor. And your films are our favorite productions. We liked "The Three Musketeers." It's a great picture. And no matter what anybody else says, we know you're not only a good athlete, but a good actor. But please, Doug, don't move so quickly in your pictures. We all want to get a square look at you. But lately all we're seeing is just blur-r.

In "Peter Ibbetson" Wally Reid once again proved that he can act. And in the "Affairs of Anatol" he played thru the whole piece only putting his hands in his pockets twice. That's a test for any screen hero.

Carl Laemmle, head of Universal, has the temerity to suggest that in future productions be given to the public without the preamble "Mr. Whooziz Presents."

We wish to protest. This is grossly unfair to the public, which has a keen interest in all such things and an inalienable right to know whether it is Sam Silverman or Ivan Abramovitch who is presenting "Are Women Creatures?"

Some men go into the film business with the idea of leaving their footprints in the sands of time; and before they get out many of them are lucky if they don't have their finger-prints taken.

Roy Moulton has invented a new glycerine tear for movie heroines, which he claims will not only roll down the nose and hang on the end for a moment, but it will float in the air afterward. An actress should be able to emit any number of these tears and have them infect the atmosphere for 1,000 feet of film like toy balloons.

WHY IS A PROLOG

We fear we are awfully low-brow but the prologs which some of the theaters are presenting with film productions not only bore us but appear to be pure hokum to get over a weak production or give excuse for higher admissions.

Prologs may be all right for the tired business man. They give him a splendid opportunity for a nap.

THOSE ELECTRIC SIGNS

Today "The Perfect Lover." Next week "The Poor Simp."

IT CANT BE DONE

The greatest ambition of most producers is to make a picture without a subtitle. That's possible. But just try and make one without a kiss.

Geraldine Farrar says that she'll fight her divorce case to a finish. Lou-Tellegen says that he will fight to a finish. This has all the makings of a good special production. What am I bid for the motion picture rights?

"Passion" and "Deception" having started the fad for historical subjects with one-word titles, some one now makes the suggestion that we may expect to find on the screen:

Nero playing a fiddle solo during the burning of Rome, filmed under the title, "Syncopation."

The Pilgrim Fathers landing at Plymouth Rock, filmed as "Transportation."

The Song of Life

By NORMAN BRUCE

LIFE means a different thing to different men. Some men, for instance, want a seat in Congress, and others want a seat in the orchestra row of the newest, least clothed musical comedy, while there are still others who are looking forward to a chance to play a golden harp in Heaven.

But Life means the same thing to all women, even if there are some who wont admit it. And that thing is Romance. From the first time they look in the glass, they are expecting it, hoping for it, striving for it, fitting the glamorous armor of the knight errant of their dreams upon the first male being who comes their way, whether he would naturally wear a size thirty-four breastplate or a size forty-four. Which is to explain why Aline Tilden, just twenty and—so her mirror told her, beautiful, was sitting on the fire-escape at eleven o'clock in the morning instead of washing the breakfast dishes.

The verdict of Aline's mirror was backed up by the glances of nearly all the men she met, except those with their wives, and the blind beggars on the street corners. And yet the one man who was privileged to gaze as much as he desired on her thick brown hair, and round warm cheeks and eyes that had flames in them, preferred sitting before a table scribbling endless words on bits of paper, and—crowning indignity!—he had made the heroine of his story a Titian blonde!

In the East Side street below, the push-cart men were doing a thriving business, selling pork chops, pickled watermelon, feather dusters, nursing bottles, silk petticoats and other necessities of life to clamoring crowds of women who, not satisfied with talking with all the power of their lungs, eked out the limitations of nature by conversing with elbows, hands, shoulders, eyebrows as well. Aline watched them with a contemptuous knitting of her shapely brows; wops and ginnies and kikes, that's what they were! And she had to live down here among them

and cook beef-stew and wash dishes—the latter item brought a curl to lips, charming, if a trifle too red and full. She had had such pretty hands, a girl had to, clerk-ing, wrapping up bundles, handing things over the counter, especially in a store where most of the customers were men, like the Jazz Music Emporium.

"Manicure twice a week and cold cream every night!" Aline said resentfully aloud, "not to send myself any bouquets, there wasn't a prettier pair of hands on Broadway, even in the Profession!"

There was no need to state what profession,—there is only one that counts on Flash Alley. Girl clerks and waitresses who work on that street of mazda magnificence know every musical comedy favorite, every varnished-haired leading man, every vaudeville star by sight, pattern their hair and dress after the glittering ladies of the stage and dream every night that they too are a part of the Profession. Aline remembered, with an angry laugh, that she had thought that David was a dancer when he first came into the shop to buy a copy of "The Roll Your Own Blues."

It wasn't till after their acquaintance had progressed to the confidential stage that she discovered he had wanted the song to quote in a short story he was writing. He wasn't on the stage at all. He didn't even carry a spear in the chorus—he was only a *writer*. "I'd ought to

have looked around then and found the nearest exit!" Aline thought drearily,

"now look at me! What fun do I get, slaving my life away in a dark, three-room flat on Mulberry Bend—

Greenbaum would give me my job back if Dave'd let me take it, but no! He doesn't want his wife working! That's a hot one! I suppose he thinks that sweeping and cooking



Life means the same thing to all women, even if there are some who wont admit it. And that thing is Romance. Which explains why Aline Tilden, just twenty, and, so her mirror told her, beautiful, was sitting on the fire-escape at eleven o'clock in the morning, instead of washing the breakfast dishes



encased in soiled grey kid pumps run over at the heel, across the sill and followed them into the sitting-room where David stood glaring down at a dark spot on the sheet of paper on which he had been writing. Aline was about to say defiantly that if he didn't like gravy on the tablecloth he could hire a housekeeper when she saw that his irritation was directed at some spot over his head. Something was leaking thru the ceiling. There came another drop now—

"I've had about enough of this!" the author exclaimed in a terrible tone, "how anybody is going to produce literature while the home brew of the tenant upstairs patters gently down on his head, I don't know! I'm

"I don't blame you for hating her, lad," said Mary; "but be sure she was punished for her wickedness! You can't run away from life. That—that woman in your story, now, that hated housework and drudgery so: who knows but 'twas her lot to drudge a thousand-fold worse all her days than she would ever have done if she had stayed at home!"

and massaging greasy frying pans is a real vacation!"

In the room behind her she heard David's chair scrape back violently, then an exclamation. "—of all the damn things!"

Probably, thought Aline scornfully, a cockroach. David was always saying she ought to do something about them, but what was the use? They were grease and dust and ugliness.

going up there and read the riot act to them!"

"Well, unless you can read it in Yiddish or Spaghetti I don't see what use it will be," Aline sniffed, but David was gone, taking the stairs two at a time. For an abused wife, the young Mrs. Tilden did a strange thing now. Looking about to make sure that no one observed her, she took the fountain pen still warm from the tight-clutched fingers and rubbed her cheek against it tenderly.

It was some time before David returned. Aline made a few feeble pretences at housekeeping, let the dish cloth trail back into the sink and resumed her favorite occupation of being sorry for herself. It wasn't as tho she couldn't have done better, tho the conversation of her

customers had run to jazz rather than Mendelssohn. If she had been That Kind, she could have had her flat on Riverside and her own maid long ago, but David had had a way with him, and so here she was, thrown away on a man that preferred to look at a sheet of paper to looking at her, absolutely wasted!

Now David was returning, but what were those shuffling steps with

a part of all the rest, the And somewhere there were women who could eat their breakfasts in bed in pink silk negligees, and keep their hands white and smooth and pretty. Somewhere there were restaurants with music and gilt chairs and things served in silver covered dishes, somewhere—

"Aline!"

With the martyred air which was becoming a habit, Aline slid her feet,

THE SONG OF LIFE

Novelized, by permission, from the First National attraction of the John M. Stahl production, based on the scenario by Bess Meredith, adapted from the story by John Stahl. Directed by John Stahl. The cast:

David Tilden.....	Gaston Glass
Aline Tilden.....	Grace Darmond
Mary Tilden.....	Georgia Woodthorpe
Neighbor's Boy.....	Richard Headrick
District Attorney.....	Arthur Stuart Hull
Richard Henderson.....	Wedgewood Nowell
Police Inspector.....	Frank Kelsey
Central Office Man.....	Claude Payton
Amos Tilden.....	Edward Peel

him? The little grey-haired old woman on his arm had quite obviously been weeping, the unlovely tears of hopeless age that leave the eyes bloodshot and dim. "Aline," said David gently, "this is Mary. I don't believe you told me your last name?" he was as deferential with this shabby, dreary old creature as tho she were a queen. That was the David of him.

"Just Mary," the old woman said timidly, "I lost the other name a long ways back." She was looking up into David's face with a kind of puzzled intentness as tho trying to remember something.

David proffered the broken-backed Morris chair with a flourish, and leaving the old stranger seated in it, looking about the room, he drew Aline into the kitchen. "Do you know what it was that fell on my head?" he was profoundly moved. "It was poison! She told me the whole story—she's been a dishwasher in some Sixth Avenue lunchroom, and this morning the manager told her that she was too slow, and he'd gotten a younger woman. There was just enough money for a bottle of carbolic acid, but when she came to lift the glass she'd poured it into, it slipped out of her hand!"

"What do you know about that!" Aline exclaimed. She was not gifted with words, and joyfully adopted ready-made phrases, but her sympathy was none the less sincere, "that was hard luck, I'll tell the world! But even if she hasn't got any money, she can always afford to fall off the elevated or jump into the river or something cheap."

It appeared that that was not quite what David had had in mind. Couldn't they ask the poor old lady to dinner and cheer her up? Besides — David's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm—she could probably tell a whacking good story if she would! "Just Mary,"—by Jove, that was corking! Aline shook her head helplessly. Who on earth would want to read about a homely old thing like that? The stories that were printed in magazines with bathing girls on the covers always were about golden-haired heiresses that wore diamond necklaces and rode in limousines. David did have the craziest ideas!

Mary offered to help get the dinner. "I used to be a good cook once," she hesitated, "I could make some biscuits if you like, and a pie——" encased in one of Aline's aprons she became another woman, bustling about the tiny kitchen, peeling potatoes, measuring out coffee, looking expertly into the oven. She insisted that Aline go into the other room, and leave the dishes. "If there's any one thing I'd ought to know how to do," she said with a sorry smile, "It's wash dishes. I been doing it for twenty seven years!"

But that was all that she would say of herself, even after Aline

had suggested that she should stay with them and do the housework in exchange for her board, and David, smacking his lips over the toothsome memory of the apple pie had willingly agreed. In the days that followed, the bent little figure moved happily about the tiny flat, scouring the floors blissfully, polishing the window panes until the sun actually looked into the sitting-room and discovered no speck of dust, no hint of disorder in the place. But she still remained a mystery in blueingham.

"She acts," Aline told her husband wonderingly, "as tho she *liked* to do housework. All I hope is she don't get violent! People as crazy as that aren't usually allowed around loose!"

Aline was all rustles and flutters and Eau D'Amour perfume these days, for David

Mary's voice was like the cry of a hurt animal. "If I'd have stayed, I'd have kept my son! And now he hates me, and there's nothing ahead. I spoiled my life, but I won't let you spoil yours"





David's novel was getting along more swiftly nowadays. He had not been distracted by a cockroach since Mary had taken charge, his shirts were always mended, his socks darned, his meals hot. Pegasus may fly high but he appreciates a comfortable stall and a good meal as well as any truck horse. "You ought to have been somebody's mother!" he told her one day, when she silently set a cup of hot tea beside his papers, "some women have a talent for mothering! It's a pity it isn't oftener the ones that have the children." His tone was bitter, and his eyes, gazing away, seemed to see something ugly, so that he did not notice the sudden cowed, stricken look of her, the trembling of the worn hands. "Take the mother I'm writing about in my story for instance——"

Still staring, frowning, at the ugly thing his mind saw, David poured out the plot of his novel—the Woman Who Ran Away. In words that painted pictures, he described the little cottage of a railroad track foreman, and the young wife who left her work often to stand in the

Under an intense white glare of light that seemed to cut her off from the rest of the world, Mary answered the questions that were hurled at her from the darkness on every side. Her eyes were red and heavy with sleep, her head dropped, but her voice was steady and clear. "I shot him. I won't tell you why. I won't tell you where I got the gun. I shot him." Her voice grew thick—began to waver. "I—shot—him——"

"Where is Aline?" David hurled the question at Mary furiously, and then, when she did not answer, he snatched the box from her hands. "I don't suppose any man is sending you flowers?"

had reluctantly allowed her to go back to the music counter on Flash Alley, and all day she stood looking out between sonatas and jazz songs and postal cards of ladies getting into bath tubs

on the color and gaiety and movement without, or leaned gracefully on the counter, polishing her nails and exchanging banter with the customers.

"Not that I'd let any of them get fresh!" she assured David, "when any of them try that line I'm stone deaf!" But she did not tell David that she slipped the wedding ring, with its message of "Hands Off!" into her bag when she arrived at the store. And she did not think to mention the fact that three times running she had gone out to lunch at the Golden Glades with a man who wore a pinch-back suit, a velour hat and a silver flask, curved to fit his hip pocket. She didn't think David would be interested.





doorway and gaze longingly away down the shining rails that led to great cities, with their shops and bright lights and the excitement she longed for. With the art that was one day to make him famous, David seemed to bring his characters into the very room, make them breathe—Amos, the husband, trying pitifully to placate his wife's hunger for life with awkward presents of ribbons and gaudy boxes of candy from the company store, the tiny son whose baby hands were too feeble to hold his mother, the woman who deliberately set herself free from the safe, dear fetters of duty one afternoon took the train that would carry her along the shining rails to the city of her dreams.

"And as she rode," David said somberly, "she did not guess that her train had struck and killed her husband on the trestle and scattered the box of pink and white bonbons he was carrying home to her far and wide."

Now for the first time he became aware that the old woman had sunk down into the Morris chair, and sat staring at him fearfully, pressing her work-worn hands to her heart as tho holding shut a door upon some fearful thing. "How—did you get the idea—for your story, lad?" the words quivered like live things from her lips, live suffering things.

David laughed harshly. "That was easy! You see, I happened to be the baby that was left behind. A three-year old baby is pretty young to learn how to hate, but I learned to hate my mother then, and I've never stopped hating her since. Why, I even changed the name she had given me—Cyril, the foolish, weak, romantic choice of a foolish, weak, romantic woman——"

Mary looked down at her working hands. "I dont blame you for hating her, lad, but be sure she was punished for her wickedness! You cant run away from life. That—that woman in your story now, that hated housework and drudgery so, who knows, but 'twas her lot to drudge a thousandfold worse all her days than she would ever have done if she'd stayed at home. Still, when one's young, it's natural to want a bit of fun—I—I dont suppose you cu'd ever forgive her? No, that

would be asking too much!"

"I may have to forgive her—in the story," said David grimly, "the public wants everything to end sweetly and prettily with frosting an inch thick! But I wont if I can help it even there."

Within a few days the story was finished and sent to Richard Henderson, the publisher, and David tramped the streets in a frenzy of nervous impatience, hardly remembering to eat and sleep, as haggard and white faced as a man waiting outside an operating door to learn the fate of his dearest on earth. In vain Aline tried to coax him to take her to the theater or the movies. "You dont understand!" David told her passionately, "how can I do anything till I *know*—how can I *live* till I know?"

"You care more about your old story than you do about me!" Aline accused him. The flames in her eyes flared danger-high, "you'd better look out, or maybe you'll find that I can care more about some—something than I do about you! I'm getting sick of never going anywhere or seeing anything! A girl that can wear a low neck as well as I."

Two days later she returned from the store earlier than usual. There was something furtive, oddly em-

(Continued on page 110)

"For the love of Pete! have they begun all that over again?" muttered the District Attorney, but his eyes were suspiciously moist, as he led his cohorts away, leaving Mary in the haven she had traveled such a weary way to reach—her son's arms

Young Ideas



Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

Altho 1921 will pass into motion picture history as a lean year, to Doris May it will always be a big year—first, because it marked her wedding day, on May fifth, to Wallace MacDonald, and because in July she made her début among the cinema stars

for the afternoon's work before the camera. However, no time was lost in transit, for we chatted briskly every minute—there was so much to say.

Now, it is possible that 1921 will pass into motion picture history as a lean year, wherein few joys were registered by the industry, but to Doris it will always be *her big year*. First, because it marked her wedding day, for on May fifth she became the bride of Wallace MacDonald, the popular film actor; then, in July, she made her début among the cinema stars.

No wonder she is radiant and happy, and in quite the

MY interview with Doris May proved to be something of an itinerant affair.

Beginning in her lovely blue-and-grey dressing-rooms at the spacious Robertson-Cole studios in Hollywood, it progressed to the studio dining-room, then back to the stage

the star doesn't mean that I am the whole show; far from it. I want the story so absorbing, the cast and acting so consistent, the general appeal so wholesome, that my name will become associated with *good* productions."

Tho she is an expert athlete, there is nothing of the tomboy about Miss May, nor is she ever boisterous. She is very pretty, very sweet and daintily feminine. Even her enthusiasms are expressed in a low, well-modulated voice, but one feels that beneath this surface of delicate humor there is a well-grounded determination that will carry her to success.

She was wearing a gymnastic suit and the black bloomers, white middy and heel-less shoes made her appear even more diminutive than her five feet two inches would suggest, and she seemed like a little girl rather than a bride and a star.

"Clothes affect my feelings," began Doris, as she cuddled her frisky bull-terrier puppy in her arms. "In these, I feel mischievous," and she gaily kicked her small feet into the air; "but let me put on a slithery evening frock with a train, and my, I'm too dignified for words.

merry mood to play the comedy rôles which seem destined to carry her to a high place in Hunt Stromberg's super-special productions.

The story of her first picture, "Young Ideas," was written by Mr. Stromberg himself, and was created especially for Doris May's gentle humor and rare comedy spirit. To Doris, not only is the story "too wonderful for words, with a lot of really new twists," but the entire organization and cast are "simply perfect, so enthusiastic, so helpful, so harmonious"—her praise ceased only for lack of breath.

The title, "Young Ideas," typifies the endeavor, for Doris is but eighteen; Mr. Stromberg and Director William Seiter, twenty-seven, while assistants and cast, headed by Hal Cooley, are all very young. "So," Doris gleefully remarked, "we are *rarin'* to go, and nothing can stop us."

Doris has very definite ideas about stars and their relations to pictures, and she insists that everyone in her cast shall be given his full opportunity. She does not believe in sacrificing the story or production in order to give the star a series of close-ups, nor should she be on the screen every minute.

"An audience goes to see a picture for entertainment," she explained, earnestly, "and they soon get tired looking at one face. The fact that I am

"I love pretty clothes — what girl doesn't?" she continued, and, sliding back the doors to her closet, she revealed a dozen lovely frocks she will wear in "Young Ideas." They range from simple school dresses to elaborate evening gowns — all of exquisite materials.

"I detest fussy or buncy things," she commented. "See? These are plain, with long, straight lines — maybe not so long" — and she held a soft grey satin dinner gown against her bloomers and pivoted before the long mirror, while we laughed at the picture she made with her cotton stockings and gym shoes showing



Photograph (above and right)
by Spurr, L. A.

alibi, like buying things for my pictures. Then, I feel justified in indulging my whims to any extent.

"I had never been to New York until this spring, when Maurice Tourneur took his company there for twelve days to film scenes in 'Foolish Matrons.' What fun I had roaming about those adorable shops, for I had a beautiful alibi this time. I was getting my trousseau, and old Conscience didn't peep once while I bought loads of pretty things.

"We moved into a dear little bungalow yesterday," announced Doris, carefully
(Continued on page 89)



Doris May has very definite ideas about stars and their relations to pictures. She insists that everyone in her cast shall be given his full opportunity. She does not believe in sacrificing the story or production in order to give the star a series of close-ups, or so that she may be on the screen most of the time. Above and at the right, new camera portraits. At the left, as she appears in "Young Ideas"

below the clinging folds of satin.

"Shopping is my chief delight," Doris continued, "tho my tender conscience objects to spending all my money on clothes, except when I have a good



A Hundred Times a Father

By

MARGARET MACK



Photograph by
Hartsook, L. A.

REALIZING the power of make-up and having seen Ralph Lewis, the well-known character actor, in a wide range of rôles, from fathers to villains, I wasn't at all sure that I would recognize him.

While awaiting his arrival at the Metro studio, in Hollywood, I became absorbed in watching Rex Ingram direct pretty Alice Terry.

The set was a quaint interior of a French village home and Alice was registering great fear as she heard her father's approach on the stairs.

"Ralph Lewis is my father, or rather, step-father, and he is very terrifying," Alice confided, at the end of the scene.

"In the rôle of Père Grandet he exhibits two natures," commented Mr. Ingram, who had joined us. "He is a wealthy old wine-grower and a miser, not the cringing, wringing-the-hands type, but hard and scheming, and he is the menace hovering over the lives of the young lovers, but—love wins. While trying to think of someone for this rôle, I suddenly remembered the marvelous way Ralph Lewis played the malevolent Governor Stoneman in Griffith's 'The Birth of a Nation,' and instantly decided he was the ideal actor for this part."

I remembered him too, who could ever forget Stoneman? I quakingly wondered how I could interview him.

The next moment the door behind us slammed noisily and in came the most cheerful looking man one could imagine.

His eyes were genial and merry, his round face had the smooth, ruddy skin of the schoolboy, while he gaily greeted everyone from the property boy scurrying past, to Miss Terry who smiled at him.

"Behold the *menace!*" and Mr. Ingram grinned, as he introduced us.

Later, when I confessed my qualms to Mr. Lewis and told him that at least I had expected to find him taciturn—stern—and *old*, he threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"That is a compliment to my make-up box and my acting," and he continued to laugh, for the
(Continued on page 113)

Photograph by Rice



A hundred times a father, might describe the stage career of Ralph Lewis, for he has fathered and grandfathered almost every star of brilliance in the cinema world. Above and right, two character studies of Mr. Lewis

On The Thames



When there was an exodus of many of our cinemaites and it was announced that the English studios were their goal, there was curiosity galore regarding the productions. Herewith are three scenes from "Perpetua," in which David Powell and Ann Forrest are featured; Miss Forrest playing the title rôle. Many of the scenes were filmed on the Thames



Down The Ages



Photograph by Puffer

Photograph by Abbé



Photograph by Abbé



Romance comes down thru the ages—always potent of charm, always colorful. It is an inspiration to live. "Smilin Thru" perhaps won its popularity chiefly because it was so finely wrought with the golden thread of romance. And, coming to the shadows, it has found Norma Talmadge with her vivid and dusky beauty for its heroine



All photographs

by Abbé



"Smilin' Thru" tells a tale of days when people living took time to live to the utmost—a tale of basques and crinolines and the scent of lavender . . . It tells, too, a tale of the age in which we live, where moments for romance are hungrily snatched from the rush of the days

The cast which supports Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Thru" is splendid. Wyndham Standing and little Miriam Battista are both entrusted with important rôles, while Miss Talmadge creates the characterization portrayed on the stage by Jane Cowl

Siren Stuff

The apartment was curiously "of the people" for one who, on the screen, is so richly an individualist. Two large leather chairs, the deep rocking variety that father likes, were the dominant features. The rest of the furnishings, done in a respectable, indeterminate brown, seemed even more stilted than was their natural wont in the face of Louise's few concessions to her calling. There was a tiger skin before the fireplace, yawning as tho it were bored stiff; another skin, smoothly tanned, with a large photograph of Louise stamped upon it, her head becappped by another tiger's gaping jaws (or was it the same tiger?) was stretched upon the wall. A tower-

ing, flare-back wicker chair, posed with Nazimovesque insouciance in a corner.

I sank into one of the leather chairs. The shades were down, the room pleasantly dim. Thru the partly opened windows stole a soothing breeze and the sound of a garden sprinkler gushing its

Said Louise Glaum:
"I'm not fond of queer things—exotic things, I mean. There is nothing psychic about me. I don't understand, either, why they go on speaking of me as a 'siren.' My last pictures have all contained the element of redemption. I have always reformed at the last"



Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

IF Ulysses, after he had lashed himself to the mast so that he could give heed to the sirens' song in safety, had been politely informed that they weren't tonsorializing that day, that they had the measles, he probably would have gasped, "You tell 'em, Houdini. I'm breaking out all over!" and collapsed, foaming at the mouth.

And so when they told me over the 'phone that I couldn't see Louise Glaum, luxurious siren of the screen, for weeks, that she was wrestling in a dark room with the childish rash at that very moment, I hung up hastily, feeling as tho someone had offered me absinthe in a silver mug marked *Baby*.

But after the passage of two months or more, a rather charming voice called up and said that I might come over, if I wouldn't stay too long; that all was now well if still a little weak.

She lived somewhere in the vastness of Los Angeles, two transfers and a bummed auto ride from Hollywood, in a district denoted as West Adams, between Fatty Arbuckle's place and the Christian Science Church. On the whole, recalling several of Louise's dramas, "Sex," "Love," "The Leopard Woman," the thing was intriguing.

Louise, of course, wasn't at home. What star ever is? But her mother was (I presume it was her mother; a kindly, dignified appearing woman), and she let me come in, said I might sit down, and assured me that Miss Glaum would be back directly. A doctor or someone, she finished vaguely, was looking at her, down-



Photograph © by Abbe

By
ROBERT DREW

waters over flowers and palm leaves. Out in the kitchen, a part of which I could see thru a vista of doors, I could hear the somnolent rattle of dishes, the siren song of home. It was quite too much for me. I dropped into a state of contented half-sleep.

The mellow chime of a clock brought me back to consciousness and the realization that an hour had passed. Just then I heard a car draw up outside, a murmur of voices as of mistress and chauffeur, the click of an opening door. A small bulldog tore into the room, passed my chair without noticing me, turned around at the far end of the room, spied me, and racing back, hurled himself, silently but with emphasis into my midriff.



Photograph by De Gaston

The picture that Louise Glaum presents to the passer-by, the interviewer, is one of promise, rather than fulfillment. These evident depths, inviting reserves, a pleasant hint of humor. Her poise is based on years of solid success

Then that rather charming voice sounded again. "Is the gentleman here?" The small dog pricked up his ears, leaped down, and disappeared, leaving only his hairs behind him.

She came in finally, in a natty suit of some material or other, heavy stuff, faintly checked, producing a grey-green effect to match her eyes.

Her hat was small, fur trimmed. A toque, I imagine one might call it. It was quite *a la mode* and not at all vampish.

It is not until she begins to speak that you sense the possibilities of seduction. Her voice has a caressing deliberation about it; liquid vowels that are pure *crème de menthe*, carelessly tossed consonants that are unmistakably Haig and Haig.

Surprisingly, she seems younger than on the screen. Perhaps it was that trim hat, concealing the usual unrestrained profusion of her hair. Her mouth is moistly red.

"What must you think of me," she murmured, giving me her hand. "I don't want you to believe that I'm so hard to reach, and all that. But the measles and then moving! . . . We have only just come in from Beverly Hills. I have been so tired and weak. I'm going to have an ice pack after you go. But do sit down. No, over here. Runty!"

She didn't mean me. Runty is the small dog, who had again hurled himself enthusiastically into my belt regions. Her tone was commanding. But Runty is a spoiled child. He wheezed at her and remained—on me. "Does he annoy you?" asked Louise gently. "I don't know what I should ever do without him. He's been with me for seven years now."

Indeed no, I wasn't annoyed! See! I was scratching his back! (*Aside*) Darn him! And my suit just back from the cleaners!

She noticed my eyes upon a large gazing crystal on the mantel-piece.

(Continued on page 96)



Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays in Review



Above, Lois Wilson, in the title role of "Miss Lulu Bett," which will undoubtedly prove as popular on the screen as it did in the world of novels and the stage. At the right, John Barrymore, in "The Lotus Eater," which offers Mr. Barrymore no particular opportunity; and below, Mildred Harris and Conrad Nagel, in the latest Cecil B. de Mille effort, "A Fool's Paradise"



THE last cinema month has proved an eventful one. Several well worth-while productions were released from the studios. As a matter of fact, practically every picture we reviewed during the last month was something of a definite effort.

Perhaps one of the most notable events was the first starring vehicle of Richard Barthelmess. For some-time now, Mr. Barthelmess has endowed the D. W. Griffith offerings with one splendid portrayal or another. It was in "Broken Blossoms" that he gave the screen a characterization of the Yellow Man, colorful and poetic.

"Tolable David," an adaptation of the Joseph Hergesheimer tale of the West Virginia mountains, proves that Dick Barthelmess was quite ready for stardom. It is one of the finest pictures that the screen has shadowed in months.

It is a plain tale, telling of the transition of the youngest son of the Kinemon family from boyhood into manhood. David is but a youth when the story opens—a youth who basks in the reflected glory of his big brother who drives the stage that carries the U. S. Mail, and dreams of the day when the reins will be relinquished to his hands. Tragedy visits the household and plays a large part in David's transition. There is a feudal difficulty between the Kinemon clan and the clan of the Hatburns—and the fact that the Hatburn daughter is a comely maiden with wind-tossed curls who has occupied many of David's day-dreams makes his task even more difficult.

Henry King has directed the story with a fine regard for all those qualities which compositely make for a good production. The suspense is maintained, apparently, without effort, and the conception of the mountaineers is praiseworthy.

In the title rôle of David, Richard Barthelmess has created another portrait which will be remembered with his Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms." We

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

expected fine things of him, and there has been a fulfilment. His David is a valiant dreamer with the spirit to make the dreams come true.

Mr. Barthelmess' cast is one of the important phases of the picture as a whole. Gladys Hulette, who has been absent from the screen lately, plays opposite him with a pleasing and quiet charm.

MISS LULU BETT—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Miss Lulu Bett is one of the most beloved characterizations given to literature in years. She is the brain child of Zona Gale and won great favor between the covers of the novel during the last year. Then she lived on the stage, with the result that Miss Gale was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best play of the season. Lulu loses none of her charm on the screen. In order to adapt the story to the screen, some minor changes were necessary, but they are quite in keeping with the spirit of the story and not to be criticized.

Lulu and her aged mother, Grandma Bett, live with Lulu's married sister, Mrs. Dwight Deacon. There is Mr. Deacon, of course, to a casual glance a well-meaning and commendable person, but really totally lacking in sympathy and understanding. And there are the two younger Deacons; Diana, struggling along thru her romantic and rebellious 'teens and Monona, the most curious of all curious children.

Lulu is, to outward appearances, one of the grey people of the world. For the keep of her mother and herself she does all the work of the Deacon household and furnishes Dwight with an unlimited source of humor. But as a matter of fact, Lulu is the one real person of the family. Hungry for the affection life denies her, she goes thru the days. When romance comes to her, she soon discovers it to be wilted and she returns

(Continued on page 117)



Above, Betty Compson and George Hackathorn, in "The Little Minister," one of the most charming pictures shadowed in months; at the left, Richard Barthelmess, in the title rôle of his first starring venture, "Tol'able David," in which he portrays a valiant dreamer with the spirit to make his dreams come true; and below, a scene from the D. W. Griffith version of "The Two Orphans," which is known as "Orphans of the Storm"



On the Camera Coast



AS the wintry blasts ruffled the orange trees of Hollywood, several studios turned their starlets out upon a chilly world. There's another definite recess from production activities.

Goldwyn barred its gates in December and called it a year. No reopening date was announced.

The Lasky studio discontinued three companies, those headed by George Melford, Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt. Some say that Mr. Melford will return, but inasmuch as his recent productions have been disappointing, it is not likely. Miss Ayres and Mr. Holt were removed from the astral firmament before the public had a chance to turn thumbs down. The report was that they would co-star, but we now find them playing in a William de Mille production which will afford them only the usual cast mention.

Metro has closed for three months. Marcus Loew, the maharajah of the domain, is routing Viola Dana and Bert Lytell over his vaudeville circuit for personal appearances. Alice Lake's contract has expired, and she will now tilt a freelance unless contracted by another company.

Vitagraph valiantly wheezes thru its senility, its gait ever decreasing. The stars are worked by turns. This company holds in leash two of the finest box-office possibilities in the industry, Corinne Griffith and Antonio Moreno. Miss Griffith, who has been called "a young Elsie Ferguson," is subtle, decorative and of potent sex charm. Mr. Moreno needs only such opportunities as those accorded Valentino in order to establish himself in a place unique. He has the romantic Latin color of the more fortunate Valentino, plus a fiery dash and vigor.

Thomas H. Ince and J. Parker Read make a picture or two at a time. Neither employs stars.

Mack Sennett is starring Mabel Normand and Ben Turpin; Miss Normand in specials and M. Turpin in two-reelers.

Universal seems to be staging a comeback in quantity, if not in quality. Reginald Barker, who used to make Goldwyn productions with its name



If you have been told that stars are pampered creatures, gaze at the picture at the top of the page and see the measures Director Sam Wood recently took when Gloria Swanson attempted to consume food needed in a scene. Gaze and be disillusioned. Above, Rupert Hughes helps Colleen Moore entertain Miss Jordon, a friend, who has come to visit the studios, between scenes of "The Wall Flower." At the right, Charles Ray discusses studio management with the director of his studios before he departs on a location trip



By
HERBERT HOWE

capitalized, is Universalizing "The Storm." Other directors of repute have been elected to the "U" faculty. The stars at this moment number Priscilla Dean, Herbert Rawlinson, George Walsh, Marie Prevost, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Frank Mayo, Art Acord, Gladys Walton and Mr. Joseph Martin. Eddie Polo is reported out, but he may be back when this scroll is unfurled.

Anita Stewart has completed her contract with Louis B. Mayer and returned to New York. She plans to make only two or three pictures a year with her own company, probably under the auspices of First National. Europe is tempting her strongly.

BILL GOES BENEDICT

Three little male stars living all alone, one got married and now there are two.

So we might sing of the eligible bachelors of the film colony.

For several years there have been three wealthy stellar gentlemen without a wedding ring or a divorce decree. They are: William S. Hart, Harold Lloyd and Antonio Moreno.

Now William, the oldest and the hardiest of the three, has turned benedict. You know of his marriage, of course, to Winifred Westover, once his leading woman.

The wedding took place at six o'clock of an evening, as the sun was decorating the western sky with lavish color in honor of the occasion. It was celebrated in Bill's home, out beyond Wally Reid's, where he has lived for a long time with his sister, Mary Hart. Rev. Neal Dodd, rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Mary of the Angels, officiated, thus making a truly film event, for Rev. Dodd is a sort of official little father to the colony and his church "the little church around the corner" of Hollywood. The only witnesses of the ceremony were the bride's mother, Mrs. Sophie Westover, and the bridegroom's sister, Miss Mary Hart. No one knew of the momentous event, hence there were no

(Cont'd on page 114)



The photograph at the top of this page speaks for itself. Evidently Mary Miles Minter has a sense of humor as well as a stellar contract. Above, Tom Forman, director, and Thomas Meighan, star, settle a question in the matter of the script, while the camera waits. And at the left, Wally Reid is photographed unawares while he is working on "The Champion"

Greenroom Jottings

The next **Rex Ingram** production will not have the charming **Alice Terry** for its leading lady. The story, "**Black Orchids**," is from Mr. Ingram's pen and is one he produced sometime ago. However, this time it will be a *de luxe* production and **Barbara Le Mar**, who played with **Douglas Fairbanks** in "**The Three Musketeers**," will find her first big opportunity in the leading feminine rôle.

After a short vacation in England, **Elinor Glyn** has returned to the Lasky lot where she is again taking an active interest in the production of her stories. **Rudolph Valentino** and **Gloria Swanson** share honors in the next Elinor Glyn-Lasky production, "**Beyond the Rocks**."

There are all sorts of complications regarding the film version of J. M. Barrie's "**The Little Minister**." Sometime ago the **Vitagraph Company** purchased the screen rights to the story. Then **Famous Players-Lasky** purchased the screen rights to all the Frohman plays and "the Little Minister" was among them. So both companies immediately set forth to film the tale. **Alice Calhoun** plays Lady Babbie while **James Morrison** plays the title rôle in the Vitagraph production. **Betty Compson** plays Lady Babbie and **George Hackathorn** the Little Minister in the Famous Players-Lasky production. As long as two productions had to be filmed of some story, we are glad the producers picked a good one while they were about it. We shudder to think of two productions of some pictures we have seen.

Apparently there is just nothing which is not to be filmed. The **Arrow Film Corporation** announce their latest offering, "**Ten Nights in a Barroom**."

Ernest Lubitsch, the European director who produced "**Passion**," "**One Arabian Night**," and the other popular Continental productions, is now in this country. He is here for the purpose of studying film conditions and will return to Europe upon the completion of his study to begin work upon another spectacular production.

When **Mary Pickford** and **Douglas Fairbanks** returned from Europe in time to dash to California for a

Christmas with a tree, stockings at the fireplace and everything at their Beverly Hills home, they stopped over for a day or two in Boston. There was a good reason for this. **Holbrook Blinn** was playing there in "**The Bad Man**," and Doug hopes earnestly to obtain the screen rights for one of his future productions. And speaking of future productions, Mary is planning to do a revival of "**Tess of the Storm Country**," in which she scored such a success sometime ago.

The north winds may blow but that will not concern **Mae Murray**. Together with her company she recently sailed for Havana where her husband, **Robert Z. Leonard**, is directing the exterior scenes for their next picture, "**Fascination**." Fortunate is the movie star whose picture calls for a tropic clime.

The Metro studios have closed, for the time being at any rate. Of the stars, poor things—some of them are no more, and others are touring Mr. Marcus Loew's theaters and making personal appearances. **Viola Dana** is one of the latter.



Louis Gottschalk worked on the synchronization of the musical score and "**The Three Musketeers**" at the Brunton studios together with **Douglas Fairbanks** and **Mary Pickford Fairbanks**. He also arranged the score of "**Little Lord Fauntleroy**"

"**Lorna Doone**" is the latest novel which has proved interesting thru the test of the years that is coming to the screen. **Maurice Tourneur** is the producer and **Madge Bellamy** has been selected for the title rôle.

Harold Lloyd is an uncle. **Gaylord Lloyd** and **Mrs. Gaylord Lloyd** are responsible, for they recently became the proud parents of a fine boy.

Dorothy Phillips Holubar and **Allen Holubar** took a long vacation after

"**Man, Woman and Marriage**." However, they have started work again and are now busy at the United Studios on "**The Soul Seeker**." Incidentally, the **United Studios** were formerly the **Brunton Studios**, so when you hear them mentioned in the future you will know they are one and the same.

The author of "**Sonny**" refused to permit the story to be filmed, so they say, unless **Richard Barthelmess** played the rôle of Sonny. That suited Dick all right, for he wanted to get the motion picture rights to the story. They have already begun work with **Henry King** directing and **Pauline Carson** the leading lady.



Do not omit the nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

Every normal skin needs two creams

One cream to protect it against wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly

Flaws that need a protective cream without oil

Windburn, roughness. To protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This disappearing oil-less cream acts as an invisible shield, prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores, and guards against windburn and chapping.

Shiny skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream used as a powder base will save you the embarrassment of a shiny nose or forehead. Dry and greaseless, it leaves a soft velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly for an indefinite period.

Tired, lifeless skin. When your skin needs instant freshening smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into it. Notice how the color brightens and the texture of the skin takes on more vigor. This reviving cream is based on an ingredient famous for its soothing qualities.



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Blackheads. Blackheads require a deeper, more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Before retiring, wash your face with warm water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. Do not omit this nightly cleansing if you would have a clear lovely skin.

Wrinkles. At night rub a generous amount of Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. This rich cream acts as a tonic, rousing and stimulating the skin and supplying the oil that is needed to ward off wrinkles. Particular attention should be given to the fine lines about the eyes and mouth and at the base of the nose. Rub with the lines, not across them. Too vigorous rubbing is often harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing is always helpful, no matter how sensitive the skin.

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Both these creams are so delicate in texture that they will not clog the pores. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. Any drug or department store can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Greenroom Jottings

Soon the entire **Reid** family will shine in electric lights. Wally's name has belonged to the lights for sometime. And Mrs. Wally, or Dorothy Davenport, is now playing opposite Lester Cuneo. So is Bill Reid for that matter—and that completes the family.

Anita Stewart's contract with Louis B. Mayer soon expires and those who know say that Miss Stewart will then be seen in productions for her own company. It is to be hoped so!

Monte Blue by this time is in Paris where he is to play in the Pyramid Pictures' film version of "**The Queen of the Moulin Rouge.**" Monte just completed his characterization in "Orphans of the Storm," and just before that opposite Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley." In both of these productions he played with a Parisian background and now he is in gay Paree for fair.

The **D. W. Griffith** version of "**The Two Orphans**" will be known by another name. Griffith has decided to call his production "**Orphans of the Storm,**" because he was unable to copyright the original title and several other companies had prepared other productions which they planned to release at the same time as Griffith's film was released. Such a state of affairs is unfortunate.

Lucille Carlisle is again frolic-ing opposite **Larry Semon** in the Vitagraph comedies. It is not unlikely that this means the romance is on again, too. Miss Carlisle is said to be engaged to marry the comedian, but when she left the comedies and spent several months in New York people began to doubt the rumor. But now——!

Fred Niblo and **Anita Stewart** have finally persuaded **Rudolph Cameron** to get out his make-up box, dust it off and apply the grease-paint once more. Mr. Cameron played opposite Miss Stewart when she was with **Vitagraph**; but since she has been a First National star, he has been the business manager of her company, and the

business details have kept him very busy. However, he so admirably suits the second lead in her forthcoming picture, "**Rose of the Sea,**" that Director Niblo and Anita Stewart Cameron persuaded him to combine acting with business details for the time being.

Lillian Walker has received an offer so flattering that it may cause her to forsake her voluntary retirement and play before the camera again. It is sometime now since the screen has shadowed her famous dimples.

Nazimova has completed her characterization in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and is now at work on "Salome." Upon the completion of this, Madame will go abroad to do **Sudermann's "Regina."**

Mabel Normand has been one of the prominent so-journers at Palm Beach this winter. She contracted a frightful cold while working on her last picture, so decided to take her physician's orders and rest up. She has completely recovered now, however, and is at the Mack Sennett studios again working on "**Suzanne.**"

William S. Hart and **Winifred Hart**—or Wini-fred Westover, as you will—are planning a second honeymoon before they start work before the camera again. They are going to New Orleans to be there during the gay Mardi Gras season. And in the meantime they are spending golden days in the Hart home at Beverly Hills.

Charlie Chaplin refuses to divulge any information regarding the production on which he is now at work. All he

ventures is that he is working hard to beat "The Kid."

June Elvidge, who was in Los Angeles on her vaudeville tour, canceled her bookings and remained to play with Gloria Swanson in "**Beyond the Rocks.**"

Mary Anderson found herself three-quarters of the way across the continent one day not long ago while she was on tour making personal appearances. The temptation

(Continued on page 120)



The happy trio pictured above is, reading from left to right, Doris May, William Seiter and Priscilla Dean. The occasion was the visit of Priscilla Dean to the studio in which Miss May was working

Why Film Stars Have Beautiful Hair

How they make their hair improve their looks

Mae Murray — Darling of the movies. Soon to appear in "Peacock Alley" following her triumph in the "Gilded Lily." Her hair proves her faith in MULSIFIED.



Corinne Griffith — Vitagraph star of wonderful charm and beauty. See her in "Received Payment" soon to appear. MULSIFIED keeps her hair beautiful.



Betty Compson — Rising star in filmdom. Watch for her in her latest releases, "The Ordeal" and "For Those We Love." See how MULSIFIED keeps her hair beautiful.

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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Effect of Proper Shampooing

WHEN your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women everywhere now use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

It is surprising how really beautiful you can make your hair look by the regular use of Mulsified. The method of use is simple.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Anita Stewart — Famous "First National" attraction. Soon to appear in "Her Mad Bargain." Notice her beautiful hair. MULSIFIED keeps it that way

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

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The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic," at top of letter.

Once more this oft-repeated pleasant task. As Ruskin said, "A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes."

HELEN B. H.—Neither of the players you mention have appeared in prominent parts. Address Harry Carey, Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif.

PEP.—I'm full of it, too. So you think our interviewers don't tell enough about the personality of the players. I'll attend to it immediately. Rudolph Valentino is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds. He is married to Jean Acker. Yes, address him care of Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Harrison Ford is not married now. He was once, but he was unmarried later.

HELEN E. G.—Well, now, any one who endeavors to be original will be surprised to discover how many have been stealing from him—years before he was born. I don't mean to discourage you, but to disparage myself. Buck Jones was born about twenty-seven years ago. Francis Bushman is playing in vaudeville with his wife, Beverly Bayne. No, Monte Blue is not married. I give it up—can't find Mary Fuller. Yes, to your last two. Easter Sunday is on April 16th this year. It will be on April 1st next year, and so we'll have a sacred and profane holiday all in one day.

PHYLLIS R.—Better wait a little longer, Phyllis; ten years old is pretty young to go on the stage. Stay in school a little while.

MADCAP.—Yes, thank you, I had a birthday in January, and I am now eighty-one. Getting younger every day. Sure thing, I skate. I wrap my beard around my neck for a muffler and skate to the office every morning—when I am feeling frisky. The police stopped me once. You see, my beard came undone and was wafted to the breezes, and it got in the eyes of so many people that they could not see whither they were going. No, I don't wear a red coat—who do you think I am; Santa Claus? Most of the players you mention are not playing for any one company. They are free-lances. Write me again.

PAULINE FREDERICK FAN.—Madge Evans will soon be starred. Pauline Frederick, in "The Glory of Clementine." Betty Ross Clark played in "Brewster's Millions" and "The Fox."

OLIVE SKIN.—I hope you have seen our new publication, called BEAUTY, which made its appearance on January 6th. It is a beautiful magazine, and you can buy same on any of the newsstands for 25 cents. Well, I have been told that there are no marriages in paradise. Thank Heaven, that's where I'm going! I don't know whether Wallace Reid is very "high tone," but I know he is quite musical and quite high.

M. C. H.—Why, the largest university is Oxford, in England. It consists of twenty-one colleges and five halls. Eugene O'Brien is now playing in "Profits' Paradise."

INQUISITIVE.—Ah, come on, be sociable, like the barber—he is always scraping acquaintances. When Mary and Douglas were in New York, on their way back from Europe, they did us the honor of coming over to Brooklyn and visiting all of our employees. They are both just as wonderful off the screen as they are on the screen. Mary sat and told us of her experiences abroad, while Douglas took the old Answer Man over in a corner and performed a psycho trick on him.

FRENCH FLIVVER.—You want to know what makes the stars. Well, the producer may make a star for one picture, and if the public receives him or her favorably, then the star will continue to be a star; but if not, then the star goes back to the leading man or leading woman firmament. Well, I always believe in "Never spend your money before you have it."

DUCKIE PITTS.—Yes, and too many maidens think of marriage as a journey in a carriage. You can reach Viola Dana at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif. That suicide happened sometime last summer. So you think I am like a tree. But the oldest tree in the world is in Ceylon, and is said to be over twenty-two centuries old. One century will be enough for me.

LUCILLE B., Dallas.—You only sent the stamp. You must paste it on an envelope and then re-address it—time's money around here. Honest, engine! Earle Williams has renewed his contract with Vitagraph and is going to make seven pictures this year, the first was written by his wife. Shirley Mason is playing in "Jackie." Yes, at last, Bill Hart married Winifred Westover on December 7th in California. You know, she played opposite him about two years ago.

PORGUE.—Well, common sense is more or less uncommon. That's one thing I find. There are a great many others. Don't believe all you hear—Bebe Daniels is under twenty. Elaine Hammerstein is pretty. She is playing in "Why Announce Your Marriage," with Niles Welch.

A. M. W., Evansville.—Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. You just bet I drink buttermilk these cold days. It's the only stimulant I can get. 'Course I have icicles on my beard—it's a real one. He is Italian. He is playing in "Moran of the Lady Betty," opposite Dorothy Dalton.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—But a man who begins to reform in his old age—well, it is about as futile as putting a bad egg in cold storage. Lon Chaney played in "The Miracle Man." He is playing in Hope Hampton's picture, "White Faith," now.

MILDRED S.—Bachelors are the free-booters of marriage. Vivian Martin, in "His Official Fiancée." Gloria Swanson has grey eyes. Someone told me the other day that if I desired easy traveling, I should mend my ways. So I'm telling you.

BRIGHT EYES.—You are *jamais en arriere*. Priscilla Dean was and is married to Wheeler Oakman. Don't know of any former marriage. The word educate is from the Latin *educ*, to lead forth. It is often improperly used instead of the words "to instruct." To educate means to "bring out" the latent or innate fac-

Do you know him in his "lather make up"?



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(1)

(2)

or (3)

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My address

ulties of the mind. To instruct means to impart knowledge, to inform the mind, to teach, to direct. Savée?

Co-Mo.—Thanks for the cigars. I'm sporting one now. Pauline Frederick is playing in "The Glory of Clementine." You ask, "Is Leah Baird still lending a glow to the movie world? She was such a handsome woman." Yes, Leah is playing in "Trust Your Wife," for Ince. Your letter is about as clever as I have seen this month. Thanks, write me again.

LEE WING.—Chow-chow! Chili con Carne, and Chop Suey. Wish I could help you, Wing, but there is nothing you can do but fly.

PHYL OF VANCOUVER.—You used that incorrectly. Farther means "more far," as "I cant walk a step farther." Further implies addition, as "It requires further consideration." Ruth Roland, 605 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. You want an interview with Barbara Castleton. Miss Fletcher, take notice! Of course, it's a cave, but the largest cavern in the world is the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

PRINCESS ELYATA.—Your Majesty! You bet, I like nature, but not in this kind of weather. Nowadays, those who love nature are accused of being romantic. Jackie Coogan is playing in "Nobody," and Gloria Hope and Wallace Beery are in the cast.

ROMANTIC CHILD.—Yes, indeed; but a lover is loved most, a wife best, a mother always. Yes, the old hall-room is pretty chilly tonight. Thomas Meighan is playing in "The Proxy Daddy," but that may be the temporary or working title. Rubye de Remer, the beautiful, in "The Unconquered Woman." Yes, I believe Antonio Moreno is coming back in serials.

U. R. WISE.—Not so much as you think. John Bow-ers was the minister in "The Sky Pilot." David Winter was the other chap. Herbert Rawlinson is a star, and he is playing in "Barry Gordon." No, Wallace Reid hasn't freckles, but Wesley Barry has. Always in good humor. Write me some more.

BLONDY, Dallas.—Well, Edith Storey and Grace Cunard have been playing lately, but Ella Hall, Lottie Briscoe, Fay Tincher, Mary Fuller and Guy Combes are not to be seen on the screen. You say the following is your choice of beautiful women: Norma Talmadge, Clara Young, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Ethel Clayton, Gloria Swanson, May McAvoy and Elsie Ferguson. Not to forget Theda Bara, who should be placed at the top of the list.

DODO.—Now, Dodo, be nice. Dont you see my picture up above. Well, I'm as is! I really cant tell you about those records. Why dont you write our advertising department? Never met Wallace Reid personally. January fifth. About five days across continent. It surely is mutual. Wont you tell me more about yourself?

DAISY H.—Well, you know what George Sand said—"A woman cannot guarantee her heart, even tho her husband be the greatest and most perfect of men." Gareth Hughes is playing in "Stay Home," for Metro. Harold Lloyd expects to make five comedies during the coming year, and one will probably be in six reels. Something to look forward to.

BLANCHE ANTOINETTE.—Bessie Barriscale is appearing on the stage in "Skirts"; Theda Bara making personal appearances on the stage, and Blanche McGarity is playing in pictures.

F. K., Geneva.—Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, and Constance was born in Brooklyn. Of course, I go to church. Dorothy Phillips, in "The Soul Seeker." Yes, Vera Steadman recently was the mother of twins, and one has passed away.

HARRIET H.—Be natural always, or you'll B flat. Thomas Meighan has brown eyes, and he is six feet tall. Norma Talmadge's next will be "Love's Redemption." House Peters and Edith Hallor, in "Human Hearts."

KITTY.—Well, you just come right in; I didn't mean to leave you in the cold. Eugene O'Brien stands six feet. You say you wonder how it must feel to have a man love you as he does. Well, I cant answer that. Dont worry about what the neighbors say.

POLLY ANNA.—How glad I am! Earle Williams is in California. See above anent him. Yes, Rudolph Valentino. And you liked "The Charm School." Always glad to hear from you—honest.

C. M. M.—Yes, *péu à péu*. Orville Caldwell was the Prince in "The Eternal Two," with Corliss Palmer. No, I dont wear nightgowns. I'm up to date, and wear pyjamas.

MARY H. S.—Never heard of him. Who is he?

BLANCHE D.—See you later.

HAZEL W.—*Ma chérie*, your letter was not too long. William Farnum, Fox Company, 1401 Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. Monroe Salisbury, in "The Great Alone." Marie Prevost, in "The Dangerous Little Demon."

LENORE.—People should not "fall in love; they should rise to it," as Will Carleton said, but that's *autre chose*. I wish I could help you, but you keep on thinking those beautiful thoughts, and some day they will come true.

GERTRUDE.—*Et cetera* is a neuter plural, and should, consequently, never be applied to persons. It is, however, a common error of newspaper reporters, in closing a list of persons present at a meeting or ceremony, to add the symbol, "etc." You might try Milton Sills on a photograph.

HARRY S.—They are no relation, and Louise Huff is five feet tall and she doesn't tell her age.

HOT DOG.—He married a complexion, and she a fortune, and both were losers. God bless my eyesight! You are all for Hobart Bosworth. He is directing now. Lucy Fox, Monte Blue and Sigrid Holmquist, in "My Old Kentucky Home."

EMILY V. C., Chicago.—Guess I've already given those addresses:

ME.—Oh, I dont mind answering questions. I rather like it now, after ten years. Marjorie Daw is playing in "Penrod."

PATTY.—Mae Murray is playing in "Peacock Alley." Glad you liked Bebe Daniels.

MAMIE.—Thanks for the picture you drew of me. Wish I could use it, but space forbids.

BOOKWORM.—Pretty clever letter. Texas Guinan has started her own company, and her first picture was "The Two-Gun Woman." Marie Prevost, in "Moonlight Follies," for Universal.

SAM.—Well, Sam, I advise you to stay in the country. The cities are too full of people, and they are all in a hurry. You think May McAvoy would make an ideal Peter for "Peter Pan."

TERRY.—Well, I was glad to read what you thought I looked like, but you have me all wrong. I'm much better looking than that. You want to know what has happened to Fay Tincher and Creighton Hale.

MARION B.—Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. Wesley Barry, in "Penrod." Goldwyn is producing "The Wall Flower," by Rupert Hughes. Carmel Myers is with Vitagraph. Harry Carey, in "Man to Man." But I must move on—it's gettin' late.

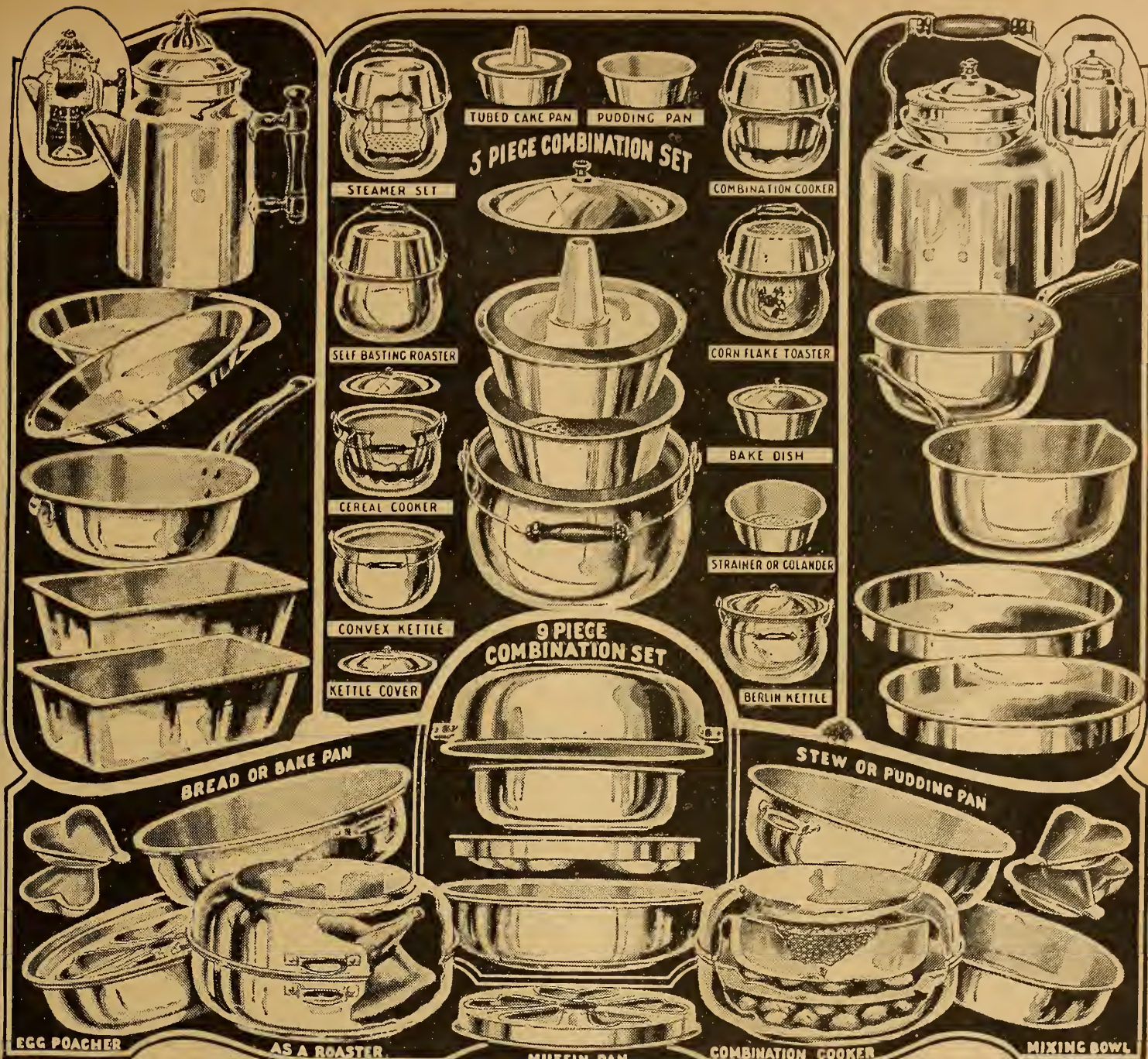
MARY K.—Yes, Charles West was Jeffrey in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

IONA FORD.—At least, you get there. More power to you. Yes, that was Gail Kane. Alice Joyce, with Vitagraph; Bebe Daniels, with Realart, and Ralph Lewis and Kathlyn Adams, in "813." Your letter did not tire me, but it slightly punctured my patience. Time is short, but space is shorter. Your terminal facilities are defective. However, write me soon again.

BOB.—No, sir-ee, Bob! Theodore Roberts was Jeremiah. So you have forty-nine pictures of stars. Why not make it fifty-seven? You seem to have a lot of fun. *Si je puis*. Gladys Walton, in "The Rowdy."

LION TAMER.—No, May McAvoy is not married. Well, it's not what you say to a woman, but the way you say it, that makes her believe you. Helen Holmes is coming back, and is playing opposite J. P. McGowan, her husband. Why, Bert Lytell, in "The Right That Failed."

BETTY LOUISE.—It is difficult to grow old gracefully. So you look like Molly Malone. I can imagine it. Yes,
(Continued on page 108)



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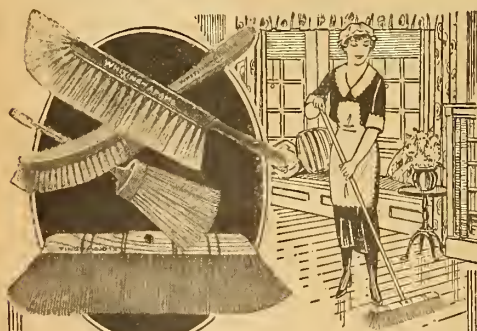


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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Concerning departments in the MAGAZINE, plays and players.

DEAR SIR: Before beginning, I would like to tell you how much I enjoy Herbert Howe's news of the California studios. His department to me is perhaps the most entertaining in your magazine, with the exception of Adele Whitely Fletcher's monthly review of the current photoplay productions. I don't always agree with Miss Fletcher, but I certainly like to read her comments. "That's Out" is another of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE's bright spots. Some of Mr. Lane's remarks leave me about helpless with laughter.

My two supreme favorites, standing in my estimation, above all the others, are Eugene O'Brien and Ethel Clayton. My great temptation is to turn this letter into a eulogy of these artists. I sometimes feel so bored while watching a picture and have a sudden frightful desire (not always conquered!) to laugh at a dramatic moment, but never when Miss Clayton is on the screen. I love and adore her, and always will. I can never forget her "Young Mrs. Winthrop." Old, perhaps, as photoplays go, but ever new in my memory. I remember perfectly, as if I had seen it only last evening, every detail of that wonderfully beautiful, appealing picture. Some day I hope to write her personally and try to tell her something of my great admiration for her.

And Eugene O'Brien! To me, he is the very spirit of Romance. My earnest hope is that he may again be the personality that he was in his plays with Norma Talmadge. But whatever he has lost, and I know he will find himself again—all true artists must—he remains my cinema hero now and forever.

When I want to laugh, I go to see Wallace Reid. That boy is funny, spelled in capital letters. And handsome? Well—. But in a thing like "Peter Ibbetson," not so good. I am afraid. Mr. Reid is not the type. He and Gloria Swanson, whom I like much better since she left the De Mille fold, make an unsurpassed comedy team, as witness "Don't Tell Everything" and certain incidents in "The Affairs of Anatol." "Anatol," by the way, was the worst slaughter perpetrated by De Mille since that outrage, "Male and Female." Egotism run riot.

Richard Barthelmess and Charles Ray are two of the best real actors we have, and I must not forget to mention the great charm of Wanda Hawley and Bebe Daniels. The beautiful Katherine MacDonald and the exquisite Elsie Ferguson, I just fall down and worship. Success to Jack Holt, whom I have long admired. Alice Brady, too. "Little Italy" was splendid. I saw her on the stage, and don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much. That oh, so wicked Rudolph Valentino I am anxiously awaiting in the "Sheik."

At the risk of offending you, I must say in closing: long live the censorship!

Sincerely,

OBSERVER.

About this and that.

DEAR EDITOR: I have always read this department and enjoyed it very much. And, at last, have mustered up enough courage to write!

I read with much interest what E. M.

Johnson said about "warmed-over" entertainments. I saw "Up the Road With Sallie," a year or so ago. I enjoyed it, however! Still, I do dislike seeing some of the real old films. I saw one play—a poor plot—which was, I think, her first "star picture." It is disgusting.

I don't see why people rave so much about Pola Negri. Yes, she is wonderful, but I don't care for these foreign plays!

I, too, am glad that May McAvoy has been starred—at last!

And I don't see anything wonderful about Katherine MacDonald.

Why don't we see more of Margarita Fisher? I always did like her. I wish we would see and hear more about her.

I disagree with Christine Kreher concerning Alla Nazimova. I did not care for the "Red Lantern" at all. Why do they pick on poor Nazimova so?

And Norma Talmadge! I used to be an ardent admirer of hers—but now! They seem to think she is all "Movieland."

Thanking you for reading this letter and wishing your magazine all the success possible, I beg to remain,

Most sincerely,

FRANCES K. BECKWITH.

It is undoubtedly true that the motion picture often creates a false impression. This letter quotes an interesting example.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been conscious for some time of a nasty undercurrent of feeling borne by the public at large toward artists and their studios. Recently I took it upon myself to investigate this attitude, and in the greater number of cases I traced it to the movies. So many scenarios founded on that ephemeral memory of Trilby and "Bohemia," are permitted to reach the very ignorant public that it is now their conviction that the word "artist" means the limit of immorality.

Perhaps the painters who live in the large cities are so plentifully supplied with models that they do not have to worry about the dumb opinion of a much-lit-to public. But it is quite another story for such of us who are attempting to work out our salvation in the provinces, where girls are so afraid of being kidded that they are afraid to be seen coming out of a studio, and figure models are unknown. (I speak now of the girls who work daily at soda fountains, and the like, who have their mornings and afternoons off, alternate weeks.)

To attempt portrait painting, with an encouraging measure of success, after seven years' study; to secure an old barn of fine architecture in a residential street, and attempt to tidy it up to a respectable degree; to work hard and long every day in an honest attempt to deliver full measure to customers; to foster a high ideal of better efforts in future, and then, to find that one is looked on askance and is following anything but a fine profession.

I, for one, am sick of this disgusting propaganda, and I ask you, in the name of the future art of America, to take strong measures to assist in removing the stigma of immorality from an already over-hazardous trade.

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES M. RUTTER.

In strong favor of films with American backgrounds.

DEAR EDITOR: During the past year, many of the supposed, nearly superfined films have been based on European backgrounds. Whether it is the vogue, I do not know, for I have failed to see it so.

Norma Talmadge, who is one of the most brilliant stars in filmdom, played the leading rôle in "The Passion Flower," a picture of the Spanish type. No doubt, it was a fair picture, but it was rather drowsy—the same with Mary Pickford in "The Lovelight."

I have heard of doctors who prescribe "movies" to some of their patients. I cannot say that either of these pictures would have enlightened them, for I know I felt more dead than alive when I left the theater.

A good American picture is far more impressive with its dazzling beauty than a forlorn, foreign film, whose lands are barred by nature.

If there were more pictures being featured, such as "Madame X," "Male and Female," "Hush" and "Why Change Your Wife," there would be fewer cries for "better movies."

Was the unnamed character in "Torchy's Big Lead" a foreigner, just like the other characters? Why, he went into a booth, dropped his nickel before he put the receiver to his ear. He then started talking before giving the telephone operator his number.

It interests me, as well as my friends, to see that Anita Stewart, Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish, Gloria Swanson, Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan and Ralph Graves are having more of their pictures released.

Mary Pickford also deserves a good word, but I would rather see her in a "parlor-like picture," not as a wash-woman.

Where are Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties?

I hope that one of the above mentioned stars will be the first to be starred in a merit picture.

I consider the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE as the "monitor" of all the magazines, and I hope to see it always in the lead.

With best regards to the MOTION PICTURE staff, I am,

Sincerely yours,

HENRIETTE FREDERICK,

50 Wildwood Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

TO EDITH STOREY

(In the hope of inducing her to return to romantic rôles.)

By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

It is not beauty in your face,

But something born of dreams

(That may be true—who knows?)

Dreams of another life in some strange place,

Far from today, as a wind that blows

Across the garden, heavy with scent

Of many a fallen rose?

Did you live once (and love) in Spain,

With languorous fan?

And did you gaze with cold Egyptian eyes

On torture, in Pharaoh's murderous reign?

Oh, reincarnate soul, reborn to-day,

Re-live those shadow memories of your soul

In shadow play.



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Watch the white teeth it brings

Send the coupon for this ten-day test. The results on your teeth will surprise and delight you.

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Dental science has found ways to fight the film on teeth. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

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Only one tube to a family

Into the Purple

(Continued from page 40)

"Every girl in pictures gets a lot of letters like that from men who haven't anything else to do!" she exclaimed. "But I don't think that anybody who is terribly interested in a career wants to consider any such notion."

She is, as I have said, unusually thoughtful. There is just a trace of sadness in her lovely grey eyes—a certain wistfulness which always permeates her smile.

"I never had any idea three years ago that I could ever do anything in pictures," declared she. "I've always loved music, and was studying. I thought that, perhaps, I could some day make my way either in vaudeville or in concert as a pianist."

She has done a little bit of professional piano work at clubs and societies. Ever since she's been on the screen she has continued to study.

"Sometimes, after you've worked innumerable hours during the day under hot lights, you don't feel much like practising. However, I never have cared particularly about going out to places. In the evening, I come home and slip on something easy to wear. Then I practise for a couple of hours, and then I retire."

Her home is exquisitely simple. Just home! The Hammond family is conventional and not at all theatrical. Her father is a Los Angeles business man, and Harriett has always lived with her people.

One thing is very impressive. She does not object to saying exactly what she thinks. She admits that she has never particularly liked comedy.

"It was a means to an end," she explained. "I went into it, not intending to remain, but because I thought it was an opening wedge into something bigger."

"I have only seen one or two of the pictures I've played in. Somehow, after all the rigmarole one goes thru in making a comedy, he finds it difficult to sustain his interest in the finished product."

It is, I admit, quite an interviewial shock to hear an actress declare she's hardly ever seen herself on the screen. In Miss Hammond's case, however, the cause isn't due to either ennui or indisposition.

"I've always been rather afraid I'd disillusion myself if I did go into the projection room."

There were a lot of questions I wanted to ask her—that is, that I determined to ask her—before I'd arrived at her home. What did her people think about her wearing bathing suits for public exhibition? Had she ever gotten her feet wet in her career? These were among the number.

However, when I once arrived at the Hammond home, I could tell that there was a certain amount of objection raised to the bathing-suit idea at first.

"Personally, I didn't like the idea," she said. "Nevertheless, everything at the studio is done so very impersonally that you don't realize you lack clothes. And I have never gotten my feet wet in front of the camera. I can't swim—and the bathing suits would probably rip into shreds if the water was to touch them. At any rate, they're made just for looks."

Since she is an actress, Harriett's ambition naturally is to be the greatest possible success in her line. She wasn't even nervous the first day she walked onto William Christy Cabanne's dramatic "set," which was the time she actually "broke into" drama.

"Comedy teaches a girl to take quick, little, jerky steps when she walks," explained Miss Hammond. "When you get into drama, you have to forego these for

the more lingering walk of the serious character you're playing. You don't work as fast, and you give more thought to your facial expression."

Her career has been somewhat brief. She was born in Santa Monica, Calif., and lived there during her childhood. Finally, her family moved to Dallas, Texas, where she entered a Catholic school, and, after she had got well into her study of music there, the family returned to Santa Monica. Up to the time that she went into the Sennett comedies she had been a non-professional.

"Live and Let Live," was her entrance into drama. In fact, she was loaned to Cabanne, its producer, by Mr. Sennett. When she finished this, she went to Lasky to play opposite Roscoe Arbuckle in "Should a Man Marry?" and finally Marshall Neilan engaged her to play a dramatic rôle in "Bits of Life."

Nor, according to her, is the life of a professional camera beauty one entirely of beer-and-skittles. She arises every morning at six-thirty. It takes her at least two hours to get her make-up on.

"Anyone who is going to be successful on the screen has to forego the late hours and the parties. Even the theater at night is a dissipation for me—and I've gotten so that I don't care at all to leave the house, once I've come home from the studio."

In fact, Miss Hammond represents the very high type of independent young American woman. She is perfectly self-reliant. You might expect to find her either teaching school or managing a business office, were she not in pictures.

She herself—her house—her dressing-room at the studio, have no silly foibles at all. She wears simple, comfortable clothes, doesn't ruin her hair marcelling it, and her face bears no traces of make-up for street wear. Furthermore, she made no attempt to tell me that she is either psychic or scientific, and she left me no impression of having tried either to act or to impress me unduly.

She is simply exquisitely natural, healthy and pretty—the sort of girl any man would be fortunate in marrying. I asked her again if she didn't think that some time she'd change her mind about men.

"Ah," she laughed and wagged her finger, "Don't ever marry!"

A PLEA

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

My grandsire's house was old and mean,
Tall poplars brushed the sagging roof;
His land was poor, his cattle lean;
His richer neighbors looked aloof
Till movie folks came by one day
And turned the thing into a play.

My uncle wore a ragged coat,
My sister's hat was getting old;
My brother sailed no painted boat,
And all my friends were shy of gold,
Till 'long there came a movie man
And made a star of sister Ann.

My clothes are getting rather thin,
And I have scarce enough to eat.
I hate to steal, for that's a sin—
But, gosh, this game I've got to beat!
So I must sell this little rhyme
Or perish long before my time.

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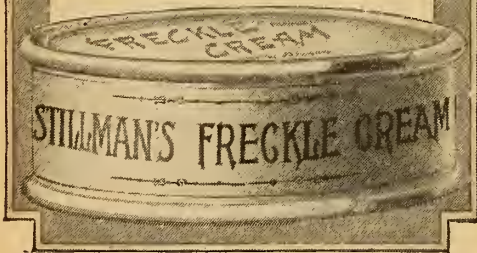
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Young Ideas

(Continued from page 67)

putting the grey satin on its hanger and closing the doors. "We had an exciting time fussing around, getting settled. I'm a regular old maid when it comes to orderliness, but Mr. MacDonald never shuts a door nor closes a dresser drawer. When I speak of this, he teases me by saying he does it purposely, so I'll keep thinking about him. Isn't that a clever excuse?" and she laughed, indulgently, at her husband's shortcomings.

While lunching fragily on salad and ice cream—Doris confesses her bugaboo is added weight—she told me her real name was Helen Garratt, and that she was born in Seattle. Her father was a well-known sporting authority, and under the pen name of Willie Green, wrote for a number of publications.

"I began my athletic training under his tutelage when very young," said Doris. "We had a gymnasium in our own home, and father was never happier than when I mastered some new stunt, and by the time I was eight I was a proficient swimmer and could ride anything. The only shadow in my life," she added, wistfully, "is that Father is not here to share my happiness."

It was music, however, that held the child's earliest ambitions, and she was given her first piano lessons before she was three, playing in public at six, and during the summer of 1915 she was accompanist for the great Kubelik in his concerts at the San Francisco Exposition.

With the development of a vivid dramatic imagination, she began to feel the urge of self-expression thru acting, and, even while attending school at the convent, she declares she was always emoting, turning each trivial event into a big scene, and dreams of becoming an actress lured her from her music.

"Quicer thing," said Miss May, "Mary Pickford and Charles Ray were always my idols, and when we came down to Los Angeles and mother finally consented to my going into motion pictures, the first thing I did was to double for Miss Pickford in the diving and explosion scenes in 'The Little American.' My, but I was thrilled. Then, Mr. Ince engaged me to play opposite Charles Ray in 'His Mother's Boy,' and that sent me right into the seventh heaven," and Doris giggled delightedly at the memory.

There were five more pictures with Mr. Ray, then came the combination of talents in the co-starring team of Doris May and Douglas MacLean.

Her fourteenth picture was Tourneur's "Foolish Matrons," in which Miss May had a dramatic part that pleased her, for, like most comedienne, she hopes some day to play emotional rôles. "Foolish Matrons" was the first picture in which Doris and Wallace MacDonald ever played together.

We walked thru the lovely gardens to the big stage, where a perfectly equipped college gymnasium had been built, and preparations were being made for the scenes that will open the picture.

"I make my bow as a star upside down," laughed Doris, as she mounted a trapeze and, when everything was in readiness, she swung down until she was hanging by her toes, while the camera clicked.

As Doris May is a charmingly piquant little actress, her blithe young spirits make her work a continuous delight, as she whirls by in her ingenuous nonsense, and possessing unlimited ambitions and a keen determination, she will easily take her place among the brightest of our youthful stars in—*Young Ideas*.



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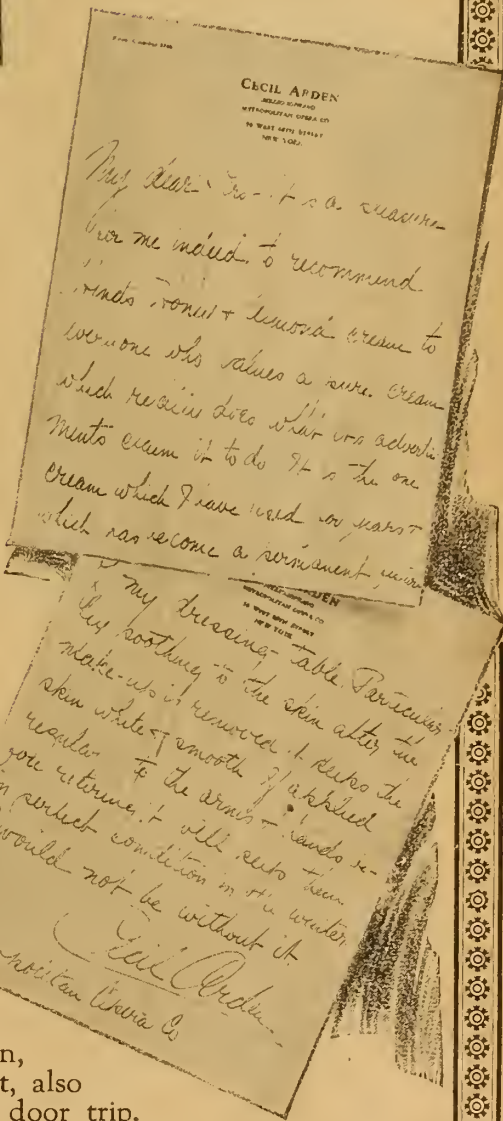
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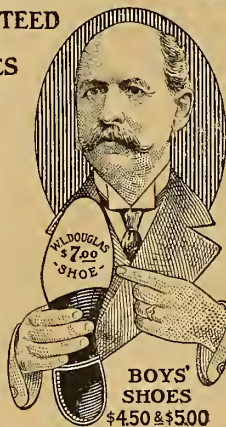
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No More Mothers

(Continued from page 45)

Because I had never been satisfied with the old lady as played by an old lady. In the parlance of the theater, she never 'got across.' She was very sweet, she undoubtedly looked the part, but she lacked the dynamic force, the personality, necessary to every stage or screen character. I puzzled over it for a while. At first, I promptly dismissed the idea of a young woman attempting it. But the problem resolved itself into an *impasse*, and one day I asked myself why a young woman couldn't do it. She would have the requisite personality. It was a question, then, of make-up and acting. If she could cope with those two factors, she could get the rôle across. It ended with my determination to try it. Since then I have played on the average one old lady a year. But I feel now that I have done enough. The strain is tremendous. I feel that I am hastening my own age."

We discussed the great exodus of American film stars to Europe.

"I do not think I could quite stand a trip to Europe now," she said quietly. "You see, I have been there often, before the war. I know it as it was. Now—" She made a little hopeless gesture. "The sight of ruin hurts me somehow—here." She touched her breast.

But in another moment she was talking skeptically about the flood of Hollywood literature that has been suddenly dammed upon the world. Famous authors swarm over Hollywood like flies over a chocolate éclair; swarm for three weeks usually, and then sit down to write lurid exposés of Hollywood's fads and follies.

"It is a little annoying to think that these people, who come out here to fatten on picture money, are so ready to turn about and present Hollywood to the world as a fool-ridden universe. But it is not unnatural. The author has been given a fair chance in pictures, and—well, behold the results for yourself!"

The evening was closing rapidly in. She rose and snapped on a flood of yellow light, then turned to the phonograph to slip on a record, an elusive thing of Brahms'. Then Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff and Heifetz, playing something of Grieg's. And during it all she stood there beside the phonograph, the divine notes mirrored in her eyes like crystal drops caught in the green flame of a crucible.

Mary Alden is a self-confessed radical. Please do not misunderstand the word. It is not synonymous with Bolshevik. But she is in revolt against the accepted canons of life, of art, more particularly of her own art of silent acting. She is a freethinker. There is an intense color, a compelling power about her; there is the richness of experience tempered by a concentrated something that, even in the distant years when the wrinkles finally do come of themselves, will keep her always young. Now, it is symbolized, satisfyingly, by that hair of jappanned jet, her grey-green eyes and scarlet, pleasantly arrogant mouth.

NAZIMOVA

By ELIZABETH PILAT

Like a sea-gull with gilded wings
Fantastic flying in the deep blue air,
Fantastic flying with a silver dart
Into the red and laughing sea.

A purple bloom on a frail green stem,
A purple bloom with vermilion heart,
The languid curve of the lotus flower;
Exotic eyes in the Chinese dusk.

My Boy

(Continued from page 53)

Mrs. Donaldson looking at him, and her eyes were full of tears. That was curious, because it had been an awfully funny song.

Purveyors of platitudes would call it "Fate." Well, perhaps it was, or it may have been, more literally, the law causing the immigration officials to wax hot upon the trail of the unknown alien, "Jackie," believed to have come ashore from the *Calpernia* with the Levinsky family, and known not to have returned—with the Levinsky family. Only one or two of the officials (and they were not so *very* official at that) suspected that Cap'n Bill Herron knew personally of the whereabouts of the alien, Jackie.

The immigration authorities chose the day of Mrs. Donaldson's party to investigate the mysterious disappearance.

And at the party, by way of mysterious disappearances, Jackie and Mrs. Donaldson's purse vanished simultaneously. Consternation reigned. Mrs. Donaldson said, more in sorrow than in wrath, that it was the first time such a thing had occurred during all the years she had been giving parties to the children. And that it should have been the little boy who sang—sang so that the tears came to one's eyes, and to one's heart. She would have affirmed anywhere that that child could do no harm. She had thought his face showed an intrinsic worth, an utter sweetness, incorruptible. It was, she thought, rather whimsically, more than the theft of her purse by an unknown child—it was in the nature of an illusion spoiled.

Mrs. Donaldson and the police traced Jackie to the Cap'n's quarters. They found the Cap'n bolstered up in a chair and Jackie disgorging his pockets with, obviously, the food supplied by Mrs. Donaldson to Jackie. Apparently, Jackie had foregone the pink cakes and the bon-bons and the fruit to bring it to the Cap'n. Opposite the Cap'n sat one of the immigration officials, arguing the case of the unknown alien, Jackie.

After the arrival of Mrs. Donaldson, there was a sort of impromptu clearing-house. Mrs. Donaldson explaining that Jackie would never have been suspected if it had not been for the fact that he had refused to be searched when the other youngsters were, and Jackie explaining back, with little reticence, that he had refused to be searched, not because of the purse, but because of the food he had secreted for the Cap'n.

"I watched," he explained, "what the other fellers took, and I didn't take more'n my share. So it wasn't stealing. It was just *not eating*—"

Mrs. Donaldson stayed a long while with the Cap'n, the immigration officer and the alien Jackie. She asked innumerable questions, and learned where Jackie came from, and his mother's first name, and how she had died and been buried at sea, and that she was *en route* to America to place Jackie in the care of his grandmother, but had omitted to tell the grandmother's name before she died. And then Jackie answered a great many more questions about his Daddy, who was dead, and his home and his mother, and he finished up by producing a snapshot of his mother and himself, taken before sailing. And thereupon, very terribly and amazingly, Mrs. Donaldson began to cry. Jackie and the Cap'n blew their noses vociferously and expostulated with the lady in sea-faring and, to her, wholly unintelligible terms, and after a veritable frenzy of tears and ejaculations and astonishments, it transpired, clearly, certainly, that Jackie was

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resembles the vocational tests employed by the United States Army, and an evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It was prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of Northwestern University. Through this test many successful photoplaywrights were encouraged to enter the profession. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

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Author and Screen Authority



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BEAUTY

MARCH

IN a few days the second issue of **BEAUTY** will be on the stands. A magazine radically different. A magazine that is not limited to any class or order. It appeals to society women, débutantes and business women; to famous beauties of screen and stage and opera; to women in every walk of life.

In the March Issue

Elsie Ferguson writes on "The Inner Shrine of Beauty."

Laura Kent Mason contributes an article on "The Eternal Search for Youth."

An interview, *intime*, with Cleopatra. "Imaginary Conversations," by **Gladys Hall** and **Dorothy Donnell Calhoun**.

A story by **Montanye Perry**, author of "The Charm Shop."

"The Beauty Box," a veritable beauty encyclopedia, by **Corliss Palmer**.

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none other than Mrs. Donaldson's grandson; that she had had detectives working on his disappearance from the *Calpernia*, having missed him there, and that now she, herself, had played unwitting detective and found him. The immigration official was dismissed, and Mrs. Donaldson gathered Jackie to her breast and crooned and laughed and cried over him in feminine, grandmotherly fashion, and the old Cap'n blew his nose more loudly than ever, like a foghorn on a dense sea, and after a while Mrs. Donaldson came to and insisted that Jackie come home without further delay. Jackie, voluble, told the Cap'n that "home" meant the most splendid place ever seen, up on the Avenue, with riggings fit to stagger a man . . . and then, as he was leaving, the old Cap'n bowed himself down on the table, and Jackie, with a little cry, realized that the old man loved his boy, and how lonely he would be, by himself, in his "quarters . . ."

He stood quite still, detaining Mrs. Donaldson. "Grandmother," he said, and nodded back to the old man, bent over the deal table, "we've been mates . . ." he said. He waited a minute. What if his grandmother failed him now? What if she didn't care . . . ? But she did.

"I think the Cap'n should come and share quarters with you, Jackie," she said. "You have shared his for so long . . ."

The Cap'n looked up, and the heavy tears were unashamed. He met Mrs. Donaldson's eyes, and they told him that all details could be settled later on between the two of them, and that she knew he would make a fine first mate for the schooner of little Jackie's new life—

They waited while the Cap'n packed his old sea chest, and then, hand in hand, the three of them hoisted sail for Jackie's new quarters together.

An Ideal In Stars

(Continued from page 25)

thought. Then she looked at me again, half wistfully.

"But to do that, you must have somebody who can realize you here"—she pressed a slender, white hand against her heart—"someone who knows that it is not a matter of spoken lines, or arms thrown out, of empty gesture. There is a subtle something here, in your heart, that is like the antennæ of a wireless. It responds only to a thing in tune with it; but when it does respond, it can tear you to pieces!" She looked at me swiftly, with a rueful little laugh, and sank back to the comfortable curvature of spine from which her eagerness had lifted her. "It is so foolish to try to explain it!"

"No," I said, "I do not think it is foolish. But tell me when you first realized this thing. Not, surely, while you were with Christie Comedies. Was it Tucker who made you realize it?"

She smiled again faintly, her eyes upon me, yet not seeing me; then nodded.

"Yes, it is Mr. Tucker who makes me realize it."

I glanced up, startled at her use of the present tense. George Loane Tucker, maker of "The Miracle Man," had died, honored wherever pictures are made or witnessed, many months before. One had known, by hearsay, that between the great director and the girl there had been an understanding, a sympathy, something perhaps beyond that, more beautiful. A suggestion of it, tho there were no admissions, seemed to find expression in her next words.

"Mr. Tucker used to labor with me so

during the first scenes of "The Miracle Man." I was so sweet, so shallowly sincere, particularly in my love scenes. He would cry out in protest: "No! No! Say it from here, here! Get it low!" One white hand went to her heart again, rested there like ivory against the black satin of her dress. "I used to laugh to myself and think, 'Aren't you a funny man!' And then, one day, it came to me suddenly what he meant. It is something deep down in you that makes you laugh and cry and sob from your very heart. Oh, even now I can't explain it! But it means everything." She paused, one red lip caught in her white teeth. Then, her eyes all at once moist, she cried softly, "Oh, I wish I could tell everybody!"

If all of this has seemed vague, half expressed, remember that in the beginning I warned of inarticulateness. To me it was a curiously satisfying interview. Betty Compson, under the urge of self-realization, has blossomed into a womanhood amazingly serene, richly promising. By her "something deep down," I think she meant sincerity, the power to live a rôle actually, rather than deliberately.

But there has come, now, the danger of discontent, disillusionment.

"I find," she said, "that it is no longer worth while to sacrifice so much to one's work. It means only that, in the end, that work will become an obsession. I have no longer the incentive to give myself so wholly, so rackingly; perhaps because there is no one to awaken that response in me. I have disciplined myself to forget my work as soon as I leave the studio, to pick it up again only when I return. I do it, then, to the best of my ability. I have thought that I would never marry; but I have changed there, too. I know now that if I ever want to marry I shall do so."

One can understand, sympathize with that. Stardom with Lasky means popularity, comfort, comparative wealth; but it takes away individualism, the mainstay of art. Betty "lived" her last rôle, in Blanche, the heroine of "Prisoners of Love." It is perhaps not insignificant that, tho Tucker did not officially direct her, he was still living and in constant touch with her when the picture was made. It, with two others, was the product of a venture with her own company.

For Lasky, Betty has already made three pictures, "At the End of the World," "The Woman in the Case" and "The Little Minister." It is not within the scope of interviewing to attempt judgment. But one knows that the beauty of Betty Compson will be in them. That, in itself, is a satisfying thought.

It was an ideal in interviews.

Betty Compson, I think, is something of an ideal in stars.

HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE "SHEIK"?

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

We wish, Goddess of Knowledge,

You would prove you're not a fake,
And settle all the arguments

About this "Sheek" (Sheik) or "Shakc."

Now, Rudolph Valentino

Insists it should be "Shake,"

While dear old Noah Webster,

Before whose authority we quake,

Says that either is correct,

But gives the preference to "Sheek."

Thus the argument goes on,

And to settle it, we seek.

We'll make a wager here and now

That the girls will not criticize,

Or care just how this word's pronounced,

With one look at "Rudolph's" eyes!



How Puffed Grains Disappear

The question with a million mothers is—Where do Puffed Grains go?
Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts in the hungry afternoons.

For these are food confections. The taste is like toasted nuts. And the flimsy, flavory texture is to children a delight.

Keep them supplied

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, however used, supply whole-grain nutrition in the ideal form.

The grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

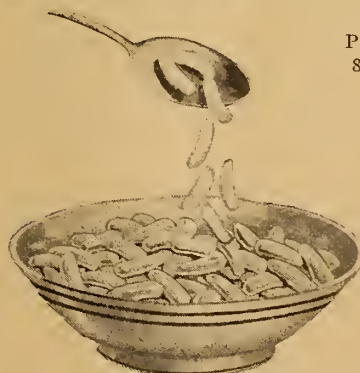
They are Prof. Anderson's inventions—the finest grain foods in existence.

Don't regard them as mere tidbits—just some regal breakfast dainties. What greater food can you imagine than Puffed Wheat in milk?

Be glad the foods are tempting. Before they came, most children got too little whole-grain diet. They can never get too much.

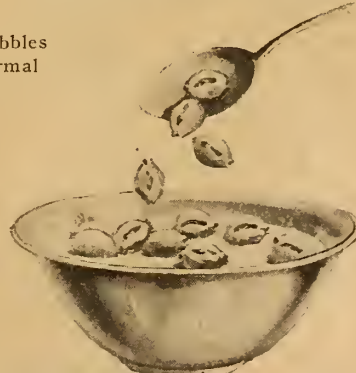
For between meals these are ideal foods. Digestion starts before they reach the stomach.

Puffed Rice



For breakfast, Puffed Rice with cream and sugar—the finest cereal dainty.

Puffed Wheat



For supper, Puffed Wheat in milk—whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers



Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

People don't like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

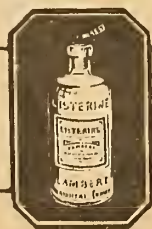
Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple.

Listerine is for sale at your nearest druggist. He has sold it for years.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2179 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Cobwebs of Convention

(Continued from page 39)

thinks that by being a martyr she is assuring herself a place in Heaven."

Miss Vidor—the *Miss* is professional—has a vast contempt for any individual who maintains a mistaken idea of duty.

"They spend the best part of their lives being unhappy, believing that the errant husband will come back to them in spirit as well as in flesh. But what has he brought back when he does come? Only his wife's own conviction that she's succeeded in her martyrdom."

"A woman's children—everybody—would love and respect her so much more for not having allowed her decency to be thus contaminated."

But in Florence Vidor's own case, marriage has only enriched the garden of happiness—only added another lovely tint to the already lovely rose. She has a vivid interest in everything her husband does. He reciprocates the interest. Recently they built a new home. It is a picturesque old-English sort of manse, set in the midst of a group of tall eucalyptus trees. It is not palatial. A palace lacks the comforts of home.

And it is with pride that Mrs. Vidor exhibits the quaint Victorian dining-room with its high, heavily-beamed ceiling, as the inspiration of her husband.

"He was so interested planning that room," she explained. "Even the candles and the high-backed chairs."

Modestly, she admits herself to having designed the great, low-ceilinged, long, living-room, one end of which is completely bricked with its fireplace. How I could sympathize with her on its furnishings! Los Angeles is a miserable place in which to develop any ideas of period decoration. It has taken Mrs. Vidor months to find the proper furniture.

The entire atmosphere of her home is Chaucerian, reminiscent of the "Canterbury Tales." It is as different from Hollywood as Hollywood is from the rest of the world. Even the nursery, built for the three-year-old Suzanne Vidor, is a room with a personality—and the baby herself, with her shock of straight-bobbed, golden hair, makes you think of the idealized child of fiction who really believes in fairies and Santa Claus.

"I'm not an actress, essentially," said Mrs. Vidor. "Before Suzanne came I was really never able to feel a number of the scenes I played."

"Any actress has to live—but 'living' is not necessarily the promiscuous display of affection, the ubiquitous attendance at wild parties, the devitalizing influence of common debauchery. Any woman who has ever been a mother can understand the temperament of an actress—because motherhood simply puts something in your soul that wasn't there before."

"I am, however," she added quickly, "a great believer in divorce. This for-the-sake-of-the-children talk is rot! If two persons cannot possibly be congenial, why should they in time interpose that misery onto the children, who will most naturally feel it?"

"Marriage is too man-made not to be remedied when it's wrong."

The solution of the whole marriage problem is, she says, that men and women should be on an equal footing—financially as well as spiritually.

"A woman, to be on an equal footing with a man, doesn't have to lose her womanliness, become masculine," she said.

"And most husbands have to be held.

If a man's not worth fighting for, why have him?" she blandly inquires.

"You can't hold your husband by nagging him or pestering him with a lot of ideas that he's not interested in," she maintained. "Neither can you hold him if you are ugly and untidy—or stupid. Entertain him and try to make him happier than any other woman could ever make him, and he'll always court you."

"Men make the great mistake of liking to eat their cake and have it also. A certain producer of pictures wants to get away from home and his wife every so often to 'recreate.'"

"What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander. He should at least have the consideration to permit his wife to have her week-end, away-from-home recreation also."

"But the trouble is that a woman in such a position will sit at home—and sit, when she should be brushing away the cobwebs of convention and maintaining her own self-respect."

"Women must have other interests than just their home. They must not tack all their hopes onto their husband and children. They must accomplish something."

Her ideal woman has always been Schumann-Heink, the singer, who has successfully been wife, mother, grand-opera star and world celebrity.

"She has accomplished so much," Mrs. Vidor commented, "that she has never had time to recite sob-stories at afternoon teas."

Perhaps, in this age of modernism, the married woman with a career is the successful wife. She, at least, has something else to tell her husband about than her troubles. A few years ago people used to think that as soon as an actress married she lost her box-office popularity.

This has never been true, at least, of Mrs. Vidor. Now she is one of the season's newest stars on the Associated Exhibitors' program. From what she told me, her first picture, "Woman, Wake Up," contains several of the sentiments she has expressed above.

Her career dates back to the Fox picture, "The Tale of Two Cities," when she rode in a cart in a mob scene, and was instantly recognized by the director as having all the attributes of a successful actress. Since then, she has enlivened the cast of such plays as "The Family Honor," "The Other Half," "Poor Relations," "Better Times," "Lying Lips," "Beau Revel" and "Hail the Woman." It was on completion of the latter that she was made a star.

"My ambition?" she echoed. "Not so high. I simply want people always to be able to say truthfully that I have done my sincere best in the accomplishment of things."

CURIOSITY

By GERTRUDE CHANDLER

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We wonder just how old you are—
Not that we would love you less,
But because we like to guess.
With your childish ways so winning,
You have set our heads a-swimming.
On the screen we see you shine,
But, if we believe Einstein,
Things are not what they seem,
Even on the movie screen.
And your charms do drive us furious.

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

(Continued from page 42)

"Now listen," placated the director, fearing a temperamental outburst, "we have plenty of youths who can walk thru the hero part, but we need someone like you who can really act to put over the virility of this deep-dyed-villain stuff."

"Dont apologize," retorted the invincible Irving, "I'll do my best with whatever you give me."

And his best in the villain rôles was so vivid that it made one feel like the morning after when the heroine went back to the indefinite hero in the final reel. Women—as a rule—would rather suffer thru life with a he-devil like Irving Cummings depicted on the silversheet than live forever in placidity with a man who is perfect.

Perhaps the apex of the fascinating Cummings' villainy was reached when he took the part of Passion in "Everywoman." Then, Heaven knows just where he caught it, but he got the fever to direct. He went around the lot, asking Mr. Lasky, Mr. Eyton, or anyone of the powers-who-be when they were going to give him a picture to direct. They all laughed at him, thinking he was kidding, as is his habit around the stages. Little they recked of the flame that burned within the erstwhile studio jester, until one day when he was cast for "Sham," with Ethel Clayton.

"Sorry, old top," said Cummings to the casting director, "I'd love to do it, but I'm forming my own company and am going to direct."

"My G——, Irving," said the casting director—or something more expressive.

Then quietly, Cummings drew out all his savings, "the savings of a lifetime, mind you," he told me, took a tiny office in Hollywood, built a camp high up in the most beautiful part of the mountains and started assembling his actors. All went well until it came to finding a leading man. No one quite filled the bill.

"By Gosh, I'll be my own leading man," slangily decided Irving.

And that is how those little two-reel gems with Irving Cummings impersonating the dashing Corporal Campbell of the Northwest Mounted Police were started. For the time being, Mr. Cummings will continue playing his own leading man, but eventually he hopes to do nothing but direct.

"I love it," he told me, speaking of directing, and when Irving Cummings says he loves a thing, his eyes flash enthusiasm and the very air sparkles with electricity.

"I had faith enough to put in all my own money," he went on, "I couldn't fail."

And he hasn't. His little pictures have received the most favorable notices and the best bookings all over the country.

I remember, back in the old days, when Irving Cummings was considered a gay dog—any man with flashing eyes, jet black hair and a way of saying the sweet nothings that women love to hear is apt to bear that reputation. He spent his money as lavishly as he scattered his compliments.

Then he married Ruth Sinclair, a well-known New York actress.

"I'll give you just about one year," said Kitty Gordon, laughingly.

You see, they all thought he was a brilliant kid, but that he lacked stamina. That was just where his friends were wrong, just as the producers were wrong when they wouldn't give him a pic-

ture to direct. But he admits his development has been due to his wife. Some people need to be held in leash. Irving was too effervescent to have progressed the way he has without some restraining bonds of responsibility.

I want to digress just a bit to his yesterdays. We were sitting in the magnificent Ambassador Hotel, when he told me of them. The head waiter hung about our table solicitously, while all feminine eyes stole our way.

"I never had any schooling to speak of," Irving was telling me. "At the age of ten I was dependent on my own activities. I had a job in a New York bank and it left little time for schooling. A couple of years later someone insisted I had a voice and should go on the stage, and there I have been ever since. I have read prodigiously and taught myself all I could by hard study—but it has been ten times as hard as if I had had a college background."

When I think of the many film stars who are ashamed of their beginnings and act as if they had always been millionaires, I am filled with admiration and respect for Irving Cummings and his downright sincerity. Once upon a time he, too, might have had the ego that praise develops in stage or screen favorites, but somehow I feel that he has always been a "regular fellow."

But there is no denying that his marriage developed him. In the first place his wife gave up her career as a favorite leading woman in New York City to be with him all the time. Shortly after their honeymoon, a glorious golden time, when Irving poured out money for meals, amusements, theaters, presents, the stark realization dawned upon him that he was broke.

"Ruth," he said to his wife that night, "I have exactly eighty cents left—what shall I do?"

His wife neither wept nor scolded.

"Sell your Oldsmobile coupé," she said, not once complaining that she would have to do without a car. He sold it for five hundred dollars cash, and since then—five years have passed—he has never been without a good fat balance in the bank.

"When a man discovers the glory of a woman who will sacrifice everything for him and without whining help him to build a successful career, his love, gratitude and devotion keep him from ever going wrong."

The Cummings have a wonderful little three-year-old son. His hair is light, like his mother's, but he has the large brown Cummings eyes and vigorous physique.

"His chin is stronger than mine, a gift from his mother," said Irving proudly.

And so today Irving Cummings' ambition is more alight than ever. "For that boy must have the schooling I lacked. He must have the background of education and a fair start without grinding," he told me.

Out in Hollywood is a lovely home all paid for—a monument to the Cummings art, and tomorrow, in the dim distant tomorrow . . . Cummings hopes to give up acting and direct only, but let's not permit it. Let us all rise up and demand that he remain before our eyes an actor.

For we dont want to look forward to any more blue days than the law makes absolutely necessary.



What Every Woman Knows—and So Often Neglects

What woman does not know how becoming and abundant waved hair looks—and how the effect is reversed when the strands are straight! Yet hair waving has often been injurious and always a nuisance. No wonder one is so often tempted to slight the curling process.

A most ingenious and satisfactory curler has recently been put on the market—Curlox Perfected Hair Curlers. Wind any quantity of hair on Curlox Curlers and be assured that they will not fly open. Yet at the merest pressure of thumb and forefinger, they are immediately fastened or removed.

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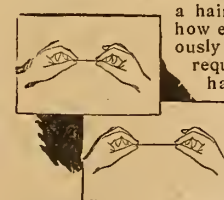
Curlox Curlers are obtainable in cards of two at 10 cents, and cards of five, 25 cents. Leading five-and-ten-cent stores, department, variety, and drug stores, and specialty shops everywhere are stocking Curlox Curlers.

The great superiority of Curlox Curlers merits your insistence upon them.

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Exactly. Only one quality—15 cents for one, 2 for 25 cents. Grey and white and double mesh, 25 cents each. At leading department, drug, variety and notion stores.



KATHERINE MACDONALD

in the first of her new
Series for First National

"The Beautiful Liar"

KATHERINE MACDONALD, who has been voted the most beautiful woman in the world, is now appearing in a new series of pictures for First National, the first of which is "The Beautiful Liar." This series of pictures is bigger and better, even than her former productions. They are lavish and artistic, with high entertainment value.

Miss MacDonald is one of the independent stars releasing through First National, which organization believes that the work of independent stars and directors, who are free to produce according to their own high ideas, reaches the highest standard.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners, which foster the production of finer photoplays and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts for exhibition purposes the work of these independent artists strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment.



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We have prepared a booklet entitled

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which we want you to have. It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents*. Think of it, only *10 cents*! It will be worth many dollars to you!

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BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Siren Stuff

(Continued from page 73)

"I'm not that way at all, really," she said, leaning forward earnestly. "Not fond of queer things, not exotic, I mean. There is nothing psychic about me. I don't fully understand, either, why they go on speaking of me as a 'siren.' My latest pictures have all contained the element of redemption. I have always reformed at the last. True, several years ago, when Charles Ray and I were with Ince, I used to go thru to the bitter end a bad woman, an honest vamp. But no longer."

She had been in conference with J. Parker Reid, her producer, just the day before, concerning the resumption of production. It was not yet decided when they would start again. Not very soon, it seemed. During the summer lull she had been traveling extensively in Mexico. I mentioned Europe, where almost everyone else had fled. She shook her head.

"That always spoils a thing for me," she said, "—to have everyone else do it. At least, my trip to Mexico was original."

Considering the bandits, almost aboriginal, I thought. But I said: "And enjoyable?"

"Yes, indeed," said Louise brightly, "altho the railroads were the most frightful things I have ever been on. But Mexico City is splendid. Just like Paris. Of course, it was terribly run down, and I've never been to Paris. But, anyway, I had a good time."

It was not improbable, she said a little later, that she would go to Mexico to make pictures, using it extensively, that is, for location work.

The picture that Louise Glaum presents to the passer-by, the interviewer, is one of promise rather than fulfilment. There are evident depths, inviting reserves, a pleasant hint of humor. Her poise is based on years of solid success. There is behind her a great deal of experience, both on the stage and screen, of which the interested picture fan is already too aware of to need any further delineation. One realizes, after talking to her a while, that the bestowal of 'siren' is inevitable. There are little tricks, enchantments, of the sort that weave themselves quietly but firmly about their victim, until, lo! the capture is complete, the silken trap inescapable.

But, whoever wanted to escape a silken trap?

Conrad in Quest of Adventure

(Continued from page 31)

recognized his dramatic ability and gave him every encouragement. His own definite ambition to become an actor was the result of an amateur performance of Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

He explained: "I was fourteen at that time and played the rôle of Scrooge. Can you imagine it? How I reveled in the old-man character and make-up, and I recall that I was much pleased with my work!"

At seventeen he was graduated from the Highland Park College of Des Moines, Iowa, his native town, and immediately started on his quest of fame by joining the local stock company at seven dollars per week.

Altho so few years have passed since then, Conrad Nagel has a stage record of several Broadway successes, among them being his rôle of Youth in "Experience," which he played for two seasons, and that delightful whimsy, "Forever After," that brought much praise to him and Alice Brady during its long run. He continued

this engagement after enlisting in the Navy, securing permission to come to New York each evening on shore leave from the training camp at Hoboken, returning at midnight, to be ready for his duties early next morning.

The habit of doubling seems to have grown on him, for when the armistice was signed he began making pictures along with his stage appearances. "You see," remarked Conrad, "I was hoping to annex a wife, and wanted money for a honeymoon. After a winter of hard work, we were married, went up to the Maine woods with our favorite Leonard Merrick books and had a beautiful time. Came back to New York to find the actors' strike on. Cheerful, wasn't it? Fortunately, the clouds didn't hover long, and I was soon playing 'Forever After,' on tour."

Mr. Nagel first came to the screen as the lovable Laurie, in the film version of "Little Women," and after making four pictures in the East, he was selected for the leading rôle in "The Fighting Chance," so the young couple flitted to California, claiming this as a postscript to their wedding journey.

It was in this picture that Mrs. Nagel made her first and only appearance on the screen, playing the part of Grace Farrell under her own name of Ruth Helms. Tho she admits that she enjoyed it, she says she prefers to be the inspiration of Conrad's film characters rather than to create her own. Anyway, she has many interests, for, besides being her husband's constant companion, there is baby Ruth, her music, and the pretty bungalow which she makes a real home. Mrs. Nagel is a charming girl, vivacious and enthusiastic, giving the impression that her joyousness bubbles from the depths of a great marital happiness.

Following "The Fighting Chance" came "Unseen Forces," with Sidney Franklin, and, just as the Nagels had packed their trunks and were about to return to New York, an offer came from Mr. Lasky and—they have been here ever since.

A year in William de Mille's *de luxe* productions and two pictures with the master craftsman, Cecil de Mille, have raised Conrad's art to a very high standard that promises a glorious future.

He considers his rôle in "What Every Woman Knows" the most interesting he has had, for the reason that it was so totally foreign to his own nature that he had to build up the entire character bit by bit thru hard thought.

Both William and Cecil de Mille film their pictures in continuity, that is, they make the scenes as they appear on the screen, which gives the actor the chance to work up to the climaxes while developing the action naturally, and this is a tremendous satisfaction.

Watching Conrad Nagel and listening to him talk, I realized that, more than all else, he represents Youth, that untarnished radiating youth that will remain unquenched thruout all the years. His artistic imagination changes the drab of everyday life into a thing of beauty, and, thru a deft psychology, his buoyant, inspiring vision glows thru his screen rôles.

"I shall stay in pictures as long as I can," he told me simply. "Some day I hope to direct, and, eventually, I shall return to the stage. Tomorrow my father, mother and young brother arrive from New York to make this their permanent home, so another tie will hold us here.

"Then, too," and Mr. Nagel gaily slipped into an exaggerated paternal rôle, "think what a wonderful place California is for baby Ruth."

Which shows that, after all, before the actor is the *man*!



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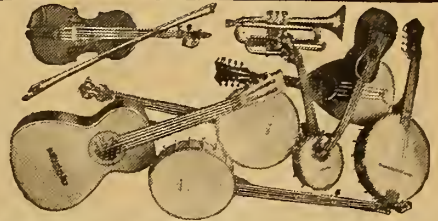
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A Guilty Conscience

(Continued from page 37)

"I didn't until today," Emily said; "back there—with Gilbert—little things made me wonder—he spoke of your change toward him—now and then I caught you looking at me—in a way I—didn't like. But I couldn't believe it. I thought I was being overwrought and foolishly imaginative. I despise a woman who imagines every man in love with her because he looks at her. And then, I kept reminding myself that you were Gilbert's friend, and I know, or knew, the honor there is among men. A fine thing, I have always thought, one of the very finest. Well, and then Brown died, and Gilbert asked you for a better post, that I might go to Simla, and you gave him—Brown's. It sent a chill thru me. I couldn't believe it necessary, but I didn't want to be poisoned by suspicion, and so I tried to believe—differently. But today, as I saw you coming toward me, as my eyes met yours—why, then, I knew! I knew even before you spoke to me—as unforgivably as you have spoken."

The Hon. Irving Marner rose to his feet. After all, he knew when he was beaten. He even felt an unwilling admiration, compounded of pain and desire, for the beautiful Emily, who was as wise as she was beautiful. He envied young Raynor, out in fever-ridden Kajra. What if he did die? He would have lived. He would have loved, and been loved—by Emily.

He held out his hand. "Good-bye," he said. "You have made me feel two things. One, I shall not tell you, because you would not want me to. The other is, that I don't feel the least bit sorry for Gilbert."

After Marner had left her that night, Emily stood for a long while at the window, twisting her wedding ring on her finger, and thinking. She wondered how much Gilbert might suspect of Marner's motives, and how much he might be suffering on account of those suspicions. She wondered just how bad things were in Kajra, and all at once she knew that she must go there; must start at once. Something told her that if she tarried—well, but she must not tarry.

In the morning she started for Kajra.

And on the same morning Gilbert knew that the fever had got him. He had to be held up by his two English friends when he started on his rounds that morning. They pleaded with him to give it up, to send to the next town for the very bad doctor, who would probably kill him anyway; but he would have none of them. He had come to Kajra to do his job, he said, and, at present, his job was to quell the native uprising and not the fever in his own veins. Anyway, he said, with the sudden and unexpected petulance of a child, he was tired, plain tired, *dam' tired!* When they asked him what he was tired of, he said he was tired of David and tired of being Uriah, and even—even tired of Bath-Sheba. Of course, they thought his fever was much worse than it was.

That night they sat up with him, and by dawn they thought him a goner. He quoted the Bible to them, over and over again; all about David, and being in the forefront of the hottest battle, and the native uprising, and Joab and Bath-Sheba. Once in a while he mentioned Marner, and the Englishmen knew that Marner was the one who had sent him to Kajra, and who hadn't cared about poor little Brown. They were rather stupid Englishmen, but they finally deduced, after some eight or nine hours' straight going, that poor Raynor was in some mess about his wife, and



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that toff, Marner, and that, in all probability, Marner had run away with poor Raynor's wife . . .

Then, at dawning, Emily arrived.

The two Englishmen were rather hard put to it for poise. They felt the situation to be a little beyond them. Just when they had got poor Raynor's wife all run away with, and seditious, to have her appear at dawn, pale, controlled, beautiful, was hardly in keeping with the play. They felt miscast. They couldn't take the cue. They stood before her, ill at ease. And she, tremulous with her fears, felt the worst of these fears substantiated.

"Is he"—she said, and could go no further—"oh, tell me—"

"He's raving," said one of the Englishmen, then, at a loss.

"Something terrible," said the other, confirmatively.

The beautiful Emily took the first chair she could reach.

"Raving?" she repeated. "You mean—delirious—the fever—how—bad—?"

The first spokesman was not what might have been called tactful. He said, "Pretty bad. He—he don't rave in order. He keeps raving around in a circle."

"What about?" asked Emily, temporizing. "Does he mention anyone named—Emily?"

"No," the Englishmen shook negations; "no, he talks about foreign-sounding people—a woman named Bath-Sheba and a man named Uriah, or some such thing, and about David. And he keeps saying that Kajra is the forefront of the battle, and that, after her period of mourning, Bath-Sheba becomes wed of David, and all that sort of thing. Now and then he brings in a chap named Marner, and poor little Brown and the uprising; but mostly it's the other talk.

But it didn't seem so terribly queer to Emily, nor did Gilbert seem so delirious, so crookedly delirious, as they had said. Emily knew almost at once who was Bath-Sheba and who was Uriah, and who was David, and she knew why Kajra was the forefront of the hottest battle, and she thought that when Uriah saw Bath-Sheba things would come right somehow.

And they did.

Gilbert knew her at once. Her face pierced and clove, luminous thru the ugly fogs of fever. When she bent over him, the other faces about him and the dreams and fears cleared from him. This was Emily—Emily who loved him, and none but him, and so he had nothing to fear. Marner and little Brown, the Hindu and the white woman and the others—all dissolved, and then merged again into the face of Emily.

"Home," he whispered feebly.

Emily nodded. "First the doctor is coming," she said, "and we are going to get you away from—from the forefront of the hottest battle—and then—"

"It won't matter—then," whispered Gilbert drowsily. "Please kiss me, sweetheart . . ."

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By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

Some folks, they raise their eyebrows,

Quite shocked and with disgust,

At the things they see in movies,

They raise an awful fuss.

"It really is disgraceful,

There should be investigation!"

Is what one often hears them say.

They're firm, no hesitation;

But the next time a picture comes to town

With a risqué title, hard to beat,

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Or are you drifting along half dead—half alive—always getting on the nerves of those with whom you associate—overlooking the beautiful things in life—ashamed to acknowledge that you are a miserable failure as a son, brother, husband or father—a physical and mental wreck. Then you are indeed only a half a man—a man to be looked down on—displaced—discarded. Perhaps you don't know that you can be restored—that your flagging powers and manhood can be revived—that you can "come back."

To you, I say—cheer up and confide in me. I will show you how you can become a vital, vigorous specimen of 100% Manhood and fit yourself for Marriage and Parenthood.

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Marriage always means misery to the unfit. Ask yourself before you propose to some pure, innocent girl—whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both—or sickly, defective little ones—a reproach and burden as long as you live. Remember! what you are your children will be and you may ruin your wife's health and blast her happiness.

Make Yourself Fit Before You Marry

You are not fit to marry if you are weak, sickly and underdeveloped. It is a crime to marry and ruin some trusting girl's life, if Youthful Errors, Bad Habits, and Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a pitiable apology for a real man—if your blood is poisoned with the results of Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness—crippled with Rupture, Rheumatism, Weak Heart, Flat Feet, Weak Lungs and wreathed with Nervousness, Impotency, Vital Losses and the other results of neglecting your health and abusing your body. The future looks hopeless and gloomy to you—but cheer up—I want to help you—I can restore and rebuild you with

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We Interview Charles Ray

(Continued from page 23)

SCENE II.—The imposing offices of the Arthur S. Kane Productions. Mr. Ray is seated in an arm-chair behind a mammoth desk. He is immaculately groomed, wears a tweed suit and has a cold in his head. His be-spatted ankles are curled about the legs of the chairs. He looks rather anxious. The Interviewers face him, impregnable, a few inches away. There is practically no escape, should flight occur to him.

A. W. F. (firmly): Your luncheon yesterday was a great success. Miss Hall and I commented upon it. Everyone ate so heartily and talked so seldom. One of the chief signs of a brilliant affair. People never turned out so before in the history of cinema astronomy.

CHARLES RAY (pleasantly): I enjoyed it. I have found everyone charming. It is the first time in two years I have been away from my studios, and I'm enjoying the contact with new people.

G. H.: Let's talk about women. Which type of woman, for instance, do you think makes the best wife—the woman from the city or the woman from the small town?

A. W. F. (breaking in, eagerly): Oh, yes—tell us—if you were not married, which type would you choose—metropolitan or truly rural?

CHARLES RAY (a twinkle in his brown eyes and laughter in his voice): I think I'd want a wife who had enjoyed one trip to the city, anyway. I'd want to be quite sure she had not chosen me because she didn't know any better—because she hadn't seen what there is to see—because, chiefly, she hadn't met other men—

A. W. F.: How did you come to do the bare-foot boy so well? Were you ever one?

CHARLES RAY: What boy hasn't been, brought up out of town? And then, I spent long summers on my grandfather's farm, in his orchards, in the hayloft. And always I have absorbed. Without my innate powers of absorption, I would be unable to do what I do today.

G. H. (to A. W. F.): You were going to ask Mr. Ray something: how he came to direct, I believe. Am I to be your prompter as well as the filler of your collymns?

A. W. F.: Well, since you've asked it, perhaps Mr. Ray will answer it.

CHARLES RAY: It was unavoidable—

G. H. and A. W. F. (in an admiring unison): Unavoidable—!

CHARLES RAY (shakes his head affirmatively): You see, my director became ill in the middle of one of my pictures, and at the time, no other director was available. Overhead was mounting and there was nothing else to be done. And since then I have found it easier to do a thing myself than to explain to anyone else just how I wish it done; just what I wish done. After all, no one else knows you quite so well as you know yourself. Please don't think me an egoist. I am not that, I'm sure, but it does seem to me that a one-man picture is productive of a more essential as well as a more complete and individual psychology. You get a concrete result. Effects are not disseminated.

G. H.: How do you like New York?

CHARLES RAY (enthusiastically): Great. Especially Grant's tomb.

A. W. F. (vaguely): Grant's tomb—? I don't recall ever having seen it. (Apologetically), you see, I've always lived here.

G. H. (efficiently): Oh, I'm very well acquainted with it. Isn't it—I think it is—Gothic—

A. W. F. (wearily): You would have seen Grant's tomb—

[The telephone postpones further conversation. Somewhere a clock strikes the witching hour of another luncheon.]

CHARLES RAY (over the telephone): All right, dear. We'll lunch together. I'll call for you. Good-bye.

[A. W. F. and G. H. signify to one another that they had better go. They rise, rhythmically.]

A. W. F. (with her best, most ELEGANT manner): We've kept you long enough. Thank you for your time and your patience. Come to New York soon again. Good-bye.

G. H.: Yes. Do get on soon again. We—er—enjoyed the luncheon so much, too. Good-bye.

CHARLES RAY (escorting the interviewers to the door): You have all been very kind to me. I shall want to come soon again. Good-bye.

SCENE III.—The inevitable elevator rapidly descending. The interviewers are crowded in with various persons, also in pursuit of calories.

G. H.: He's a little shy, isn't he? I rather expected that. And very well dressed, and sort of mild and modest. I imagine he's a very exemplary husband.

A. W. F.: What did you notice most about him.

G. H.: Er—his spats, I believe, and his evident desire to be nice and pleasant. What's the matter with you?

A. W. F.: There's a feather tickling my chin every time I try to formulate an opinion.

G. H.: Move, if the feather interferes with your mental processes. Move, for goodness' sake!

A. W. F.: Move! Where to, I'd like to know? That was Mrs. Ray on the 'phone, wasn't it? Darn that feather!

G. H.: Well, he thinks clearly and speaks simply, and there's more to him than can be told—at one sitting.

A. W. F. (resignedly): Do you notice that we've started to go up again? I believe this is the third or fourth time? The elevator boy regards us curiously. Shall I tell him we do it for the good of our health?

G. H.: No, tell him we've just interviewed Charles Ray. Try the truth, dear; it isn't half what you think it is—and he'll understand. He's been a barefoot boy once in his time.

ELEVATOR BOY (sonorously): Ground floor! Street! S-t-r-e-e-t f-l-o-o-o-r...!

HASTY CURTAIN.

A HOLLYWOOD OMAR

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,"

Has given me a part devoid of wit,

But, with the old director looking on,
I can't leave out a single part of it.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,"
A megaphonic voice to tell me how

To act the lines so they will live again—
And I must act or raise an awful row.

"Like wind along the waste," forever
blowing,

The stream of plays is ever, ever flowing;
And I am given parts in this or that,
But when I'll be a star, there is no knowing.

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thing your heart desires or
your mind needs in

The Picture Book De
Luxe of the movie world

Motion Picture CLASSIC for MARCH

Letters of a Juvenile Critic

(Continued from page 56)

children. He is always so nice to them in his plays. Today I saw him in such a sweet picture, "A Prince There Was," and, oh, he was just adorable, and I know that Charlotte Jackson thought so, too. She played the part of the little girl, and every minute I wished I knew her; she must be such fun.

The play, I mean the story, tho it really was more like playing at fairy tales, was about Comfort Brown, a poor child who did very hard work for Mrs. Prouty, a big, fat woman, who kept a grubby boarding-house and was horrid to a lovely girl named Katherine Woods, who was trying terribly hard to earn money by writing, which Uncle Roddy says is next to impossible. But I think he was just meaning to be funny and tease. Anyway, Comfort calls her the Princess, and she calls Comfort the Fairy Godmother, and they just loved each other.

Well, Comfort hears that a man can help the Princess, and so she goes to "intercede," after she finds out what it means—to beg, you know—and she gets all dressed up and goes all alone on the "L," and at the big hotel she finds the Prince. His name is really Mr. Charles Martin, but he tells her it is "Mr. Prince," and, of course, that is Mr. Meighan, and he sends down for a glass of milk and a simply huge piece of chocolate cake, and she is so hungry she gobbles them up. Then she explains why she came, and he says he will go and live at Mrs. Prouty's house and make everything all right, and he does.

He sells, I mean, buys all of Miss Woods' stories, and even Mr. Cricket's lecture, and everybody just loves him. He buys a perfectly enormous doll for Comfort, and she takes it to bed with her in the little room she sleeps in under the stairs. I dont see how she could really sleep in it, because there wasn't any window, but she seemed to.

There's a horrid man, too, who tells awful stories to Katherine about Mr. Prince, but his old valet, who is so funny I laughed till I cried at him, he tells her that all those things are not true, so she telephones him, and the next picture is after they are married, and they have adopted Comfort, and they are giving her, oh, such a scrumptious party on a beautiful lawn, and, Punch, what do you think happens? There's a perfectly enormous cake out there on the grass, and all the little children have ribbons that are tied to it, and I thought that it was just an ordinary Jack Horner pie, but, no sir, when they all pulled their pieces, the pie opened, and there was a pony!! Mr. Meighan put Comfort on his back and Miss Harris, that was Katherine Woods, stood on the other side, and that's how the picture ended.

Uncle Roddy says he hopes it didn't put ideas in my head, but I'm afraid it did, sort of. You know, I would adore a pony!

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

WHAT DISTURBED HIM

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

I had been napping, when a fearful noise
Made me straighten up in bed.
Another earthquake, so I thought;
But before the words were said,
I looked right out the window—
It was at the close of day—
And, behold! 'twas just a movie star,
Carting home her weekly pay.



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Main Street, Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

"Russell Street" and the car stumbled to a halt, I experienced my second sensation—
CHARLES RAY STUDIO.

The letters were quite as strident as those of WILLIAM S. HART'S. I have found that in Hollywood all the deities are capitalized except the Supreme. Exaggeration prevails, from drawing-room "sets" and their circus wagon butlers to the importance of the studio gatekeepers. The studio bearing the mighty name of RAY might easily have passed for a storage warehouse or a clutter of sanitary stables, were it not for the august name. It is a collection of wooden structures similar in design to the Hart edifice, save for one glass stage, resembling an exaggerated greenhouse. This studio is known as the most exclusive in all the countryside about. I have heard that people get into the Vatican by going up a flight of stairs on their knees, but the saints themselves couldn't get into the Ray studio, if they stood on their heads and repeated the Scientific Statement of Being.

I'm not sure just where Hollywood begins, for the boulevard from Los Angeles is bordered more or less regularly by domiciles. There is no distinct division between the town and its faubourg. I would say, however, that it begins at the drug store, cattacorn across from the Mount of Olives on Vermont Avenue. Anyway, that's where Hollywood Boulevard, the Main Street of Filmtown, commences. But still you are a mile from Cahuenga and the Boulevard, the center of the film district, and the Broadway-and-Forty-second-Street of the Western Thespis.

Hollywood curves like a verdant river along the base of low, dusty hills, covered by a scrubby sage growth that gives them an unshaven aspect. Here and there they are splashed high with foliage, where a villa has crept up from the town below. The most palatial houses are on the hillside or in the canyons that ferret the bluffs. The higher you climb, the higher climb the rents. Thus, the section arising to the north of the Boulevard is known as the big-rent area. Magnificent estates, some of them valued at half a million, have been cut into the steep slopes.

The country, as you may know, is a painted desert, a testimonial to the triumph of man over nature. Lawns are sustained by water pipes buried in the turf, which at intervals throw up fine threads of water, like little geysers. Such irrigation is needed all the year around, except for the two or three months of steady rainfall in the winter. Thus man has applied a cosmetic to nature that defies detection from the casual eye.

Hollywood is a tropical oasis, terraced with geraniums, hedged by calla lilies and thickets of rose, shaded by the graceful plumes of the palm tree, the feathered pepper and the stalwart eucalyptus, whose pungent fragrance compounds with the scent of flowers and orange blossoms in a perfume that is truly *quelque fleurs*.

Dreaming, motionless in the silken air beneath a sky untraced by clouds, the landscape stretches like a painted setting for some fairy tale. The streets, all paved with asphalt, wind with pleasant irregularity, like the rustic paths in a park. In harmony with the scheme, the stucco walls of cottages and mansions are tinted with pastel shades of yellow, pink and blue, like the villas on the Riviera.

The styles in architecture are fantastic and sometimes strangely mixed—French chateaux, Italian villas, English manors,

Swiss chalets, Colonial mansions, California bungalows, houses Spanish, Moorish, Grecian, Chinese and Futuristic—in fact, every type of human dwelling except the igloo. As every small town has its show place, so, too, has Hollywood. On a high, round hill, entirely landscaped with Oriental gardens, stands the great Japanese house of the Bernheimers, the gilded cornices of its pagoda roof gleaming brilliantly in the sunlight. At one time it was reported that Charlie Chaplin had purchased the place for two million dollars, but the plain residence which Charlie leases on Crotona Heights hardly indicates any such taste.

Robert W. Service, who recently returned from France and took an abode opposite my chalet on Hillcrest Road, says that the fame of Hollywood has spread thruout Europe. California, he says, means Hollywood to the European. Such is the advertising power of the screen. Yet the Cinemese comprise only a small percentage of the Hollywood populace. Lords of oil, brewing, packing and mercantile trade hold magnificent estates within the boundaries of the municipality. Only with an expert guide, can you discover the homes of the movie peers: Sessue Hayakawa's concrete castle, Cecil de Mille's gracious villa in Highland Park, Anita Stewart's Colonial dwelling, which she lets for a thousand a month when she's in the East; the lofty mansion of William Farnum, gazing far over the valley and out to the sea; Jesse Lasky's wide-winged chateau; the turreted castle where Fannie Ward and Jack Dempsey used to live (at different times); Rubye de Remer's chalet, hanging perilously to a ledge on Crotona Heights; George Melford's gabled house, perched high on Hillcrest; the sequestered habitats of Betty Blythe, Conrad Nagel, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts, Rex Ingram and others—all mounting heavenward. And, on the road to Beverly Hills, is the square ocherous villa of Nazimova, near the Moorish citadel of Wallace Reid, the plain New England house of William S. Hart, the beautiful chateau of Pauline Frederick. In Beverly Hills, an exclusive section a few miles beyond Hollywood, is Charles Ray's English lodge, and across the street the great square mansion where May Allison lives; the Pickford-Fairbanks home, which is now up for sale; Will Rogers' big house, with wide verandas; the new Colonial home, with a patio interior, which belongs to Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman. . . . To describe them all would require the eloquence and enthusiasm of a Hollywood real estate agent.

I can save a great deal of trouble in depicting Hollywood's business district by asking you to give your own a careful scrutiny—providing you don't live in a town of more than a thousand inhabitants. The shopping section consists of about six blocks of low brick buildings that have the appearance of being very new. They are, for the most part, one- and two-story structures of yellow and white. A new one in process of construction will arise to the dizzy height of six stories—only Jehovah knows why.

While there are stores scattered all the way from Vermont to Cahuenga, the real Main Street doesn't begin until you reach the intersection of Cahuenga and the Boulevard. Here you will find on one corner the Hollywood Trust and Security Savings Bank, where stars deposit—and borrow. Directly across is the Kress drug

George moves the dresser

Comedy with a serious side unless something is done to allay the pain of cuts and bruises.

Be ready for either! Absorbine, Jr., is both a liniment and an antiseptic. Used promptly for bruises or overworked muscles it dissipates the aches that would otherwise continue.

Besides being a preventive of infection, it is cleansing and healing to all open wounds.

And for the children's magic bottle, a trio of good properties recommend it. It is harmless, of a clean odor and non-staining.

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W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 921, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

store, where Lois Wilson satisfies her well-known passion for chocolate ice cream soda, and where other players go in quest of refreshment. The third corner is occupied by yet another drug store, Mansheffer's, equally fructuous of sundaes. On the fourth corner arises the mastodon structure of six stories, which I already have proudly mentioned. Just below is the one-story, white brick post office, with a green package box outside that's almost as big as the building itself. Across the street stands the four-story Markham building, which holds a ladies' ready-to-wear store on the ground floor. Above are offices pertaining to business connected with the industry, including the office of the New York Morning Telegraph, where Miss Frances Agnew receives press agents and stellar callers when she forgets to lock the door.

Another fable about Hollywood, which I must extract from your possession, is that in regard to the merry concourse of stars on the Boulevard. I, too, have read—and perchance have written—about traffic being held up by the astral throngs, and indeed I had expected upon my arrival to find stars tripping one another up and rolling together in the gutter. But, jolly as such a carnival would be, I have sworn by all the stars to tell the truth about Hollywood. The time-clocks at the studios specifying an eight-hour day do not permit of promenading in the daytime. Upon my first stroll down the Boulevard, I was treated to only one all-star spectacle. Miss Wanda Hawley tripped out of a grocery store with a paper bag in her arm. Just ten feet from me, she dropped the bag, and six lusty cucumbers bounded over the pavement. With four other gentlemen, I rushed to the rescue, and together we retrieved the capricious vegetables. I believe one gentleman asked Miss Hawley to autograph a cucumber, that he might take it home for his wife to preserve. The gallantry evoked by this incident shows the truth of my statement, namely, that stars do not twinkle regularly in the day time, even in Hollywood.

I lingered at Cahuenga, hoping to assist some other siren in a cumbersome way, but, none appearing, I took to observing the khaki-groomed traffic cop, the sole symbol of the law in Hollywood, who stood dreamily twirling his official thumbs in the center of the street. Automobiles circled around him, leaped over him, did tail-spins, back-flops and all conceivable maneuvers, save those which he indicated. I regret to say that this brave officer was knocked down by an unconscionable Ford a few days later.

Jaded by the traffic activities, I moved leisurely up the Boulevard, noting that everyone else was doing likewise. Leisure is the principal occupation of Southern California. The monotonous, wearying sun, like that o'erhanging Egypt, has a mummifying effect upon the natives, who have few interests save those of their neighbors! Nowhere is scandal so intensively cultivated.

My first stop on the Boulevard was at a drug store, which offered sun-glasses for sale. I discovered that most of the movie beauties wear colored spectacles to protect their eyes from the unrelenting sun. Having obtained a rose-hued pair, which the salesman guaranteed was the duplicate of Rudolph Valentino's, I continued my tour.

I passed two open-faced groceries, which are closed at night by sliding screens, safeguarding everything except the odors. A clothing store, with stickers on the window announcing unparalleled sacrifices on the part of the owner. A real estate office, with blackboards on which were

chalked "Bargains—six-room bungalow, close in, for only ten thousand dollars," etc. Another bank building of white glazed brick. A fruit store, run by Japs, with great bunches of flowers for sale at twenty-five cents. The Iris movie theater, a narrow, one-story brick structure, with an electric sign announcing "No Woman Knows." Next door, a cigar stand with a scale outside, on which you are invited to weigh yourself free of charge. A millinery store, with some dusty hats in the window. The Hillview Apartments, of Moorish architecture, where dwell Mae Busch, Viola Dana, James Morrison and others of the screen set. Miss Busch, the incorrigible vampire, was seated in the portico knitting a blue sweater. A residence behind a leafy hedge. A narrow-gauged lunch room, titled "The Hole-in-the-Wall," boasting "nice ladies eat here" and "fair dinner, thirty-five cents—good dinner, fifty cents." Another drug store, with a handsome display of hot water bags in the window and a range of magazines outside. The Blue Front Restaurant, named for its frontispiece, that seems to have been laundered with too much bluing. A Marinello Parlor, where Viola Dana is always in a state of shampoo. A Catholic church, so hidden by foliage that one might stumble into it with a picnic lunch, mistaking its grounds for a park, and be compelled to drop the boiled eggs into the contribution plate. The Virginia Apartments, with shops downstairs. Frank's Restaurant, under French management, with excellent French cuisine, which tempts the flower of stardom. More real estate offices. A hardware store, with a stock that embraces baby carriages, floor lamps and lawn mowers. A cafeteria, where whanging trays ring out the tocsin of high noon. A banner across the street, calling attention to the Knights of Pythias carnival in the Hollywood Bowl. The two-story Christie Hotel, with actors and potted palms in the lobby. The Hollywood movie theater, same style as the Iris, advertising "A Perfect Crime." A stretch of vacant lots. An auto park, with Fords for rent, "three dollars a day—drive yourself." A barber shop, with bootblack stand, cigar counter and magazine rack in front. A department store, with two counters, one for gents and one for ladies. Graham's Confectionery, where players have been seen tipling over Cliquot Club in the booth. John's Place, a restaurant with lunch counter and curtained booths, the only place open after midnight in Hollywood. Two phonograph shops, facing one another across the street, with machines in garrulous competition—the Hollywood spirit. A bank. A drug store . . .

I attained Highland Avenue, where the business district dribbles out with the Kwik Lunch, the Hillcrest Billiard Parlor and some art shops. Beyond is the new Masonic Temple, with pillars up the front; the Garden Court Tea Rooms, where stars lunch and dine; the Congregational Church; the beautiful Greek temple that houses the Church of Christ, Scientist . . .

At the corner of Highland and the Boulevard is the Hollywood Hotel, three stories, with brown stucco walls, stretching the length of the block. It is of the picturesque mission style, veiled from the street by enormous spreading palms. To the rear are tennis courts, screened with rose vines, and rustic walks winding under rose-laden pergolas. Nearly every star has lived here at one time. On Thursday night—but I withhold all revelry for a later chapter.

"But, where are the studios?" you ask.

They are not in evidence on the Boulevard. Nor are they grouped about like the buildings on a college campus, as many



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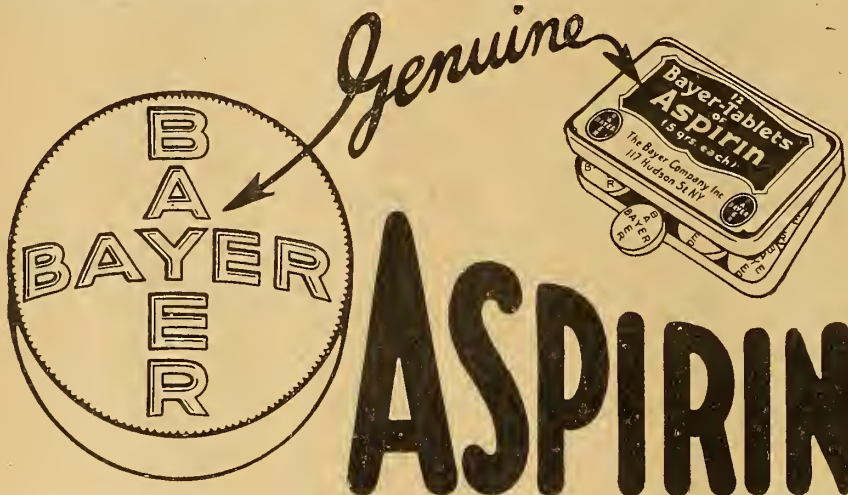
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IT IS TO LAUGH!

She's all dolled up and looks like she has a black eye. HER MAKE-UP RAN. Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid COL-Y-BROW. For eyebrows and eyelashes. WILL NOT RUN. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail \$1.00.

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people suppose. There is no studio quarter in Hollywood, comparable to the Latin Quarter in Paris or the Greenwich Village of New York. The ateliers are strewn all the way from Los Angeles to Hollywood, and on beyond Culver City.

Lasky's is the most accessible, situated only a block from the Boulevard, on Vine Street. The administration offices are located in a low wooden structure, stretching the length of the block. Above the high board fence surrounding the other three sides you may catch a glimpse of glass-covered stages and the riggings of big "sets." Another block of ground is given over to street settings and other exterior layouts. It is significant that the least pretentious studio in California is the most profitable. Twelve companies now work on the "lot"; those headed by Cecil B. de Mille, William de Mille, Wallace Reid, George Melford, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, May McAvoy, Thomas Meighan, Ethel Clayton, Agnes Ayres, Mary Miles Minter and Jack Holt.

Several blocks beyond the Lasky studio lies the Metro cantonment, a series of neat one-story buildings, painted white. This studio also covers two city blocks, one being given over to stages, and the other to permanent out-of-door "sets." The Metro lot is somewhat more decorative than the Lasky. It has a small Japanese garden between the stages and the administration building, where several scenes of "The Willow Tree" were filmed. Viola Dana, Rex Ingram, Gareth Hughes, Alice Lake and Bert Lytell lead the five production units.

Another group of studios may be found over on Melrose Avenue. Here is the great Brunton studio, with its ten vast enclosed stages and a great "lot," filled with exterior "sets" of all varieties, from that of Le Hoya, India, used in Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," to New York's tenement district. Mary Pickford has her stage, her bungalow and administration offices on this domain. Nazimova is also on the lot, making "The Doll's House" and "Salome." The Brunton studio is like a great studio apartment house, leasing space to independent companies.

Next door is the beautiful Robertson-Cole studio, designed in the Moorish style and resembling some museum of the fine arts. It houses Pauline Frederick, Sessue Hayakawa, Doris May and Louis Gasnier.

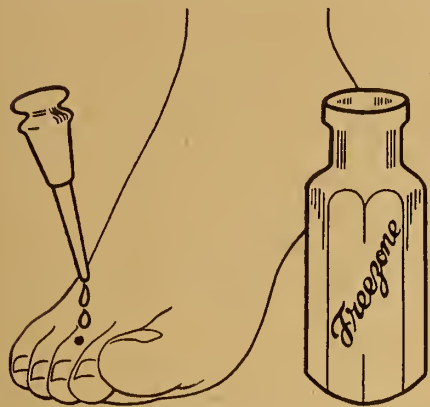
Douglas Fairbanks' studio, directly across the street from the Brunton studio, and hence convenient to Mr. Fairbanks' place, resembles a barrack, but certainly does the business.

In another section of Hollywood, where the Boulevard runs into the foothills, the Vitagraph studio sprawls out like an early mining camp. Here is a studio where the gates stand open, altho a stranger may be challenged once he gets inside. But before you are apprehended you may have a chance to see Antonio Moreno, Larry Semon, William Duncan, Jean Paige or Carmel Myers.

By following Cahuenga Avenue, where it quits the Boulevard and passes thru a ravine in the hills, you eventually will reach Universal City, the largest studio domain in all California. It includes a ranch covered with "sets" that look like ancient ruins. Representing all periods and nationalities, they are rented for filming purposes to outside companies, who do not want the expense of erecting their own. Among the most pretentious of the mask cities is that of Monte Carlo, a remarkable facsimile, which Erich von Stroheim built for "Foolish Wives." This "set" will be "shot"—in fact, riddled—over and over

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your drug-gist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

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If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back
To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring. (Cat. price \$5.25) for Half Price to introduce, \$2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price \$6.50) for \$3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad, State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit \$2.63 for Ladies ring or \$3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted.
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA, Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

INSIST ON IT
*by name
by name
by name*
PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE
For Coughs & Colds

This syrup is different from all others.
Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains
no opiates—good for young and old.

35¢ per bottle everywhere

again by the Universal company, as well as by other companies who have pictures that require Monte Carlo atmosphere. Thus, the expense of its construction—something like two hundred thousand—cannot be charged entirely to the one production.

I had supposed that the Mack Sennett studio was located on the ocean. But it lies in a ravine near Edendale, another suburb of Los Angeles. It has a rakish and nerve-racked appearance, as well it might, when you consider what it has withstood in the way of custard encounters.

On the other side of Los Angeles, several miles from Hollywood, is the Selig studio, situated in a beautiful park, with one of the largest zoos in captivity. Louis B. Mayer's studio is situated on the same acreage. All it requires is a moat and drawbridge to complete the illusion of a mediaeval French chateau. Even as it stands, it is just about as impregnable. Anita Stewart's dressing-room resembles one of Marie Antoinette's garden houses at Versailles. It is the most luxurious I have ever invaded, consisting of reception room, dressing-room, bath and small kitchen, with Oriental decorations and furnishings that cost four thousand dollars.

Another colony of studios is located at Culver City, a hamlet between Hollywood and the Pacific Ocean. It includes the two most beautiful studios in California, those of Goldwyn and Thomas H. Ince. The Goldwyn studio is as imposing as Buckingham Palace—and just as difficult of access. Thomas H. Ince's atelier is a great Southern mansion, set in spacious lawns with a driveway curving up to its pillared veranda. A dinky butler in uniform receives you at the door and ushers you into a reception room designed and furnished after the style of a Colonial hall.

Nearby is Irving Willat's freak studio, with gabled roof, shingled in colors.

Across from it is Harold Lloyd's comedy plant, a long, low structure, much like an army barracks except that it is painted.

In describing a studio, I refer to the exterior appearance of the building which contains the reception room, executive offices, casting department, cutting rooms and scenario offices. The stages, glass-enclosed, boarded or open, lie behind these administration buildings and are as like in appearance as Mr. Ford's palfreys. The stages of Ince, Goldwyn, Universal and Selig are set well apart in elaborately landscaped grounds, with lawns, flower beds and winding gravel paths, while those at Lasky, Sennett, Fox and Vitagraph are grouped with no more attempt at landscape gardening than a tenement backyard.

Unlike any of these studios in outward appearance is that of Charlie Chaplin. There is nothing to suggest a comedy plant about the long row of prim English cottages which mask the "lot" where Charlie ekes out a tragic existence.

It is easy to understand why players prefer the studios of California, with their artistic exteriors, their detached stages and spacious grounds, to the New York species, which offer no artistic dissimulation, but are plain, compact factory buildings. On the other hand, Hollywood has none of the metropolitan ebullience that mentally recreates and engenders fresh ideas. It is just a small town with a lazy, devitalizing climate. "A fine place to work," says Tommy Meighan, "but no place to be after work is done—unless you have the sleeping capacity of a Rip."

But the honest Thomas, being a star, is not concerned about the constellation which comes forth at night to dazzle the movie fans from points eastward. Of this Hollywood night life I will chant in next month's hymnal.

Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES
A PERFECT COMPLEXION



Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be of the muddiest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My statements are sober, serious, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

**YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD
LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC—DIFFERENT.**

My method is absolutely different. It has to be to warrant my statements. You know that. I get away from all known methods of cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers, or other implements. There is nothing to take. No diet, fasting or any interference whatsoever with your accustomed way of life. My treatment is absolutely safe. It cannot injure the most delicate skin. It is pleasant, even delightful. No messy, greasy, inconvenient applications. Only a few minutes a day required. Yet, results are astounding.

I want to tell you in detail about this wonderful treatment. So send for my booklet. It is free. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts, the indisputable proofs. This is the one method that has restored to beauty the complexions of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have my unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. Mail Coupon today!

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Free and without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautiful" telling of your scientific, harmless method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.
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FREE **AMBITIOUS WRITERS**
of photoplays, short stories, songs, poems, newspaper articles, send today for FREE, helpful booklet, "Successful Writing".
Writer's Digest, - 6025 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati



FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

LIVE ONES and DEAD ONES

All the dead ones are not holding up tombstones. You find them mingling with the populace in everyday life, shuffling along, void of ambition, lacking the energy to throw out their chest or straighten their round shoulders. They drag their tired feet after them. They are the people we naturally avoid. The Live one however shows pep in every step. His head is erect, his deep chest thrown out, his shoulders back. He radiates the thrill of life within him. People notice him, yes, even stare at him, for they admire the fire of youth which they themselves lack.

Thats Not All
Imagine the personal joys of such a man. No one can fully realize them until they have actually acquired them. Beneath those clothes are the powerful muscular arms, the strong back and mighty legs that give confidence that this world was made for him, and he to conquer it. There are thrills in an athlete's life that others never knew until they, too, have taken up some scientific system of training under an experienced LIVE instructor.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Would You Listen to a Mummy?

If an Egyptian mummy could return to life and teach physical culture, would you listen to him? You desire more modern methods than those of the ancient Egyptian. You want the advanced methods of a live up-to-date specialist. Old school methods took three to four years to build up a powerful physique, while I have actually accomplished this in a few months' time. You may become an entirely rebuilt man with a personality that will make you an actual leader of men.

A Doctor Who Takes His Own Medicine
My own body is an excellent example of my methods. An instructor should show results on his own person before teaching others. I am not a "has been," but am now living the best years of my life. If I developed myself from a frail weakling to the athlete I am today, I am sure you will be convinced that there is a lot behind my methods. I developed my own arm from 10 to 16 1-2 inches, my present measurements. I developed my chest from 34 to 48 inches, which it measures today. I developed a 17-inch neck from a neck that used to wear a 13-inch collar.

A Message for You

What I have done for myself, I can do for you or anyone who will put forth a little effort each day and follow my instructions. In my files are thousands of letters from gratifying pupils all over the world. If you want success in this world, and the energy and pep that only a real athlete knows, if you want to earn more money by developing a clearer brain from a better supply of blood, if you want to stand out among your associates make up your mind today. Turn over a new leaf and become a LIVE one. Do not remain a DEAD one any longer. The live ones will send for my booklet—the dead ones will pass this message by. In what class do you belong?

A new edition of my book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

is just off the press.

It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 26 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing. Don't miss this opportunity. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

DEPT. 303 305 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 303, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Exercises for the Thin Figure

(Continued from page 57)

informed on the subject and are prepared to diagnose and treat these cases, most of which are easily cured. And when the cure is effected, it is sometimes astonishing to see how quickly these people begin to fatten. You can see angles turning into curves and the rose of health blooming in the cheek. They may even gain too rapidly and have to study the diet for the stout, rather than the thin person. Nevertheless, they must continue their daily walk, now making it longer and brisker than before.

Next in importance to the walk for thin people, are the breathing exercises, which must be taken out of doors or at an open window.

The first one is the simple breathing exercise. Stand erect, heels together, head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back, abdomen in. Now breathe in, counting—without using the lips—one, two, three, four, five. Now exhale, using the same count. Do this four times. Now inhale as before, then exhale quickly, forcibly and without counting. Repeat this four times. Now inhale more slowly and deeply, counting up to ten. Exhale to the same number of counts. After doing this four times, exhale quickly for four more times, forcing all the impure air from the lungs with one breath.

The next exercise includes the above outlined breathing exercises, combined with rising on the toes and raising the arms straight from the sides forward and upward to a vertical position above the head, where both arms will be parallel, having described parallel semicircles from the downward position to the upward position.

Some sports combine most beneficially both healthful and pleasurable exercises. In fact, we know in this enlightened day that most pleasurable exercises are healthful, in spite of the old idea that anything pleasant was harmful, just as our Puritan ancestors thought it ungodly to be fair. Now we know that it is good to be beautiful, and that pleasure preserves the health.

From the many pleasant sports of today, I advise thin people to choose golf and tennis. Golf means much walking, brisk walking, with an end in view. It presents itself in the light of a game, and games are always more pleasant than duties, and more soothing to the nerves. Both golf and tennis exercise muscles of the arms, legs and shoulders.

But perhaps you are a very busy person and cannot find the time to give to these games. In that case, here is a simple little game, all ready-made for you. It is similar to the game called medicine-ball, of which you have probably heard; you may even have played it. It was popular at various cantonments during the war, and derived its name from the fact that it acts as a medicine or tonic to the body. You will need a partner. Is there not some member of the family who also needs this exercise and would be willing to give a few minutes each day to it? It is so simple, requiring no preparation and no special knowledge of the game.

It consists mainly in tossing back and forth a large leather ball about the size of a football. First you toss the ball to your playfellow, who catches it and tosses it back to you. You, in turn, catch it and send it back to him. In catching the ball, you will probably have to throw your hands above your head, or to the right or the left, from which position you must toss the ball back. Don't straighten your body and throw from the erect position;

that is against the rules. You must always send the ball back from the position in which you catch it. This will mean that your aim will not be good—in fact, you do not aim at all; simply toss in the direction of the other player immediately upon getting your hands on the ball. The ball will often fly wide of the mark, but it is the business of both players to be on the alert, springing in the direction of the ball, and catching it if possible; returning it immediately from this position. Do not hurl the ball. Do not even throw it—merely toss it. A few minutes of this will exercise muscles of the body from the head to the feet in a gentle, easy way, and without any resultant weariness. In fact, it is usually followed by a vigor and buoyancy of feeling. It is one of the best mild exercises there is.

Marching also is a splendid exercise. Start your victrola going near an open window, and march back and forth on your veranda, keeping perfect step to the music. The rhythmical, regular, even stride is soothing to the nerves and invigorating to the muscles. Don't worry, lest your neighbors say you are behaving queerly. They probably will, but it is only when you have learned to be independent of what people say that you will ever accomplish anything worth while.

These few, simple exercises, combined with proper diet and plenty of sleep, will prove worth a hundred times the biggest doctor's bill that was ever presented to you. Just remember to take them regularly and not to overdo. Modern physical science is now denouncing many of the old violent forms of gymnastics and teaching exercise in moderation.

The New Course In Interior Decorating

(Continued from page 48)

reproduction at all. It was just left to the property man, who knew little or nothing about decoration; or to the director, who sometimes knew less. Now, by the use of the moving studio lights, real interiors can be taken. Millionaires are taking as much delight having their interiors snapped as they formerly were in having the exteriors of their homes taken.

Instead of depending on the property man and the untrained director—so far as decoration is concerned—each studio, today, has its own decorator or corps of decorators, who choose personally each piece of furniture or decoration that is to appear in each set. If there is any question about the suitability of a piece of furniture, books on decoration are consulted, so that the period is absolutely authentic. Color is chosen with as much care as if they were to be shown in their original hues. Yes, when you go to the movies today, you are not only given a picture, but you receive a full course in what to put into your home, and how to arrange it in your home, as well. Keep your eyes open in the movies and study the background as well as the foreground, if you are interested in beautifying your home.

POOR ARGUMENT

By ROBERT HAGE

FILM SALESMAN: This is such a wonderful picture that all your patrons will want to see it more than once.

EXHIBITOR: I don't want it. I prefer to have my patrons leave the theater after seeing a picture once.

Justice

(Continued from page 21)

and contempt to transgressors, and encouragement and admiration for self-respecting ones. Take a pride in the honor of the profession and make a new standard of living to raise the industry to a loftier level. It is a glorious thing to aim high.

If all directors would sternly insist upon sobriety and good behavior on their sets, instead of often averting the eye from offenders, or glossing over the knowledge that such and such an actor or actress is indulging in excess while making a play, this would materially assist matters.

I am told that there are some actors and actresses who, the moment they have finished a picture, seem to think it is the right thing to get drunk, and spend money like wildfire, and that fragile-looking heroines of romance can be seen as intoxicated as abandoned women in the gutter. I am thankful that I never saw any of this, but if it is true that it exists, it is sad to think about. For the screen can only be a successful medium for female talent until about twenty-five years is reached; beyond that, unless the art is supreme, the faces take on shadows which the merciless camera discovers and chronicles. And, of course, all riotous living accelerates this.

During the ten months I was in Hollywood, I observed, with deep regret, one or two lovely young faces altering and coarsening, or showing other signs of over-smoking, and over-drinking, and late hours, and want of restraint. But even among the most self-respecting and abstemious, the period of success is very short, and in the heyday, how much more sensible to save money and amass enough to start a new career elsewhere—or retire to a life of ease, with the prospect of travel and education, than to squander it all on these much-talked-of orgies, when the drink has to be obtained at fabulous prices and thru the breaking of the law of the country. And now is the time to begin a new state of things, to show the public of what good stuff the large majority of moving picture people are made. What pride they take in their profession, and what a fighting spirit they possess, which is not going to take the scorpion whip of denunciation lying down!

Public: Try to think of the movie world with justice and gratitude. Remember the dull evenings you would spend but for them!

Movie World: Wake up! Look to your laurels, make a firm stand, and within yourselves weed out the notorious offenders—and then hold your heads high—the proud equals of any other community in the civilized world!

Your friend,

ELINOR GLYN.

CHARLES CHAPLIN

By A. R. WETJEN

A grotesque mask that shields a soul,
A little solemn, perhaps afraid;
A fleshy cloak that shields the whole
Of hidden fires that God has made.

Perhaps, 'midst crowds, he is all alone,
As are such who often sway
The passions on this ball of stone
That twirls swift on its lonely way.

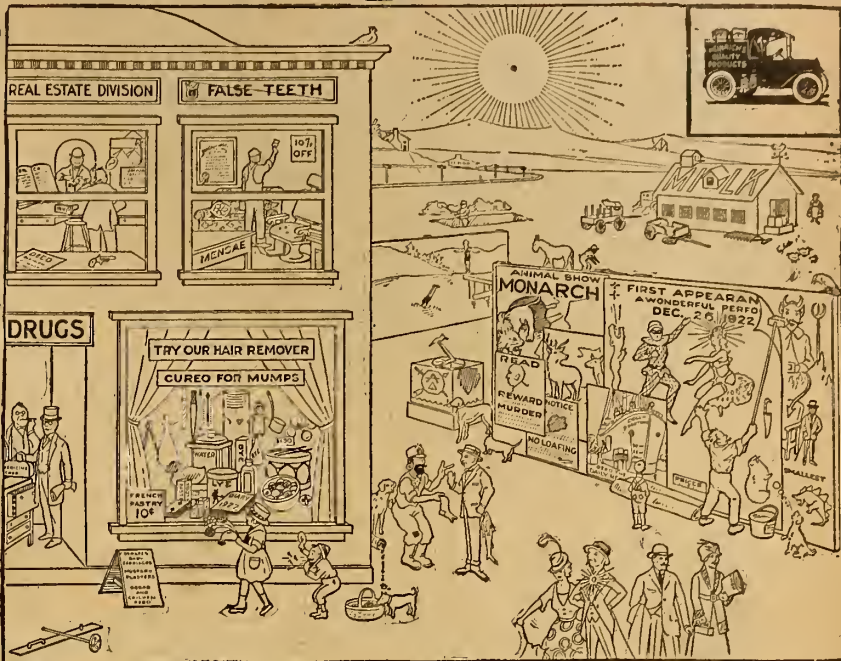
His subtle lure now does confound
The moody creeds of sages blest,
And mayhap all the world swings round
He who is the world's great jest!

Who Wants \$2500

A Snap for Somebody

It's easier to work with a BIG PRINT Send for one

Read the prizes



No Charge to try—Send Your List

How many objects do you see that begin with "D", like donkey, dog, devil, etc.? Write them on paper, sign your name and send them in. The largest, nearest correct list entitles the sender to first prize, \$20.00. Or you can try for a bigger prize if you want to.

\$2500.00 for Somebody

WHO'LL WIN IT? We want everybody to get acquainted with De Do, the exquisite new odor used exclusively in our toilet preparations, so we make this offer. The first prize in the contest is \$20.00, but if the winner has made a \$1.00 purchase the first prize is \$500.00, if a \$2.00 purchase the first prize is \$1000.00 or if a \$5.00 purchase the first prize is \$2500.00, more than the average man can save in a lifetime. IT PAYS TO TRY FOR THE BIG PRIZE.

De Do Exquisite Requisites for the Toilet

Exquisite is the only word that really tells how wonderful these preparations are. They are the highest quality that can be made and are put up in charming packages. You could find nothing that will surpass them for gifts or personal use.

List of Offers

- \$1.00** One full size box of De Do Face Powder [white, flesh or natural (brunette)] Prepaid for.....\$1.00
- \$2.00** One large jar each of De Do Night Cream and Day Cream. Prepaid for.....\$2.00
- \$5.00** One box of De Do Face Powder, one jar each of Night Cream and Day Cream (as above), one \$1.50 bottle of exquisite De Do Toilet Water, one 25c box of Nail Polish, and one 35c can of De Do Talcum Powder, Total \$5.10. Prepaid for....\$5.00

Sold Under Absolute Guarantee

Cash Prizes

	If No Purchase Is Made	If \$1.00 Purchase Is Made	If \$2.00 Purchase Is Made	If \$5.00 Purchase Is Made
First prize.....	\$20.00	\$500.00	\$1,000.00	\$2,500.00
Second prize....	10.00	250.00	500.00	1,250.00
Third prize.....	5.00	125.00	250.00	625.00
Fourth prize....	5.00	75.00	150.00	375.00
Fifth prize.....	5.00	50.00	100.00	250.00
Sixth prize.....	3.00	40.00	80.00	200.00
Seventh prize...	3.00	30.00	60.00	150.00
Eighth prize....	3.00	20.00	40.00	100.00
Ninth prize....	2.00	15.00	30.00	75.00
10th to 15th....	2.00	10.00	20.00	50.00

Wonderful Opportunity for Workers

Start in business for yourself. Be your own boss. Supply Heinrich products to your community, either town or country, and make \$1.00 every hour you work. Write for list of open territories and full particulars.

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1943 East Hennepin Ave.

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De Do Toilet Water \$1.50



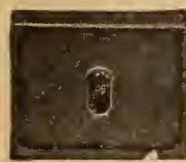
De Do Talc. 35c



De Do Night Cream \$1.00



De Do Day Cream \$1



De Do Face Powder \$1.00



De Do Nail Polish 25c

PERFUMES

JEANNE JACQUES begs to announce a series of new perfumes for the American market. Perfumes have again come into fashion, and the present demand for a dainty, delicate fragrance for milady's kerchief, wardrobe and person has stimulated and hastened my cherished resolve to supply that demand. All of my perfumes are made from the finest essential oils of France, Persia, Arabia and England, and are so blended as to give not only an enchanting fragrance but a permanence not often found even in the best makes. Among these are the Corliss Palmer formulas. It is no secret that Miss Palmer has been working daily for over a year on the perfecting of a perfume for her own use. Daily she placed her several experiments into similar numbered bottles, and passed them around on a tray, asking twenty friends to vote on them. Over 100 different combinations or formulas have thus gone the rounds, and each has been changed, drop by drop, until all were agreed on its superiority. To compare her best with standard makes, she would frequently put in a famous French make, and not until her own blends received higher votes than these French makes (which were of course disguised by placing in new bottles) was Miss Palmer satisfied. Her laboratory has been enlarged and I am now prepared to supply

PERFUMES OF EXQUISITE LOVELINESS

at prices far below the usual prices for products of similar excellence. We are offering the following varieties, each being put up in attractive bottles and packages suitable for the most dainty boudoir:

CORLISS PALMER

A delicate, exquisite blend. Miss Palmer's favorite. People say it has that alluring "come hither" aroma—that draws you to it, and you want to smell more. Put up only in 2-oz. cut-glass bottles (the bottle alone is worth \$1.00). Price \$5.00 a bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

ARABIAN FLORE

This odor is a blend in imitation of the finest perfumes of Arabia, that the poets have sung about. It may not please all, but those who do like it will love it so much that they will have none other. Remarkable lasting qualities. Price \$2.50 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

PERSIAN VIOLET

Very few perfumers have ever succeeded in making a successful violet. We have here a dainty blend of delicious fragrance, sure to please all who like the aroma of this exquisite flower. Price \$2.00 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

TURKISH BOUQUET

For those who prefer a distinctive aroma, savoring of the Orient, this delightful blend will surely please. An entirely new odor—something different. Quite enchanting to those who like the sweet odor of the magnolia and honeysuckle. Price \$3.00 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

A \$10.00 Bill Will Bring All Four To You

They will all be found enduring as well as pleasing. Even a single drop will retain its fragrance long after it has dried, particularly if moisture or heat is applied to it.

We want to prove that the French are no longer superior to the Americans in making perfumes. We use the same essential oils that they do, and we believe we have them beaten in their combinations.

JEANNE JACQUES, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

Allen Forrest is sure handsome. No, I have never met Louise Lovely. Have you?

MICKY.—My advice to you is to associate with men of good judgment; for judgment is found in conversation. And we make another man's judgment ours by frequenting his company. So you think I am a wee bit sarcastic, but I might improve with age. I'll try. "Experience" was just fair. Barthelme was good. I liked the stage play better.

CHILI BEAR.—You want an interview with Bebe Daniels. Your letter was interesting. The November MAGAZINE.

MAGUENI.—Better decide that for yourself. Gareth Hughes, in "Stay Home" and "The Adventure of a Ready Letter Writer." Edna Murphy and Johnnie Walker, in "What Love Will Do." It does more for women and more to men.

CONNIE FOREVER.—You are true blue. We are starting a new magazine called BEAUTY, but the Chief says I ain't good-looking enough to write an answer department for it. Now, who'd a thunk it?

DOROTHY W.—Thanks; it's such letters as yours that give me my inspiration. Truly, you make me very happy.

EDITH M.—Yes, a great fondness you have. But a good many men who wear nightshirts always speak of their "pajamas," because they think it sounds sweller. Vincent Coleman, in "Good References." Marion Davies, in "Enchantment."

DING TOES.—Well, I have a few visitors every now and then. Mary Miles Minter's hair is real. She is pretty, but she is getting older every day. Yes, Juanita Haner is married to Harrison Post. You're welcome.

KITTY K.—Wallace Reid is with Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

BABETTE.—I really cannot say which is the greatest play in literature, but Macaulay, a fine judge, said that "Othello" was the finest in any language. Yes, William Farnum was Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables." Have you read "Alice Adams" and "The Age of Innocence"? They are both good.

IMA BONEHEAD.—I agree with you, too, that the woman's place is in the home. They should all stay home, and do the washing, scrubbing, sewing and cooking. So you think Elliott Dexter is wonderful. You are not alone. Constance Binney is playing in "The Heritage of Delow Marsh." Priscilla Dean, in "Wild Honey."

FLUFF.—Cant say that I do. I like Theda Bara much better.

AUDLEY T.—Sorry I cant offer you hopes, but there is just such a book sold in America for three dollars a copy. It would be a big undertaking to start it in England, when most of the material is in America.

JEANNETTE.—The one requisite I ask is the enclosure of a stamped addressed envelope before I can answer questions by mail. Otherwise, it would bankrupt me. I get ten dollars a week, and need it. Your questions have been answered before.

WILLIAM HART FAN.—Yes, William Hart is married. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, and Harry Carey to Olive Fuller Golden. This is your fifth letter this month, and in each you made a hit. You have a fine batting average.

UGLY DUCKLING.—Women look forward to their wedding day; men look back at theirs. Hold your horses, there; you think my whiskers are used for a fly-catcher in summer and for my wife's neckpiece in winter. Not that. You want a contest for Ugly Ducklings. That's out. Be patient, and you will see "The Three Musketeers." It's fine.

The Gentleman From Japan

(Continued from page 55)

interesting. One begins to speculate upon the slumbrous, half-closed aspect of them, when suddenly they flare open, startling in their black brilliance.

The same methodical tendency which seems to dominate his mind is to be found, too, in his attention to physical well-being. He is a disciplinarian, if ever there was one, subjecting himself to rigorous limitations and, what is more, living up to them. That day he had entered upon a diet to strip himself of a little surplus poundage, too little to be evidenced in his appearance. But apparently it finds its justification in its ends. He is a powerful swimmer, a fencer, a splendid athlete. It is said that he habitually swims three or four miles out into the open sea, beyond reach of any possible succor in event of sudden distress.

Hayakawa hailed originally from Tokio, Japan. It was not until he had migrated to America and undergone a career at the University of Chicago that he became interested in acting; but since then he has played in his native country several seasons, heading his own company in spoken drama.

He is not only the genuine Oriental star on the American screen, but he has endured where many of our own stars have fallen by the wayside. There is the magnetic attraction of all impenetrable things about him. The Oriental cast of countenance has always been and always will be a riddle to the Occidental.

He lives in Hollywood with his charming little wife, Tsuru Aoki, for a time a star in her own right, but now retired. Her last picture she made with her husband, "The Street of the Fallen Dragon." In Castle Glengarry, a well-known residential show place, they have fitted themselves a home that in its apparent furnishings and atmosphere is quite American. Both Hayakawa and his wife dress in the smartest of modern modes, and the latter speaks English with the ease of one to the manner born. They are two of Hollywood's most interesting personages.

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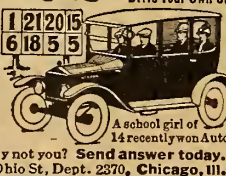
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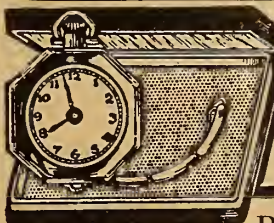
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RICHARD WALLACE

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The Song of Life

(Continued from page 65)

barrassed in the way she glanced at old Mary, mending socks at the window. "David out?" She asked the question with studied carelessness. "I suppose he's wearing out the pavement as usual or breaking the spiel limit with some of those queer friends of his that is so literary they don't get a hair cut!"

Mary's tone reproved her. "David is a great man. He'll be famous some day!" There was a queer exultation in her tone, and the color rose to her faded cheeks, "he got a letter from the publisher man this afternoon telling him to call at four. David says that's a good sign. He says if he was going to return it he wouldn't bother to have him call, he says—"

"He says—you make me tired with your 'David says'!" Aline mocked "You'd think there wasn't anyone else in this family. Well, maybe there won't be pretty soon," she turned away into the bedroom and slammed the door. A jerking open of bureau drawers and rattle of hangers in the closet ensued, bringing a terrified look into the old woman's eyes. The sock fell from her tremulous fingers. She rose to her feet with a little cry as Aline came out, carrying a hand bag.

"Where are you going?" She hurried to the door into the hall, and leaned against it with the attitude of a little, frightened creature at bay, "You mustn't! Not for David's sake, tho he's crazy about you and I guess it would pretty near kill him if you ran away from him. But you mustn't go for your own sake—"

Aline laughed janglingly, "Don't you worry, I won't come back thru the falling snow to soft music! I can take care of myself all right. As for David, I don't believe he'll know I'm gone if you don't mention it to him. He's so near dead that all he needs is a pair of silver handles to make a grand funeral!"

"Wait!" said Mary again, "you poor little thing, you don't know what you're doing. I didn't know either, when I ran away from my home twenty-five years ago, I thought, same as I s'pose you're thinking, that I was going to have a fine time, and pretty clo'es and like that. Well—" she flung out her work-scarred hands, "you see what I got! I was sick of working, of doing dishes—and I've been doing dishes ever since. It was all I knew how to do."

Aline was staring at her in amaze. It was evident that she was unwillingly impressed, but she adopted an air of bravado. "Pooh! You didn't look where you was going, that's all! And anyhow, maybe you wouldn't have been any better off if you'd stayed."

Mary's voice was like the cry of a hurt animal, "If I'd have stayed I'd have kept my son! And now he hates me, and there's nothing ahead—I spoiled my life, but I won't let you spoil yours—"

"You can't keep me from doing what I want," Aline said stubbornly, "and I want to go where there's lights and music, and somebody that knows I'm alive."

Suddenly Mary seemed to shrink within herself. She stood away from the door, "No, I can't help you," she said hopelessly, "my trouble might have been some good after all if it would have saved you, but nobody can save a person except himself. It seems kind of wasteful, don't it?"

She hardly heard the door close on Aline. Later, hours or minutes she did

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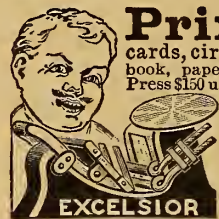
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The March SHADOWLAND

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Sheldon Cheney writes upon the latest investigations in setting mobile colors to music—something soon to startle the artistic world.

Babette Deutsch writes on Robert Frost, in her series of articles on foremost American poets.

Frank Harris discusses Lord Northcliffe.

Franz Molnar contributes a new one-act play, "A Street and Number."

Pitts Sanborn writes on the musical artists who are popular in their tours of the country, in "Musical Meadows."

The issue will be replete with beautiful pictures, interesting articles and live-wire interviews. You must read the March Shadowland

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield Street
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not know, when the door bell rang she moved to answer it like one groping thru the mists of a dream, and brought back the florists' box without a glance at what she held in her hands. She was standing, still holding it when the door was flung wide and David stood on the threshold, panting as tho he had been running.

"Where is Aline?" He hurled the question at her furiously, then when she did not answer he snatched the box from her hands, "I don't suppose any man is sending you flowers!" It was as tho some other one stood there in David's handsome young body, tearing the pasteboard ruthlessly apart, snarling out violent words. "I was talking to Henderson—damn him! And there on his desk was her picture! What was my wife's picture doing on another man's desk! It may be all right—that's why I didn't kill him then and there—but I've got to know!" He hurled the flowers to the floor with such force that their bruised petals filled the room with swooning sweetness, as he read the card aloud, "Richard Henderson—damn him! Oh, damn him!" Now he was almost sobbing like a hurt little boy as he caught the old woman's hands, "why was he sending Aline flowers?"

Mary spoke clearly, "Why weren't you sending her flowers?"

He winced as tho she had struck him, but his jaw went out savagely, "I want to speak to Aline—"

"She is gone," the old woman looked at him steadily, with dim, unfathomable old eyes, "An hour ago, carrying a bag—"

David caught at the table edge, and his head went back and his eyes closed with intolerable pain. Then, opening them, he laughed almost gaily with white lips. "Too bad about the book, eh? He'd have published it if I'd made a few changes—made the mother more sympathetic and so forth. But a man can't very well publish a book if he's dead—" he picked up his hat and put it on with meticulous care in the arrangement.

"Where are you going?" Mary whispered.

David looked back, surprised as he went out of the door, "Why," he said, as tho answering the obvious, "I'm going to kill Richard Henderson, of course, as soon as I can get a gun."

It was this latter circumstance that brought a small, panic-stricken figure to the publisher's house just off Fifth Avenue in the fifties, ahead of David. The maid who answered the bell gazed curiously at Mary's white face and wild eyes, as she faltered out that she must see Mr. Henderson—must see him. Suave, polished, Richard Henderson bowed over the wrinkled little hand that she held out to him; "You wanted to speak to me? About what?"

Mary made no circumlocutions, but came to the point at once, "Aline! She mustn't stay here—her husband is coming! Send for her and let me take her home."

The man's clean-shaven, rather heavy face hardened. "The lady you speak of is not here. I admit I was expecting her, but she has not arrived. No doubt she has changed her mind in the charming fashion of your charming sex—" he continued to stand before her, the little cynical smile twisting his lips, his head a trifle bent, differentially—then very slowly, as a tree falls, he pitched forward upon his face on the carpet and lay still. Mary's dazed glance moved from the sprawling figure at her feet to David, standing on the threshold, holding

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the smoking revolver crookedly, "You've—killed him?"

"I expect so," David nodded, "I didn't aim very well. I was too excited—one ought to be very calm about a murder. There was a silencer on the gun, that's why it didn't make more noise." He might have been talking leisurely about a trivial matter, of no especial importance.

Mary went to him, holding out her hand. "Give me the gun, dearie."

"What for?" But he obeyed like a child.

"Now I want you to go home," she said soothingly, "Aline isn't here. I've got a notion she thought better of it and went back to the flat. You don't want to get her name mixed up in this, do you?"

"Not—here?" He stared at her blankly, then began to shake from head to foot, "then—I needn't have done it? Oh—God—"

She patted his arm, all her denied motherhood in her wistful eyes, "I know, dearie! Don't you worry a bit—I'll fix everything up all right. I'll explain how it was. Run along and find Aline, and David," she held his arms tightly, "when you find her, don't you let her go again! Do you hear me, don't you let her go!"

Dazedly, like one in a trance, David Tilden went out of the room, and the house. She waited rigidly beside the dreadful figure until she was certain that he was gone, then she moved to the door and called the maid. "I've shot your master," she said quietly, "maybe you'd better send for the doctor before you do the police. I won't run away."

The District Attorney, who had ambitions for another term, was inclined to be bitter about the new prisoner brought in for his questioning, "You expect me to prosecute that nice, gentle, white-haired old lady for attempted murder! I'll be the laughing-stock of the state. Why she makes you think of fresh doughnuts and morning glory covered porches and your childhood days—cant you hear the *Herald* and the *Globe* kid me? And the sob sisters will fall over themselves and splash ink and adjectives around! Besides, you know as well as I do, she couldn't have done it! If she's a murderer, I'm a Hohenzollern!"

"Well, ask her yourself!" said the chief inspector, aggrieved, "I've been at her all night, but all she'll say is 'I did it.' We might put her thru the Third here in the office, if you say?"

"Bring her in!" the District Attorney fretted, "I declare things have come to a pretty pass when people come around begging to be put in jail! We'll try the arc light stunt on Grandma and see if we can't induce her to change her mind!"

Under an intense white glare of light that seemed to cut her off from the rest of the world, Mary answered the questions that were hurled at her from the darkness on every side. Her eyes were red and heavy with sleep, her head drooped, but her voice was steady and clear. "I shot him. I won't tell you why. I won't tell you where I got the gun. I shot him—" her voice grew thick, began to waver, "I—shot—him—"

"Oh, damn!" sighed the District Attorney, "what's that, Allen?"

"A gentleman to see you, sir," his secretary said woodenly, "he says that he wants to confess to shooting Mr. Henderson, sir."

"Good! Show him in!" the D. A. was visibly cheered, "Turn off the arc light boys, we've got another candidate! I

(Continued on page 119)



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is Miss Palmer's motto—hence she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Hundred Times a Father

(Continued from page 68)

picture of himself as taciturn, stern and old amused him, as, indeed, it did me, now that I really saw him as he was.

"The rôle of Père Grandet is most interesting, very different from anything I have played for some time," said Mr. Lewis. "In the first place, it is French, and I wear a beard and ragged clothes. Usually I stick to American rôles. You must know your ground, the fundamentals of your characters, and while emotions may be alike in all peoples, the mode of expressing them varies with different races. However, I've played every nationality, was even a German—once. It was in a Raoul Walsh picture, and when it was cut, about all I did was to twirl my mustache."

A hundred times a father might describe the stage career of Ralph Lewis, for he has fathered and grandfathered almost every star of brilliance in the cinema world. The habit began when, as Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation," he grandfathered Lillian Gish, and during the intervening years the list has steadily grown. Out of the seven pictures he made last year, he appeared as the father of five stars in succession, a unique record probably never made before.

All were good rôles too, for he was the reformed crook in "Outside the Law," his daughter being Priscilla Dean. He was the straightlaced father of Annette Kellerman in "What Women Want"; Betty Compson had him for her father in "Prisoners of Love"; another screen child was Anita Stewart in "Sowing the Wind," and he was Dorothy Phillips' father in "Man, Woman and Marriage." Besides these, Mr. Lewis grandfathered Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum"; was Douglas Fairbanks' father in "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," and fathered Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth," and many more.

Now he is cruelly step-fathering Alice Terry. "It is mighty hard to be mean to a sweet little girl like Alice," and the genial actor smiled.

If only scripts and directors would behave, there is no doubt that Ralph Lewis would make the most indulgent screen parent, for he hasn't forgotten his own boyhood, not one mischievous prank that colored those days.

He was born in Chicago. His father, Captain E. R. Lewis, eighty years old, a prominent G. A. R. veteran, still lives there. After completing high school, where his companions included Samuel Merwin and Henry Webster, Ralph entered the Northwestern University. He was initiated into the Phi Delta Theta fraternity and played second base on the Varsity ball team.

"My father was Welsh, my mother Scotch, both belonging to a long line of dreamers, and I revolted at the thought of tiresome routine and monotony in thinking of a career," said Mr. Lewis, reviewing the early days. "I had always been interested in dramatics and even when in high school I affected long hair and low collars and could recite Byron and Keats by the yard. Naturally, I took part in the college plays, and when I had a chance to join a little repertoire company, I diligently learned the fourteen plays in two weeks and started out to carve my career."

"That was in 1894. It has been a long, hard journey, with many steep grades, yet there has never been a time when I didn't

love it and feel its thrill. I would rather be a fine actor than the richest man in the whole world."

In this simple statement of a great ambition lies the secret of Ralph Lewis' success. He loves his work for itself, escaping all the essence of "Potterism"—that striving for things for what they will bring rather than the joy of the thing itself. He appreciates the art of his calling, the art of reproducing the emotions so clearly, so perfectly blended that they convince with their absolutely naturalness, and thru his superb sincerity he has won the actor's greatest jewel, a wide versatility.

"The transitions of mood must be made rather quickly before the camera," he explained. "Look at the genius of Mary Pickford, in one short moment she presents a kaleidoscopic range of feeling which carries her audience thru every change of thought."

"I have just completed two very strong pictures, 'Salvage,' with Pauline Frederick, and 'A Private Scandal,' with Kathlyn Williams. They are both wonderful women and exceptional artists."

Before coming into pictures, Mr. Lewis had a long and varied stage career. He played three years with Julia Marlowe, made fourteen plays with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin and played with Hackett and Wilton Lackaye. He was in musical comedy with Lulu Glaser and spent four years in vaudeville, most of this time playing sketches with his wife, Vera Lewis, also well known to film fans.

"I made several pictures with D. W. Griffith in New York, among them were 'The Great Leap,' a Kentucky melodrama, with Mae Marsh and Bobby Harron, and 'The Avenging Conscience,' which I consider the best picture I was ever in. There was a corking cast with Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet, George Siegmann and Spottiswoode Aitken, and I often wonder why this picture has never been revived."

"Griffith is a great director, a great show-man. He knows human nature as few do," continued Mr. Lewis. "I came to Los Angeles with him to play 'The Birth of a Nation.' I came to stay six weeks and it was six years before I returned East."

"Last fall, my wife and I decided to go to New York and give the old haunts the once over—I thought I'd get a great kick out of it, for I had lived there twenty years. Will you believe me when I tell you that on the way from the station to the hotel we looked at each other and exclaimed in unison, 'Let's go back,' everything looked so different. We stayed awhile, however, saw all the new shows, all the old friends, and visited the nearby towns where we had trouped for years. I hunted up my favorite saloon where a bunch of jolly fellows used to congregate—it had been turned into a Greek candy shop. That was the last drop, I was ready to come back to California and remain forever and ever."

"Why not? Vera and I have our work, our home, our friends, and we are very happy. We play with the same enthusiasm as we work. We enjoy entertaining our friends, we play bridge and poker"—he chuckled—"I'm an inveterate gambler. We motor and picnic, and I go to the baseball games whenever I can, so the days fly by into years, full of work and happiness."



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Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman	Alice Joyce
Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore

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On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 77)

old shoes or rice as the couple left on their honeymoon for San Francisco.

You remember Winifred as the blonde petite whom Bill courted—and won—in his picture, "John Petticoats." She was born in San Francisco and educated in a convent. David Wark Griffith guided her first footsteps along the celluloid way. Later she appeared as leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray, De Wolf Hopper and other stars. Only last year she went to Sweden to make a picture. Upon her return she appeared in several Selznick films.

Only a few months prior to the wedding, the Mesdames Rumor were predicting a matrimonial alliance between Bill and Jane Novak. It was known that Bill cherished a good friendship for Miss Novak, who had been his reformer in a number of buckskin dramas.

At this moment no one knows what Mrs. William Hart's film plans will be. It is probable that she will continue on the screen and perhaps may star, for she was considered for astral position before her marriage. Bill will be returning to work soon.

HOW ABOUT HAROLD AND TONY?

As yet Harold Lloyd and Tony Moreno, the most eligible of the remaining bachelors in the West, have showed no marked signs of deflection, but things come sudden in the movie business, as Bill demonstrated. Marriage is like shootin', as Bill would say; it just happens sudden, and before you know it you ain't what you was. Harold told me the other day with a chuckle that he had stuck it out longer than his brother, Gaylord, with whom he lives, but he admitted that you never can tell. He is a more or less regular escort of his leading lady, Mildred Davis. But, then, he was also the gallant guide of Bebe Daniels when she was his film adored.

Tony Moreno insists that he has been staying at his club every night and has contracted a horrible habit of playing dominoes. Tony has been reported engaged at various times to just about every beauty of filmdom. Of late he has been going with the blue-booked society people of Los Angeles, so it may be that he will marry outside the profession. He swears that he considers it bad policy to marry within—but policies do change, yuh know.

VIVE LA REINE!

First nights may come and first nights may go, but none will be starrier than that heralding the opening of Mabel Normand's "Molly-O" in the Mission Theater, Los Angeles.

From the audience standpoint it was a billion dollar show, proving my contention that the witching Mabel is the most popular individual in the film colony. Hardened habitués bellowed and wiped their bone-rims at the optical command of Mabel. My cynical confrère, Willis Goldbeck, so far abandoned himself as to be seized with a heart attack. He was stricken, as I recall, by a close-up of Mabel's eyes.

"Molly-O" has crowned Mabel Normand queen of the pageant forever, and none hail her supreme triumph with more enthusiasm than those who know her personally. Of all the cinema fair who have passed my interviewing scrutiny, Mabel is the most genuine and enchanting.

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the other night at the Coconut Grove, Hotel Ambassador. The management decided that it was time for judgment as to the best dancers, male and female, in the film colony. So the Los Angeles district attorney, Thomas Lee Woolwine, was summoned to make a cross-examination, assisted by Ruth Roland, Wallace Reid and Bryant Washburn. Their verdict was in favor of Gaston Glass and Marguerite de la Motte. There was a tie in the semi-finals between two couples, Mr. Glass and Miss de la Motte and Mr. Billy Neindorff and Miss Colleen Moore. The jury finally awarded the cup to the Glass-de la Motte team. Among other entrees were Lee Moran, James Young, George Larkin, Sylvia Breamer, Virginia Faire, Billy Joseph.

TOM MOORE RETURNS

There has been considerable concern expressed as to the whereabouts of Tom Moore since he abruptly departed the Goldwyn screen. We now find him in an unstarred part in J. Parker Read's production of "Pawnd," which has Edith Roberts as the leading woman. Mrs. Tom Moore, Renee Adoree, also has returned to the screen, playing a part in a Fox picture.

ON THE ROCKS

Elinor Glyn is back from England to guide Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino thru "Beyond the Rocks," another of those delightful fantasies for which Elinor is famed. In "The Great Moment" Gloria was bitten by a snake. In this picture the fish will nibble at her. Who started that stuff about animals being dumb beasts?

BARBARA AND THE BAD MAN

Barbara Bedford, momentarily a Fox star and now an actress employed by Universal, was held up on a fogged road between Hollywood and Universal City early one morning. She used a movie stunt, however, and rid herself of the assailant.

She had been working all night at the studio and was returning in her car from town where she had supped when a wicked man leaped from ambush right on to her running-board. He slapped her behind the head and then on the wrist. Miss Bedford showed great presence of mind. Instead of slapping back, she stepped on the gas and jolted the rough fellow off into the ditch. The villain must have fallen on to some thistle or something painful, for Miss Bedford never saw him again. She drove quickly to the studio, a mile or so beyond, and when she had parked her car, she collapsed in a faint, just like a heroine always does in pictures. No reason could be given for the attack except that maybe the bad man had seen her in a picture and wanted to meet her personally.

LITTLE MISS LANDIS, PACIFIST

There were rumors of matrimonial difficulty in the Cullen Landis ménage, when the stork intervened. Now the youthful Cullen is the father of two bouncing daughters, the first one being three years of age and capable of driving her own scooter.

LARRY AND LUCILLE REUNITE

Lucille Carlisle of the Negri eyes and mermaid architecture, is back with Larry Semon after several months which apparently were devoted to the great god Diet. Ann Hastings, an Eastern chorister, started a picture with the beautiful Larry but never got further than her first close-up. They say she did not photograph. She says there was a difficulty—



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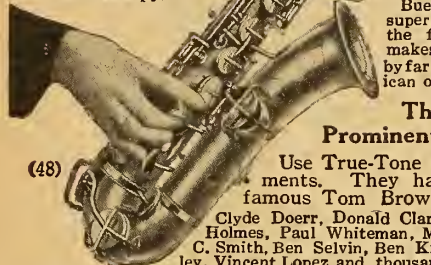


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entirely personal—between her and the funny man. Miss Carlisle and Mr. Semon were to have been married when some difficulty—entirely personally—halted the chimes. Their pictorial reunion may turn out to be hymeneal as well.

HAYAKAWA'S JAP PARTY

Once or twice a year, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, the enchanting Tsuru Aoki, entertain the Japanese youth of Los Angeles. During the holidays they gave a ball at their home, the Castle Glengarry, for the gentlemen and sirens *Oriente*. A Hawaiian orchestra furnished song and music, and during the evening there were interpolations of hula and Japanese dances. Mr. Hayakawa sponsors a Japanese society in Los Angeles for the purpose of discovering and developing talent among his countrymen. He is educating several young men at his own expense.

ANOTHER SPANIARD WITH US

The public most certainly is showing a predilection for foreigners. The success of "The Four Horsemen" was due in some measure to the dance moment and romantic appeal of Rudolph Valentino. Recognizing this—after Valentino had departed the Metro lot—director Rex Ingram went forth and found a young Spaniard, Ramon Samaniegos, who is playing Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Señor Samaniegos also is a dancer, formerly with the Marion Morgan group. His only screen experience, prior to playing Rupert, was in the leading juvenile rôle of "The Rubaiyat," which Ferdinand Pinney Earle has been working on for more than a year. Yes, my dainties, Ramon is *très, très* beautiful.

HARRY CAREY DISARMS

After writing letters to various senators, secretaries and other potentates interested in disarmament, Harry Carey, Universal star, has decided to join with Balfour, Briand and Kato in bringing about world peace. He will disarm. Or maybe he will carry a squirt gun instead of the hardy gat which has brought down so many villains of the opposition party. Senator Lodge in a letter to Harry—I believe it was Lodge—said he thought that gun-toting on the screen was suggestive of unkindness and that the youth of the nation should be denied the spectacle. With gun and lick gone, the cowboy's teeth are well-nigh drawn. All he can do is drain schooners of malted milk and stick out his tongue at the villain.

THE STORK ACTIVE

Despite the depression in the industry, the Stork, Inc., is filling orders as usual. He is expected at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, this spring, following a call at the Buster Keaton residence. Mr. Mix's nine-year-old daughter by a previous marriage was recently placed in an Eastern school after some legal discussion between Tom and his former wife.

COLLEEN MOORE, GODMOTHER

Colleen Moore now acts as godmother to the infant daughter of Director and Mrs. James Patrick Hogan. The fortunate child was christened Colleen Patricia Hogan, being of pure French stock.

NO FAIR SPANKING

Mrs. Jacques Jaccard has sued for divorce and one thousand a month alimony, alleging that her director-husband often spanked her. Before getting married and spanked, she was Helen Dracia Leslie, flickering occasionally on the screen.

(Continued on page 119)

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THE ANITA COMPANY, Dept. M.P., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 75)

to the dull routine of the many, many days which have gone before.

There is a vibrant chord within and Lulu goes on, finally achieving her shining goal.

We feel a personal interest in the screen production of "Miss Lulu Bett." We read the book and saw the stage play. Could we have selected the director, we would have selected William B. de Mille, as Mr. Lasky did. And we would have selected Lois Wilson, also as Mr. Lasky did, for the title rôle. Theodore Roberts plays Dwight Deacon; Ethel Wales portrays Grandma Bett, who finds tantrums the easiest way to an end; Mabel Van Buren plays the vapid Mrs. Deacon; Helen Ferguson is cast as Diana; May Giraci, as Monona; Milton Sills is Neil Cornish, and Clarence Burton is Ninian Deacon, Dwight's roving brother.

We had not thought about the rest of the cast, up until the time we saw the picture, but in this, too, we agree with Mr. Lasky. "Miss Lulu Bett" of the screen will probably equal her two earlier achievements in the world of novels and the stage.

THE LOTUS EATER—FIRST NATIONAL

It is seldom, indeed, that John Barrymore comes with his gift to the screen. Far too seldom. That is, perhaps, why we begrudge his presence to "The Lotus Eater."

This is an interesting production, delightfully directed by Marshall Neilan who has done consistently splendid things of late. However, it offers John Barrymore no particular opportunity. There are a number of screen actors who could have played Jacques Leoni, which is the rôle in which Mr. Barrymore is cast. They would not have played him quite so skilfully perhaps, but it would not have made any material difference whether they did or not.

The story is a fantastic and improbable fabric, richly interwoven with a satirical burlesque. As a matter of fact, that portion of the audience which sat behind us declared the greater part of the production to be simply a dream. We wanted to advise them of their error and explain it was rather a burlesque of the high civilization in which we live but we deferred.

The plot concerns itself with the adventures of Jacques who, in accordance with an unfortunate father's will, is kept upon a yacht until his twenty-fifth birthday. Naturally, this has a disastrous result, for the very first girl he meets upon his arrival in the city he believes to be the girl of his heart. Two or three reels find their background in the fashionable circles of New York. The other part of the story is laid on an island in the Pacific, inhabited entirely by shipwrecked persons who stay on voluntarily, preferring Grecian robes, tipless barbershops and free restaurants to the civilization from which their particular shipwreck rescued them.

This is the episode which the audience behind us declared a dream.

The cast includes Anna Q. Nilsson, Wesley Barry and Colleen Moore, all of whom are splendid.

Mr. Neilan has made the utmost of his story and was fortunate in having John Barrymore for his leading man. Mr. Barrymore, on the other hand, was not so fortunate in his rôle. We hope that someday he will be permitted to give the screen another production similar to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." We suggest Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray."

THE LITTLE MINISTER—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

The Vitagraph Company controls the screen rights to J. M. Barrie's story of "The Little Minister."

Famous Players-Lasky control the screen rights to all of the Frohman plays, and "The Little Minister" was a Frohman play.

That is how there have come to be two productions of "The Little Minister." And, incidentally, both of them were filmed at practically the same time.

It is the Famous Players-Lasky screen version which we saw, the version directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws, in which Betty Compson plays Lady Babbie and George Hackathorn is entrusted with the title rôle.

Months have passed since we have enjoyed anything more than we enjoyed this charming tale of the provincial Scotch town, inhabited chiefly by poor weavers, governed first by the little minister and the elders of the kirk, and then by the Englishmen up in the great house upon the hill. There is no vital plot to the story, which tells how Lady Babbie, from the great house, alleviates the poverty of the weavers when she passed thru the town in the guise of a gypsy, and finally finds a romance with the little minister. But it is, all of it, fraught with a whimsical charm which is delightfully refreshing.

Betty Compson brings to the screen a rare personality, and to the rôle of Lady Babbie, in particular, a deep understanding. She plays it with a whimsical poetry which is charming. George Hackathorn will long be associated with the title rôle and pleasant things might be said of every individual member of the cast.

To Penrhyn Stanlaws there must go a great measure of credit for his editorial judgment. At no time are you conscious of the mechanical workings of the production. It moves along surely, always possessed of your interest, always receptive of your sympathy.

MY BOY—FIRST NATIONAL

This story permits Jackie Coogan to wear the same huge and tattered trousers, the same holey sweater and the same cap which he wore with such success in "The Kid." It permits him several opportunities similar to those of "The Kid," telling, as it does, of a little steerage passenger who takes up his abode in an old sea captain upon his arrival in America. After days of caring for the room in which they live, sacrifice and baby caresses, the little fellow wins the hardened heart of the old fellow, and, thru, it all, Jackie fulfils the great promise he offered with Chaplin in "The Kid."

Personally, we feel that "My Boy" is a trite story, totally lacking in suspense, manufactured to permit its tiny and very capable star to do many of the things he has done with such success before. But at the same time, we realize the great difficulty which must undoubtedly be encountered in finding story material for Master Coogan.

Claude Gillingwater, who was so very excellent as the Earl in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," plays the old captain, and while this performance does not equal its predecessor, it is, nevertheless, a splendid performance.

As for Jackie Coogan himself—he is certainly far from being a flash in the pan—he is possessed of no uncertain or lim-



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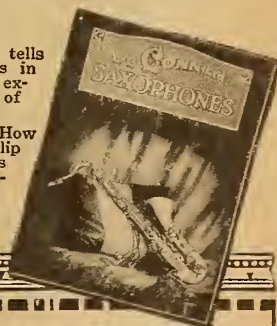


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ited ability. The teachings of Chaplin are
still manifest in his work, and we hope
that it will be possible to secure a vehicle
permitting him unlimited opportunities in
the near future.

A FOOL'S PARADISE—FAMOUS PLAYERS— LASKY

This latest Cecil B. de Mille production
is a feature production and a travelog all
in one. As a matter of fact, some one said
there was just everything in "A Fool's
Paradise" but the Siamese Twins. They
were correct.

The story is Leonard Merrick's "The
Laurels and the Lady," but it has been so
remodeled, expurgated and elaborated that
there is but a slight resemblance to the
tale of Merrick's.

The plot concerns itself with a pros-
pector in the Western oil fields, Willy
Childers by name, and his love for Rosa
Duchene, a dancer, who comes to the fields
with her company—it concerns itself, too,
with Poll Patchouli and her love for
Willy.

Poll, who in the very beginning would
seem to be the most unworthy of all of the
characters, proves to be the finest soul
among them. She finds her renaissance in
her love, and after encircling the world
to satisfy his love for the butterfly dancer,
Willy Childers returns to her and the
great love she offers.

This story is not typical De Mille ma-
terial. There was only a short episode
which found the characters in India or
some far Eastern clime, which permitted
Mr. de Mille to indulge in a lavish luxury,
but in these scenes everything in the world
was done to compensate for the crudity of
the mining camp.

Mildred Harris is the dancer, and Con-
rad Nagel plays Willy Childers. Dorothy
Dalton, however, in the rôle of Poll Pat-
chouli, carries off the honors of the pic-
ture. We have never seen Miss Dalton to
more splendid advantage.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM—UNITED ARTISTS

The latest D. W. Griffith production,
"Orphans of the Storm," comes during a
month when the new pictures have been
unusually fine. When ninety per cent. of
them have had something very definite to
recommend them. But it loses nothing by
comparison. It stands forth surely—

Griffith has done greater things. There
is always "Broken Blossoms." And "Or-
phans of the Storm," before being a great
picture, permits both Lillian and Dorothy
Gish personal triumphs.

The story is that of the "Two Orphans,"
which has been filmed before. It is be-
cause these old productions were to be re-
issued that Griffith changed the title of his
work to "Orphans of the Storm." This is
apt, inasmuch as the French Revolution
has been staged as a vibrant background
for the tale, throbbing and poignant, of the
two rural French girls, Henriette and
Louise, who come to the city. They come
to Paris, hoping that a surgeon will be
able to restore Louise's sight—the story
of how she falls into the clutches of the
old hag, Mother Fouchard, and is forced
to go thru the streets, tattered and begging,
is familiar to everyone.

We have marveled over the stupendous
staging of innumerable European produc-
tions; have gasped over their ballroom
scenes and fete backgrounds. In "Orphans
of the Storm," Mr. Griffith causes us to
gasp anew—

Whether or not history has been faith-
fully portrayed, it is not possible for us to
say—we remember several discrepancies,
but in harping upon them we would feel
picayune.

Griffith always finds it well to have a

All Hail! Beauty Cometh!

We do not come with an

Elixir of Youth and Beauty

which Everywoman may drink
at a draught and bid defiance
to Old Time. Ho! but in a
hundred ways, here a little and
there a little, by obeying rules
of health, by diet and exercise,
by devices of surgery, and by
mysterious arts of pharmacy,
by adopting the time-honored
boudoir secrets of ancient beau-
ties, or those of our own time,
she will learn how to transform
herself—how to be more at-
tractive, how to be more charm-
ing and winsome, how to look
her best—yes, how to be beau-
tiful!

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breath-taking episode, where he keeps his audience in tense suspense. In "Orphans of the Storm" he accomplishes this by Danton's reckless and death-racing ride to the guillotine with the reprieve for the Chevalier de Vaudrey and Henriette.

The cast which has been assembled is splendid, with but few exceptions. Monte Blue achieves what is undoubtedly the greatest rôle of his career as the eloquent and dynamic Danton. Joseph Schildkraut, as the Chevalier de Vaudrey, narrowly escapes giving a splendid performance. Lucille La Verne, as Mother Fouchard, is capably frightful enough for even that characterization; while the others in the cast, including Frank Losee, Catherine Emmett, Morgan Wallace, Sheldon Lewis, Creighton Hale and Kate Bruce, are cast in interesting rôles, to which they give considerable color.

Dorothy Gish has been entrusted with the pathetic rôle of the sightless Louise. Remembering her heretofore comedy work, she proves in her comprehension and understanding of this rôle that, to be a good comedienne, one must be first of all a far finer actress. Her Louise is one of the most pathetic figures ever shadowed.

To Lillian Gish, however, go the highest honors of the production. Miss Gish is without question one of the greatest artists of today. That such emotional heights could be achieved by one so slender and frail, it seems difficult to believe—

The Song of Life

(Continued from page 112)

dont know when I've seen such a popular crime!"

David Tilden made a warning gesture, as Mary rose to meet him, "it's no use! I didn't realize yesterday you meant to take the blame—I guess I didn't realize much of anything yesterday." He turned to the silent circle of listeners, "you see she's trying to spare me, sir, because she's my mother. I just found that out too—"

The District Attorney held his head, "Just found out she was your mother! Oh, what a story for the papers! Why couldn't you have put off shooting Henderson till after election day?"

Mary cast a single agonized glance at David, then looked away. "Dont believe him! He's trying to take the blame because he's my son. I shot him! I shot him! I shot—"

The telephone shrilled across the monotony of her confession. "Another would-be murderer, I suppose!" groaned the District Attorney, jerking down the receiver, "well, hullo! Yes, I'm him—or I'm *he* or whatever it is! What's that you say? Only a flesh wound? Henderson says he wont prosecute because he doesn't want it in the papers? Oh, very well!"

He slammed the receiver on the hook and turned back to the dogged old woman and her equally determined young man. "Go on! Get out of here and dont you let me hear of your trying to break into our jail again! I declare you both not guilty, but dont do it again!"

But he was not to get rid of his unwelcome prisoners so easily. Mary was speaking to her son as tho they two were alone in the room. "Aline told you what I said to her? That's how you guessed?"

David nodded. "Aline told me a good many things that I didn't understand before! I see now how dull it must have been for her—and for you—" He held

out his arms, "I'm going to try to make it up to both of you!"

The small face under the greying hair quivered into a piteous, frightened smile, "You dont mean—of course—that you could *forgive* me?" Mary whispered, "You—you couldn't mean *that*?"

"Forgive you!" cried David, "after what I did yesterday I dont feel qualified to do much forgiving myself!"

Mary cast a terrified glance about her, "You mean," she said defiantly, "after what I did yesterday—"

"For the love of Pete, have they begun that all over again?" muttered the District Attorney, but his eyes were suspiciously moist as he led his cohorts away, leaving Mary in the haven she had traveled such a weary way to reach—her son's arms.

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 116)

BETTY'S COUSIN IN FILMS

Betty Compson's cousin, Thelma Worth, has left college to illustrate the films with her blonde beauty. She is following in the footsteps of her celebrated relative by starting out in machine-gun comedies. Her first appearance will be noted in "Be Careful," with Monty Banks. I think of no better advice for Thelma than the title of her first picture.

ANOTHER VAUDEVILLIST

Louise Fazenda, who used to be chased by the geese at the Mack Sennett lot, has determined never to be touched by pie again. She is traveling the vaudeville route, now the popular thorofare for so many popular filmers.

BACK TO NATURE

Pauline Frederick, who favors cowboys and cowboys togs, is getting closer to nature in preparation for the spring. Tired of the luxurious environment of her chateau between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, she has built a rustic bungalow on the estate and there will dine *al fresco* when in the mood.

MAY AND EDDIE DENY

Edward Sutherland had to come forward recently and deny his alleged engagement to marry May McAvoy. When I met Eddie on the boulevard the other morning, neatly attired in his morning dress of sun glasses and knickerbockers, he intimated that I had started the propaganda. And I wouldn't be surprised if I were right, for I have never known M. Sutherland to be so industrious before. He now will give up a game of golf most any time just to help out Jesse Lasky or some other poor producer in need of a leading man. This is particularly true when the call happens to be for a leading rôle with Miss McAvoy.

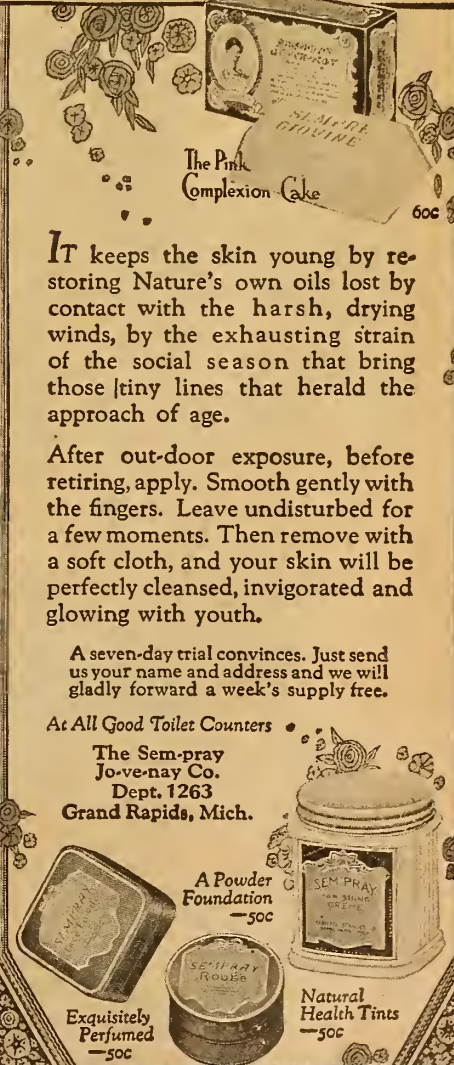
A HARDY SOUL MATE

Rudolph Valentino recently told a reporter that he wanted a soul mate. His wife, Jean Acker, suing for separation and claiming that Ruddy knocked her down, used her perfume and performed other acts of violence, came forth with the declaration that she was his soul mate only he didn't realize it. After embarrassing him with all sorts of allegations in the court-room, she declared she adored him! Just a woman's sweet way, I suppose. Well, by this time the judge has granted a separation or divorce or other nominal severance, but, take it from Jean, their souls go marching on!



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Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

Wilton Chemical Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 80)

was too great. Mary stole a few days and gave them to a visit in her home in Brooklyn where she has not been for four years.

Pola Negri, who caused such a furore by her appearance in several of the film importations which have come to our screen, chiefly among them "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood," is soon to visit our shores. Needless to say, the various interviewers on the magazines and newspapers are already planning to interview her. Be prepared to learn her favorite color, vegetable and author. There will be a deluge of Negri interviews!

"The Shepard King" is to be shadowed. J. Gordon Edwards, having completed "Nero," which took him to Rome in the interests of the Fox Film Company, is about to start on "The Shepard King." It will be Mr. Edwards' next European production.

There is a story being written regarding the life of Jackie Coogan which reveals his long career, from the time of his first stage appearance at the age of eighteen months. We have heard it said that it will be an autobiography.

Lon Chaney came to New York long enough to play with Hope Hampton in her forthcoming production. He plays a crook of lower New York. E. K. Lincoln, long a cinema favorite, is seen opposite Miss Hampton.

FROM MR. EVERY-FAN

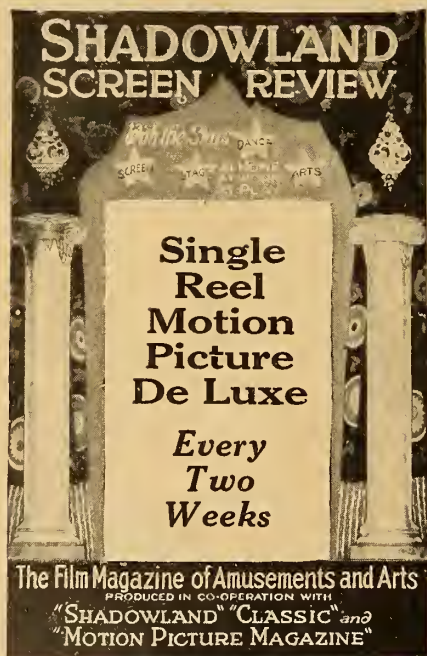
By THERESE H. McDONNELL

When my day is long and weary,
I am tired and feeling blue—
Sometimes, far away from home-folks,
In a world of faces, new—
Then, I'm longing for the night-time,
For I put dull care to rout
And forget about my troubles,
When
the
Stars
come
out.

Watching someone else's problems
Makes me soon forget my woes,
As, with them, I walk in fancy,
Thru the land of "Let's Suppose."
And I just can't help a-hoping
I'll be happy, without doubt,
Like the ending of the stories,
When
the
Stars
come
out.

Wont you tell all of the "knockers"—
All the censor-men, and things—
To realize the happiness
That every picture brings!
Why, they should not try to change them
(They don't know what they're about),
For there wont be any sunshine,
If
the
Stars
go
out.

ASK Your Theater Manager To Show



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in
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Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

*Extracts from Motion
Picture Magazine
April, 1921*

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a fine peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

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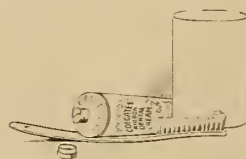


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MAGAZINE

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A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls since Cleopatra's time. Her Palmolive came in vessels and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

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The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove.

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Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Neck, arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face. If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

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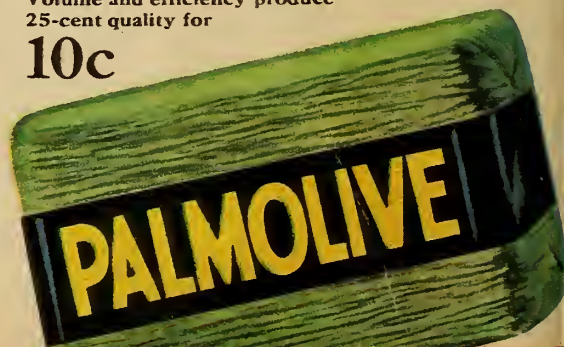
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How Little Social Errors Ruined Their Biggest Chance

VIOLET CREIGHTON was proud of her husband. And she had reason to be. Six years ago he was at the very bottom of the ladder. Now he was almost near the top. One more decisive step—and they would be ready to step across the boundary, into the world of wealth, power and influence.

No wonder Ted was elated when he brought the good news home. "Well, Vi, it has come at last!" he beamed. "Crothers has left and I'm to have his place. I'm actually going to be one of the vice-presidents of the company."

Violet was duly surprised—and delighted. "The wife of an officer of the company," she laughed. "Sounds good, doesn't it?" and together they planned for the wonderful days to come, of the big things he would accomplish and the charming functions of which she would be hostess. Yet beneath their happy planning was a subtle, unexpressed fear which both realized—yet which both ignored.

An Invitation Is Received

The next evening, Ted brought even bigger news. They were to dine at the Brandon home—actually be the guests of William Brandon! Violet knew how happy Ted must be, how he had dreamed of and longed for this very opportunity. Yet, when he told her of the dinner invitation, there was a sudden tug of pain at her heart.

Oh, she was happy enough, and proud that Ted had reached his goal. But were they ready for it—would they enter their new social sphere gracefully and with a cultured charm, or would they make a blundering mess of it?

"But do you think you should have accepted, Ted?" she queried. "You know how elaborately the Brandons entertain, and how—well, formal they are. Why, I don't even know whether it is correct for me to wear an evening gown!"

Ted was silent for a moment. "I couldn't possibly refuse," he said slowly. "We'll simply have to see it through. Mr. Brandon wants to have a long chat with me before the final arrangements are made. But I'll admit I'm kind of worried myself. Now, do you suppose I may wear a dinner jacket or must I wear full dress?"

For the first time, the Creightons realized that there was something more than business status if they were ever to be real successes—they realized that personality, culture, and social charm played an important part. And they felt keenly their lack of social knowledge, their ignorance as to what was correct and what was incorrect.

Bad Mistakes Are Made

They reached the Brandon home immediately before the arrival of Mr. Roberts and his wife. There was a certain tacit understanding that if anything prevented Ted from stepping into the vacancy Mr. Roberts would take his place. He was a severely dignified gentleman, and his wife had a certain distinction that immediately commanded respect and admiration. Violet was embarrassed when introductions were made and mumbled a mechanical "Pleased to meet you" several times. She wished she had prepared something brilliant to say.

Violet sat between Mr. Brandon and Mr. Roberts at the table. From the very first she felt uncomfortably ill at ease. Ted, sitting opposite her, was uncomfortable and embarrassed, too. He felt out of place, confused. Mr. Brandon immediately



He knew that the others were watching them, reading in their embarrassment their lack of social knowledge

launched into a long discourse on the influence of women in politics, and under cover of his conversation the first two courses of the dinner passed rather pleasantly.

But then, something happened. Violet noticed that Mrs. Roberts had glanced at her husband and frowned ever so slightly. She wondered what was wrong. Perhaps it was incorrect to cut lettuce with a knife. Perhaps Ted should not have used his fork that way. In her embarrassment she dropped her knife and bent down to pick it up at the same time that the butler did. Oh, it was humiliating, unbearable! They should never have come. They didn't know what to do, how to act.

Mr. Brandon was speaking again. Ted was apparently listening with rapt attention, but inwardly he was burning with fierce resentment. It was unfair to expect him to be a polished gentleman when he had had no training! It wasn't right to judge a man by his table manners! But—why did Violet seem so clumsy with her knife and fork? Why couldn't she be as graceful and charming as Mrs. Roberts? He was embarrassed, horribly, uncomfortable. If he could only concentrate on what Mr. Brandon was saying, instead of trying to avoid mistakes!

The Creightons Suffer Keen Humiliation

Violet, sitting opposite, listened quietly to the conversation. She wished that Mrs. Roberts would not watch her, that she would not make any more mistakes, that the ordeal would soon be over. The butler stopped at her side with a dish of olives.

"I say, Creighton, are you listening to me or not?" With a start, Ted turned toward his host. He had not been listening. He had not been paying attention. How could he, when directly opposite him, before all the guests, his wife was taking olives with a fork! Violet glanced up and saw the look of horror in his eyes. She crimsoned, became embarrassed. But though Mr. Brandon seemed mildly surprised and Mrs. Roberts seemed very near the verge of smiling, the incident was smoothed over and conversation began once again.

For Ted, the evening was irretrievably spoiled. He knew that the others were watching Violet and him, reading in their embarrassment their lack of social knowledge, condemning them as ill-bred and uncultured. But when the ladies rose from the table to retire to the drawing-room, and he rose to follow, he knew by the amused glances of the others that they had hopelessly failed, that they had socially disgraced themselves.

He wasn't surprised, then, when Mr. Brandon remarked, after the other guests had left and Violet had stepped into the next room for her wraps, "I'm sorry, Creighton, but I've decided to consider Roberts for the vacancy. I need a man whose social position is assured, who can meet men of any position on their own footing. The executives in our company must be able to make a good impression wherever they go, and they must be the type of men one instinctively trusts and respects."

An Opportunity Is Lost

At home that night, Violet refused to be comforted. "It was all my fault—I have spoiled your best chance," she cried. But Ted knew that

he was as much to blame as she. "Another chance is bound to come," he said, "and we'll be ready for it. I'm going to buy a reliable, authoritative book of etiquette at once."

It was only when the famous Book of Etiquette was in her hands, and she saw how easy it was to acquire the social knowledge, the social poise and dignity they needed, that Violet was happy again. They would never make embarrassing blunders again. They would never be humiliated again. Here was the very information they needed—clear, definite, interesting information that told them just what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions!

Ted and Violet read parts of the Book of Etiquette together every evening. It revealed to them all the mistakes they had made at the Brandon home and told them exactly what they should have done. It was positively a revelation! By the time they had finished that splendid book they knew that they would ever after be well poised and at ease even in the company of the most brilliant celebrities!

The Importance of the Book of Etiquette to YOU

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and up-to-date authorities on the conduct of good society. It has shown thousands of men and women how to meet embarrassing moments with calm dignity, how to be always at ease, how to do, say, write and wear always what is absolutely correct. It has made it possible for people everywhere to master quickly the secrets of social charm, enabling them to mingle with the most highly cultured people and feel entirely at ease.

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Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel
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Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play"
by Donn Byrne
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions

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by Grace Drew and Kathrene Pinkerton
A Realart Production

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George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris

May McAvoy in "A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production

"Boomerang Bill"
With Lionel Barrymore. By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan

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"Love's Boomerang," with Ann Forrest
From the novel, "Perpetua"
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By Harvey Thew. A Realart Production

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Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer. A Realart Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson
in a William D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the story, "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in
"Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau. A Realart Production

"Find the Woman," with Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux

Mary Miles Minter in
"The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison. A Realart Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production. Adapted
from the play by George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"
Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"

Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne. A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade," by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson
and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"

Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"A Stampede Madonna"

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Man from Home"
With James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson,
Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming
and John Milern
From the play by Booth Tarkington
and Harry Leon Wilson

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"

Thomas Meighan in "The Proxy Daddy"
From the novel by Edward Peple

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Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice

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By Rachel Crothers

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By Ewart Adamson

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CONTENTS

PAGE

Cover Portrait, Leatrice Joy.

From a photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser. Painted by E. Flohri.

Gravure Gallery of Portraits..... 11

Baby Peggy, Gladys Walton, Louise Fazenda, Madge Kennedy, Marie Prevost, Pauline Starke,
Jackie Coogan, Lois Wilson and Anita Stewart.

Two..... 20

The Screen Needs Photoplaywrights..... Charles Kenyon 21

It needs a Shakespeare, an Ibsen, even an Augustus Thomas.

On Pomander Walk..... Ralph Gordon 22

With Bebe Daniels.

We Interview Cecil B. De Mille..... Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher 24

Monkeyshines In Far Japan..... 26

Half Priest..... Hazel Simpson Naylor 27

White Hyacinth..... 28

A picture page of Bessie Love.

Hollywood Night Lift..... Herbert Howe 29

School Days..... 31

Fidelis..... Truman B. Handy 32

An interview with Edith Roberts.

Her Husband's Trademark..... Janet Reid 34

Between You and Me 'N Meighan..... Malcolm H. Ottinger 40

The "Punch the Clock" Girl..... Gordon Gassaway 43

The conscientious Jane Novak.

Shadow-Drama In the South Seas..... Oliver Butler 44

A pen and ink burlesque.

Something To Write Home About..... Kenneth Gardner 46

The Leading Man..... Helen Carlisle 48

The Vermilion Pencil..... Peter Andrews 49

The Gold Girl..... Myrtle Gebhart 54

The Dance of the Apaches..... 56

Betty Compson does it.

Some Personal Data..... Grace Lamb 57

That's Out..... Tamar Lane 58

An Average Girl..... Helen Carlisle 59

The Democracy of Beauty..... Corliss Palmer 61

Once the Gibson Man..... Robert Drew 62

The Juvenile Critic..... Dorothy Whitehill 64

Travelin' On..... Norman Bruce 65

The story form of Bill Hart's next picture.

Across the Silver Sheet..... Adele Whitely Fletcher 70

The Lady of the Big House on the Hill..... Gordon Gassaway 72

On the Camera Coast..... Harry Carr 74

Parent Versus Actor..... Maude Cheatham 76

Greenroom Jottings..... 78

The Answer Man..... 82

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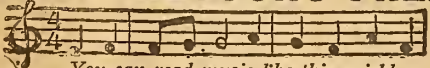
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Apollo.—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with the French Revolution as the background. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have the leading rôles. This is Griffith at his best and the photoplay is well worth viewing.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little gamin of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont.—"The S. S. Tenacity." A pleasant production of a tender and appealing French drama by Charles Vildroc. Well played and admirably staged by Robert Edmond Jones.

Broadhurst.—"Marjolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker's romantic Georgian comedy, "Pomander Walk." An above-the-average, intelligent offering with able lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the hit of the piece, altho Lennox Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured rôles.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Century.—"The Chocolate Soldier." An attractive revival of the delightful comic opera, with Donald Brian and Tessa Kosta featured.

Cohan's.—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical concoction in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier. Out of the indifferent supporting cast stand the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese maids.

Eltzinger.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

Garrick.—"He Who Gets Slapped." The Theatre Guild's interesting production of the Andreyev tragedy of a circus clown, told with all the haunting overtones of the Russians.

Harris.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

Jolson's.—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Klaw.—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and his love for a luxurious product of Paris. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasant things of the season.

Music Hall.—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Rolanda. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best

variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"The Deluge." An interesting revival of the Henning Berger drama, depicting the reactions of impending death on a number of people imprisoned by a flood.

Republic.—"Lawful Larceny." A conventional melodrama by Samuel Shipman, with a cast including Margaret Lawrence, Allan Dinehart, Lowell Sherman and Gail Kane.

Schwyn.—"The Blue Kitten." An exceedingly mild musical entertainment intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in dramatic suspense.

Times Square Theater.—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement." An imported English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the resultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katherine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

Vanderbilt.—"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

ON TOUR

"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Atkins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic importation.

(Continued on page 8)

The APRIL SHADOWLAND

AS sprightly and as daintily winning as the first Spring days of April will be the **SHADOWLAND** issue for that month. Replete with beautiful pictures and gorgeous color plates, the April number will set a new high water mark even for **SHADOWLAND**.

Among the interesting articles will be:

Kenneth MacGowan, whose new book, "The Theater of Tomorrow," is the talk of the stage world, will be represented by an absorbing article on **Leon Bakst**.

Pitts Sanborn, the well-known music critic, writes on "Musical Spain in the United States."

Louis Raymond Reid contributes an amusing and entertaining essay on "Temperament," artistic and otherwise.

Frank Harris will offer another distinguished contemporary portrait, this time of **Frank Swinerton**.

Louise Bryant has secured a remarkable interview with **Chaliapin**, the Russian basso-baritone, who has taken New York opera goers by storm.

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

NERVOUS AMERICAN

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of American is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active, and sensitive nerves, as they indicate the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition, and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear, undue worry, melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted our Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm, and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 114, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity.

Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

tation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Don't miss "The Circle."

"*The Greenwich Village Follies of 1921.*" John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is 'way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

"*The Claw,*" with Lionel Barrymore. A Parisian importation, dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

"*Liliom,*" the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Well worth seeing.

"*The Return of Peter Grimm,*" with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

"*Getting Gertie's Garter.*" Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn.

"*Back Pay,*" with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

"*Nice People,*" Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

"*The Merry Widow.*" A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehár operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking.

"*Welcome Stranger,*" Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent.

"*Ladies' Night.*" About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

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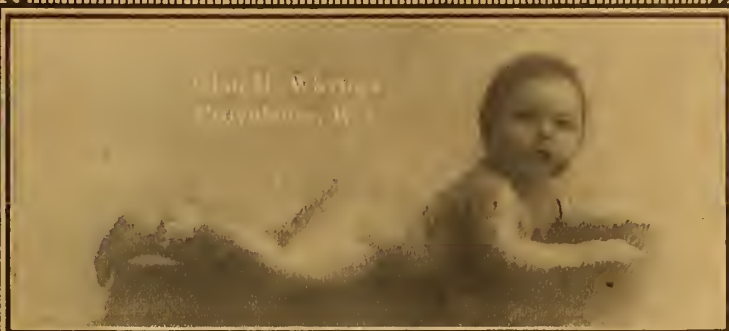
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Silk can so easily be ruined in the first laundering that the safe way to wash it is a real problem to the manufacturer as well as the wearer.

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All the silks showed so few signs of wear that it was hard to believe that they had been washed so often. This we think is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is not only unnecessary to rub with Lux, but that the Lux lather is absolutely mild and pure.

These experiments have definitely proved to us that if water alone won't hurt a silk, Lux can't, and we are glad to give it an unqualified endorsement.

Very truly yours,

William Skinner
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How to launder silks

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garment. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. T-4, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm



Photograph by Freulich

Motion Picture Magazine

BABY PEGGY

It is quite difficult to look at Baby Peggy and suppress a yawn. Perhaps you have exclaimed over her in the Century Comedies. Altho she has only known a few summers, she has achieved an enviable success



Photograph by Freulich

GLADYS WALTON

Gladys Walton is being starred in Universal productions. The vivacity and charm which she brings to her work have created a vogue for her flapper rôles



Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

LOUISE FAZENDA

Louise Fazenda must find it a serious business being funny, when it means, as it does, judging by her photograph, such a sacrifice of pulchritude



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

MADGE KENNEDY

"Cornered," the stage play, has kept Madge Kennedy on tour thru the season. However, she is shortly to return to the screen in an adaptation of a beloved novel, under her own company. All's well!





Photograph by W. F. Seely

MARIE PREVOST

The drama has many things for which it must answer. And not among the least of these is Marie Prevost's desertion from the aquatic fold. She will soon be seen in "Dont Get Personal"



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

PAULINE STARKE

In playing now here, now there, Pauline Starke has created a wide variety of rôles. To all of them she has brought an abundance of comprehension and understanding. Recently she was seen opposite Thomas Meighan in "If You Believe It, It's So"



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

JACKIE COOGAN

When the above photograph of Jackie arrived, we could not refrain from printing it immediately. It has all the mischief of "Peck's Bad Boy" and a touch of the pathos of "The Kid." Jackie's next production is to be "Nobody"



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

LOIS WILSON

Lois Wilson is one of the most promising players shadowed upon the screen today. Upon her completion of the title rôle of "Miss Lulu Bett," for which she will long be remembered, she played opposite Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

ANITA STEWART

"Rose o' the Sea" is the next Anita Stewart production. Rudolph Cameron, the husband of this charming young star, will play opposite her, as he did formerly when she was with the Vitagraph



Two

Wallace Reid and Lois Wilson Photographed
In "The World's Champion"

The Screen Needs Photoplaywrights

By

CHARLES KENYON

THE EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Mr. Kenyon, who has established himself firmly as an American playwright with his play, "Kindling," has for some time, been a member of the Goldwyn editorial staff. Two of his photoplays are "The Invisible Power" and "Beating the Game"*

THE screen has never had a Shakespeare, an Ibsen or an Augustus Thomas. It never will have until conditions are materially changed. And until it does, there will never be a motion picture masterpiece.

The photoplay has its own technique, just the same as the stage play. Yet we have not developed any great photoplaywright. This is not explained by the tender age of the art of screen writing. They have been content to buy stories in novel and play form and then turn them over to a "continuity" writer for adaptation. This means that the story must be filtered thru several minds before it reaches the public. The continuity writer must needs take certain liberties with it. Then comes the director, who must also weave his interpretation into another man's story.

Such a thing could never happen to a stage play by a recognized dramatist. Why? Because the playwright understands technique and

writes his story in the most effective way.

Why cant the scenario writer do the same thing. He can if he will devote the same amount of study to the screen as the playwright gives to the stage, and not until he does, will we have motion pictures possessing subtlety, individuality and grand passions.

Great stories cannot be written by a committee, nor can great photoplays be produced by soviet control.

The time will come when screen stories will be purchased only in continuity form, just as plays are purchased in dramatic form.

There have recently been encouraging signs of reform. Producers have been sending authors to the studios to study and learn the craft of making photoplays. This is a step forward in the development of motion pictures, which will reach their full stature when the photoplaywright comes into his own.

On Pomander Walk



Photograph by
Donald Biddle Keyes

"I read and read and read," Bebe Daniels said, regarding her evenings. "I have a big home with a mother and a grandmother in it, whom I love very much. I bought it to stay in, and I stay there. When I put my cap and bells away, I also broke my jazz records. I'm a big girl now." Above, a new portrait; at the right, the Daniels domicile, and below, Bebe in the garden with her dog



THE cumulative effect of Bebe Daniels on the optic nerve is a knockout.

I was struck in the Paramount publicity parlor, whither I wended three quarters of an hour late for this interview, expecting to find a raving star—or a vacuum. With explanations of a leaky and obstreperous flivver bubbling to my lips, I gradually subsided into abject silence under the battery of Bebe's million-dollar eyes. She smiled—and the room brightened. But the Hollywood sun was shining without, and Bebe, her furs and I wandered forth into the Paramount fastnesses, where lurked Wallie Reid and Gloria Swanson, Elinor Glyn and Agnes Ayres.

In back of the big sets we could hear the property boys calling to their mates, or whatever it is property boys call to, and the voice of William de Mille, chanting thru

his megaphone echoed back from canvas walls.

We strolled slowly down the board walk which flanks the casting offices, the pay-teller's window and the general rooms wherein is transacted the business of the company.

And it is noteworthy to remark that as we passed, many half-drawn shades were whisked up, and many faces appeared at the windows to observe Bebe in the passing—for when Bebe passes it is worth stretching a neck to get an eyeful. You'll never see her the same again.

Well, anyway, under this battery of windowed eyes, we proceeded to the end of the walk, where I searched helplessly about for seats, and found none.

"Let's stand up," murmured Bebe. "I had rather stand up."

By
RALPH GORDON

"'Sall right with me," I returned, willing to stand on my head to be talking with the dark-eyed vision of the Daniels.

I wonder if the truth has ever been written about Bebe? She flared forth so suddenly in scrambled drama after having appeared for years in scrambled comedy—slapface comedy at that—with Harold Lloyd, that the cinema world was rather numb during the discovery that this queen of custard could really act.

Out of the facts that rained upon the land from busy publicity offices, we learned that Bebe Daniels was born of a Scotch father and a Spanish mother from South America. That "Bebe" is her real name and that it is pronounced Beebee and not "baby" and that her middle name is Virginia. All these facts, I say, and more, we learned from that avalanche of publicity and interviews which Mr. Lasky poured forth upon the land when first Bebe moved her paint

The hopes and ambitions of Bebe Daniels have jelled. She sees a goal, and one feels she is going straight towards it. The goal is serious drama. It will mean self-repression for Bebe



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes



box under his roof-tree. We decided that this newcomer from the land of jazz was peppy, flirtatious, different and that we liked her, and let it go at that.

Then came Satan Synne — DeMille's idea of the wickedest woman in N'York, and Bebe played the part without ever having set foot in the Big Town which is supposed to be the incubator of wicked women, and Bebe, in her octopus gown, got away with the part.

All of a sudden we decided that this jazz baby had brains and dramatic ability, for we actually felt sorry for Satan Synne, in "The Affairs of Anatol," whether DeMille intended that we should or not, and it was on account of the acting ability, long lambent, of this sloe-eyed beauty.

But what is the real Bebe like? Tell me what you like and I'll tell you what you are—that was said once by some wiseacre, and so I tried it there, on Lasky's Pomander Walk, on Bebe.

"What do you do with your evenings?" I asked, following rule number one of the Young Reporter's catechism.

"You'll never believe me if I tell you," she replied. I am repeating our conversation verbatim, so that you will know just as much about her as I do.

"I read and read and read," she went on, with a very direct gaze into my eyes, which is disconcerting because she is very, very

(Continued on page 97)

We Interview Cecil B. DeMille

WE } Gladys Hall
 } Adele Whitely Fletcher
 CECIL B. DeMILLE G.W.S. (Goes Without Saying)

SCENE I.—Fifth Avenue. Dusk of a winter's day. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are not discovered, but wish they were, hurrying in the direction of the Famous Players-Lasky offices. Pedestrians regard the voluble pair with some anxiety—and give them the right of way. They advance.

G. H. (*ingratiatingly*): I've thought of several good things to ask him about.

A. W. F.: Really! You're a great help. If we don't hurry, he'll never wait. It would be a pity for him to miss those questions. He doesn't get



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

"There are two types of women," Cecil B. de Mille said, "the woman who can wear silk, and the woman who can wear gingham. There are a great many more of the latter." Above, a portrait of Mr. de Mille; at the right, with his family at his Hollywood home; and below, in his Gothic office



much out of life. Why can't we ever be on time?

G. H.: (*martyred, as Joan d'Arc*): I suppose it's my fault. It would be! My taxi was blocked in the traffic turmoil, but that is my responsibility. The way I have to rush to interviews! It's making me old before my time. Not even a minute to powder my nose, and him the great director!

A. W. F.: Please powder it then. Otherwise you'll make the omission of those questions the outstanding feature of the interview. Not that it won't be anyway. Have you an aspirin?

G. H.: No, but he will have.

A. W. F.: "He?" To whom do you refer this particular time by *he*?

G. H.: Cecil B. De Mille, Director-General of Bathrooms. Aspirin is always to be found among the effects of every well-regulated bathroom. And the De Mille bathroom effects are . . . oi, Glory-Be-To Swanson!

A. W. F. (*evinced no appreciation*): We're interviewing him in Mr. Zukor's office. The effects are not precisely the same. He probably doesn't carry his effects with him. He is a director, you know—not a star.

G. H. (*intoning as in a dirge*): No need to keep mentioning the office setting. You know what that means, I hope. No food. You're some manipulator, you are! What do y's'pose I *do* interviews for, I'd like to know?

A. W. F.: The last one you did was for a henna hat, if I remember correctly. As for my inferior powers of manipulation, I admit them. To interview the master of the silken drama in a business office is to loudly proclaim your lack of fitness. No sense of fitness—none—none—*none!* I've thought we might interview Jackie Coogan in the Old People's Home next. Well . . . here we are!

SCENE II.—The dignified office of Adolph Zukor, headquarters-in-office of Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Betty Compson, etc., etc., *ad finitum*.

Cecil B. de Mille is seated at a large desk to one side of the room. Beyond the window may be seen the grey skyline. Some half a dozen newspaper men and office executives occupy other chairs. They are, so to speak, hanging upon his words, which happen as the interviewers enter to concern the fallacious rumors of his marriages in various places at various times. The interviewers bustle in, breathlessly. The introduction is effected. G. H. pushes A. W. F. forward. They locate two chairs with considerable confusion. The various members of the Press depart, leaving the office to Cecil B. de Mille, the interviewers and Mr. Zukor's secretary.

MR. DE MILLE (*affably*): It is a pity we couldn't have had another setting for our interview, but I am sailing tomorrow, you know, for a much-needed vacation. Going to South Africa for some big game. This isn't just my background, is it?

G. H. (*pleasantly polite*): This is very nice, I'm sure. It was good of you to see us when your time is so short.

A. W. F. (*glaring in G. H.'s direction*): Had we seen



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

you in California, what would your setting have been?

[The glare signifies to G. H. that they are there for the avowed purpose of getting copy—getting it abundantly and quickly—not to exchange social amenities.]

MR. DE MILLE: That would depend. In my office . . .

G. H. (*as tho to encourage*): If it were your office . . . ?

MR. DE MILLE: If it were my office, the setting would be Gothic. My office was built some time back when I was doing "Joan, the Woman," you remember. I was immensely interested in Gothic things at the time.

A. W. F.: An attractive office is unusual. Offices and beauty generally part definite company.

(Continued on page 93)

Also said the director of the silken drama: "I have never encountered artistic temperament. It belongs to the dark ages. The people I have come into contact with have been earnest and hard working and perfectly reasonable human beings." Above, another camera study

Monkey-
Shines
In
Far
Japan



Joe Martin has a rival. Above is a reproduction of a poster from Japan, depicting Joe's imitator. There could be no sincerer flattery!

Half Priest - - -

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

HALF priest is Ralph Graves, yet a very generous share of his princely nature is pure humorous—boy.

He loves to tease, to indulge in witticisms at his own expense or his friends'. Naturally, his persiflage is harmless banter, for he is by nature a golden-rule person. How to picture to you a man who is a Christian, yet lacks priggishness, a natural preacher, yet an actor in pictures, a "regular guy" as the fellows put it!

Ralph is the sort of person who is always glad to see you. He was glad to see me when I came out to the Goldwyn studio a-interviewing—he was jovially glad in his greeting and smashingly glad in his handshake. His smile was all enveloping . . . his air of camaraderie was so whole hearted that the months since our last meeting melted into days.

But Ralph had good reason for being unrestrainedly ecstatic that afternoon:



Said Ralph Graves: "I do not want my wife to go on the stage or screen. I want her to be my wife and there are certain things that wives are meant for; homes for instance, not the studio." Above, with Colleen Moore in a new Goldwyn picture; at the left, a portrait, and with Mrs. Graves on the lawn of the studios

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.



his bride had arrived that morning from the East. He was frankly thrilled. His happiness bubbled over naturally like a joyous brook in springtime which ventures afield from the parent stream. Ralph's eyes danced, his lips smiled and his feet jigged. It was a great old world and he didn't care who knew it. The four walls of the studio cramped him. He brought a chair for me out onto the glorious green grass that Goldwyn grows and flung himself at my feet.

"She's such a great little kid," he enthused, as he restlessly dug his feet into the sward or swallowed the green blades bit by bit thru his powerful white teeth, "you must meet her. Such a brain, such a wonderful little girl. You'd love her . . . everybody does."

Of course, you know he was speaking of his bride, formerly Marjorie Seamon, of Philadelphia and New York.

"She was just a little flapper when I met her. She had graduated from a fashionable school and had toured Europe. She had dozens of men rushing her—I don't know how I happened to be lucky enough to get her—guess it was

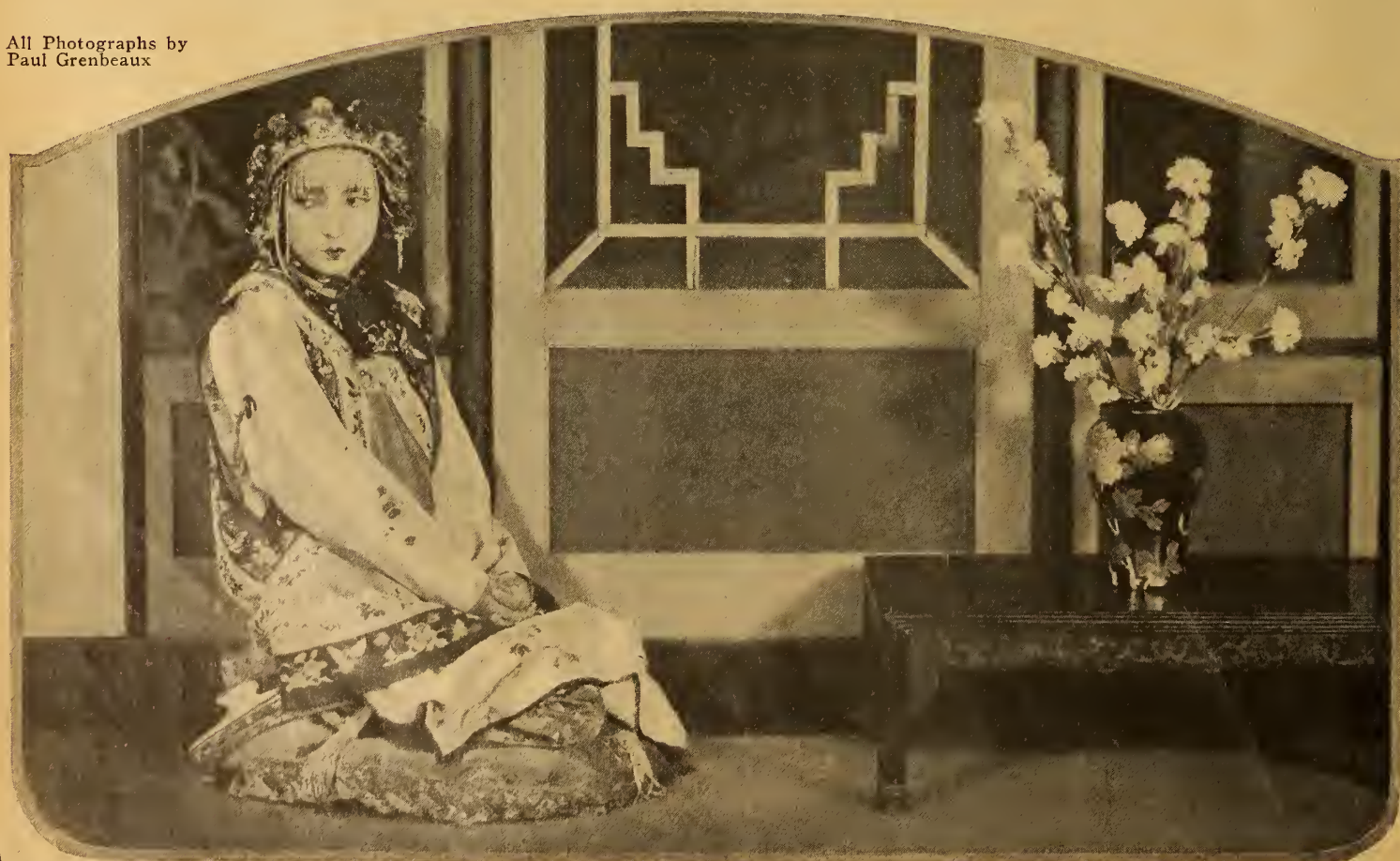
(Continued on page 86)

White Hyacinth



In the Sessue Hayakawa shadow tale of Nippon, "The Vermilion Pencil," fragile Bessie Love plays the leading feminine rôle of Hyacinth . . . The illustrating photographs find her appealing as a girl of the cherry-blossom island. In truth, a delicate white hyacinth

All Photographs by
Paul Grenbeaux



Hollywood Night Life

By
HERBERT HOWE

Illustrations by
G. Francis Kauffman

Consider the following newspaper headline:

"ONE HUNDRED HOMICIDES
HERE THIS YEAR"

And the alluring announcement on a billboard:

"WOMAN SAWED IN HALF
AT PANTAGES"

THIS, my friends, is the City of the Angels, the place where pastors shriek about the evil influence of the movies—Los Angeles.

The newspapers are never without a dramatic story recounting a local manslaughter; sometimes there are two or three. They say that the prayer of Los Angeles editors is, "Give us this day our daily murder." If this be true, Providence certainly lends an ear. World news has to make way for interviews with ladies and gentlemen indicted for murder or other achievements generally considered shady. Recently a headline appeared to the effect that "Slayings Here Inspire Poet." There is so much truth and beauty in the last stanza of this inspired epic, composed by "Doug," of the *Jerome, Arizona, News*, that I quote herewith:

They can lynch forty niggers in Georgia,
They can blow up a bank in St. Paul;
They can burn Louisville or Seattle,
And it interests me not at all.
But a Los murder story's so zippy—
She knows how to trim and emboss;
So slip me the dope—and it's shocking, I hope—
On this latest big murder in Los."

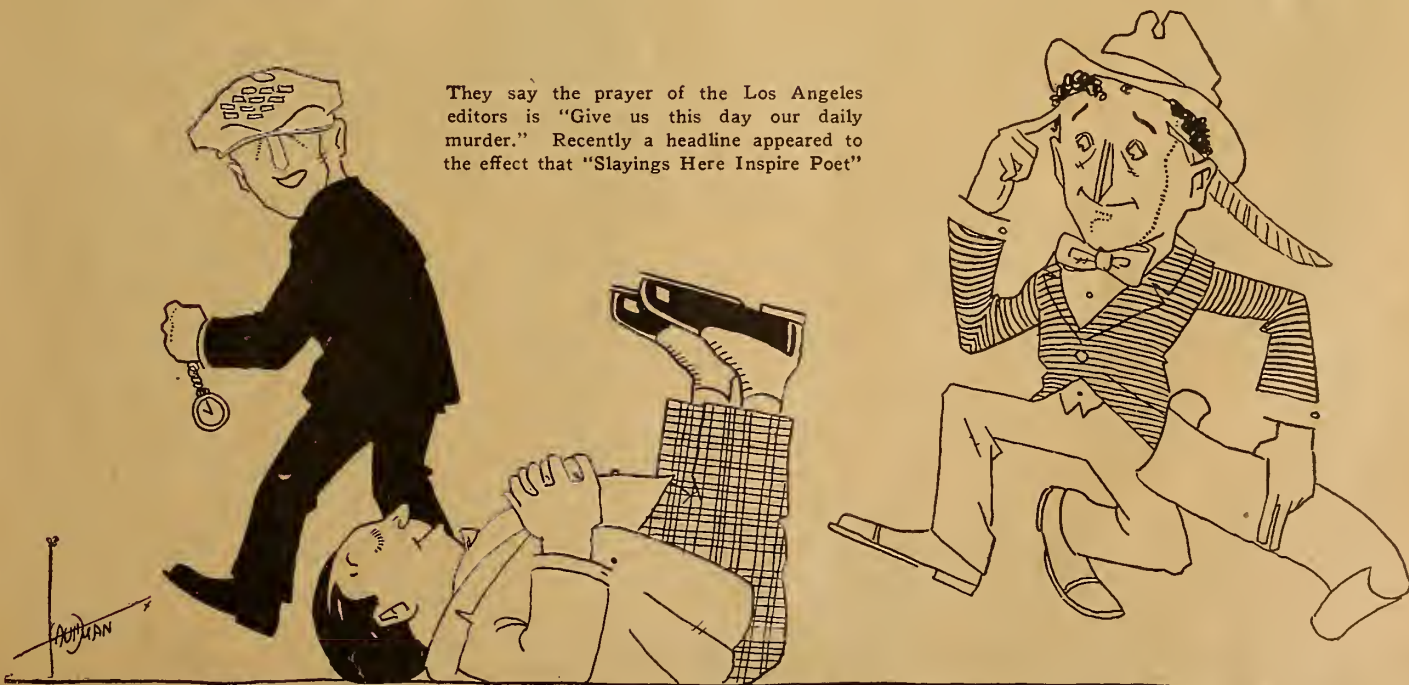
While strolling down the Angelean Broadway, I had

the pleasure of witnessing a regular movie thriller which the censors surely would have cut. A gentleman hurried past me and with a brisk shillalah crowned the pedestrian just ahead. He did it with such nonchalance that I expected to hear him say, "Tag, you're it." But he let actions speak stronger than words, and the tagged victim sought immediate repose upon the pavement, while the wielder of the baton continued on his way. There was not a cop in sight, and the crowds were too busy gaping at the gent in recumbent posture to give chase to the caveman. I suppose the censors would claim that the evil fellow got his slugging ideas from Mack Sennett's comedians with their slapsticks and bladders. Perhaps they're right, for the victim did a flop as pretty as Buster Keaton.

Hold-ups are such common features that it is difficult for highwaymen to get publicity any more. The other

By ten o'clock Hollywood Boulevard resembles the main aisle of the catacombs. I have heard newsboys being reprimanded at that hour for crying their wares, thus imperiling the sleep of the citizens

They say the prayer of the Los Angeles editors is "Give us this day our daily murder." Recently a headline appeared to the effect that "Slayings Here Inspire Poet"



5 night all the lights in Hollywood went out before eight-thirty. The next day the press informed us that they were turned off by burglars, as a convenience for some night work that netted several thousand.

Amid this murder and outlawry, the civic octogenarians sit in solemn conclave while pastors rant about the iniquitous movie, which, they say, might show someone how to conduct a murder or a hold-up—as if the Angelic citizens were not already well informed by newspapers or personal experience.

Somehow, all the crimes of this town seem to be credited to the movie industry, despite the fact that retired school ma'ams, farmers and ministers far outnumber the cinema herd. The real sufferers from the reputation given Hollywood are the people who come here hoping for moral freedom and the right to sin lightly. In the entire cinematropolis, which is Hollywood, there is not a single café boasting an orchestra, not one that offers dancing for its diners, and only one that remains open after midnight. The latter has some eating booths and a lunch counter; the only wicked looking thing about it is the pie.

By ten o'clock Hollywood Boulevard resembles the main aisle of the catacombs. I have heard newsboys being reprimanded at that hour for crying their wares, thus imperiling the sleep of the citizens.

The one public function of the week is a dance on Thursday night in the lobby of the hotel. The floor is always circled by venerable dames and sires who keep rigid spectacles upon the Terpsichorean antics. Here is the one time and place where you will see stars gamboling in Hollywood. On a recent Thursday I had the pleasure of jostling next such celebs as Frank Mayo, Dagmar Godowsky-Mayo, Gloria Swanson, Betty Blythe, Marjorie Daw, F. Richard Jones, Walter McGrail, James Morrison, Betty Compson, Hoot Gibson and Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton.

The only other resorts which attract stars are the Ambassador hotel, situated on Wilshire Boulevard

between Los Angeles and Hollywood, and Sunset Inn which is located at Venice on the ocean front about an hour's motoring from filmtown's Main Street.

Finding that a ballroom was not in demand, the management of the Ambassador converted its large salon into a cabaret with Art Hickman's orchestra luring couples out to dance. By virtue of a few leaves and a cocoanut or two hung around the balcony, it took the name of Cocoanut Grove. Here you may dine, sup and dance from seven until midnight. Occasionally a special night is declared in honor of some stellar personage. When Constance Talmadge came to the Coast, the distinction was hers, and a heavy array of asterisks punctuated the assemblage:

Mabel Normand, Mary Miles Minter, Betty Blythe, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Betty Compson, Claire Windsor, Eileen Percy, Lila Lee, Juanita Hansen, Natalie Talmadge-Keaton, Mae Busch, Phyllis Haver, Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton, Antonio Moreno, William Desmond, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, Jack Conway, Marshall Neilan, Paul Scardon, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon. . . .

The affair was quite as sedate as any Epworth League banquet. The stars, all brilliantly caparisoned, sat at the tables bordering the floor like display counters. When the music flared out, the great open space took on the appearance of a seething caldron such as Macbeth's witches knew how to brew. Hundreds of nonentities toddled right alongside the gods and goddesses without being the least unnerved.

During the summer months Sunset Inn casts the stronger spell, the ocean breezes thru the windows keeping one from being asphyxiated by the perfumes. The light is mellowed down from orange balloons, and the mural decorations are as bizarre as Bakst would conceive under the influence of East Side Zest.

Wednesday night is Photoplayers' Night at Sunset. One of filmtown's leading citizens acts as host or hostess and presents the silver loving-cup to the winner of the dance contest, always a feature of the evening. Occasionally a stunt of some sort is staged by the patron, such as the exciting strip poker party put on by Viola

(Continued on page 87)

I understand now why the hold-up artists find work so pleasant on the streets. The champions of the law are all hanging around the cafés looking for a drink to confiscate



School-days! When apples and peppermint sticks were hidden behind the lids of desks and story-books were flanked by ponderous geographies—when notes were passed by grubby fingers and the world called outside the window— This is the atmosphere of the new Warner Brothers' production, in which William Neigh has directed Wesley Barry. There could be no more universally popular story



School-Days

When William Neigh began to film "School-Days," he decided there was no one shadowed upon the screen more ideally suited for the leading rôle than Wesley Barry. Wesley is, of course, under contract with Marshall Neilan. However, when Mickey heard that a picture with the name of "School-Days" was to be filmed, he decided that Wesley simply belonged in it, so he loaned this freckled youngster for the leading rôle. Here are three scenes from the production which call forth memories, whether you mastered the Three R's in town or country



Fidelis - - -

She is the ingénue de luxe—the soul of a tragedienne born in a body as tiny as a child's. You talk to her and you do not think of fire-cats and adorable savages—as Universal described her in a couple of her pictures. Rather, do you regard her as an American Cho Cho San in whose wistful eyes lies all the tragedy of all the ages.

For in her real, very personal life, Miss Roberts has none of the habiliments of the flapper nor the *flâneuse*. She doesn't pose, nor act, nor make you feel that she is trying to impress you because she is what she is. She is very real.

During the course of my conversation with her, we spoke of

You talk to Edith Roberts and you do not think of fire-cats and adorable savages—as she was described in a couple of her pictures. Rather, do you regard her as an American Cho Cho San in whose wistful eyes lies the tragedy of all the ages

All photographs by
W. F. Seely, L. A.

MORE latterly observations of the Hollywood film colony develop the fact that its denizens are not, as a whole, as sinning as they are sinned against.

We who write pieces for the papers sometimes are led to believe that film people are an enigmatic, irresponsible coterie of Mammon devotees. On the other hand, I, for one, have been pretty generally disillusioned. The screen folk you meet are, with but few exceptions, sincere, simple souls with lofty hopes and ambitions, kind hearts and broad-minded intelligence.

Well educated, as a rule. All rules, however, have exceptions—but on the "lots," where serious, thematic drama is being reeled, we find gatherings of actors who are not only valuable civic assets, but are, as well, members of a set of seasoned *connoisseurs*.

Personally, I am weary of saying in print that I am either shocked or thrilled. Very few actors can either greatly surprise me or contribute to the upsetting of my cerebral equilibrium. But having now met with the piquant little Edith Roberts, I am wont, hereafter, to mistrust my preconceptions.



Presenting - - -

—Lillian Gish, whose fragile beauty and unfailing artistry have placed her as one of the greatest artists of this age. Her characterization of Henriette, in Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm," will live always—

Between You and Me 'N Meighan

about to produce it, when he passed away, unhappily for all of us, and Mr. Lasky acquired the story. It is great stuff, I think."



All photographs by Evans, L. A.



"YOU bet I'm glad to be back in N'York," said Tommy, as he stretched his feet out to a friendly chair in the Meighan suite. We were killing the early afternoon in a congenial fashion. "They made me homesick in Hollywood by building a set for 'A Prince There Was,' showing a street in the 'Fifties.' The elevated was represented, the cops, the taxi-murderers and everything. All so realistic that I was aching to get right back." He grinned ruefully. "They wouldn't let me go, tho, until I had finished my next picture."

"Which is . . . ?"

"That George Loane Tucker story, 'If You Believe It, It's So.' George was

"I won't tell you what I like to do, because that is so much bunk," said Thomas Meighan. "I'm hired to act, and I act in whatever is assigned to me"



I asked Meighan what type story he considered great stuff.

"No particular type," he said. "I won't tell you what I like to do, because that is so much bunk. I'm hired to act, and I act in whatever is assigned to me. However, I will say that any *human* story suits me from the ground up. Heart interest, real appeal, genuine drama—that's me."

It seemed logical enough. Tom Meighan looks for all the world like the successful family physician his folks wanted him to be. He is severe in his dress, easy in manner, unaffected in pose. He has no pose that I could

By
MALCOLM H. OETTINGER

discover, unless it was that he felt a trifle ill at ease being typographically photographed.

You have to worm facts out of him. He won't recite his favorite poem, nor will he prattle a list of his favorite books, plays, or pastries. Any information you extract from him you must extract warily, deftly. I did my best.

"The last time I was in town," he said, "I went to see Dave Warfield in his revival of 'Peter Grimm.' I wanted to see how the old play looked. You see, I originally did the young lover . . . It was a privilege to witness Warfield every night. It inspired us to be acting with him.

"Somehow, I take acting seriously, I think. It is a profession to me, not a vague thing called Art. When I say I take it seriously, I mean that I study it, keep abreast of current works on technique, read books about acting."

"Criticisms?" I suggested, dubiously.

"Surest thing you know! Nathan on drama, and all of 'em in the movie magazines. Smith

Tom Meighan looks for all the world like the successful family physician his folks wanted him to be. He is severe in his dress, easy in manner, unaffected in pose. At the right, a new portrait; and below, with Pauline Stark, in "If You Believe It, It's So"



—Fred and Agnes both—Fletcher, Parsons, Broun. . . . I try to keep up with all of them." He grinned again, boyishly. The Meighan smile is a charmingly confidential affair. One of those "Just between you 'n' me" smiles. . . . "Not that I worry over critiques I read," he said. "One fan letter roasting me worries me much more. The fans are the ones that give me this day my daily bread. But I'm glad to say the fans are very kind. . . ."

The Meighan following ranges, in most families, from grandpa down to Willie-aged-eight. His appeal seems to be as nearly universal as Mary Pickford's, even tho his popularity has hardly, as yet, equaled America's Sweetheart's.

Among the authors he reads, his wife told me, are Leonard Merrick, Charles Belmont Davis, Booth Tarkington, Rita Weiman, and George Ade. You will note that almost all of these writers tell stories of the stage. The theatrical atmosphere holds Meighan's attention every time.

It is interesting to note that George Ade is a close friend of the Meighan *menâge*. On his last trip West, Tom stopped off at Mr. Ade's invitation, and spent several days at Brook, Indiana, on the Ade farm.

(Continued on page 89)

The "Punch-the-Clock" Girl



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

years, from time-clock to time-clock. Oh, I don't mean the wicked-looking mechanism you find in some offices, but the busy little time-clock that some people carry in their head. Another name for it is Conscience. Jane has always obeyed her clock-like conscience when it had anything to do with work.

"I don't believe in being late at the studio, and I don't believe in beating the clock when it comes to going home," she confided to me between bites of a lobster salad which the waitress had assured us would not make Jane fat. She has the present-day horror of fatdom.

Other stars have blossomed, if stars may be said to blossom, into being almost over night, but Jane Novak has been years in achieving the dream of the screen. A suspected resemblance to Alice Joyce comprised her initiation into the film world. When she applied at the old Kalem studio, eight and a half years ago, for a position, they decided that they had another Alice Joyce and took tests with that idea in mind. But they soon learned

that Jane was just Jane, and like nobody else in the world. Then, of course, she played at Vitagraph, as all good little motion picture girls do at some time in their career.

"I made nineteen pictures in two years, once in my career,"

The corners of Jane Novak's mouth. They are the most poignant, pathetic, laughy, tearful mouth corners ever seen. By the simple quirk of the corner of her mouth, Jane Novak has become a star. At the left, a camera study, and below, in the Hollywood garden with her daughter, Virginia — usually called "Mickey"

"IT'S her eyes!"
"No. It's her nose!"
"*Mais non!* It's her eyebrows!"

And then one of them decided that it was her chin. They were discussing Jane Novak and the methods by which she gets her expressions of emotion "across" to the audience.

But after lunching with Jane, I decided that it is with none of these. It is with the very corners of her mouth! They are the most poignant, pathetic, laughy, tearful mouth corners I have ever seen in my life. By the simple quirk of the corner of her mouth, Jane Novak has become a star.

Stardom for Miss Novak has been achieved after eight years of clock-punching. She has lived, during those eight long



By
GORDON GASSAWAY

she said, with a sigh, as much as to admit that her life has been a very hard one. "But during that time I remained true to my ideal. I would not consent to be cast in parts which were not of my type, even if I did need the money. A picture career is not all money."

She is beautiful. With her natural pallor, her corn-silk hair, her large blue eyes and those emotional mouth corners, I think, she is more beautiful off the screen than she is on, and that is saying a great deal. She was busy making the picture which is to be her second starring vehicle under the Chester Bennett banner, and altho she admitted she was made-up for the part, that she was to be horse-whipped in a scene that very afternoon by Alfred Allen, she gave the impression that she had no make-up on at all. Her skin is so creamy that she needs very little paint, or whatever it is they call that gooey stuff they smear on their faces.

"Is Novak your real name, and if so, what is it?" I asked, when the lobster salad had gone the way all good little lobster salads go.

"Yes, it really is my name—and it is Bohemian.

My father was born in Prague," she re-



Photograph by
W. F. Seely, L. A.

Novak is her real name. She is Bohemian, her father having been born in Prague. However, she is not Bohemian in tendency, if it means being flighty and queer and bobbed-hairish. Above, another new portrait, and at the left, on location with her dog, "Caesar," who is, incidentally, one of the most famous dogs in pictures



plied, glancing out of the broad window of the Hollywood café to where Jackie Coogan was climbing in and out of his big limousine in a restless manner. "But I'm not a bit Bohemian in tendency," she went on, reflectively, "if Bohemianism means being flighty, and queer and bobbed-hairish."

No, one feels that Jane would be very much out of place in the Greenwich Village made famous by cartoonists. She loves to be at home; she loves to cook things like roast beef and baked potatoes—not goulash or chop-suey or whatever it is Bohemians eat—and she likes to go to bed early and rise early, even at the risk of not meeting any prominent people!

Jane became famous, as everyone knows
(Continued on page 94)



Shadow-Drama in the South Seas

By

OLIVE BUTTER

"I'm afraid of the sharks," whimpers poor Gladys, while Paul, who is insured at five thousand a limb, flounders beseechingly in the tropic waters. "No danger!" shouts the cameraman, for the thirtieth time, as he scans the wavelets for a fin or two

Now, that the rescue is effected, how can they shoot an appealing love scene with a curious female populace at their heels. "It's getting hot," urges the jaded Gladys. The redoubtable Paul falters in his proposals, as he feels his manly flesh scorching



At four o'clock, the director decides to revise the scenario. Frenziedly arriving at page thirty-nine, he misses pages thirty-one to thirty-five. But, never mind, the little brown boys will return them faster than they got them. And they will be the richer for a coin or so, since the director lays the disappearances to a wandering zephyr



The story continues, with the wretched Gladys at the primitive frying-pan. She is ensconced before a hut, borrowed for the afternoon, and is being filmed in a carefree, primitive phase of existence, with the aid of Wear-Ever aluminum. It doesn't go very well, with the smoke blowing the wrong way

But there is always compensation. At last, the pleasant moment arrives when, on the hotel veranda, the musical tinkle of ice is heard. Gladys smiles once more. Paul is positively beaming when he contemplates the cool green cherry in his glass and gazes down upon two intact limbs



Oliver Butler

Something To Write Home About



Photograph by Campbell Studios

"Times," said Conway Tearle, "have changed. I do not hesitate to tell you I was once a prizefighter, and that I now am married. Ten years ago, to admit either of these facts would have been foolhardy in the eyes of the world"

THE ultra-efficient office-boy at Selznick's Fort Lee film factory assured me, *via* bell, that Mr. Tearle was too busy to even think of being interviewed.

That night, to speak in the language of the subtitle, I attended, along with Jean Nathan, Aleck Wolcott, Mae Murray and Bob Leonard, Frank Crowninshield, Louis Mann, Pearl White, and dozens of other White Light luminaries, the first night of "Nobody's Money." Between the acts, smoking one of them, I ran head-on against Conway the Tearle I was looking for!

His brow wrinkled wearily as I explained to him that I wanted a condensed version of his views on *matinée* idolatry, home brew, directors, the Einstein theory, and celluloid translations of old masters.

"I'm tired," he said, pleadingly. He started toward the interior of the theater slowly. "Tell you what," he decided finally. "Come up to my apartment tomorrow

morning—late. I'll probably be a bit sleepy, but I'll be glad to do what I can for you and the Magazine."

So I thanked him and withdrew to my seat to admire Betty Blythe's coiffure, just in front of me, and the lustrous Murray's shoulders, two seats to the east. That's the beauty of first nights—the play's not the thing.

Any man who can talk interestingly at high noon elicits this particular (very particular) person's praise. And Conway Tearle not only could: he did.

In order not to be interrupted later on in my discourse, I will state right now, and gladly, that Mr. Tearle is a handsome devil, easily the *beau idéal* in his drawing-room, and a tasteful one it is, that he is on the screen or the foot-lighted stage.

His clothes do not look like costume-stuff. The slashed pockets and the braided lapels are happily lacking, and the shoes are simple, rather than ornamental. When I saw him, he was well groomed, but not highly polished, if you follow me—neat but not gaudy. He looked like a man, not an actor.

The current exhibits of his work are far from his own designs. If he had his own way about it, he said, he would star in athletic melodrama, not unlike Fairbanks, but with more drama wrapped round it.

"Times," said Conway, "have changed. I do not hesitate to tell you that I once was a prizefighter, and that I now am married. Ten years ago, to admit either of these facts would have been foolhardy in the eyes of the world. An actor never used to marry, and heaven forbid! he never was an ex-prizefighter. But now that Carpentier has raised the level of boxing to one of the arts, and Nat Goodwin elevated marriage, I guess there's no longer any objection to 'fessing up."

"How much of your domestic affairs," I asked, "do you think the fan is entitled to know?"

He scratched his head for an instant before replying. "It's hard to say. There is no definite line that can be drawn. But I do think that the more the public finds out about us the less it can be artistically fooled by us. The illusion is gone. When I am doing a love scene with Martha Mansfield, say, Mamie Smith will ask Susie 'I wonder if Mrs. Tearle's watchin' that!' Hardly good

By
KENNETH GARDNER

for the complete success of the story."

I wondered whether the fact that people knew him to be in the throes of matrimony had any effect upon his mail.

"No, I don't think it has. My mail is curious in its general tone. Most of the folks who write to me ask me to be a friend. Few of them are mushy, foolish affairs. Of course there are always some of them, but those writers would not care if I were a Mormon with twenty wives. They'd write anyway. For the most part, tho, I believe the fan public and I are connected by an intangible bond, that is acquaintanceship, rather than any-



Photograph by
Witzel, L. A.

Conway Tearle believes marriage to be the greatest thing in the world, if you draw a lucky number. He is as cynical as you would expect him to be, but he does not parade his cynicism in the form of cheap humor, and he hates to be called a *matinée* idol

thing emotional. And I enjoy getting fan mail immensely, even tho,"—he smiled ruefully—"it runs into thousands yearly to send out photographs.

"Shaw should do well upon the screen, with clever subtitling," he said, in response to my question. "The ideal director would be Cecil de Mille, providing he would promise to omit bathrooms and enameled butlers, and do his best with G. B. S. Griffith, I think, would fail, because he is at heart a sentimentalist. It would not be easy, but I should like nothing better than to try Shaw on celluloid."

Another of his ambitions is to do Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the antithetically tragic "Coriolanus." These, of course, as stage plays.

"I used to play in Ben Greet's repertoire company in England. Graham Browne and I alternated in leads. One day Mr. Greet assigned me to *Demetrius* in the 'Dream' and I had always been accustomed to *Lysander*, assigned this time, to Mr. Browne. I asked him to change but he said that he wanted a crack at *Lysander* himself, so I studied up—I had only a day—on *Demetrius*. Needless to say I didn't study enough, for when the evening of the performance came, and we went on, I would repeat Browne's speeches word for word. I was *Lysander* and nobody could convince me that I wasn't. It was a weird performance."

The big part, he feels, is *Oberon*, the fairy king, which should be, according to Tearle, a magnificent, swaggering rôle of majestic splendor . . .

"It almost broke my heart to see Bert Lytell get
(Continued on page 102)

An Interview

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustration by G. Francis Kauffman

Lights
Action
C-a-m-e-r-a!

ENTER

Filmdom's most famous
Leading Man

I dont know why Fate
Picked on me
For such distinction
Time was
When I was an obscure Stock Actor
In the Middle West
And I played everything
From Fauntleroy to J. Cæsar
And back

AND BACK

Is right
For I'm the grown-up Fauntleroy
Of Moviedom
I'm the Supreme Heart Smasher
Of the Silver Sheet
My chief regret that I
Have but one heart
To give to the
Fair damsels of
My country
(Sag gimme a cigaret.)

Of course, I answer every
one myself.
(That's why I have
Three secretaries . . . and a
Rubber stamp . . .)

I
Love my Art
At least all Interviewers
Say I do

'Tis joy to slave for
My dear Public
Oh how I rejoice when I
Receive their kindly letters
With requests for photographs!
Of course I answer every one myself
(That's why I have
Three secretaries and a
Rubber Stamp)

Yes
I am happiest when
At my work and I enjoy
Most heartily those scenes
When all my dear co-workers are
Behind the camera
I am quite willing to
Do everything myself
And
There are times
When one prefers to be
Alone

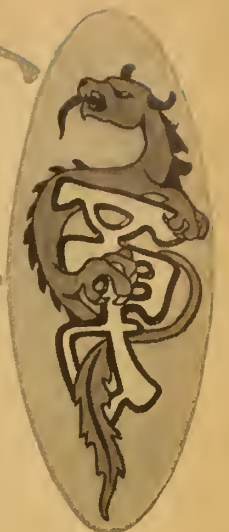
What's that you say?
Ah no my leading lady
Has not won my heart
(She is too fond of Close-Ups
For one thing!)
I'm quite domestic tho
And ever on the search
For My Ideal
(Here's hoping that
She doesn't come in search
Of Me)

(Continued on page 100)



The Vermilion Pencil

By PETER ANDREWS



"IT is written," rumbled, the deep sonorous voice of the hermit priest of Changchow-fu. "My son, I speak truth when I say this old dragon will rise again and belch forth his thousand fires. It is foretold. And what

will your labor be then? A crumbling ruin, a wasted step on the sands of time, naught but a memory."

He paused and pointed dramatically up the slope on which they stood to the threatening volcano immediately above them. His eyes swept the horizon. Before him at the foot of the mighty range of mountains dominated by "The Sleepless Dragon," stretched a monstrous barren plain, dotted irregularly with straggling villages, huddled miserably around the few fertile spots the dry land afforded. But the young man beside him, but recently graduated from a great American university and whose mission in that far-away place was the reclaiming of that barren soil, saw hope and promise, and a vision of fruitful prosperity. Eyes of youth and age! Would that there were some subtle alchemy to reconcile your separate visions.

Li Chan shook his head. He was strangely drawn to this old man who came so often and talked so earnestly, but he remained unconvinced. Let the priest reclaim the souls of men, he would reclaim their land and help make life more livable for a miserable sweating humanity. Besides, there was Hyacinth. Should he enter a monastery when that lovely flower was promised him? The idea was preposterous. And so his engineering and his love affair prospered, and the old priest went his saddened way back to his eternal hills.

As he stood, still and respectful, watching the old man out of sight, the younger man did not know his eyes were on his own father. He did not know from what a terrible fate his father was trying to save him. He did not know there was a curse upon his head. He was not thinking of the "sins of the fathers." He knew none of these things, nor, mercifully, ever learned them. His father's life had been a dark tragedy and for the tranquil spirit he now possessed he had paid in agony and remorse unthinkable.

The hermit priest was once a great ruler in China, the viceroy Tse Chan, no less. A humane and enlightened administrator, his greatest concern was the abolishing of the ancient and cruel forms of punishment which still flourished in his kingdom, the most barbarous of which was the dread Ling Chee, "the execution-of-a-

thousand-tortures" for faithless wives. He had successfully set in motion the vast and cumbersome machinery of the law, to have it stopped, when something happened, and Ling Chee emerged more firmly fixed than ever as an inviolable institution.

His own beloved wife had betrayed him. He had caught her himself in a situation that apparently admitted of no extenuating circumstances, with that oily official, Pui Kwang. Forgiveness is distinctly not an oriental trait, and the man's stricken grief and outraged pride took refuge in the cruel satisfaction of Ling Chee.

As the vermilion



"It is written," mumbled the deep, sonorous voice of the hermit priest of Changchow-fu. "My son, I speak the truth when I say this old dragon will rise again and belch forth his thousand fires. It is foretold"

ion pencil, which was a small baton wielded by the viceroy, gave the signal for his wife's horrible death, Pui Kwang confessed that the woman was absolutely guiltless and denounced the viceroy in violent anathema; called down the wrath of the gods upon him and his infant son; prayed that the oblique shadow of the vermilion pencil might rest forever on the soul of Tse Chan and darken the life of his only child. Aghast and repentant, Tse Chan sent his son to America to be educated, and entered a monastery. Years of repentance and the constant ministering to the wants, spiritual and physical, of others had brought peace to the man's troubled heart. When he learned of his son's presence in Changchow-fu, he hastened from his retreat. Altho he had not disclosed his identity, he had done all in his power to get his son to enter the monastery and thus escape the shadow of the vermilion pencil, whose malevolent power his oriental mind feared would somehow bring harm to the boy.

No, Li Chan knew not the grim story and because of the little Hyacinth remained politely unconvinced.

Hyacinth's station was lowly—her father was a basket weaver—but her face was fortune enough, tho it had almost proved her undoing. A pretty romance, the chaste sweet story of all young men and maidens, blossomed on the barren plain. She brought his lunch to him at noon time and they ate it together. And at night when his work was done, they walked in her garden and told each other their wild sweet foolish thoughts, and played as lovers are wont to do, with the tremulous joy of newly discovered love. Life was a blissful dream for the little maid and her gallant lover.

But a grim shadow hovered over their happy hours. It lay athwart the moonlit garden that night, as Hyacinth waited once more for Li Chan. When he came, it was too late.

Hyacinth's pretty face, her dusky almond eyes, her skin pale and smooth as a lotus petal, her little hands made for caressing, had not gone unnoticed even in that remote village. The mandarin, Ho Ling, was out scouting for a wife for the present viceroy. No flower was born to blush unseen, that he might garner, but his quest ended at Hyacinth's gateway. It was in vain that she beat her maiden breast and wrung her slender hands and refused to accept the high honor conferred on her humble household. Ma Shue, her greedy old parent, was overjoyed. His avarice was gratified—in advance. Of parental responsibility and tenderness he knew nothing and felt less.

But still Hyacinth stubbornly refused and became unruly. Ho Ling, who had reported the "heaven-born loveliness of the lily flower" to the anxious Fu Wong, dared not return without her. His life would be forfeit, and what were the tears of a base-born maiden to the life of the great Ho Ling? Nothing!

Ma Shue tore his scanty locks over the dilemma. Here was a quandary. It was true that Li Chan was younger and finer, but he had not wealth and position. Should Ma Shue give up peace and comfort and honor in his old age for an ungrateful and rebellious child? No! A thousand times no! And so the little flower was uprooted from its soil and sent to fade and mayhap die in strange and glittering surroundings, a living sacrifice to lust and avarice.

"She waits tonight in the garden, for her lover," said Ma Shue to the vigilant Ho Ling, squeezing out the words unwillingly, as a miser yields up coin. "Have a litter ready, and one or two men. It is simple. But do not make any noise, for I shall be asleep," he added with a wicked leer. "Be sure to come before the moon reaches yon highest peak, for at that hour her lover comes. He is a brave youth and I do not know . . ."

And at night, when his work was done, they walked in her garden and told each other their wild, foolish thoughts, and played as lovers are wont to do, with the tremendous joy of newly discovered love



he ended dubiously.

"Fear not," replied Ho Ling, "as you have spoken, so it shall be."

And that is why Li Chan came too late to the moonlit garden.

Unable to elicit any information from the sleepy Ma Shue, and mistrusting his ill-feigned concern, the young lover was almost beside himself with grief. Of what use was his work now if it was not to be crowned by the praise of Hyacinth? Why bother with humanity when the one dear desire was lost? Of what value was any earthly thing without the love of his heart? And as the calm after a storm, the healing balm to a wound, the teachings of the old priest came back to him—to teach—to heal the heart—to save the souls of men! Ah well, the world held no allure, lacking Hyacinth. He would enter the monastery. But first he must perfect himself in their learning. He would sit at the feet of the hermit priest. He would study—human nature. He would go down and live among the people, speaking their speech and thinking their thoughts. He would teach them in turn, until he should be chastened and worthy of entering the august assemblage that gathered to worship in the monastery.

And so, in time, it came to pass that the fame of the errant Li Chan reached the ears of the great viceroy himself. Fu Wong prided himself on his enlightenment. He was a modern monarch, no antiquated old reactionary. Altho he still stalked wives as hunters do prey, he managed to keep that shameful traffic from the knowledge of his subjects. Yes, he believed in modern methods, education, progress, advancement. And patting himself figuratively on the head for his acumen and intelligence, he summoned the scholar Li Chan.

"The niece of Ho Ling," he began pompously, "I shall take to wife—when she is suitably instructed and properly schooled in the various matters befitting her new station. The wife, my dear master, of the viceroy, must have well-developed brains as well as beauty. She is very young, so I can afford to wait. Your duties begin at once." He waved an arrogant hand and Li Chan was dismissed from the august presence.

Not very many lessons had passed before the identity



"Yes. Yes. Be patient, heart of my heart. I must think. I must find thee again. Thru many weary days have I sought thee, but I thought my Hyacinth blossom was dead . . ." But he dared say no more. Hyacinth's attendants came to bear her away

of "the niece of Ho Ling" was learned, altho master and pupil were separated

in oriental fashion by a screen.

"And these are the great truths, my daughter," ended the lesson for the third day and Li Chan's voice trailed off in a whisper. "Is—it thou, my moon flower?" he asked with tremulous eagerness.

"Yes, it is I," replied the tense voice of Hyacinth. "Oh, my own true lord. Hast thou come to save me from my doom?"

"Yes, yes. Be patient, heart of my heart. I must think. Oh, to find thee again! Thru many weary days have I sought for thee, but I thought my Hyacinth blossom was dead . . . Tomorrow . . . I'll have a way tomorrow . . ."

But he dared say no more. Hyacinth's attendants came to bear her away and the gentle pat of her little feet on the marble floor made a heavenly symphony in his wildly beating heart.

The lovers bided their time and the Feast of Lanterns soon to be held gave them their opportunity. Hyacinth's litter swaying jerkily over the cobbled streets in spite of its stalwart bearers, rounded the corner of a thoroughfare thronged with people, gay with many colors, riotous with

fresh plucked flowers and ribboned with confetti, overwrought with decorations, fantastic and beautiful, and lighted by myriads of gaily painted lanterns.

"Set me down," she ordered pre-emptorily, "I want to watch the people." And altho they knew their burden was precious and must be guarded, neither bearer dared disobey the command.

"Here, Ching Fu," Hyacinth spoke again, according to instructions, "here is gold—go buy yourself some wine. Misao will remain with me."

Bewildered by this unprecedented offer of his mistress, Ching Fu departed across the street to a wine shop. Misao was the smaller man of the two, be it noted. Then things happened quickly, too quickly for Misao. Two men emerged suddenly from the crowd. Misao was bound, and helpless with a rag thrust in his mouth, before he could utter a sound. They picked him up and put him inside the curtains with Hyacinth. It was the only way. The two then picked up the litter with its added burden, and walked off at a leisurely pace—until out of sight of the crowd. Then Misao was ignominiously thrown out by the roadside and the two men broke into a run.

Hyacinth's heart beat high, but not with fear. Soon, soon, she would be in the arms of Li Chan, and safe from the haunting vision of the gross Fu Wong. She sprang out of her litter to greet him but they had no time for embraces. Ching Fu had given the alarm and the viceroy's soldier's were in hot pursuit. They made

their hazardous way to the water front, but had to turn back. Fu Wong's police surrounded them. There was only one way—one desperate chance, and that was the grotto of the Sleepless Dragon, in the very side of

the volcano itself. No one would dare follow them there. They seized this last forlorn hope.

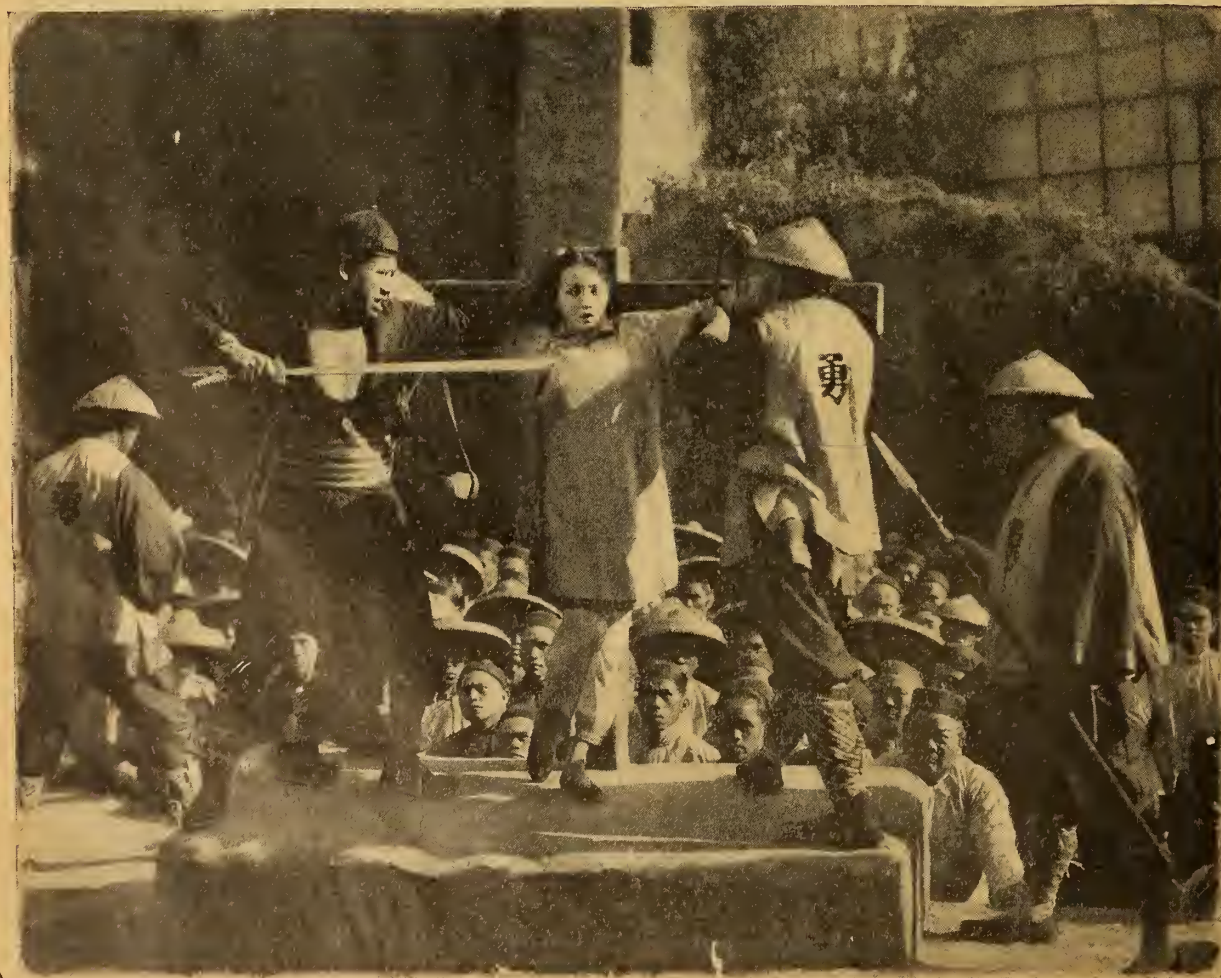
Li Chan laid down his precious burden on the damp warm floor of the grotto. He breathed heavily. Was it from exertion—or was it the gaseous mist in the cave? Hyacinth opened her eyes and gave him a long, long look full of love and compassion. She could not speak. He gathered her to his breast again as her eyes glazed. He was growing faint. Altho the sun beat down in the mouth of the grotto, he could scarcely see. He tore at his throat, panting for breath. Sulphurous fumes floated down the sides of the volcano and were sucked into the orifice of their hiding place, fumes impalpable, invisible, insidious, a creeping death. Li Chan had often been here before but he never remembered the air so thick, or the rumble so insistent, nor yet the walls and floor of the grotto so warm. Had it an ominous significance? A ghastly numbness was stealing over him, and concentrating all his straying wits and waning strength in a last mighty effort, he staggered to the opening with the senseless form of Hyacinth in his arms. Outside, as near as they dared come, the viceroy's soldiers waited.

A great crowd gathered in the big open square in the heart of the city. Men joked with men and forswore their daily occupations to wait patiently for the spectacle. Women shuddered and clung to each other, but remained. The air was pregnant with anticipation. The promised wife of the viceroy had been convicted of unfaithfulness and had been sentenced to die by Ling Chee. A few there were who recalled the last great occasion when it had been employed to sate the vengeful lust of a high official, one Tse Chan. Gossip and reminiscence grew thick and fast. An undercurrent of excitement permeated the atmosphere. Outwardly the oriental is calm, but who knows his inner fire? And altho their faces

remained immobile and the hubbub subdued, the air was electric with suppressed feeling. It was thick with a yellow and unnatural mist, too, but no one seemed to notice that.

An old man, in the ragged garb of a hermit priest, made his way thru the heedless crowd, their customary reverence for the priesthood, in abeyance before the excitement superinduced by the fascinating horror of the approaching Ling Chee. The man's face was pallid with anxiety and lined with fatigue, and he

On a huge stone block in the center of the square stood a young girl tied to a crudely contrived crucifix, her arms outstretched on its crossbar, her head dropped to her breast. It was Hyacinth



leaned heavily on his bamboo staff. At the palace gates, in spite of his calling, he was refused entrance. This was no time for priests. An enraged and cheated ruler paced the gilded corridors in furious and baffled rage. No qualms of conscience troubled his savage heart. He thought gloatingly of the fair young body that was to be torn on the rack. Cruelty dominated every other characteristic. No, he had no time for priests. That false viper, Li Chan, should hang for his presumption in stealing what belonged to the viceroy. He would have hung, no more nor less, if he had stolen an earthen dish. He was in prison now and there would be no ceremony attached to his death. Vile rat! He was worth no more. But of the woman, Fu Wong thought in unholy anticipation. She would die for the edification of the populace—a thousand deaths each one more harrowing than the last. A thousand tortures would burn their way into that white body. Oh, yes, it would be a grand occasion. Li Chan should come from his cell and see the squeaking little mouse. Women screamed so shrilly when you hurt them. He, Fu Wong, would hold the vermilion pencil in his right hand. He would wait — after she had mounted the block—for a while, and let the pretty bird beat its wings in vain. He would sit and listen to the crowd deride and jeer. He would tip the vermilion pencil ever so slightly. The crowd would hold its breath. But not yet. He would prolong it as long as—as long as he enjoyed it. He laughed and licked his dry lips. No. This was



no time for priests. Outside the doors the trembling old priest pleaded in vain. In vain

"Oh, Sleepless One," he prayed. "Set thy seal upon my fate. Spare my son and his mate. Thou art all-powerful. Cities tremble at thy voice. If there must be a sacrifice, let it be this broken spirit, not the young lives just beginning. Thou art great, O Mighty Dragon. Hear my prayer"

THE VERMILION PENCIL

Novelized, by permission, from the Robertson-Cole production of the scenario by Edwin Warren Guyal and Alice Catlen, based on the story by Homer Lea. Directed by Norman Dawn and starring Sessue Hayakawa. The cast:

PROLOG

Tse Chan (later The Unknown).....	Sessue Hayakawa
His Wife.....	Ann May
Pai Wang.....	Misao Seki
The Unknown.....	Sessue Hayakawa
Li Chan	Sessue Hayakawa
Hyacinth	Bessie Love
Fu Wang	Sidney Franklin
Ho Ling.....	Thomas Jefferson
The Jackal.....	Lote Du Crow
Ma Shue.....	Omar Whitehead

he told the jeering rabble that he was the former viceroy. In vain he told the sneering officials he had a message that would save the happiness and reason of Fu Wong. At a word from inside the gate he was forcibly escorted away from the premises. He could not save his son, nor the girl for whom he had risked all. Was the shadow of his crime never to lift? He stumbled onward in (Continued on page 102)

The Gold Girl



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

more self-reliant woman to care for her baby—"He dont eat much!"—what a pitiful pride in her little one! "And he hardly ever cries!" And did you feel almost as if tears were dripping from your heart, as the spirituality of the scene gripped you? If not—then something needs fixing in your heart!

"Hail the Woman"—which Tom Ince claims is the crowning achievement of his life—stamped Madge Bellamy as a tragedienne.

She has the face of a saint and the spirit of a Hollywood flapper. She has an Old-World charm, an elfin lure, in the very small body of an American girl who knows darn well what she wants and is in a hurry to get it—Madge Bellamy. At the left, a charming camera study, and below, in "Hail the Woman!"

She gives in a few brief passages a perfect cameo of the screen: a reaching-out of a girl-mother's very soul to you from the silversheet. It clutches at your heart. It is not pretty. It is life in the raw—unvarnished by petty, pretty mannerisms. The burden of her grief and despondency,

SHE has the face of a saint and the spirit of a Hollywood flapper. She has an Old-World charm, an elfin lure, in the very small body of an American girl who knows darn well what she wants and is in a hurry to get it.

She is a mother-of-pearl miniature in a brass setting.

She is Tennyson's poems in a Grand Rapids book-case.

Quaint mixture of dreamy girlhood, a hang-over of spirituality from some serious-minded forebear—and the modern independence of 1922 girlhood—Madge Bellamy. This apparent contradiction is Thomas H. Ince's newest "discovery," the most delightful mixture ever I met. In a land of paint and shadows that do not mean much as they play, one finds in her a welcome sincerity; yet she is refreshingly naïve and girlish.

Who is she? She is *Nan*. Not the heroine of "Hail the Woman"—but the tragic motif of its theme. That bedraggled little footpad for men to besmirch, who never loses her quaint dignity. That pathetic little mother jauntily stepping forth to the painted lanes that her baby may have a pair of pink booties for Christmas! Did you see that? And

the death-scene, where she begs the



By

MYRTLE GEBHART

which she tries with whimsical pride to make light—you feel it is for her baby's sake—hurts your soul and blinds your eyes with scalding tears at the injustice of the whole fabric of woman's existence. She makes you *believe* her. And I haven't yet figured out whether Madge Bellamy is a consummate actress—or whether she doesn't know a thing about “acting” in its superficial sense and just *felt* her rôle so brutally real on the screen that you thought it was life itself.

Madge doesn't want to do “pretty” pictures. “It is not so much the mission of the motion picture to realize the ideal,” she said to me once, “as to idealize the real.”

And there you have something of the girl herself—a striving for the blending of reality with dreams. She is a bantam-weight intellectual; she has thoughts, deep, serious ones, which girls of nineteen with fluffy auburn hair and warm brown eyes and red lips don't really need. She is a student of the life that is broadening about her . . . but she is groping, she cannot find the words to express what she means. She isn't quite sure of herself yet.

I don't believe she realizes what she has accomplished in “Hail the Woman”—and I don't think it will spoil her when she does find it out. For she has a quality of taking everything that comes as a just fulfillment of her dreams. And then she has a sensible mother for a leaven. They live in a charming little home here in Hollywood—and nine o'clock every evening finds Madge getting ready for bed, eager for tomorrow with its constant promise.

There is about her an electric vein as of life itself. Youth. Magnetism, in spite of her delicate fragility. A quality of exuding sunlight—like the changing gleams on a golden locket. She is no milk-and-water heroine—there is a depth one realizes only when one sees her performance in “Hail the Woman” or remembers her work as leading-woman on Broadway with William Gillette in “Dear Brutus.” It takes grit to tread the boards, year in and year out, when the joys of girlhood call.

It was during the December “rainy season” that I first saw her, when veritable floods engulfed our fair California.

Studio-folk were going about with long faces, work-

ing perforce had ceased on the open stages, and companies were straggling in from “location” with misery in their eyes and water in their shoes. The box-like little dressing-room had an air of depression which even the presence of chintz curtains could not brighten. . . . Yet out of this fog of gloom there came to me as I talked to Madge Bellamy something of gladness, as tho there were a bit of golden light somewhere in the world. Maybe it was her years living “Pollyanna” on the stage that gave her that ability to brighten your saddest day; but hers is not the typical glad-girl of cloyish sweetness; it has humor, frankness, in it. Hers is rather the vivid sparkle of a real girl who is trying to get the very most out of life because she feels that it is her due and that she has much to give in return—and these people just can't help spreading happiness. . . .

She talks at random; you don't remember all of it, for

(Continued on page 101)

Madge doesn't want to do “pretty” pictures. “It is not so much the mission of the motion picture to realize the ideal,” she told me, “as to idealize the real”





Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The Dance of the Apaches

Betty Compson and Theodore Kosloff in a scene
from "The Green Temptation"

Some Personal Data

By
GRACE LAMB

WHEN young Shirley Mason (Durning) came out of the West, she brought with her her husband's tie.

And, I suppose, some other things. Quite likely. Such as a toothbrush of her own, and some shoes, and a secretary and other highly personal things like that.

But I couldn't get much beyond the tie, and you mustn't expect me to write much beyond it. There are limitations to the 'uman mind.

It was such an ugly tie. Sort of vaguely brown, with spots here and there. And a bit crumpled. I asked her why, if she *must* bring a tie, she picked in that one, and she informed me that it was the last one Bernie had worn before her departure, and it is her custom always to take with her on trips the last tie worn by Bernie. She further informed me that she wears the tie about her neck when she goes to bed o' nights. Incongruous glimpses of the tie in—er—juxtaposition to pastel shades of Georgette or crêpe de Chine assailed my mind's eye, but I suppressed them. Such personal data is not, methought, for the impersonality of an interview.

Still, there's two sides to every tie. And so I asked her to please tell me with what small article Bernie consoled himself during her absence. She said an old dress of hers. The last one she wore before leaving home. He takes it to bed with him o' nights.

I said "glug"—or something like that, in my throat. We are not used to suchlike things among the *literati*, so to speak.

Of course the tie led us to marriage and a discussion thereof—as, chronologically, a tie would. I said to Shirley, "To say the least—the *very* least—you and your Bernie appear to be supremely, not to say ecstatically, not to say (here I ran out of superlative superlatives) happy."



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

"Well," said little Shirley, with her quirkly little smile, "I guess we are. We almost never fight—that is, in public. And really, we hardly ever do anyway."

"How've you done it?" I demanded to know.

"Done what?"

"Oh," I said expansively,

"how've you been—happy, tho married?"

"We-ll," considered Shirley, "we're happy mostly because we *are* married, I believe, and I think the only secret to it is, if it can be called a secret, that we have tried to *know* one another and study one another. We know what the other likes and dislikes and why, and we try to cater to the one and avoid the other. We are both home-lovers and we don't care much for running around, and, of course, we have the same working interests. We criticize one another and praise one another and are just good pals, first and foremost.

(Continued on page 107)

"We-ll," considered Shirley Mason, in answer to how she had been happy, tho married, "we're happy mostly because we are married, I believe. We have tried to know and study one another. We are both home-lovers, and we have the same working interests"



Posed by Edith Roberts in Paramount's
"Saturday Night"

OUR OWN NEWS MONTHLY

MABEL NORMAND does a "come-back" in "Molly-O," proving again that many a good star has been obscured thru lack of good stories.

Norma Talmadge, one of the screen's greatest actresses, appears to be losing ground for the want of better material.

The rumor persists about Manhattan that Jack Pickford is going to marry Marilyn Miller, but our confidential adviser says such is not the case.

Exhibitors claim that male stars are now more popular than female. Looks like another complex.

The wise boys had Lewis J. Selznick taking the count several times. He is now going stronger than ever. And has a couple of surprises up his sleeve, yet.

Universal has hit upon the clever idea of giving all such valuable information as the name of the author, landscape artist, plumber and electrician at the end of the picture instead of the start. Now those that are not interested can walk out.

Our prediction that Wall Street would have to eat humble pie instead of enjoying a fat movie feast is beginning to come true. They'd get out of the business right now if they could get their money back.

In the old days every woman who was arrested or sued, claimed to be a chorus girl, but now they are all "motion picture actresses." Why doesn't someone pass a law to stop *that*.

Will Rogers says that because of the awful slump in

By
TAMAR LANE

business, the film producers now have to make one picture out of every four a good one.

A man has invented a new revolver which he boasts will shoot twelve bullets without reloading. That would never do for the movies. Mack Sennett comedians eclipsed that record long ago.

Dr. Edgar James Banks, known as one of the world's greatest authorities on Mesopotamian archæology, has arrived in Hollywood to do research work in the film colony.—News Note. Perhaps *he* will be able to find the thread of the story in "Ladies Must Live."

On account of the mild weather, no doubt, only six heroes were cast ashore on desert islands this month. They each had a torn shirt and a pair of trousers on.

Out in Minnesota a censor died while watching a film production. It wasn't stated whether it was "The Vendetta" or not, but somebody ought to find out what kind of a production it was and make a lot more like it.

Ex-Postmaster Will Hays will have a harder job than he imagines in organizing the various motion picture interests into one pleasant working unit. It will sound good, but a film producer can make anything sound good. And Will had such a bright future, too.

(Continued on page 93)

An Average Girl

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Who Interviews Her Sister
Lucille Carlisle

HERBERT HOWE is to blame for this. Of course, you all know Herb, thru the pages of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

I ran into Herb in the lobby of the Astor Hotel, one night. (To tell the truth, I had an engagement with him, but I'll put that part in parentheses, as it will cause many heart pangs among our younger film set, even to the gnashing of teeth.) Said Herb to me: "Let's go over to the Claridge." That is his favorite slogan when in New York. I, having been in the city but forty-eight hours at the time, was in no mood for argument. Grasping me firmly by the gloved hand, he dragged me forth into the maelstrom of Times Square, thru it and into the peaceful shelter of the Claridge, across the street—the underwear, automobile and cloak-and-suit signs losing a wink or two, in watching our headlong progress thru and under all sorts of traffic. Then he popped the question. No—not the one you



All photographs by Evans, L. A.



"Tell me, Miss Carlisle," said I, glancing admiringly at my new silk negligée, which she has donned for the occasion, "do you think comedy training is valuable to a girl who desires to become a dramatic actress?" And she answered, "Oh, yes. Comedy is, not infrequently, simply an exaggeration of tragedy." Above and at the left, two new portraits of Lucille Carlisle

mean. Another one. "By-the-way," he observed, diving for a shock-proof maraschino cherry that floated lazily on top of his lemonade. You know how those things are! "By-the-way, aren't you related to Larry Semon's leading woman, Lucille Carlisle?"

"Slightly," I replied, wondering if he'd finally get the cherry. "We're related by marriage—have the same father and mother, y'know. Herb——" suddenly I had a brilliant inspiration, "if you'd grab for it, with your fingers, instead of using that straw——"

Herb grabbed. "Why dont you interview her, for the MAGAZINE?" he asked, attacking the cherry, fore and aft.

"I know her too well—let's dance."

But he was not to be thus thwarted. We danced—and later we interviewed! The latter event took place
(Continued on page 105)



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Dorothy Dalton

A new portrait of the vivid cinema star soon to be seen in
"Moran of the Lady Letty" with Rudolph Valentino

LAST night I was beguiling the idle hours with Milton's "Comus," when I came to a passage that made me pause and consider a new phase of beauty, one that is seldom mentioned but that seems to me supremely important. The passage was:

"Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in the enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stock with languished head."

At last I had found my theory of the democracy of beauty already put into words. Not that I had ever thought seriously about it; in fact, it had never been more than an indefinable feeling. But the passage awakened me to the realization that democracy of beauty was a real and definite thing, and that it was a pity more people did not realize it; and I decided to confine my next beauty talk to this subject, giving a few of my ideas that I hope will carry a message to my readers.

The first is: if you are a woman you must have some claim to beauty: every woman has. Per-



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

The Democracy of Beauty

By
CORLISS PALMER

haps you have fine eyes, or abundant hair, a pretty foot, or a shapely ankle.

Whatever your best feature is, take note of it and make the best of it, and take whatever steps you can to bring your other features up to the perfection of this one. Your best feature is your starting point.

Never console yourself by saying, when you see a very beautiful woman, "My nose is much more shapely than hers, and I am sure her eyes are not so nice as mine when she takes off all that Egyptian black and lets the brows grow in the way nature meant for them to grow."

(Continued on page 104)

A new portrait of the charming Corliss Palmer, who says: "Whatever your best feature is, take note of it and make the best of it, and take whatever steps you can to bring your other features up to the perfection of this one. Your best feature is your starting point"



Speaking of Jack Mulhall, he has no overwhelming desire to create some "big" rôle. He is the first cinema player I have yet discovered who is content to take things as he finds them. At the left, an informal snapshot taken in the studios; at the right, a recent character; and below, a camera study



Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

Once The

By ROBERT

THERE is one adjective above all others that fits Jack Mulhall. He is "breezy."

Genealogically, he belongs to the early Irish period. He is one of that group of young Irishmen who have grown up with the pictures and who now compose much of the vertebræ of the cinema world. He is a compatriot of Marshall Neilan, Rex Ingram, Tom and Owen Moore, Jack Pickford and Eugene O'Brien.

After various attempts to get clubby with Jack, and al-



Gibson Man

DREW

ways missing our various appointments by a hair's breadth, I finally ran him down out at the Realart studio on the edge of Hollywood. It was during the noon hour and guess where he was? Drinking tea with Constance Binney in her dressing-room. Being only a heartless interviewer, I broke up the match and demanded a story.

In the good old days, when films were young, the players sought the privilege of being interviewed. Now the interviewer is

hard put to it to catch 'em if he can. It is no unusual sight these days in Hollywood to see a perspiring magazine reporter, pad and pencil in hand, fleeing about the streets, dodging in and out of cafés and barber-shops, seeking one whom he wishes to devour editorially.

"Interviews are getting too truthful," explained this breezy young Irishman with the clear blue eyes and the crinkly hair to me when I had him cornered at last in his own dressing-room, far, far from the Binney charm. "Maybe that is why we seem to be dodging them. We really do *not* dodge them, but we are probably only stalling for time until we can think up some jazzy fibs to make ourselves sound interesting, for we are only quite ordinary mortals after all. Our private lives aren't so much more interesting than those of the street-sweepers. In fact, I think a street-sweeper probably lives a much more exhilarating and adventurous exist-



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.



Above is a new portrait of Jack Mulhall; and at the left, a scene from one of his new pictures. Before his entry into the films he was a model for Gibson. However, Jack doesn't talk about it

ence in his private life, that is, when he is out of the public eye, than I do. He hasn't got the same responsibilities!"

Would it surprise you to know that Jack Mulhall was the famous

"Gibson Man" of Gibson's Mid-victorian period? Jack, who was a personal friend of the artist, posed in an ill-advised moment when visiting the Gibson studio, and almost before he knew it he discovered his likeness in the pages of millions of magazines thruout the country. He says he has lived it down, and wouldn't tell anyone now for worlds, but that it popped out before he knew it. If you look closely you can perhaps see why Gibson chose him for a model.

"But I looked hungrier then," explained Jack, "and much more like a bachelor." The Gibson man was popularly supposed to be a bachelor, but I have never in my life known a bachelor who allowed himself the discomfort of being hungry!

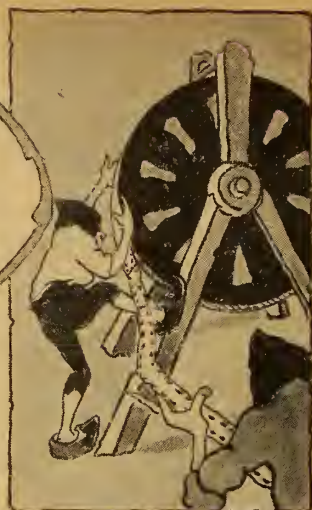
It was Rex Ingram who started the young Mulhall in pictures several years ago when Rex was a scenario writer at the old Edison studios in New York City. They became acquainted at the apartment-studio of F. Graham Coates, the man who

(Continued on page 95)



The Juvenile Critic

By
DOROTHY WHITEHILL



Paris, France, you know—and I'm very tired, for I have been thru a most terrible war, and almost had my head chopped off by a dreadful person who looked like a butcher but didn't wear nearly so many clothes.

There! I know you are saying to yourself, "where's Judy been to now?" and I have to answer, "to the movies." For, of course, I haven't really been to France, nor nearly lost my head, but I might just as well have. Punch, I could just *feel* that awful knife tickling my neck and, oh dear, I thought if something didn't happen, I'd faint. It was too awful for words, but Uncle Roddy says I mustn't tell you about it because that would spoil it for you when you see it, and of course you simply must see it.

It's called "Orphans of the Storm" and that doesn't just mean a rain storm, either, but the whole French Revolution. The Two Lovely Gishes (that's what I always call them) played the orphans.

Of course, I won't tell you *all* about it, but just the first part won't hurt, will it? Don't read it if you'd rather not.

Well, it was about two girls, one was a real child and the other was adopted, but they were just like sisters. One of them was blind, Louise, she was Dorothy Gish; and the other was Henriette, and, of course, she was Lillian. Lillian took the dearest care of Louise and they did love each other.

One day they came up to Paris to see the Doctor because perhaps he could make Louise see again. On the way they met the Marquis de Presle, who didn't seem to be much thought of by the audience but I thought he was quite nice. Well, he wanted Henriette to come to his garden party, so he had an old ruffian just tear her away from Louise, tho I'm sure he told him to ask her politely. They brought her to his palace on a lovely couch. She was asleep when she got there, but when she woke up she was very angry. I didn't see just why, because it was a beautiful garden to wake up in, but of course she was worried to death about Louise, and no

wonder, and something dreadful had happened to her too. She had nearly fallen into the river, don't forget she was blind, but a beggar, (a very nice sweet man, really, but awfully dirty) saved her. Then his dreadful mother had grabbed her and put her in a cellar and the mice had run over her until she had promised to beg for that horrible old woman. O Punch, it was such a terrible place, way underground and dark and dirty, where they lived.

Of course, for the rest of the picture you keep hoping that they (Louise and Henriette) will find each other, but they don't until—but I can't tell you any more about that.

Henriette, who didn't like the garden at all, was finally taken away by a beautiful man. The very handsomest, loveliest, gentlest, kindest and most polite man I ever saw. I just loved looking at him. He was the Chevalier de Vaudrey (really Mr. Joseph Schildkraut) and he had to kill the Marquis de Presle because he wanted Henriette to stay and entertain him, only she simply wouldn't.

The Chevalier took her to a house where Robespierre lived and one day she hides a friend of his, Danton, (and I can't tell you, but it makes a lot of difference later on), and that old snooty Robespierre doesn't like it.

Well, then the poor people, and O Punch they were so poor, they made me think of the starving Armenians, they got very angry at all the fine ladies and gentlemen. And I must say it was piggy of them to have all those luscious things to eat when there were so many little children hungry. So they started a war.

After that—well, one awful thing after another kept happening, but I mustn't tell you what except that Louise's mother wasn't dead at all. She was the Countess de Linieres and the aunt of the Chevalier who kept getting more and more in love with Henriette.

Wasn't it funny, Punch, that no matter how sad things were, I didn't shed a tear? I just sat on the edge of my seat and waited and said "hurry up" at the last, till Uncle Roddy made me stop. He had to remind me that

(Continued on page 106)



On the left is Jackie Coogan in "My Boy," which is perfectly heavenly, and on the right, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, in "Orphans of the Storm," which gets you so excited you sit right on the edge of your seat and keep saying "hurry up"

Photograph at the left by Shirley Vance Martin



Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays in Review

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"**F**OOLISH WIVES," the long-heralded production, is undoubtedly the high spot of the month. The Universal Company declares it cost over a million dollars and took over eighteen months to produce.

Right here let it be said that we resent the presumption that a motion picture is worthy because fortunes have been expended in its making. However, "Foolish Wives" is a better production because of the eighteen months which were dedicated to it. There is throughout a fine regard for details and a finesse which we have never heretofore beheld in a production. It should blaze the trail for other productions which are not ground out of studios in six or seven weeks according to schedule, as so many sausages.

Eric von Stroheim wrote the original story, adapted it to the screen, directed it, played the stellar rôle, and then undertook to cut the production from the three hundred and twenty thousand feet of film which had been filmed to a superfeature length of approximately twelve thousand feet. When he was half-way thru his work, the Universal Film Company turned over the remainder of the cutting of the picture to someone else. It may be that Mr. von Stroheim was unable to cut his own picture. It is possible, of course, that he lost his perspective, and with so much involved it would not be reasonable to expect any company to permit additional months to pass before they received any revenue upon their investment. However, we think it would have been better for the art of the motion pictures, first of all, and better for the Universal Film Company, "Foolish Wives," and everyone and everything else concerned if some co-operative cutting

(Continued on page 119)



Above, Eric von Stroheim, Miss Dupont and Maude George, in "Foolish Wives," which rough edges and inconsistencies prevent from being the masterpiece it might so easily have become. At the left, Norma Talmadge in "Love's Redemption"; and Charles Ray, in "R. S. V. P.," is seen below



The Lady of the Big House on the Hill



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

THE beauty of Rubye de Remer has steeped in me like tea steeping in a tea-pot.

It haunts its victim. The screen gives only half an intimation of it because the screen cant adequately reproduce color—and she is all color and vibration.

Since yesterday, or was it a month ago, or a year—or a minute—when we met for luncheon at the Hotel Ambassador, I have moved in the midst of a tiny aura of mental clouds. Each cloud half obscures, half discloses, the face of Rubye de Remer framed in its fluff of golden hair. So cherubim have floated about the canvases of some of the Old Masters.

It was the second day after she had completed a picture that I endeavored to make an engagement with her for an interview. All such dirty work is carried on thru her secretary, and I discovered from this not-to-be-disputed source that Miss de Remer was booked up for swimming parties and Lottie Pickford "breakfasts" and tea-dances galore. Finally we compromised by my being invited to luncheon at the hotel. I had never

met the lady of my seeking, and I failed to ask if she would be wearing an American flag or something equally distinctive, as people do who meet strangers in railway depots or on street corners.

But when she came into the big, palm-strewn lobby, followed by her retinue, I knew her at once—for an actress. She was covered with fur like an Eskimo and the click-click of her heels on the mosaic floor demanded attention. I first presented myself to the secretary, a charming person of distinct brunette qualities, who in turn presented me to Rubye, who in turn presented me to another member of her entourage—a young man with the most precisely waxed mustache it has ever been my misfortune to see. I couldn't take my eyes off it, and consequently I lost several minutes which might have been spent in devouring a couple more eyefuls of the De Remer beauty, and the etc., as Ring Lardner laughingly puts it.

Our little party grouped itself at a table midway between the tabouret in the din-

Photograph by
C. Heighton Monroe



"We are not responsible for our good looks," said Rubye de Remer. "Our mothers and fathers gave them to us. But our brains! Our brains are our own. We can develop them or leave them just a mess of pottage"

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

ing-room, where they keep those delicious looking cold boiled hams and things on ice, and a large hollow-square banquet table where an animated group of women were having a chatter lunch.

"Oh, dear," sighed Rubye, as she sank into her seat, and the waiter arranged her furs, and her gloves and her cosmetic trunkette, "I don't suppose we'll be able to hear a thing with all those dear women here."

But I didn't care whether I could hear a thing or not. I would have been satisfied to sit and look at Rubye's animated little peaches-and-cream-face as it peered sideways at me from under a tiny henna tri-cornered hat, which looked to be very, very new and which harmonized perfectly with the snug little henna-and-blue tailored suit she was wearing.

As in a dream, other days in the history of motion pictures welled up in memory. I could see Kathlyn Williams, as a petite blonde ingénue entering a den of lions. I could see her bright face looking into an engine of death. And I wondered why this memory was stealing back upon my consciousness. It was because Rubye de Remer and Kathlyn of the early days are almost counterparts.

Having sprung from a "regular" family in Denver that never had a trace of theatricalism in its veins, Rubye has certainly climbed the ladder lit by Kleigs and Cooper-Hewlitts about as rapidly as any other member of the shadow profession I can recall. She calls herself a "newcomer" compared to Mabel Normand and the little Pickford.

"When I looked at the work of these girls," she volunteered, in a serious moment midway between the bouillon and fish, which is a very serious time of life indeed, "I sometimes wonder how I have the nerve to tackle some of the things I do. I feel just like an infant in pictures, and I have been in them five years."

She is very humble about her success, and very open minded about the future. Unlike so many, she has not fallen into the fatal error of imagining that she is at the top just because she has appeared in such successes as "The Auction Block," and "The Passionate Pilgrim,"

as the featured player. Her rather wide, mobile mouth and the quick intelligence of her eyes indicate why she is saved from this.

No doll-like, quiescent repose for Rubye de Remer.

"We are not responsible for our good looks—if we have them," she explained; "our mothers and fathers gave 'em to us, and so we really shouldn't feel that we ought to wiggle and smirk when people mention the fact that we are beautiful. Nor should we feel hurt if we are not so beautiful as some others."

(Continued on page 95)

Ruby de Remer loves to live. She has taken the most expensive hill house in Hollywood. It is her castle, guarded by a butler who was once a baseball umpire



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

On the Camera Coast



In the photograph above, Elinor Glyn returns to the Lasky studios from England and meets Rudolph Valentino, who is the hero of her latest story, "Beyond the Rocks." At the right, an informal picture of Cullen Landis and Helen Ferguson, taken between scenes of "Hungry Hearts." While below, Mary Miles Minter plays school with some of the supporting players of her cast



THE oft-threatened is about to happen. Douglas Fairbanks is going to make a picture of Robin Hood. Not right away, y'understand; but it is one of his plans for the near future. He expects to go to England and put on the picture in the original setting—in old Sherwood Forest. In preparation therefor, Doug has begun to practise archery. Bull Montana, having anxiously inquired, has been positively assured that Mr. Hood was not the marksman who shot

the apple off the boy's head, and anyhow Bull would be too big for the boy. But he is still uneasy and skeptical.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Fairbanks, like Mrs. Fairbanks, is having a hard time finding a good story.

His intention was to put on a sequel to the "Mark of Zorro" and, to that end, brought the author, Johnstone McCulley back to California. There seems nothing very definite in the matter, however.

"Zorro," in truth, was an early day Robin Hood

of California. Nearly all these California bandit stories are based, avowedly or otherwise, on the adventures of two chivalrous Mexican bandits, Tiburcio Vasquez and Juakin Murieta. It seems unlikely that Douglas would put on a Mexican Robin Hood and then follow it with a real one.

When summer takes the ice and snow off the surface of Montana, Mr. Fairbanks will probably film the "Virginian" over again. This plan, too, seems to be a little vague.

Mary Pickford is arranging to supervise her brother Jack's next picture and professes to be greatly concerned whether or not she should be a puttee-wearing director, or just a regular one.

She says she is going to do "Tess of the Storm Country" over again;



By
HARRY CARR

but her plans seem uncertain, owing to the lack of real stories.

Mary and Doug were the guests of honor at the Writers' Club in Hollywood one night recently. Both made speeches. Doug told one on Mary.

"I got pretty tired of being 'Mister Mary Pickford,'" he said, "But I got my revenge at last. When we were in Spain, I had to explain to one of the dignitaries who Mary Pickford was. He interrupted my explanation with a lofty wave of the hand. 'Ah,' he said, 'I feel honored to meet the lady. We have long known of the fame of the Pinkertons.'"

Rex Ingram, at this writing, is making the big scenes of the "Prisoner of Zenda," which promised to be a beautiful and brilliant spectacle. His wife, Alice Terry, is the Princess Flavia; Lewis Stone has the double part of Rudolph and the King of Ruritania. It is a gorgeous and expensive production.

Mr. Ingram has discovered a new star in the person of a Mexican dancer, Ramon Samanogos, who plays the part of Rupert of Hentzau. He is very glowing as to orbs and very romantic; but is an entirely different type from Rudolph Valentino.

All the flappers in Hollywood are in a profound state of agitation, by the way, owing to the fact that Valentino has purchased a house in the most fashionable part of Hollywood. It is a very colorful and romantic-looking house—old Spanish and so on. There was a furious rumor that Natcha Rambova, a former Russian dancer, now a costume designer, was to occupy it as a bride; but the report is denied. Anyhow, there's the house. And there's Valentino, now properly divorced.

(Continued on page 114)



Above, Gladys Walton takes a sun bath on the steps of her Hollywood bungalow. The gay Japanese parasol is proof against freckles. At the left, Winter Blossom, who is playing in the Gouverneur Morris tale, "The Whim of the Gods," illustrates her native walk. Below, Theodore Kasloff instructs Betty Compson and three of her supporting players of "The Noose" in the dance



Parent Versus Actor

By

MAUDE CHEATHAM

These remarks show plainly that tho the DeHavens are screen favorites, rollicking thru some of the cleverest comedies ever put into motion pictures, their favorite rôles are being the adoring parents of ten-year-old Carter, junior, and Marjorie, aged eight.

Turning to me, Mrs. DeHaven explained. "We are so devoted, the four of us. Even when we toured on the road we always took the children with us, we've never been separated and I have tucked them into bed every night."

"She's the best mother God ever made," is Carter's tribute. He continued, "Sometimes when we work at the studio at night she'll miss her dinner to drive all the way home to hear their prayers."

As the DeHaven's are inclined



All photographs © Evans, L. A.

TURNING off Hollywood Boulevard at Vine Street and going north three blocks, you come to the Carter DeHaven's magnificent new home.

It is an imposing Italian villa of seventeen rooms, set picturesquely in splendid gardens comprising something over an acre, recently purchased by this merry team of fun-makers, and now after redecorating and adding several improvements, it stands as one of the most beautiful places in all Hollywood.

"We bought it for the grounds," remarked Carter DeHaven, with his characteristic cheerful briskness.

"We built a swimming pool and a theater with a projection machine," gaily chimed in Mrs. DeHaven, adding eagerly, "It has a stage and dressing-rooms, too."

"And I have equipped a gym," continued Carter.

"It's wonderful for the children," his wife concluded, while the two exchanged happy glances.

"About eighty per cent. of the things put over in comedy are taken from jokes or funny stories, and one line may suggest an entire scene," explained Carter DeHaven. Above, a new portrait of Mrs. DeHaven; and at the left, a camera study of Carter DeHaven.





"Do we ever really succeed?" the DeHavens wanted to know. "One never reaches the end of the trail, always there is something ahead, beckoning . . ."

Above is a new photograph of Mr. and Mrs. DeHaven; while below, the two beloved DeHaven children are found ready for their daily dip

to be stay-at-homes, everything possible for the pleasure and amusement of the little family has been considered in planning the new home.

On the second floor is a fascinating Chinese sun parlor, forty by fifty feet, with twenty-four windows to the west, east and south. The hand-painted walls are gay with butterflies, dragons and temples, while palms, ferns, chirruping canaries and a rainbow fountain have turned it into a veritable garden. At one end is the electric piano with Mr. DeHaven's drums and traps, on which he is an expert.

"After dinner we come up here and dance and Carter



stages little entertainments for us," laughed Mrs. DeHaven, pivoting on the smooth floor between the gorgeous Chinese rugs.

Mr. DeHaven's own apartment is most unique, for rare old Paisley shawls have been used for the bed covering and to upholster the furniture; the remainder of the decorations conforming with the subdued colors hinting of Oriental luxuriance, making it a very beautiful room.

Mrs. DeHaven's boudoir is a bower of rosiest pink and apple green, its exquisite details being a reflection of herself, for she is the quintessence of daintiness.

(Continued on page 98)

Greenroom Jottings

It was ten years ago this month that **Adolph Zukor**, president of **Paramount Pictures**, decided to make five-reel productions. He had **Sarah Bernhardt** play "**Queen Elizabeth**." So an anniversary has been planned and a host of the leading stars of the screen have cabled the Divine Sarah inviting her to be present at the occasion. It promises to be a gay birthday party.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks have evidently decided to continue making their record-breaking productions in sunny California, for they have purchased the J. D. Hampton studio, and special dressing-rooms and a new administration are being erected. It will be known as the "**Pickfair Studios**." Doug will shortly begin work there on "**The Spirit of Chivalry**," a costume story written about the period of "**Ivanhoe**," while Mary will do "**Tess of the Storm Country**,"

Speaking of **Mary Pickford Fairbanks**, she is about to accept directorial responsibilities. **Jack Pickford** is soon to begin work on the screen version of "**The Tailor-Made Man**" with Mary behind the megaphone.

Recently **May McAvoy** journeyed to New York for a holiday. Her mother accompanied her. In Trinidad, Colorado, they were in a wreck, when a broken rail caused the ditching of five cars. However, they were not hurt and May regretted there was no cameraman there to film the narrow escape. It would have made a splendid climax for a picture.

It is rumored vaguely that **Rex Ingram** will do a production of "**Ben Hur**." They say he refuses to attempt it unless there are no financial restrictions, for he realizes the enormous cost which would be entailed. At any rate, **Marcus Lowe** has an option on the screen rights and we have noticed that rumors usually materialize in some degree. Also **Blasco Ibañez**, the author of Ingram's successful "**Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse**," has offered the young director the film rights to a new novel which has not yet been printed. Such an offer from an author confers great distinction.

Marguerite Marsh, sister of Mae Marsh, is playing opposite **Dustin Farnum** in his forthcoming production. It is being directed by **Bernard Durning** who is, incidentally, husband to **Shirley Mason**.

Lottie Pickford was recently the bride of one of Hollywood's most important weddings. **Alan Forrest** was the groom. **Mary Pickford Fairbanks** attended her sister and **Jack Pickford** gave her away. The bride wore a beautiful white gown with orange blossoms entwined in her hair and Mary, too, wore white. The guests were among the most brilliant members of filmdom. **Douglas Fairbanks** was there, of course. So was **Mabel**

Normand, who was with Mrs. **Charlotte Pickford**, **Alice Lake**, **Bebe Daniels**, **Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan**, **May McAvoy**, **Lila Lee**, and **Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore**.

Tom Moore has not deserted the screen. At present he is back in California with his bride, **Renee Adoree**, and playing with **Betty Compson** in her new production "**Over the Border**." Of course, Tom has been considering forming his own company, but it would not be unlikely if he would abandon these plans to sign with **Famous Players-Lasky**.



There are innumerable swains who have proposed under adverse circumstances. In "**South of Suva**," however, there is a proposal between **Ray Atwell** and **Mary Miles Minter** which is effected in spite of all sorts of difficulties. **Frank Urson** is the director responsible for the discomfiture of the leading man

Bobby Vernon is now **Bobby Vernon**. Yes, that's right. You see his real name was **Silvion de Jardins** but now he has been granted permission by the Superior Court to legally adopt his profession cognomen. Mrs. Bobby will be known as **Angel Vernon**.

They do say **May Murry** is going to Spain for the exteriors of her new production "**Fascination**." Not very long ago she sailed for Cuba, where they planned to take these scenes, but the desired atmosphere was not obtainable and the company returned. This speaks well for the intentions of the **Mae Murry** company.

Norma Talmadge's next picture is to have a brilliant cast. Norma, naturally, plays the title rôle of "**The Duchess of Langeais**." Others entrusted with important rôles are **Conway Tearle**, **Rosemary Theby**, **Irving Cummings**, **Wedgwood Nowell** and **Adolph Jean**

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Greenroom Jottings

Menyou. Fidelity to the masterly Balzac story is promised and there will be no effort spared to make this a superfeature in every sense of the word.

Jackie Coogan now has his own gang. Scores of youngsters have rôles in his latest picture, "**Lost and Found**," and Jackie insists upon calling them "My Gang."

Colleen Moore is driving her own car in the direction of Goldwyn studios these days. Her chauffeur has resigned. His wife inherited twenty thousand dollars.

Benjamin Turpin has obtained a policy from an insurance company, which provides that he will get twenty-five thousand dollars if something should take the cross out of his kinked eyes. Undoubtedly his face is his fortune.

Jack Mulhall, the popular leading man, was married last week to **Miss Evelyn X. Winans** of San Francisco, who is now an actress of the Los Angeles film colony. With the mysterious X for an initial, she has one of the most necessary attributes of stardom.

Larry Semon becomes more and more important in the Vitagraph organization. Now a separate and complete studio is being constructed for Larry on the Hollywood lot where he can carry on his comedy capers without interference or interruption.

Glenn Hunter finds life a busy affair. When he returned from playing with **Billie Burke** in the Booth Tarkington play "**The Intimate Strangers**," he began work immediately upon "**Stage-Door Johnny**," a comedy drama of boy life. It was written and directed by Frank Tuttle who also is responsible for Glenn's first production "**The Cradle-Buster**." This was originally called "**Apron Strings**." We think Glenn is one of the most promising shadows now upon the shadow cloth.

While in San Francisco doing scenes for "**Moran of the Lady Letty**," **Dorothy Dalton** bobbed her hair. Must have had it done on the well-known Barbary Coast.

Anyway it makes Dorothy look years younger and very beautiful indeed.

There has been a great deal of controversy over the spelling of the popular **Valentino's** first name. It was first Rudolph, then Rodolf and now they declare it is Rodolph and will remain this way, combining the American and Italian spelling.

John Robertson has returned from Spain and London to California. His first production at the new Wilshire Paramount studios—formerly the Realart Studios—will be "**Blood and Sand**," an adaptation of the Vicente Blasco Ibañez's play which was so popular on the stage with Otis Skinner and Catherine Calvert thru the last season.

The colorful and vivid **Rodolph Valentino** will have the leading masculine rôle of the toreador with **May McAvoy**, opposite him.

William De Mille is now filming the well-known production of "**Bought and Paid For**." **Agnes Ayres** is one of the principal members of its cast.

They say that there will soon be a vogue of Italian imports. The first picture which has recently come from Italy is a historical film "**Julius Caesar**." These films have been imported because of the popularity

of the German historical dramas which recently came to our shores.

George Fitzmaurice also has returned from foreign shores. Mr. Fitzmaurice recently completed "**The Man From Home**," the exteriors of which were filmed in Italy. He also produced "**Spanish Jade**," at the London Paramount studios. Looks as tho the native studios were most popular after all.

Wally Reid's next picture is "**Across the Continent**." As might be judged from the title it is another of the favored racing car stories. **Mary MacLaren** is the leading lady who acts as a mechanician for Wally.

Anita Stewart is about to complete her contract with
(Continued on page 105)



The man you will love to hate—so Universal bills Eric von Stroheim, author, director and star of "**Foolish Wives**." The picture above tells its own tale. Jean Spencer, the production secretary, is at the right, holding the manuscript; next are Ruth Ashley, Maude George, Eric von Stroheim, Agnes Emerson, Mae Marsh, Grace Merwin and Malveen Polo. Mrs. Eric von Stroheim stands directly behind him

Every normal skin needs two creams

*One for protection and to hold the powder
A wholly different cream to cleanse at night*



*To cleanse the skin thoroughly use
Pond's Cold Cream before retiring*



*To protect the skin against wind and dust,
apply Pond's Vanishing Cream each time
before you go out*

ONE cream alone cannot supply the skin with all the elements that are needed to keep it in perfect condition. Certain flaws to which the skin is subject can be prevented only by a softening, protective cream. Other flaws need a cream rich in oil that cleanses and stimulates.

Flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

If you do not protect the skin against sun and wind, it will protect itself by developing a rough, coarse surface. To give the needed protection apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect. It leaves the skin fresh and invisibly shielded. Dust cannot work into the pores, wind and sun cannot dry out the skin and make it rough and coarse.

Before you powder, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face. It is absorbed instantly, removing any shine there may be on the skin. Moreover, it cannot come out in a shine later, for there is not a

drop of oil in it. With this softening cream as a base, powder just as usual. You will find that the powder lasts many times longer, and that it shows less, for there are no rough places for it to catch on.

Whenever your face feels drawn and tight touch it lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It brings instant relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening the hard, set lines, giving the whole face a fresher color and added vigor.

Flaws that need an oil cream at night

Have you begun to notice little fine lines under the eyes, depressions at the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose, a tendency to flabbiness under the chin? The way to prevent little lines from becoming wrinkles is to give your skin regularly a tonic rousing with an oil cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is a rich oil cream that stimulates the skin, lubricating it and restoring its elasticity. Smooth the cream into the little fine lines, rubbing gent

the lines, not across them. By the faithful use of this rich cream, you can keep the lines from fastening themselves on the skin and forming real wrinkles.

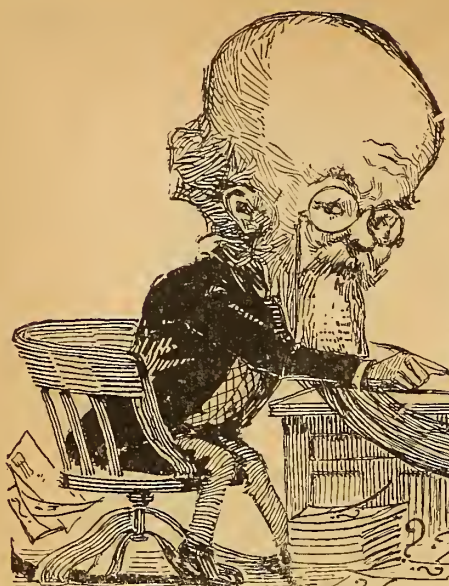
The dust and dirt that clog the pores, working their way under the surface of the skin, help to form blackheads. Ordinary washing will not remove them. They demand a deeper, more thorough cleansing. After washing the face with warm water and pure soap, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. Let it remain on a few moments, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. This rich cream contains the oil necessary to penetrate the pores and rid them of every particle of dirt.

Begin using both these creams today

Use regularly these two creams that every normal skin needs. Neither will clog the pores nor encourage the growth of hair. Your druggist

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to prevent chapping
and to hold the powder

The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

ADA L.—Glad to hear from you, but I cannot help you.

BLUE BEARD.—That's beyond me: What do the actresses do with their old clothes? In the good old days, they probably gave them away; now, during the hard times, they perhaps pawn them or sell them to the second-hand-clothes man. Let me see, I'm about Earle Williams' build.

ALYCE.—You have hit the mark. Better have sense in the head than cents in the pocket. Some of us have neither. Rudolph Valentino has just signed a three-year contract with Lasky to appear in his pictures. His first will be "Blood and Sand," with Bebe Daniels and May McAvoy.

M. E. C.—Yes, I do believe in osteopathy as a cure for certain ills—particularly for those persons who are too lazy to exercise themselves. The principles of it were discovered and formulated by Dr. Andrew T. Still, in 1874, and the first college of osteopathy was opened in Kirkwood, Mo., in 1882. Mary Miles Minter, in "The Heart Specialists," with Allan Forrest and Noah Beery. Yes, Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn.

MICHAEL N.—I cannot play alone, so come on. Robert Warwick is not playing in pictures just now. He is on the stage. Shirley Mason, in "Little Miss Smiles."

E. S. H., Philadelphia.—Yes, Peter B. Kyne's "Kindreds of the Dust" has been picturized. Thanks, I appreciate the thought. Let me hear from you again.

FAYE E. W.—Your letter was very interesting. You must keep busy. As Voltaire puts it, "Shun idleness; it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals." Mary Pickford is going to do "Tess of the Storm Country" over again. Wont you be glad to see it?

FRED L.—Cheer up, Freddie. *Omnia vincit amor*. Mae Marsh is playing on the stage now. No, they are no relation. Why grumble because roses have thorns. Why not be thankful that thorns have roses!

TOM MIX ADMIRER.—Surely, the stars are images of love. You say at a five o'clock tea and at making love, Wallace Reid is right to home. Well, he's had enough practice. Barbara Bedford is playing in "Winning With Wits." That's a woman's trick. At present, May McAvoy is playing in "Thru the Glass Window."

PERKIE.—Feeling rather Perk this morning? Yes, Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynn. Yes, I always brush my beard at night with a whisk-broom. Yes, "Chicken." Constance Bin-

world slide. As ns." "In the I enjoyed the desk top for a dear school, carce in that. e." uttercup"?

You want to get your mother's consent to go into the movies. Take my advice and dont get it—it wont do you any good. Betty Ross Clarke is playing in "At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern." Bert Lytell and Viola Dana are to tour the United States, making personal appearances at the different theaters. You're very welcome. Run in again.

ANNA A.—Thanks for the candy hearts. They were sweethearts. Jackie Coogan has started on his next picture, "Nobody." In the cast are Wallace Beery and Gloria Hope, and it is to be directed by Jerome Storm.

M. A. F.—Certainly, a man may be his own grandfather. This seeming anomaly is provable thus: A widower and his son marry; the father marries the daughter of a widow and the son marries the young lady's mother, thereby becoming father (in law) to his own father, and consequently grandfather to his father's son—that is, himself. *Nestpa?* Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino, in "Beyond the Rocks."

R. B., New Zealand.—Yes, you refer to True Boardman. I haven't his present address. Sorry.

I. K. A.—Yes, I am just eighty-one years old. Old men are as anxious to live as the young. I dont feel that old, tho. You want too many casts. It would take up too much room here. Dont say "you can write good." You should say *well*. No offense.

THE KERRIGAN-MOORE FAMILY.—You want to boost little Patty Moore of "Out of the Dust," and you want to see more of him in our magazines. I'll try.

VILLAINESS.—"Gas" is from the German *geist*, a ghost or spirit, and was introduced by Van Helmont, a physician of Brussels, who employed the term to represent all the non-condensable airs; but his first application was to what he called the "gas of water," now known as hydrogen. (I hope all this gas wont be wasted on desert air.) Address Earle Williams at the Vitagraph Studio, Hollywood, Calif. And you, too, are for Valentino.

BIG BROWN EYES.—So you want to call me Grand Duke, do you? I dont mind. You know, some one said "take the humbug out of the world, and you haven't much left to do business with." Tom Moore is playing opposite Betty Compson, in "Over the Boarded."

GLUM.—Always put a certain amount of play into your work, and of work into your play; it will make both "go" easier. Wanda Hawley is not playing now. Write me any time.

W. E. D.—Yes, that's sweet of you, but did you know that mucilage on the back of a postage stamp is made from the syrup of sweet potatoes? Mae Murray's next picture is "Fascination," and most of the scenes were filmed while in Cuba. You cant make me mad; write any time you like. Why, Viola Dana was interviewed in the June, 1921, issue of the CLASSIC. So you think I am about thirty or thirty-five. All wrong. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the clubs.

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS NUT.—The first telegraph in operation in America was between Washington and Bal-

*We have
with us ---?*



Do you recognize
this motion picture star?

YOU can see that he enjoys lathering up. That is because he uses Colgate's "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick.

But do you recognize him with the fragrant, softening lather on his face?

You may have three guesses. Write them on the attached coupon, and mail it to us. If any of your guesses is correct, we will send you Colgate's "Handy Grip," with a trial size Shaving Stick, free.

"Refills" cost you the price of the soap alone. Thus you save 10c on each "Refill" you buy.

There's nothing like Colgate's for Shaving Comfort and Economy.

Be sure to fill out and mail the coupon to us.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK

COLGATE
& CO.
Dept. 14
199 Fulton Street
New York

The motion picture actor
shown in your advertisement
in Motion Picture Magazine
for April is:

(1).....

(2).....

or (3).....

My name is

My address

.....

timore, May 27th, 1844. That was Anna Nilsson, in "The Figurehead." Yes, all the correspondence clubs sprang from this department. Anybody can start one, but there seems to be enough of them now.

GLADYS.—All that I ask is but a patient ear—listen. A woman's way worries a man, but it's her weight that worries her. "Perils of Pauline" was Pearl White's first serial. She is not playing in serials now. No, "Ben Hur" has not been filmed yet. Kalem tried it some eight years ago, but was stopped by a Harpers' lawsuit. Fannie Ward is in Europe.

BETTY.—Well, I swan! You want to be my assistant, and you promise to keep my beard out of the inkwell and shine my venerable bald spots once a day. What more could I ask? Engaged—I mean, hired. You may start any time. Most of the players furnish their own clothes, but the company furnishes the rooms they play in. Yes, Viola Dana is playing in "They Like Them Rough." She ought to know.

LONESOME.—Yes, Julian Eltinge has fully recovered.

INQUISITIVE GIRL SCOUT.—Salute! Lady Diana Manners' first picture had a private showing at the Alhambra Theater in London, and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were among the invited guests.

HELEN E. L.—That was Elmo Lincoln in "Son of Tarzan." But you've got to have the right stuff. Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt are playing in "Bought and Paid For." You're welcome.

RHODA K.—That was a mighty interesting letter of yours. You say noise is not sufficient to make a sound argument. Righto! Yes, Leatrice Joy, opposite Tom Meighan, in "The Proxy Daddy."

S. G. W.—No, I dont ice-skate. You must cut quite a figure. No, Janet Reid, our writer, is no relation to Wallace Reid. In fact, she has no relation. Yes, Earle Williams is playing in "The Man from Downing Street."

WICKED EYES.—Play on, play on; I am with you. If it wasn't for my good readers, I wouldn't be earning my ten dollars per. Yes, I have read Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems, and she is truly a genius. Mary McAlister is not playing at present. Malvern Polo is about twenty.

DAISIES DELL.—Of course, I approve of women doctors—for women. England has more women medical students than any other country. Betty Compton is playing in "The Green Temptation." No, I dont mind the cold weather—I manage to keep warm with my red flannels and white beard, altho it would be more patriotic if I were a little blue. (A little slow music here, professor.)

JEANNE KAY.—Yes, the Talmadges are on the Coast at this writing. No, I have never been to Paris, but I would like to go some time. Paris was known as Lutetia until 1184, when the name of the great French capital was changed to that which it has borne ever since. Let me know when you are ready to take me.

PEEK-A-BOO.—Yes, I have had the pleasure of meeting both Harold Lloyd and Richard Barthelmess. They are both fine, clean-cut boys. Harold took a trip over to Brooklyn when he was East to see us, and we all were mighty glad to see him. I think his "Sailor-made Man" was one of his best pictures, and Dick's "Tol'able David" was his best. That's the kind of pictures we need. No, I dont think there is a child in the Meighan family, but there is a Wallie Reid, jr., the Washburn children, Alice Joyce's little girl, and Gloria Swanson's infant. You're welcome.

FREDA G.—Why dont you write them direct?

DEW DROPS.—Yes, I like that, too. Speaking of glow-worms, did you know that glow-worms are not a worm at all? It's a beetle, the female of which never gets beyond the larvæ-like form. Her mate is a hard-shelled little beetle, not so luminous as she is. Yes, Wallace Reid's "The Champion" has been retitled "The World's Champion." Agnes Ayres, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

LYDIA M. D.—Yes, they are all playing now. Cullen Landis, in "Watch Your Step." By initiative, she meant doing what should have been done without being told.

MIGNON M. TERMINAL.—All right, we're all

made up now, aren't we? Francis Bushman is traveling—playing at the different vaudeville houses under the Keith circuit. Last I heard of him, he was in Minneapolis. Sorry I cant get that picture of yours. Best wishes.

BOBBIE.—It is not where you work; but take care how you work. Rudolph Valentino was born in Italy. Ruth Roland has auburn hair. Well, I just couldn't call her cute—she is a real person. Bert Lytell's last picture was "Sherlock Brown," with Ora Carew. He and Viola Dana are making personal appearances. Of course, Helene Chadwick is playing—her latest was "Brothers Under Their Skin."

GERTIE.—To ease your mind, Gertie, Charlie Chaplin was born in Paris in 1889. Other reports notwithstanding.

MASCARO.—So you, too, are an admirer of BEAUTY and of its Answer Man. Say, I'm getting terribly jealous of that Corliss Palmer. Stand by me, girls and dont let a mere woman take the kinks out of my beard. If I didn't love her so much, I would get real mad. But I'm setting a trap for her: I'm going to ask her how to make hair grow on my head instead of on my chin.

C. K. F.—You write, to-wit: "Kindly advise us what Rudolph Valentino uses on his hair to give it that polished ebony or patent leather effect, and whether it is on sale 'at all drug stores.'" Take two ounces of stove blackening, one ounce of olive oil and apply with a whitewash brush. Let me know if it doesn't do the trick.

GEORGE F. G.—The more we know, the less we grumble. That's some verse you write me. Charles Ray is playing in "Smudge." Yes, Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. Thanks for your good wishes.

THE NOMAD.—I read your letter thru, and enjoyed it very much. As Emerson said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one." Hoot Gibson is changing his name to Eddie Gibson. It is also said that when he marries, his wife will change her name. J. Warren Kerrigan is not playing now. It's a shame; he was such a handsome, popular chap.

THE IMPS.—Help! Help! You want to know "How many freckles has Wesley Barry?" "Who designed the costume for Pola Negri in 'One Arabian Night?'" What costume; I didn't see any. And, "is Mary Pickford wearing her dresses long or short?" As to the last, I might add, seriously, that Mary is wearing her dresses longer since she has returned from Paris. She had a beautiful Parisian creation on when she called on me here. Call again, but ask me something easy.

MRS. L. S.—Thanks a lot for the beautiful verses you composed for me. Wish I could print them here. Write me again.

HAROLD MILLER ADORER.—Your letter was very interesting. You want more about Harold Miller, Edward Hearn and George Larkin. Last I heard of George Larkin, he was playing in a serial for Universal.

ELMO LINCOLN ADMIRER.—Enjoyed yours, too. There are about twelve million negroes in the United States. They constitute one-seventh of the working force of the country. Dont lose faith, things will change some day. Madge Bellamy is playing in "Lorna Doone."

SHIRLEY KAYE.—Glad to know you! That was the prize letter for the month. I wish I had time to write you personally, but, of course, I am much too swamped with mail. Will always be glad to hear from you and about your success on the stage.

RICHARD G.—Gladys Walton was born in Boston, Mass., and she is five feet one and one-half inches high. Pauline Starke is in California. As Benjamin Franklin said, "No matter how heavily the Government may tax us, we are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride and four times as much by our folly." So, get busy.

F. C. K.—Clever indeed. I saw "One Arabian Night," but not the other two you mention. So you really were fond of "Peter Ibbetson." You say, "It all seemed so wonderfully well bred, artistic and spir-

(Continued on page 111)



Dainty Vivian Martin,
who has learned the
real secret of charm

Can lovely hair *alone* give charm?

An interview with winsome Vivian Martin

"REAL charm is something more than being merely beautiful. It is the creating of an atmosphere of loveliness around you—an atmosphere that makes you different from all the rest.

"Of course, a pretty face or figure make any woman attractive. But no matter how pretty the face—no matter how beautiful her figure—the real secret of charm lies hidden in your hair, just waiting to be brought out."

That is how Vivian Martin answered our question.

And then this little star, who has won her way into the hearts of thousands of admirers, went on to say, "Beautifully arranged, soft, fluffy hair can give to you a personality that is different. And even the plainest girl can bring about a remarkable change in her whole appearance."

While Miss Martin was telling me this, she was a perfect picture of loveliness, and I knew that she had thoroughly learned the secret of charm.

The secret of charm

It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange, or even full of dandruff—the following treatment which you can use at home will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic

into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for three complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you three complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at any drug or department store, hairdresser or barber, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo



WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. MP-4, BUFFALO, N. Y.

I enclose two dimes. Please send me your
traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid
Shampoo and hair Tonic.

Name

Address

Druggist's Name

Druggist's Address



Only Women Know The Real Net Cost

What woman would care to forego the utility, neatness and coiffure correctness made possible by the hair net? Yet what an annoyance and constant expense it is to use a net only once or twice! Women who have deplored the frailty of hair nets will welcome a new and decidedly different kind.

Only the longest and finest human hair is used in fashioning Curlox Nets. The hair is slowly processed to retain its natural life and elasticity.

Curlox hairs stretch but do not easily break. The increase in wearing ability is great. Since the original lustre of the hair is preserved, Curlox Nets blend invisibly with your hair.

CURLOX

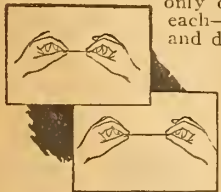
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OVERSIZE HAIR NET

Another exclusive feature of Curlox Nets will appeal to every woman. Each net is generously oversized.

Each tiny knot in Curlox Nets is tied by hand, the nets are twice sterilized, then painstakingly inspected for flaws. Should any net prove defective, it will be replaced free of charge.

Curlox Nets are made in both cap and fringe styles, in every wanted shade, including white and grey. Shades always match perfectly. They come in only one size—OVERSIZE, and only one quality, the best. 15c each—2 for 25c. Grey and white and double mesh, 25c each.



A hair from a Curlox Net stretches and resists breaking.

Notion, department, variety and drug stores everywhere are stocking this better hair net. If your dealer does not handle Curlox, send us his name and address, together with purchase price, and we will supply you direct.

NATIONAL COMMODITIES CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.



You'll welcome, also, these clever, convenient Curlox Hair Curlers. Three inimitable, exclusive features. Curved curling bar prevents cutting or breaking the hair. Open or close at merest pressure of the thumb and forefinger, yet cannot fly open accidentally, no matter how much hair is wound on them. Cost no more than others—2 for 10c, 5 for 25c. At five-and-ten-cent stores, notion, variety, department and drug stores everywhere.

Half Priest - - -

(Continued from page 27)

because I hurried her so; made her think I was a regular fellow instead of a bum actor.

"No, I don't want her to go on the stage or screen. I want her to be my wife and there are certain things that wives are meant for; home, for instance, and not the studio; but if she really wanted to take a fling at the screen I wouldn't stop her. Of course, I'd prefer that she play in the same company I do, but it's all up to her."

In other words, whatever little Marjorie Seamon Graves says, goes—so far as her huge and handsome young husband is concerned.

"But you really must come out and see her for yourself," he reiterated, consuming more quantities of grass until I feared for the health of Marjorie's husband. "We have the dearest bungalow perched right up in those wonderful old purple mountains. You'd adore it, I know."

Later on, after much conversation had temporarily calmed the ecstasies of his sublimated state, we spoke of pictures, and I found that the flame of love instead of dulling his ambition had lighted even stronger fires to do great things: to achieve miracles.

"I am nothing but a kid," said the giant sitting at my feet, "but I would love to do great things in pictures. I want to develop a real human character on the screen—not one of those heavenly heroes or terrible villains, but a regular fellow who acts as people do in real life."

Ralph actually burns to prove to all how great is the screen. He has a pride in his adopted profession which would never allow him to do anything questionable, anything that might drag it into the mud. He wants to prove that righteous people can succeed in the movies. He loathes muck-rakers with a vehemence which is awesome. While he thinks that any actor who brings scandal on the profession is bad enough, he believes that those who slander such a one are worse: a case of the pot calling the kettle black. He has a healthy hatred for the silken eccentricities of De Mille—and altho he is a young actor with his future before him, he does not hesitate to air his beliefs. He would never thrust his creeds down anybody's throat, yet at times he has to use an adamant self-control to keep from preaching.

Don't let me obscure the picture of him, for he is first of all a light-hearted, jocosely player, a merry companion, a pleasant fellow.

Born into the best society in Cleveland, Ohio, Ralph Graves upset the household traditions by choosing to go on the screen at the age that Booth Tarkington made famous. His father, a wealthy steel man, was somewhat displeased at this queer choice instead of the usual college curriculum. However, he left his son to the training school of life. Now that he sees how earnest Ralph was about his career, he is reconciled to his offspring's failure to follow in his footsteps.

But Ralph finds himself in rather an analogous position. Some society people sneer at picture actors; certain film people consider the denizens of society parasites and rather useless individuals. By starting in at the bottom and working his way to the top, Ralph Graves has convinced the cinema people that he is a capable actor—but he also became an actor to society in general. Now there is a certain

fashionable club in Los Angeles that bans picture people, but it numbers among its members a certain *nouveau riche* who has made a great splurge with his money. One day at another Los Angeles Club which is proud to number the worth-while cinemites in its roster, Ralph happened to hear this man bragging. Ralph smiled quietly:

"Back in Cleveland that man worked in my father's steel mill."

And in Los Angeles Ralph is unacceptable in certain circles because he is earning his living as an actor. It's a queer old world for a democracy . . .

But to be perfectly serious, the cinema needs more young folk like Ralph Graves; idealistic ambitions and a background fortified with traditions which make going straight a matter of course, regardless of how much money one attains.

Ralph has splendid plans ahead. At present he is busy honeymooning and playing the lead in "Sent for Out," for Goldwyn.

"IF"

[The inspiration of which may be found at any picture house, any night, anywhere—Apologies to Mr. Kipling.]

By HUGH HOLBROOK

If you can hold your tongue when all about you
Are using theirs to comment on the play—
Its plot, its scenic merits and its actors—
In undertones both eager and blasé;
If you can bear to hear the crunch of peanuts
While tensely tragic scenes before you float,
And, hearing, not give way to the temptation
To seize the guilty party by the throat;
If you can grit your teeth and never murmur
When late arrivals stride across your feet,
And after having reached their destination,
Decide to move and try another seat;
If you can witness some beloved story,
Twisted, distorted, cheapened to a joke
Of its once wholesome self, and not be angry,
Or hope the fool producers all go broke;
If you can listen to the strains of jazz-time
While grande-dames step the stately minuet,
Or watch an English romance to the thunder
Of Handy's newest "blues," and still not fret;
If you can talk with fans and keep your temper,
Or sit, unvexed, behind some spooning pair,
If you can smile when candy-eating urchins
Thrust sticky fingers forth into your hair;
If you can force yourself to see the ending
Of morbid "classics," boresome from the start,
And not begrudge the sums we're daily spending
Upon such crimes done in the name of art;
If you, from every hour spent at the movies,
Can sixty minutes worth of pleasure find—
You've got the whole world by the tail,
my boy.
(There are not very many of your kind.)

Hollywood Night Life

(Continued from page 30)

Dana and Alice Lake last summer. The famous feather-weights took a table in the center of the dance floor and there proceeded to play their denuding game with extreme realism. Alice lost and removed her hat. Viola took off a slipper. Excitement went up several calories before Buster Keaton, uniformed as an officer of the law, rushed in and dragged the fair gamblers from their seats.

Aside from Sunset and Coconut Grove, there are no stellar cafés worth mentioning. Since murdering has supplanted drinking as a national dissipation, tipling has been replaced by yawning. Of course, as in all parts of this great democracy, the principal dinner course is served under the table, but you are taking your life on your hip by inducing liquid provision into the places mentioned. I understand now why the hold-up artists find work so pleasant on the streets; the champions of the law are all hanging around the cafés looking for a drink to confiscate. Two or three civilian cafés have enjoyed a raid, but thus far the cinematic resorts have not a blot on their 'scutcheons.

The uplifters will tell you that the real tobasco stuff is uncorked at private parties in the players' homes. True, the residents of Hollywood still have the freedom of their domiciles just as have the citizens of Newport and Bar Harbor. As yet I have heard of no constitutional amendment taking away the liberty of the home.

The most asinine utterance ever made by man, barring none—not even those of presidents or congressmen—is that of a Los Angeles clergyman, one of those conscientious objectors to the movie. Said the archangel:

"People who play noble characters on the screen do not in their daily lives always sustain these characters."

There are scandalous goings-on among the cinemese just as there have been among the clergy from time immemorial. But public objection should be raised only when these didos affect others than the cutters. If a producer chooses to put his mistress, wife or mother-in-law on the screen simply because she is such, the public has the right and power to refuse to pay for her upkeep. It is not a question of morality, but mercantile dealing. The public has the right to refuse patronage of dumbell stars which the producer has raised for its adoration, just as the customer has the right to refuse spoiled vegetables when the grocer tries to put them off on him.

A great deal has been said about the fake publicity sent out by press-agents concerning players. I have never seen any as mendacious as the stuff which has been spouted about Hollywood, making it appear a civic daughter of joy, an offspring of gay Paree. As I say, there are wild parties without a doubt, just as there are in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, but the tourist has no chance of sitting in on these. Therefore, I say, if you want to sin, go wrong where you are. If you come to Hollywood you might have to go right, and what could be more stupid or disillusioning?

WHY?

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

If silence is "golden,"
An answer we would seek,
Why is the Silent Drama
Then called the "silver" sheet?



A Delightful Test To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

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How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now

traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

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"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

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Some man is going to be picked for it. The boss can't take chances. When he selects the one to hold it he is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work. Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the I. C. S., just as nearly two million men and women have done in the last 30 years, just as more than 130,000 men are doing today.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way!

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Fidelis - - -

(Continued from page 33)

grievance against her. She will not pose for her photograph.

I chanced to ask her how she would feel were her daughter ever to marry. Would Miss Edith relinquish her career, or would she combine it with matrimony?

"It can't be done, the latter," said Mrs. Roberts. "I should hate to see her try to be both an actress and a wife. Perhaps, in the old days, an actress could be really happy in both rôles, but"—and she sighed—"days are different now. Some day, I hope, Edith will be a wife and mother. Every woman owes that to herself. Motherhood should come as the climax of her life."

"If, for instance," I inquired, "Miss Roberts should marry a man whose salary is one-third hers at the present time, what then?"

"I believe that she would continue working," added Mrs. Roberts, "until a nest-egg had been laid by. After that, she—or any other girl in a similar position—should accustom herself to the mode of living her husband could provide."

A certain psychic sense pervades Miss Roberts. She believes in the psychic, yet to her it is a religion rather than either a business asset or a superstition. She is not a spiritualistic fanatic; she rather refrains from talking about the matter.

Her knowledge that she is psychic came to her perhaps three weeks after her father's death. He had accompanied an expedition sent by Universal into Africa for the Smithsonian Institute. The actor, William Stowell, was also in the party. Suddenly, one day the film world was shocked to hear that the train bearing the expedition was wrecked in the jungle and that several members of the party had been killed, including both Mr. Stowell and Miss Roberts' father.

"I was sitting in the breakfast room one morning trying to write a letter," Miss Edith said, "when, all of a sudden, I felt my hand making peculiar signs. Soon I began to write. It was a message from Mr. Stowell, which I had written in the queerest, most unfamiliar sort of writing. Since then, other messages, from other people, have come to me."

She has never "gone into a trance," she said, a bit wonderingly. Such a procedure isn't a sign that one is going to receive spirit messages.

"I find myself just writing and writing. Afterwards I have tried to copy that same hand script, but I have never been able to."

"The whole spirit parade has only made me more firm in my belief that we are not guiding our destiny."

"Certainly not," I agreed, a bit shamefacedly, because when Miss Roberts speaks about "Dad," as she calls her father, there are tears in her eyes.

If we interviewers probe deep enough, we invariably find that there has been some force—generally a sorrow—which has come into the life of the really successful actresses. The cases are individual—but in every case where a young girl shows genuine emotional ability one can find that there has been a certain mellowing influence. If a girl is wholly scatterbrained and always carefree, she lacks the first habilitment of an actress—sympathy.

And hence it is perhaps because of her father's death that Miss Roberts cries real tears in an emotional scene. She has acquired the background of understanding.

When she was still a child, she "broke into" theatricals by doing a song-and-dance turn in vaudeville in New York.

Later, she went into pictures with the Imp company, and finally played, as her first lead, the rôle of a mother. She was then fourteen. King Baggot was then the leading matinée idol of the screen. She and her mother lived on the same street as he, and she used to watch him enter and leave his apartment, wishing she could be in pictures. Finally she played with him in a film.

And, several years later, after she had starred in such pictures as "Lasca," "The Adorable Savage," "The Fire Cat," "The Unknown Wife," and "Open Shutters," Mr. Baggot was selected to direct her in "Luring Lips," her final Universal picture. It was a coincidence.

Shortly after she severed relations with the Universal company, Miss Roberts was selected by Cecil B. de Mille for a rôle in his latest play, "Saturday Night." She is a devotee of the De Mille art.

"When a newcomer goes onto his 'lot,'" she explained, "he has to pass all sorts of muster. My first day saw me wearing a gown from the wardrobe room and walking up and down in front of Theodore Kosloff, Clare West, Alvin Wyckoff and Mr. de Mille himself. Mr. Kosloff passes on your grace of movement and general artistic effect; Miss West looks you over to see how you will wear the gowns she designs for you; Mr. Wyckoff is very critical as to how you will photograph—and Mr. de Mille takes in all your other qualifications or disqualifications."

"I was so nervous I nearly tripped and fell, yet Mr. de Mille is so kind, so assuring, so . . ."

"But I have heard he is very temperamental, nervous," I ventured.

"Not at all!" she contradicted. "He is simply an artist who is paying other people to follow his scheme of things. His art tells him to insist upon accuracy of the finest detail."

Of the De Mille picture, suffice it to say that Miss Roberts played in a scene wherein a complete bedspread of ermine kept her from showing anything that might be deleted by the censors.

"We had perfume worth hundreds of dollars in a bathroom scene!" she marveled. "And I wore a sable coat lined with ermine which cost thousands—and Mr. de Mille insisted that it be nearly ruined in a fire scene."

"But is all this necessary?" I questioned.

"Absolutely!" she replied. "That's why the De Mille society characters do not look out of place. They are real. They have an atmosphere to work in. They do not have to simulate or imagine gorgeousness."

The Latin title I have used—*Fidelis*—means a lot. But, in the case of the tiny bird-like Miss Roberts, it means more than a lot. She has based her life upon one thing—sincerity of purpose.

She believes in a dollar's worth of effort for a dollar's pay. She does *not* believe in worshipping a glass bead in a platinum setting.

DISARMAMENT IN THE MOVIES

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

Now that disarmament is in vogue, Will Venus de Milo get a start, And become a clever movie queen? And will they cut out William Hart? Or will Bill throw all his guns away And decide to take the lead With spats and pencilled eyebrows, arched, And out-class Wally Reid?

Between You and Me 'N Meighan

(Continued from page 41)

"George is one of those gentlemen farmers," said Meighan, when I quizzed him about the greatest writer of the English Slangage in the world. "A quiet, cynical chap, of remarkable gifts. He sees right thru a person when he meets him. And if he doesn't like you, he caricatures you in writing. After a great deal of persuasion, I got him out to Hollywood. He wrote an original script for me. 'Our Leading Citizen,' he calls it. I think, for once, they'll let the first title stay with it." Meighan grinned at the novelty. "You know, Will Rogers says that, as a rule, in Hollywood they change the titles as often as they change wives."

In that respect, this picture star is individual. He married Frances Ring, sister of "Yip I Addy I Aye" Blanche, long ago, shortly after his success in Ade's "The College Widow," and, strangely enough, he's been very much married to her ever since. Another distinctive feature about Tom is the fact that he does not own a car. Think of that! A celluloid celebrity without a Rolls Royce!

Simplicity spells it all, in his case. He gets up about seven every morning. He retires before eleven every night—except when he's vacationing in New York, as he was when I saw him. Then he spends every night at the theater. He was waxing enthusiastic over the glittering Maughan play, "The Circle," that he had seen the night before.

"There," he told me, "is the answer to the question, 'Can the screen supplant the stage?' There's the whole story! 'The Circle' is a stage play, impossible from any other point of view. Plays like it will always be performed by talking actors behind real footlights . . . Thank the Lord!" He added: "Plays like 'The Miracle Man' are of the screen exclusively. It failed in stage form because it demanded sweeping treatment that the stage could not give it. But don't worry about either the stage or the screen. There is a place for both in this world, and both will endure."

That he will some day return to his first love, I have no doubt; but as a life-job, the screen will always claim him. It is the idea of having a permanent home that strikes Tommy so pleasantly.

"The road is a tough place to live," he said. "Hotel life, at best, is boring. At worst, it's—see General Sherman! And in Hollywood we have our little bungalow, with its garden and flowers and sunshine—well, whoever it was said 'There's no place like home,' said the proverbial pageful . . ."

And when you hear a regular fellow like Tom Meighan talking about a vine-covered cottage and all that sort of thing, somehow it gets under your skin. You believe it. And, to quote Mr. Perley Poore Sheehan, who wrote the picture Tom had just finished in California, "If you believe it, it's so!"

You would believe Tommy if he told you anything. He's real.

A QUESTION

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

O cameraman, we ask of thee,
Please answer if you will,
Is it called the Silent Drama,
Because you can make a "still"?

I Teach You Piano In Half Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me by mail. I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO

From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition

me and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all essential ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is far superior to all others; and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing better at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

My course is endorsed by distinguished musicians, who would not recommend any Course that did not maintain the highest musical standards. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted. Write today, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Out of every four hours of study one hour is spent entirely away from the keyboard, learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much because you understand what you are doing. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece, not only in the original key, but in other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from



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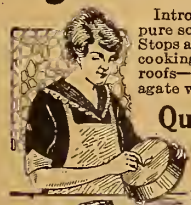
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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Requesting Theda Bara!

DEAR EDITOR: I should like a few words of inquiry as to what has become of Miss Theda Bara. She seems to be the most cruelly criticized woman of the films. To me, she is one of the most delightful of actresses. Her beautiful and entertaining portrayals of "Cleopatra" and "Salome" seem to have been forgotten by the fan public in their deep interest of the latest works of movie art; but I shall consider "Cleopatra" one of the best photoplays I have ever seen.

Whatever Miss Bara is now doing, I am sure her return to the films would be heralded with much delight, and I should suggest a play founded on the famous plot of Samson and Delilah as worthy of displaying once again her exceptional talents.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIE BURFORD,
Waukomis, Oklahoma.

Regarding the Gish Sisters in particular.

DEAR SIR: Is it necessary for an actress to fuss with her feet in order to portray a young girl? I think not, for I am under eighteen myself, and I never do it, nor have I ever seen anyone who did, except Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Carol Dempster. And I am quite sure they never do it except for the camera.

Lillian Gish is a great actress. And who ever would have dreamed she was pretty before she appeared in "Way Down East"? Do you remember her costumes and coiffure in "True Heart Susie" and "The Great Love"? How could anyone look well in such things? I should like to see her in a picture where Bendel made all of her clothes instead of only two or three things, as in "Way Down East."

Speaking of clothes, I am afraid I cannot admire those worn in the DeMille productions. There is only one word that describes them properly—grotesque. They might do very well in something like "The Follies," but could scarcely be worn in private life, as they are supposed to be in the scenarios. Of course, there are some that are not very strange—quite good looking, in fact—but the majority, I think, are rather awful. How much more beautiful and in what better taste are the gowns worn by Norma and Constance Talmadge!

I think one of the nicest of the new stars is Agnes Ayres. She does not appear to be so very youthful, but she is good-looking and a good actress. Gloria Swanson, too, is quite charming, but I had much sooner see her look pretty than exotic—she is much too tiny to be laden with heavy looking furs and to wear eccentric coiffures with paddles stuck in them. I liked her in "Under the Lash" better than anything she has done.

I see in the January number there is a letter mentioning a number of actresses whom the writer thinks are the most beautiful on the screen. I agree in nearly every case, but where is Norma Talmadge? How could anyone make such a list and not include her?

Wallace Reid's remark, "Heaven forbid that I should ever become a matinée idol!" I think is very funny. I wonder what he would do if someone told him he was one. However, he doesn't try to be dramatic,

as so many do, and until he does, I shall continue to go to see him.

Very sincerely,
MARY CRARY,
8120 Jefferson East, Detroit, Mich.

Commending the motion picture and some of its stars.

TO THE EDITOR: As an old reader from your magazine, I am herewith taking the wonderful opportunity to say something on the subject concerning some of my most favorite actors and actresses, and why.

First of all, I would like to congratulate the movie industry for its great progress and better pictures during the past year, which is due to the fact of new types being introduced to the public.

Rudolph Valentino, Colleen Moore, Glenn Hunter, May McAvoy, Richard Dix, Gareth Hughes, and scores of others are responsible for cleaner and better pictures.

I would like to hear more of the wonderfully talented little actress, Patricia Palmer, who has done some remarkable work in "Things Men Do," but she has dropped out of sight. We are all anxious to hear from her.

There is another lady who deserves praise, and she is Mabel Ballin, she of the beautiful eyes. Hugo Ballin is a genius, and no wonder his pictures are so clean and pathetic, with Mabel Ballin enacting the leading rôles, could it be otherwise?

As for the men, Norman Trevor is my favorite, and Rudolph Valentino is certainly gaining popularity and will before long be a celebrated star.

Glenn Hunter is favored by many people on account of his being so natural, which puts him in the class of Gareth Hughes and Charles Ray.

Wishing you and your magazine success,

Yours very truly,
BLANCHE KATZ,
2183 Washington Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

In protest of the out of focus closeups.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you print this as a protest against the blurred close-ups so many films are showing now? In the first place, they hurt the eyes, having the same effect as a picture out of focus. Have come away from a picture of that kind feeling that my eyes were crossed. Another objection, they bring the audience back to reality and the spell of the picture is broken.

If the actors are capable of throwing that spell and making us forget the butcher, the baker, etc., why wake us up? If the scene is pathetic enough, and we are supposed to look at same thru tear-dimmed eyes, why not use actors capable of bringing them there? Nazimova can do it when she forgets to pose; then why does she use the blurred close-ups almost entirely?

Another thing, when any director consents to blurred close-ups of Mr. Valentino, he is making a great mistake, for it is his eyes, the most expressive I have ever seen filmed, and winning smile (only one other I know of having a smile of the same charm—Dustin Farnum in the old

Virginian days) that in some way carries personality, magnetism, whatever it is, enough to grip the audience in spite of being only a shadow. Then, surely, the director ought to do nothing to bring the audience from the spell of make-believe.

A blurred close-up is like a dash of cold water in the face. Hoping you will find room to print at least part of this protest, I am

Truly yours,
MAE PARKER,
3743 Newcomb Place, St. Louis, Mo.

A reader traveling in Germany writes interestedly of German motion picture production.

DEAR EDITOR: A message of cheer to the U. S. motion picture industry. For some time our film industry feared the invasion of the German films. When studied to a fine point, we need not be alarmed of them.

Some time ago there were released several German films. First came "Passion," the story of Madame Du Barry; next "Carmen" was shadowed upon the American screen under the title of "Gypsy Blood," followed by "Deception." The leading rôles of these films were played by the foremost German film stars, as Pola Negri and Henny Porten, directed by the famous producer, Herr Lubitsch.

Summing the entire question in a nutshell, these are just a few of the master pictures produced by the German film industry and come into our country.

The usual German film is nothing when put into competition with our ordinary films. Not even going into our wonderful films as "Way Down East," "Dream Street," "The Heart of Maryland," "Bob Hampton of Placer" and "The Blind Husband," with hundreds of others which can be recalled.

Then call to your mind the excellent type of directors and producers: D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince, Cecil B. de Mille, Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur. With the support of the army of movie stars which these men have made in years past.

Among the women stars, Katherine MacDonald, Clara Kimball Young, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Dalton and Mary Pickford. With our men of the screen, Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, Bert Lytell, Wallace Reid, George Walsh and Douglas Fairbanks, and anyone interested in the movies may name many more.

With our vast army of stars and excellent staff of producers, also the unconquerable field to work in. What nation's pictures have we to fear, none can surpass ours. The only advantages the German producer has to compete with the American is the cheap labor in Germany. Extras may be had for the price of a meal, or for a dollar a day in our money.

The great trouble the German producers have is when employing several thousand extras for mass films. They will accept the work for a set amount, and when at the studio and the stage is all set ready for work, will strike. The other day I heard of an occurrence at a studio a short distance from Berlin. Herr Lubitsch was staging "The Wife of Pharaoh" and needed a thousand extras for the same, which

(Continued on page 112)

We Interview Cecil B. DeMille

(Continued from page 25)

MR. DE MILLE: Nothing should part company with beauty. Why not beauty in everything. People everywhere you'll find hungry for it.

G. H.: Is that, fundamentally, what you try to give in your pictures?

(MR. DE MILLE inclines his head.)

A. W. F.: Do you think everyone appreciates beauty?

MR. DE MILLE: It isn't so much a question of appreciation as of wanting. Everyone wants beauty—longs for it—groves for it. They may all of them, do it in different ways, but they do it none the less. The little woman in the mining town may only cut a colored picture from the Sunday supplement and paste it on her wall—but that is *her* desire for beauty—the means she has at hand to gratify it. Give beauty to the world and you'll be successful.

G. H.: But the Sunday supplement isn't beautiful!

MR. DE MILLE: It is as near to beauty as that particular woman can get at that particular time. The desire is a greater thing than the means of gratification. I am an absolute advocate of beauty. I believe in beautifying the simplest, most staple commodities . . .

A. W. F. (brilliantly): Even telephones . . .

MR. DE MILLE: Even telephones. Everything possible, whenever possible, and it is almost always *quite* possible.

A. W. F.: Your women are always beautiful in your pictures—silken creatures. They seem, somehow, to give forth a silken atmosphere. How do you choose them? How do you make them give that effect?

MR. DE MILLE: There are two types of women—the woman who can wear silk, and the woman who can wear gingham. There are a great many more of the latter.

G. H. (aside): There are a great many more opportunities for the latter.

MR. DE MILLE (unheeding): The silken woman does interest me rather more, although in my last picture, "Saturday Night," you will see Leatrice Joy change from the one type to the other. As for making them give forth what you call a silken atmosphere, I never "make" them do anything. I may, perhaps, create an atmosphere for them; of well being, of luxury, and then I call forth what they have within them. If I were to direct you in a scene now, I would not tell you what to do: I would suggest to you what I wanted and there would come forth in response that which is within you. It is what they feel that matters. If they feel silken then, they are silken.

(The INTERVIEWERS fall into a pit of silence from which, valiantly, A. W. F. rescues them.)

A. W. F.: You sort of make the stars, don't you?

MR. DE MILLE (smiling): I am the star-mill. They come as grist and I turn them out as stars, so to speak . . .

G. H.: How do you handle the artistic temperament?

MR. DE MILLE: I have never encountered it. It belongs to the Dark Ages. The people I have come into contact with have been earnest and hard working and perfectly reasonable beings. Genius (he shrugs his shoulders suggestively) if I may borrow—genius is perspiration, not inspiration. I've been working with the people there for eight vacationless years, and they've run pretty true to form.

A. W. F.: You must love it to be able to keep at it for that length of time, steadily.

MR. DE MILLE: It would be impossible in any other line, but creative work has the faculty of self-renewal.

[A. W. F. now signals to G. H. that their time has come. The pit of silence yawns before them again. G. H. is engaged in pulling beads from her bag. A. W. F. has taken to tracing the gargoyles in the arm of her chair. Possibly she believes them to be Gothic. The signal is eventually received and the Interviewers rise to go. The secretary to Mr. Zukor probably decides that the stars earn their salaries if all interviews are like this. He strikes a few keys over in his corner. The room is now deeply in shadow. Mr. De Mille rises from the official looking desk.]

A. W. F.: Good-bye. And a pleasant trip.

G. H.: Good-bye. And fine game.

MR. DE MILLE: Good-bye. When you're in California drop in and see me in my Gothic office. And don't forget, beauty in everything. Even telephones.

SCENE III.—A long, narrow corridor in the office-building. Fifteen minutes has elapsed. The interviewers walk aimlessly toward a distant door.

G. H.: We were bright. Very bright, I must say. Such clever questions!

A. W. F.: Acted like two adolescents outside a stage-door. Why didn't you ask some of those questions you press-agented with such superiority at the beginning of this auspicious occasion? I gave you an opportunity. I waited.

G. H.: I should say you did. You mostly waited. I didn't expect him to be like that—a business man or a banker or something. I can't take a cue when it isn't given.

A. W. F. (as she looks about in search of her bearings): No doubt, he would have acted differently if he had known of your expectations. Personally, I don't believe he had the aspirin you mention with him.

[The interviewers have now described a circle and are just about to enter a door next to the one from which they lately appeared when an office-boy emerges from the general obscurity and leads them in the opposite direction.]

OFFICE-BOY: This way, Ladies. That there's the vault—that's the safe, the vault. Look out for the stenographers . . . This way out, ladies!

Exit G. H. and A. W. F.

That's Out

(Continued from page 58)

WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO Madge Bellamy. A charming actress who, if properly handled, has the makings of a star.

There's no doubt about the motion picture progressing. Once upon a time the movie hero used to hit the villain over the head with a bottle. Now he uses a chair. Thick skulls (or rather, thicker skulls) will be essential for a screen hero in the future, when, no doubt, ice boxes or sideboards will be used.

Latest dope says that Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman are to return to the screen. Why not bring Theda Bara and Mary Garden with them, and make it an all-star cast?



Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

THE case of Geraldine Proctor was really pathetic. Most of the girls in her set were married, or about to be. Yet not one of them possessed more grace or charm or beauty than she. And as Miss Proctor's birthday crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther away from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

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That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). Halitosis creeps upon you unawares. You may even have it for years without knowing so yourself.

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BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The "Punch-the-Clock" Girl

(Continued from page 43)

now, in "The Eyes of the World," by Harold Bell Wright, as well as for the fact that she played in five pictures with Bill Hart, and in three pictures with Charley Ray. Perhaps her long period of hard work is what has made her accept stardom so gracefully. She is anything but upstage. And perhaps her punch-the-clock-on-time conscience has had something to do with it.

She has not become afflicted with chauffeur-itis, which means that she still drives her own coupé. She drove us from the Chet Bennett stage up into the busy marts of Hollywood with her own capable hands, and I'm here to say that she wields a mean throttle!

And here is a secret about Miss Novak which I am giving to a waiting world for the very first time: She was once a song-and-dance "artist" on the vaudeville stage. Can you imagine Jane doing a song and dance act? Neither could I, but the truth came out as the result of a perfectly innocent question from me. I asked her if she had ever been on the stage. She flushed under the smooth pallor of her skin, and laughed, musically. She also glanced in a startled manner at "Scoop," who was the ever-present third party to the interview.

"Shall I tell him?" she inquired of the third party, who is her business manager, if you must know it.

"Oh, you might as well," replied the third party, resignedly.

I thought I had stumbled upon something terrible, which Jane would conceal at all costs.

"Yes, I went out of Notre Dame Convent in St. Louis right straight into vaudeville," she said, with the manner of one taking a cold shower and getting it over with as soon as possible. "Another girl and myself made up a 'team,' and the manager booked us. But he was a naughty rascal and our 'act' went broke. We almost had to walk home. Then I did some work in my uncle's stock company, until the stage virus had thoroly got in its deadly work, with an inoculation of motion picturitis."

Some of the things Miss Novak would never do during her picture career are: Not to play with a woman star, not to be late at the studio, not to allow the casting director to put her in any part but one which would fit her type, and not to attend "movie" parties, whatever they are! It is remarkable how many little girls and boys I have talked to in Hollywood recently protest that they have never attended a so-called movie party. What can be the matter with a movie party? Some day, I am going to write a story about a movie party.

For any girl who loves her family and loves her cute little home as does Jane, I'm here to say that she is certainly a bear for location stuff. She has established a reputation for herself as an "out-door" girl, and so outdoors she has been.

"I've spent six months of every year on location," she told me, as we motored back to the studio, so she could be properly horse-whipped. "I think that is a record. Life seems to be made up of things like that. The more we love some one thing in this mortal existence, the more we are denied it. Perhaps it is good for us."

With this bit of philosophy on her lips, we swung up to the big Bennett stage.

Lunch time was over, and, on the dot, Jane passed from view into camera-land—she had "punched the clock" before my very eyes!

Once the Gibson Man

(Continued from page 63)

illustrated the various and sundry books written for an eager public by Harold Bell Wright.

"You ought to get into pictures," said Rex to Jack. "There'll be millions in it!"

At that time Jack was playing very good parts in Broadway productions, but he was not rapidly becoming a millionaire. So he got himself a job playing in a picture at the old Biograph. In his first picture were Blanche Sweet, Micky Neilan, Lionel Barrymore and Antonio Moreno, the latter playing the insignificant part of an 'ostler.

Only a short time ago, Rex Ingram selected Jack Mulhall to play the juvenile part in his big picture

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York and Hollywood, and on the screen. She knows and admits that she is beautiful, but she takes no great pains to preserve that beauty. It is not her fetish. It is not an Old-Man-of-the-Sea hanging about her creamy white throat. Nor does she employ "street" make-up to enhance it when she is out of the studio. Perhaps, because she is only about twenty-two years old, she has not taken to worrying about the preservation of it yet. There are no mascara rims about her liquid-clear cornflower-blue eyes, and you do not feel that you would like to wipe the red off her lips.

"Do you think," I asked, by way of probing that intellect which shines from her wide-apart eyes under their level, un-plucked brows, "that you would be temperamental if you had gone on living in Denmark in the church choir?"

known what 'temperament' meant, throatily. "My 'temper,' and it acting in pictures of emotional-be called 'out-dont really think 'tivate peculiarity-cause she happens to get away a player should peculiarities of as a result of studio—long lack of character. to laugh, and us to cry. follow each and it's no urdy-gurdy

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On Pomander Walk

(Continued from page 23)

beautiful and it makes little shivers run up and down your spine. I have the same feeling when I stroke an unusually beautiful animal.

"Edgar Allan Poe sends me under the bed at night to see if there is a bugaboo there, but I love him just now. I have passions for different authors. I forget all the rest when I am reading one."

"But," I stammered, "I thought you were the queen of jazz. Don't you step out—er—every night?"

She laughed low and musically, with a tolerant little twist to her mouth, and just a crinkle at the corners of her eyes.

"I have a big home, with a mother and a grandmother in it, whom I love very much. I bought it to stay in, and I stay there. My custard days are over. When I put my cap and bells in mothballs I also broke my jazz records. I'm a big girl now!"

And that is the impression one gets of Bebe. I remembered her as I saw her some years ago, romping about a Harold Lloyd set, and once on a street-car, chewing gum. But it was a far different Bebe that stood, wrapped in expensive furs off some dark-complected animal, talking to me that day on Pomander Walk. She is grown up in mind as well as in body, and, unlike some little girls whom we have noticed growing into womanhood, it hasn't been a love affair or a marriage that has done it, either. It is her growing sense of responsibility. Bebe has suddenly discovered that she has a career.

I suspect her of reading the recent press notices about herself. If she has, more power to her, for I always suspect an actress of incurable egoism who claims that "she never reads what the critics have to say about her." The critics have mentioned the fact in no uncertain terms that perhaps Bebe has concealed within her cosmos a latent talent—those words have the same letters in them—for acting, and the consensus of demand has been to bring it forth. The Paramount powers, I also suspect, have tried it out in her most recent release, in which she plays the part of a South American girl, mixed up with a lot of rum-runners, whatever they are.

Bebe feels the force of this call to the drama, and she has right-about faced with a suddenness which has startled herself. She isn't quite accustomed to giving a grown-up interview yet, and she is the more lovely because of her uncertainty.

Her hopes and her ambitions have jelled. She sees a goal, and one feels that she is going straight toward it. That goal is serious drama. It will mean self-repression for Bebe. She has the full, rich lips of the Spaniard—which speak for self-indulgence—crossed with the level brow of her Scotch father, shadowing the large, dark eyes of the South American. Which will conquer—the Scotch or the Spanish?

"You must have traveled a lot," I said, by way of conversation; "you seem so sophisticated on the screen, and they say that traveling makes one that!"

"But I haven't at all," she pouted, hitching her furs higher about her throat, which is round and firm like a column of marble. "I have only been on the train one night at a time, and that was two months ago, when I went from Los Angeles to Texas to make some personal appearances. Then I was train-sick! I've spent most of my life on the Pacific Coast, except when I was a baby; then I was in the East. If

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.



ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently (diseased cases excepted). Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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I look sophisticated, it is because I make a pose of looking that way."

And there is Bebe Daniels! She tells the truth. Her soul, I am sure, is tender and sweet and naïve under her pose of sophistication. Our conversation turned to the subject of friends.

"My two best girl friends I have had for six years, and I claim that is pretty good—in Hollywood," she exclaimed, tilting her Napoleon hat, with its red velvet façade, at a triumphant angle. I agreed that it was—in Hollywood or anywhere else.

"I don't have much time for acquaintances," she went on, more seriously. Here was the "big girl" Bebe speaking again. "They don't mean as much as friends, but I must have friends. I have never had many acquaintances, as some girls have.

"Ever since I was a kid, I have had to work.

"I didn't go into moving pictures for a lark, but because I needed the money. I started in with slap-face work, because it was the quickest and easiest way to make a living, and that didn't give me much time for casual acquaintances, but I did gather some friends. Maybe I did get a jazzy rep—but I haven't any time for that, either, anymore!"

Yes—Bebe is a big girl now, and I am certain, after our Pomander talk, that the land of silversheets will come to accept her as such—and as a friend, rather than as a jazzy acquaintance that one meets on the screen in passing. For I am sure that Bebe would like to have us all for her friends, rather than just smiling faces—if we'd promise not to take up too much of her time—for she is so very busy—*growing up!*

Parent Versus Actor

(Continued from page 77)

The Italian living-room in rich sapphire tones—where even the victrola is camouflaged within a stunning hand-carved Florentine cabinet—as well as the bronze and leather den and lovely lavender breakfast room open on to a spacious patio, the white pillars of the pergola entirely covered with masses of Cecil Brunner roses, in full bloom. With a bubbling fountain, rugs scattered on the red tile floor and comfortable wicker chairs, it is a most attractive spot in which to linger.

"This is where we live," remarked Mrs. DeHaven, curling up in a big rocker. I selected a seat that commanded a striking view of the shaded lawns, while Carter, the perfect host, hovered about with tinkling glasses after I had experienced an awesome moment of indecision trying to choose from the array of forbidden tonics. His is a friendly cellar, for neither he nor his wife ever touch a drop, and there are no wild parties in their social calendar. A few informal affairs, an occasional theater and the regular Friday night excursion with the children to a motion picture show is their limit.

Carter DeHaven has been in dramatic work twenty-three years and, with masculine frankness, adds that he started at the age of ten. His chance came when he attracted attention with his remarkably high voice while a choir boy in a Chicago church. Soon he was featured in vaudeville, having added dancing to his song numbers, and later he appeared in many of the best known musical comedies on Broadway.

Mrs. DeHaven, as Flora Parker of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, started out as a concert singer, but her first real professional engagement was with Nat Goodwin. The marriage of the talented pair came as a climax to a summer meeting, love at first sight, and a romantic elopement, both being under age.

"We've been married fourteen years," demurely chronicled Mrs. DeHaven, who looks as if she should be carrying school books under her arm, she is so tiny and girlish, with mischief ever lurking in her dark eyes.

After their marriage, the couple played in musical comedies, then went into vaudeville, with Carter writing and staging their sketches.

They tried pictures five years ago with Universal, but it was hard to break away from the stage, and it was not until some time later that they were finally lured by the prospect of continuing their profession and at the same time having a permanent home.

Now, they have their own producing company, with both fame and fortune smiling gloriously upon them.

"My Lady Friends," their third picture to be released thru First National, has just been completed, and Mr. DeHaven declared with marked enthusiasm that the amusing farce had proved a perfect film story, and he is satisfied it is the best picture he has made.

"We go to New York in a few weeks to buy new material," he said, "and I am going to get away from first into comedy-drama. A frequent trip East is a great stimulant, one gets stale unless there are fresh inspirations. About eighty per cent. of the things put over in comedy are taken from jokes or funny stories, and one line in an up-to-date play will often suggest an entire scene. I seldom get ideas from pictures, it seems to take the spoken word to reach my funny-bone.

"Sometime I intend making a series of domestic features similar to our former two-reelers, only more elaborate, and already I have enough material in mind for several of these."

"Carter wrote all our vaudeville sketches and early scenarios, and even now he re-writes and co-directs our pictures," interposed Mrs. DeHaven, with undisguised pride.

"I'm outgrowing my love for acting," continued Carter, "for I find the producing end of the business much more fascinating, so, eventually, I shall probably go into it, even tho it does mean more responsibility and worry."

As the clock in the hall beyond chimed a quarter to four, Mrs. DeHaven exclaimed: "The children go into the swimming pool at four each day, let's go down and watch them."

Seated under a mammoth pepper tree that shades the pool, and watching the children splash in the clear water, we chatted of many things.

"Do we ever really succeed?" questioned Carter DeHaven, thoughtfully, when I spoke of the joy it must be to have won success in time to give all this to Junior and Marjorie. "One never reaches the end of the trail, always there is something beyond, beckoning, and we go on with strained muscles and taut nerves trying to win the next race.

"Our real achievement will be in giving the children a happy childhood and helping them attain their full expression," and he turned to catch his wife's answering smile.

So, it is first the rôle of parent, then the actor, with the Carter DeHavens.

Her Husband's Trademark

(Continued from page 38)

Lois did not sleep for hours. She went over in her mind, word for word, her talk with Allan, his talk with her. It was as if she had come into a promised land, where misunderstandings were brushed away. She thought of his hands—honest, capable, tender. She thought of his eyes, warm and frank. Of his hair and the way he brushed it—all the details of him. The details she felt to be dear.

The next morning at breakfast, she told Berkeley that she would accompany them on the Mexican trip. "I warn you, however," she said, "that I am apt to fall in love with Allan Franklin. I think it is only fair to warn you."

James Berkeley laughed, indulgently. "What a child it is," he said, disinterestedly; "still . . . I cannot afford to leave Franklin here, Lois."

Lois smiled. He had rather run the risk of her than the risk of the agency. What ran in his veins in place of blood? She wondered.

On the way down, Lois contrived not to see too much of Allan. The suppression of the past fifteen years was breaking loose within her, and she knew the limits of her own control. She knew, too, by an instinct surer than spoken words, that Allan loved her, had always loved her, and she dreaded and longed for the moment when barriers should be swept aside.

She wanted to play fair. She knew that Berkeley hadn't, but she didn't feel that that absolved her. Two wrongs could not make a right.

In Mexico they were thrown a great deal together. Time and time again, when Berkeley could have avoided a tête-à-tête between them, he left them alone. It was as if he were saying, "Give me the agency of these oil lands and I give you the agency of my wife." And it was as if, with hidden contempt, Allan and Lois realized this—and would not take advantage of it. They were pitting their honor against his dishonor.

There was the time when, after an ugly scene with Berkeley, Allan met Lois coming from her room, white, strained looking, and, as tho he could not help it, his two hands went out to her, protectively. And he knew that she saw his hands—and turned away from them, not because she wanted to, but because to take them would be to keep them—always.

There was the time when Allan came upon Lois in the forest, riding—just in time to save her from the spring of a mountain wildcat. The moment when, the woods darkening, the animal's crouch at their feet, the dark red, acrid blood staining his fur, staining the dank earth at their feet, the primitive odors rising from the ground to assail their nostrils, the two stood very close, breast to breast, mingling with breath, suffocatingly close—with no words coming from their clamped throats—with admissions clamoring for utterance—and being strangled. In that close moment they were, they felt, crushing the forces of life itself between their two bodies. They were scoring a bloody, tremendous triumph. And they rode home from it with no triumph in their pale faces, with no song of victory in their hearts. Rather, they felt that they had strangled something splendidly vital; something bigger than they by rights, something of creation. Thus meager is the reward of virtue!

That evening Lois told Berkeley that she must return home the following morning. "If it is necessary," she said to him, "we will return without the agency;

we will cast aside the bluff of the Berkeley fortunes, we will live honestly and be honest. I had rather work—than suffer so. But I am going back."

Berkeley puffed hard on the cigar Allan Franklin had presented him with the evening before. "I will get Franklin to sign the contract tonight," he said. He regarded Lois thru half-closed eyes. It seemed to her as tho he were seeing Allan, too. "I think," he said, with a covert sneer, "that he should be about ready to sign it—to-night."

Berkeley went to his room after dinner, merely saying that he would see Franklin later on. And Lois and Allan were left alone on the moonlit patio. The night crowded to their very feet, and breathed its odors into their senses. It was as tho the night was pleading with them, for a token, for a sign . . .

The woman shivered in the warm, laden breezes. The man sighed thickly—and moved away. They were making their last fight. They were being pressed against a wall. The stars seemed to weigh down upon them with separate, burning weights. Their spirits faltered, failed, rallied—failed again . . . In the distance, and then growing nearer, a Mexican started to serenade his lady. His throaty, impassioned voice rose with heavy, amorous cadences—rose, fell, only to rise again . . . And, as if a part of the song, Lois heard Allan's resistance break in uttering her name—again—again—again . . . "Lois," he muttered, "Lois . . . Love . . . Love . . ."

The Mexican's voice took a minor key, pleaded, surrendered, gloried . . .

Lois stretched forth her arms and drew Allan against her heart. "I know," she whispered, "I know, my Love, I know . . ."

At a window, overlooking the patio, Berkeley smiled down on the little scene. "Very pretty," he said, to himself, "very timely . . ." And he took the contract from his pocket and sat down to await Lois.

When Lois came in, she went swiftly, flamingly to Berkeley.

"James," she said, her breath coming in little gusts, her voice unlike her voice, "I'll have to tell you this—quickly—if—if I am to tell you at all—I—I—Allan and I—on the patio"—she stopped, unable to go on. Every sensibility within her revolted at laying bare the exquisititude of that few moments to this man whom no exquisititude could touch.

Berkeley puffed rings. "I know," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I shall spare you the trouble, Lois, of putting into words what you just so charmingly put into action. I saw you." He looked at her and smiled—affably.

Lois gasped. "You saw! You—you dont mind—you—"

Berkeley stretched forth his legs and his hand went to his pocket, where the edge of the yet-to-be-signed contract protruded. "My dear," he said, "I came down here for the sole and single purpose of getting Allan Franklin to sign this contract. I happen to need this more than I need anything else on the face of the map. I am going to get it, and I am not going to let any hysterical woman and a moon-struck man interfere with me."

Lois turned to leave the room. She couldn't talk to him. There was nothing she could say to him, and less than nothing for him to say to her.

On the threshold she collided with Allan, coming, apparently on the same confessional errand.

Berkeley greeted him with an affable



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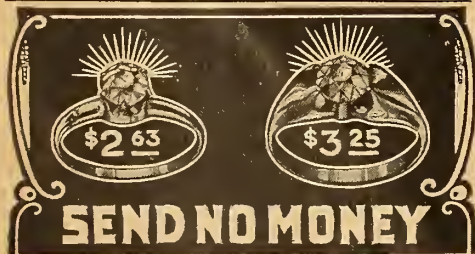
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smile. "Don't you begin, my boy," he said. "Lois has just sobbed out the dark secret on my breast, and I have—very paternally—forgiven you both!"

Allan stood still. "Do you mean," he said, "that Lois has told you of our love, and that you—forgive it?"

Berkeley waved a large hand. Lois suddenly noted how veinous it had become. Once she had thought it masterful. . . . "Oh, come, now, Franklin," he said. "I wouldn't go so far as to call it love—a good-looking chap like yourself—a moonlit night—a pretty woman—why—"

"That will do, Mr. Berkeley. We have all said enough here tonight, I think. We have all defined our positions pretty clearly—and pretty finally. I should hesitate long and painfully over taking Lois away from a man, but you deserve neither consideration nor remorse. The incident is closed—for the three of us. But let me add, and while you still have the opportunity, if you were a man—you would knock me down."

Sometimes the bizarre thing happens in regulated lives. The bizarre thing happened then and there to the three people facing that moment's issue. Berkeley didn't knock Allan down. Allan didn't go on with what he had to say. Lois had no opportunity of stating her position in the matter. Outlaws took the thing into their own hands, and before the three amazed people knew quite what they were about, Lois had been able to save Franklin, and they were flying for their lives in the direction of the Mexican border—

Thirty-six hours later, Allan Franklin pulled Lois up the stairway of a tiny hut—on the other side of the border. At their feet lay the last pursuer—and miles away—on the other side—lay James Berkeley, obscure in death, robbed of his ostentation.

"The gods have done this, sweetheart," Franklin muttered, hoarsely, kissing her pale face, her disheveled hair.

Lois smiled at him. "I think," she said, "that God did it—because He knows."

An Interview

(Continued from page 48)

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Purple stucco bungalow in
Hollywood it is so
Peaceful there

We love
To have the Tourists come
In search of
Thrills they look so
Disappointed when they
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Country Town
With false-front buildings
On the Boulevard
(Oh, Hollywood
What crimes have been committed
In thy name)

You're going?
Well do call again
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By-the-way don't miss
My latest film it is my
Favorite
I play a
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And do my finest acting
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The Gold Girl

(Continued from page 55)

it is of transitory things; but in it you understand the girl herself—and like her. She admits frankly that she isn't such an "old hand" at this business of talking for publicity, and she is so bubbling-over with interest in her work that she can't be tied down long to talking of anything else. And, while she may not have said anything to set the world on fire, and you feel that you haven't been so brilliant yourself, you leave her with a feeling of having met someone you'd like to know.

"I can't honestly say," she was replying to my question as to which she preferred, stage work or picture acting. "I love the pictures—I am literally full of them! I think, act and *live* motion pictures—it is all so new, so marvelous!" Little lights came out in her limpid brown eyes; now they seemed more alive, gold-flecked, and she sat bolt-upright, dropping that air of a haunting melody, of dreaming. "But there is so much between you and your audience! You miss that—that—electric contact which seems to make you one with them." Again that feeling of something keenly vital in the air—and the grey curtains all about the world seemed to part—

Talk to her of her Broadway success, and she will charmingly, naively switch you back to motion pictures. There is little of the stage about her, tho she has been on it for five years—perhaps because her mother is always with her. And she will ask you, in a voice all awe, if you don't think it a marvelous gift straight from Heaven that Mr. Ince saw her on the stage and made her come right out to Hollywood, dangling before her pretty nose a most wonderful contract!

She has appeared in but about six pictures. She was with Hobart Bosworth in "Blind Hearts"; with Jack Holt, in "The Call of the North," and in King Vidor's production, "Love Never Dies." Her characterization of *Pain* in "The Cup of Life," had all the sweet potency of the Orient, and was remarkably free from petty tricks of technique such a rôle usually calls forth. But it is as *Nan*, in "Hail the Woman," that she will make her permanent niche. She has just completed "The Hottentot," with Douglas MacLean, and is to be featured in "Lorna Doone." For this—to which she looks forward as do the kiddies to Christmas—she has invaded Grandma's garret for her clothes and a plot, and emerges looking like a fragile miniature.

Analyze her? Catalog her? As well attempt to harness the elusive qualities of Youth itself! Something of amber about her—maybe it's her auburn hair, perhaps the glow that suddenly swells in her gazelle-like eyes, mayhap her thrilling all-girl response to the new fairyland opening up before her. But you get the impression that she still has her illusions. She has something difficult to describe, of a past dreamful day that you've carried in the pocket of your soul without knowing you had it—yet there is a very decided modern air to her, an independence, a sparkle that pops out all of a sudden—as the light that began to seep thru a grey world into that little dressing-room.

The sun was shining when I emerged from the dressing-room. I stood a moment and watched Madge Bellamy, slim, small, yet robin-round, all snug and composed and serious one moment—the next, darting off, with fluting voice, across the big stage to wheedle something out of somebody! There is no graveyard of a Past for her, no ringing echoes of days gone beyond recall. Before her is the Valley of Golden Light.



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The Vermilion Pencil

(Continued from page 53)

the ever-deepening haze that had settled down over everything. His eyes turned toward The Sleepless Dragon—questioning, wondering—but unafraid. He made his way back to his familiar haunts by its side. Here it was, where he had first met his son, a fine brown youth, as slim and straight as a young sapling. Here was his great waterway—uncompleted as he had left it. Over there was the thatched roof of the unregenerate old Ma Shue's hut. Before him stretched the same broad plain. His eyes saw as before, only futility. In bitterness and hopeless despair, he turned his eyes again toward the volcano. The smoke was thick on its crest, the incessant mutter louder and more terrifying; the vapors, which usually clung so persistently to its sides, floated wide, leaving an acrid taint in the air. The man threw back his head and opened wide his arms.

"O Sleepless One," he prayed, "set thy seal upon my fate. Spare my son and his mate. Thou art all-powerful. Cities tremble at thy voice. If there must be a sacrifice, let it be this broken spirit, not the young lives just beginning. Thou art great, O Mighty Dragon. Hear my prayer."

Back in the market place, the restless crowd, now packed in solid rows, filling and overflowing the great space, swayed to and fro with the rhythmic movement of a snake charming its helpless prey. Blood lust was in each eye. The avid hunger for cruelty that is latent in every human being—growsome heritage of primordial struggles—shone with a morbid glow on each livid countenance.

On a huge stone block in the center of the square stood a young girl, tied to a crudely contrived crucifix, her arms outstretched on its crossbar, her head drooped to her breast. It was Hyacinth.

On a raised dais directly facing the girl, a man sat, with staring eyes. All evil was concentrated in his face, all lust in his eyes; terror and bloodshed lay in the palm of his hand. Befitting the occasion, he maintained a portentous gravity. It was Fu Wong.

At his side, on the stone flagging of the square, stood another man, little more than

a youth, between two burly guards. He shook as if with an ague. Infinite misery struggled with infinite love in his eyes. The tortures of Ling Chee were for him also. It was Li Chan.

The atmosphere was thick, murky, lifeless, as still as death. Not a breath of wind stirred the white silk of the sacrificial garment Hyacinth wore. There was a peculiar taint in the air. Absorbed as the mob was, there were yet a few who sniffed the acrid odor dubiously and shook their heads and looked anxiously toward the volcano.

Fu Wong rose to his feet. On a little teakwood stand beside him, resting on a black silk cushion, lay a slender rod of flaming orange—the vermilion pencil. He picked it up delicately between his fat thumb and curved forefinger. His long nails glittered. Ho Ling mounted the block with an attendant. In his hands he held a naked sword, big and broad, and ridged like a carving steel. The crowd held its breath. Li Chan strained at his bonds. Great cords stood out on his neck. Hyacinth raised her head and looked at Ho Ling with eyes that saw nothing.

Fu Wong held the vermilion pencil upright. Ho Ling raised his sword breast-high to Hyacinth. The dread symbol of power trembled, wavered an instant and dropped from the hand of the viceroy. His eyes filmed over suddenly. A horrible sound came from his fat throat—the death rattle. His great hulk toppled over and sprawled lifeless across the dais. Awed into silence by this unforeseen contingency, the mob stood spellbound.

A terrific roar split the solid silence into a thousand pieces. The Sleepless Dragon poured forth its fire and fury on the stunned populace. A shower of hot ashes descended on the city and galvanized it into action. Terrified people rushed in every direction. The furious hissing of molten lava as it poured its deadly way down the mountainside, rang with a more commanding note than the shrieks of a tortured woman. Forgotten was Ling Chee and its innocent victim.

At the first sound from The Sleepless

Dragon, Li Chan broke from his dazed guards and with winged feet ran up the stone steps of the block, where his little love drooped on the cross of pain. With a last vindictive effort, the terrified Ho Ling lunged at him with his great sword, missed him and, carried forward by the impetus, fell from the stone and was trampled to death by a thousand heedless feet below. Li Chan seized the huge sword and cut the thongs that bound Hyacinth, unmolested now, every terror-struck heart thinking only of its own safety. He picked her up in his arms—she was mercifully unconscious—and plunging down a narrow lane, ran with her, with the courage and strength that is sometimes miraculously given to the desperate. If he could make the seaport, they would be safe—safe from the blasting fire of The Sleepless Dragon and safe from the grim vengeance the viceroy's descendants would surely lay upon them. He was blinded by smoke and burned and blistered by the steady rain of hot ashes. His mouth was dry and caked with dust, but still he struggled on down one torturous lane after another, seeing desolation and destruction at every footstep.

In front of a wineshop on the outskirts of town, lay a drunken sailor, sprawled across the deserted doorway, as contentedly as a child in a cradle. Li Chan kicked him into consciousness. The man's dazed senses scarcely took in the mighty cataclysm, but he caught the glitter of Li Chan's ruby ring, held out to him.

"Quick, man—find a litter and help me bear this woman to the seashore. The ring is yours."

Miraculously, an abandoned litter was forthcoming, and the senseless form of Hyacinth was gently laid inside. At last, when Li Chan's strength was almost spent, the air grew clearer. A little breeze made itself felt, and in its passing, the tang of salt water! Over the crest of the final hill, they saw a shimmering blue. The sea!

The Sleepless Dragon had accepted the sacrifice. An old man's prayers were answered. Peace to his gallant soul!

Something to Write Home About

(Continued from page 47)

'Liliom' for the screen. I had that play, translated into cockney dialect, three years ago (it was written in 1909) and peddled it all up and down Broadway, without finding a single manager big enough to produce it. That version was called 'The Daisy,' and it *was* a daisy! Then it was put on by the Guild with Schildkraut, and now Metro has it. I wish I might at least have had it in pictures."

The actor, says Conway Tearle, has too little opportunity to play his screen-rôle originally. The director has too much authority. And that is the reason, he says, that plays have grown standardized on the silversheet.

"The director should suggest, not dictate. Ralph Ince is a real artist in directing, and Archinbaud, and the De Milles and, with reservations, D. W. Griffith. But the world will never know how many poor ones are wandering around loose. The star's pictures suffer, and the star is blamed!"

He is doomed, he says, to society parts, whereas he would far prefer outdoor plays, with action and "punch."

"But then," he added, philosophically,

"we always want what we cant have."

By this time we were discussing the ways and means of pictures over a cloudy bottle with a silver lining, and the more I heard of Tearle's opinions, the more I admired him as a man of intelligence as well as pictorial appeal. He is as cynical as you would expect him to be, but he does not parade his cynicism in the form of cheap humor. He believes that marriage is the greatest thing in the world—if you draw a lucky number—and he hates to be called a *matinée* idol. In fact, he says, that is one reason he regrets having come to the screen.

"When I played opposite Grace George and Ethel Barrymore (in 'Camille'), and Emily Stevens and other stars on the spoken stage, I enjoyed a reputation of some standing, I admit, but I wasn't a moony hero-fellow. Hardly had I made my screen début, with Norma Talmadge, I believe, than the newspaper boys started christening me the '*matinée* idol of the films,' and all that rot. I dislike that sort of thing more than I can adequately say—for publication."

And had you been there, certainly you

would have believed him. He seemed insufferably bored at the mere thought of such fulsome praise.

"The strangest thing that happens," he said, switching his mood, "is when I receive letters that assume I am like the character I am playing. Recently I played a waiter, and a few months later I had any number of letters assuring me that even tho I was a waiter, I was just as good as anybody else." He grinned in amusement. "There are funnier angles to this photoplaying than you or I ever dream of Horatio!" he paraphrased. "And, incidentally, the humor of it helps alleviate the waitingness of it—the continual delaying for a different light or a darker curtain or a blonder ingénue. It is no place for a man without a sense of humor!"

Than which truer word has never been spoken. And, obviously enough, Conway Tearle has a sense of humor. In fact, he has a number of good qualities. He's a regular fellow, I should say, from an unbiased referee's bench, and should you ever meet him, and get his views, and hear his opinions as I did, it will be something to write home about.

Win \$5000



Bank-Guarantee

State Bank of Philadelphia
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

E. J. REEFER

This will acknowledge your deposit of \$20,000 with this bank which we will hold as a guarantee that the prizes awarded by the judges to the winners of your puzzle contest will be paid.

It is understood that the Cashier of this bank will serve as one of the judges of this puzzle contest as a guarantee that E. J. Reeper will award these prizes.

Yours very truly,

E. C. KRAUSKOPF
President

*How many objects
in this picture
Begin with "S"?*

Open to Everybody

Send us a list of all objects beginning with "S" (saw, spoon, etc.) you can find on this picture. Largest and nearest correct list wins 1st Prize. 104 other cash prizes.

Costs Nothing to Try!

While this contest is for the purpose of introducing Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you do not have to purchase any to win a prize. Even if you do not order a single package of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, if you are awarded First Prize, you win \$50.00.

Win the \$5,000 Prize!

If you order one \$1.00 package of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you can win \$750 as First Prize. If you order two \$1.00 packages of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, the First Prize brings you \$1500. If you order five \$1.00 packages, and your list is awarded First Prize, you win \$5,000.00. 104 other generous prizes. See the prize list. Of course you will want to qualify for the biggest prizes.



Beauty

Health — Vim — Vigor

The world is just waking up to Nature's greatest beauty and health secret. VITAMINES. Contained in most pleasant and convenient form in—

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Embody all three necessary vitamins. Baker's yeast has only one. Agree with most delicate stomachs. Taste good. Help to build up vitality, strength, endurance, induce youthful, natural complexion. A food. Has the elements that enable your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Send today for Reefer's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. \$50 or \$5,000—which do you want?

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E.J. Reefer

Dept. 1524
9th and Spruce Sts.
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Great Big Puzzle Picture FREE on Request!

105 Prizes

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

	If no Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If one \$1.00 pkg. Reefer's Yeast Tablets is ordered	If two \$1.00 pks. Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If five \$1.00 pkgs. Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered
1st prize	\$50	\$750	\$1500	\$5000
2nd prize	35	375	750	2500
3rd prize	25	200	400	1250
4th prize	25	125	250	600
5th prize	25	75	150	400
6th to 55th prizes each	2	4	8	25
56th to 105th prizes each	1	2	4	10

OBSERVE THESE RULES:

- The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in America, except employees or relatives of employees of E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Sts. There is no entrance fee of any kind.
- You must use only one side of paper. You must number your list of objects in regular order—1, 2, 3, etc. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. Use a separate sheet for anything you may wish to write outside of your list of names and your name and address.
- English words only will be accepted as they appear in the English dictionary. Obsolete words will not be counted. Both the singular and the plural of a word will not count; either one of them may be used.
- Compounds or words which are made up of two or more complete English words cannot be used.
- The same spelling of a word will be counted only once even though it is used for different articles or objects, or parts of them. Each article or object can be given only under one name.
- Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household. No prize will be awarded to more than one of any combination outside of the family where a number—two or more—have worked together.
- If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, an assumed name, or a pre-married name then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group or by any members of the same group who have co-operated in the preparation of such lists, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified.
- All answers must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., and must be post-marked by Post Office closing time, April 10th, 1922.
- The first prize will be awarded for the answer containing the largest and most nearly correct list of the names of visible objects and articles beginning with the letter "S" shown in the picture. No other consideration, such as neatness, style or handwriting, will have any bearing in making the decision.
- The full amount of any of the prizes will be awarded to each contestant in the event of a tie.
- The decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection with E. J. Reefer. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Participation in the contest carries with it the acceptance of the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.
- All answers will receive full consideration whether or not "Reefer's Yeast Tablets" is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the names of the prize winners will be announced and the list of words will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a stamped, addressed envelope.

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How I Increased My Arm 6½ Inches

When a youngster, I was a thin, frail boy who showed little promise of being anything but a weakling. I always envied my robust companions and wished that I could be like them, but I had been told the old story that strong men are born, not made. What a terrible falsehood this is. When I entered High School I was fortunate enough to meet an instructor who was willing to work with me and who started me on my road to success. By faithfully following his teachings and by hard work, I gradually developed myself to have an average sized body so that I at least need not be ashamed. My arm measured 10 inches in circumference and my whole body had developed into fair proportions.

The Secret Discovered

I was so pleased with these results that I decided to make this my life study, so I bought all the books I could obtain on "human anatomy" and tested out various forms of exercise to see what their effects would be on my body. I finally discovered the real secret of progressive exercise and I want to say that never was there a man more happy than I. I knew at once my fondest hopes would be realized. I could feel real vim and vigor thrilling my veins and I was soon able to accomplish feats of strength which hitherto I had thought impossible.

Friends who met me on the street began to look at me in astonishment. The boys started to call me the strong man, and you can imagine how delighted this made me.

The Result

As I mentioned before, my biceps had measured but 10 inches before I made this discovery. Today they are exactly 16½ inches. This is not only far beyond that of the average strong man of today, but is conclusive proof to me that my secret method far surpasses that of any other system.

Numerous demands were soon made of me to appear in public to perform the numerous strength tests which I was able to accomplish. After traveling throughout the country as the headliner in the various theatrical houses, I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Today my pupils run into the thousands and I receive letters daily from other men who have sprung into prominence like myself by following my guidance and instructions.

What This Means to You

You too can have this powerful physique and abounding health if you wish it. I don't care how weak you are. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest and give you the same powerful arms and legs which I have developed for myself and thousands of others.

Don't Delay

Don't waste your time with foolish methods that cost both time and money. What you want is guaranteed results and you want them in the shortest possible time. Don't take my word for it, make me prove it.

Send for my New Book— "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It tells the secret, and is handsomely illustrated with 26 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained, also full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and splendid offer will be sent you on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover wrapping and mailing. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength, the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 304, 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 304, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

The Democracy of Beauty

(Continued from page 61)

Instead, you should learn something new from every beautiful woman you see. What is there in her face that is lacking in yours? When you find what is lacking, then take steps to supply the lack, whatever it is. There is always something for every defect, now that beauty culture has developed so many new and wonderful possibilities. There is no need for any woman to despair of having her share of physical attraction.

Modern beauty culture has proved that beauty is democratic. It is meant for all, just as the air we breathe and the water we drink. And it is not to be hoarded any more than the air or water. You may have a good, close-grained skin, and feel that you would injure it by applying powder or rouge, and therefore you prefer to go about with shiny nose and pale cheeks, thus hoarding your beauty. This is a mistake. Don't be satisfied because a feature is fairly good. Make the most of it, by the use of artistic applications of the right cosmetics. No matter how good the complexion may be, if it is not embellished with a light coat of powder and a touch of rouge, its fine qualities will go unrecognized, especially by artificial light. Of course, a fine skin would be recognized at once without any artificial applications, if everyone else also went about without powder or rouge. But we all know very well they do not, and that we have to compete with clever women who are artists in facial make-up.

Beauty is meant for all. If nature neglected to give a fair share of charm to a woman, then it is that woman's privilege to use her brains and her common sense to supply the lack. Do not wait. Begin at once. Study your face and your figure. In what lies your chief charm? Whatever it is, give it your first attention. Is it all that could be desired? Is it perfect? If not, what does it lack? Is not the lack something that can easily be supplied? For instance, take the chin. Perhaps it is well formed and would complete the perfect oval of the face were it not for the fact that it is the smallest fraction of an inch too long. How can this be remedied? To the uninitiated, it would seem irremediable. But it is not. Here is our recipe for making a chin that is too long look shorter and rounder. Powder the chin with a heavy complexion powder a shade darker than that used on the face. Then carefully apply a spot of rouge in the center of the chin at the lowest point in such a way as to give the effect of a dimple or a cleft in the chin. Just the size and shape of the spot of dull-shaded rouge will have to be determined by yourself, after making various experiments. You will probably be surprised and delighted with the amount of difference this will make in the appearance.

Now, that the contour of the face is perfect, you may bring every other smallest detail of the face up to the example of perfection set by this contour, as nearly as possible. And do not think that the minute detail is of too little consequence to give serious attention to. Frequently the smallest change in a feature will make a vast amount of difference in the general appearance.

In making the most of your youth and health and beauty, you are doing nothing wrong. You are merely meeting the requirements of the new age. You have as much right to the pleasures resulting from the possession of beauty as anyone has. Do not wait until, "like a neglected rose, it withers on the stock, with languished head."

Wrecking the Hesperus

By HUGH HOLBROOK

[Apologies to Longfellow.]

It was the schooner *Hesperus*
That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

His dear little daughter of thirty or more—
A typical sea-faring lass—
With organdie ruffles and openwork hose,
And hair in a marcel-waved mass.

The skipper, a weathered old knight of the main,
With yachting cap gayly atilt,
Proceeded to handle, according to Hoyle,
The program that Longfellow built.

At least, they gave credit to H. W. L.,
But, somehow, I couldn't recall
The mention of mermaids and battles and sharks
In Henry's narration at all.

Of course, I had read it a long while ago,
And naturally had forgot
The romance between the sweet lass and the mate,
And other small details in plot:

The capture by pirates; the villainous chief
Determined the fair maid to wed;
The cargo of "dope" smuggled on by a Chink;
The skipper's pet parrot found dead.

But then came the storm, and I felt more at home,
The ending hove clearly in view.
The *Hesperus* squirmed like a flea-tortured dog,
And suddenly dropped in two.

"At Daybreak"—the sub-title brought back to mind
The picture I'd known since a child:
The dead maiden lashed to a wind-broken mast.
But, no! O'er the little waves mild

There floated a life-boat, smiling and safe,
The maid and the mate climbed ashore
And built them a hut on the bleak, desert isle,
And lived happily evermore.

* * * * *

Yes, this was The Wreck of the *Hesperus*,
As I saw it last night on the screen;
What a wreck of The Wreck of the *Hesperus*—
If Longfellow only had seen!

TO AN ACTRESS

By LE BARON COOKE

Seeing you act
In a certain drama,
Seems like one of my dreams
Suddenly crystalized
Into reality.

THE WILDEST WEST

FLORA—My kid brother doesn't know whether to go to Texas or Arizona to learn to be a cowboy.

FAUNA—Send him to Los Angeles. There are more cowboys in the movies than anywhere else these days.

An Average Girl

(Continued from page 59)

when My Sister and I were homeward-bound—the train making sixty miles per hour, and nothing in sight but Kansas.

"Tell me, Miss Carlisle," said I, glancing admiringly at my new silk negligee, which she had donned for the occasion, "do you think comedy training is valuable to a girl who desires to become a dramatic actress?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, fixing me with her lovely eyes, in which there is just a hint of the mysterious. (No one quite knows what that means, but it always gets over nicely in an interview.) "Certainly, comedy training is valuable. In my work with Mr. Semon, of course, I play straight parts always—I am not a comedienne—but, whatever the rôle, I must express quickly and definitely the thing I wish to express. Comedy is, not infrequently, simply an exaggeration of tragedy."

"Very pretty," I agreed. "You said that exactly as tho we were strangers. What," I added, "is your opinion of the European films?"

Miss Carlisle gazed thoughtfully at a contented Kansas cow that happened to speed by, quite helplessly, with the rest of the scenery. "Good, bad and indifferent," she announced brightly, "and, whichever they are, we can beat 'em."

"Do you think there might be a market for European comedies in this country?"

"I saw one of their features, just before leaving New York, that struck me as being something of a comedy—a comedy of errors," reflected My Sister. "Frankly, old dear, I think the importance of the European films has been exaggerated, here. But there is a market for good, clean comedy, everywhere, of course. That is what Mr. Semon endeavors to give the public, always."

"Call him Larry," I protested, "so I'll know whom you're talking about."

"I thought you wanted me to be dignified," she turned upon me bitterly.

"Pardon, social error on my part," I said soothingly. "Now, do you think, Miss Carlisle, that it is advisable for the average girl to cherish ambitions toward the screen?"

The young actress flattened her nose against the sooty window-pane and studied the Kansas horizon for the next fifteen and one-half miles. No marked change being visible at the end of that time, she returned to me.

"Show me an American girl who will admit that she is 'an average girl,' and I'll answer your question," she announced. "Whether you find her in a New York subway jam, on this deadly prairie—thank Heaven, we'll be on the desert tomorrow, where, at least, there is some cactus to look at—or on the fringes of moviedom, in Los Angeles, she'll never consent to being called 'an average girl.' I don't blame her. I wouldn't consent to it, either."

"It's a good thing that no one but your own sister can see you, with that soot on your face," I edged in. "They would never believe that Lillian Russell once called you the most beautiful——"

"Let's get dressed and go in to dinner," snapped the interviewed one, vigorously applying cold cream to her classic features, and rubbing briskly with a Santa Fé towel. "The interview is closed. I'm hungry."

In the diner, the lights were glowing brightly on the so-called linen and silver. We were propelled by superior force to a

table at which a well-known film man (no names mentioned) and a blonde ingénue from Illinois, were already seated.

"And do you really think, Mr. Blank, that there is a chance for me in the movies?" the Blonde One was inquiring hopefully.

"My dear, if you were an *average girl*, I should say not," he replied, attacking the Regular Dinner. "But with your beauty——"

My Sister speared an olive. I thought of Herb and the maraschino cherry. The fireman added another ton of coal and the engineer threw 'er in high.

Outside, in the night, the Kansas prairie reeled by. The Blonde One saw it not. She was viewing castles in Spain! She was not an Average Girl! But My Sister leaned toward me presently and smiled in quite her nicest manner. I knew then that she wanted me to do something for her.

"What is it?" I asked patiently.

"Will you let me title that interview?" she begged. "I've just changed my mind on an important subject."

"What do you wish to title it?" I asked cautiously. No use being too reckless with one's relatives, is there?

"An Average Girl," she replied, demurely, gazing at the California poppies that decorate all Santa Fé dinnerware.

"All right," I agreed. "You can afford to make the admission. So would I—with a nose like yours."

Which last was good business on my part, for she bought me a Navajo rug in Albuquerque next day.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 80)

Louis B. Mayer. Her plans are elaborate they say, but as yet she has made no definite announcements. It is just possible that she will vacation for a month or two before again starting work.

Mildred Harris is now in New York. She is undecided whether she will keep right on in motion pictures or appear in vaudeville for a few months. At any rate, the vaudeville offer is decidedly attractive, and there are hundreds who would like to see her in person.

MY HERO

By ALICE JAMES

My hero's face is strong and good,
His form is lithe and thin,
All ideal traits of young manhood
One may discern in him.

He plays his parts with careless grace;
He strives for right not might;
His aim is always to replace
The darkest hours with light.

The world pays homage at his feet,
The foremost one am I.
I long to meet him on the street
For his caress I sigh.

I view him on the silver screen,
But phantoms don't breathe life,
Sadly I lay away my dream,
Because he loves his wife.

This is YOUR OPPORTUNITY



\$100 a week and more—easy, fascinating work—a dignified, responsible position—a chance to travel abroad without cost—your own boss—HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ALL THIS?

In the Field of Fashion Two New Professions for WOMEN

The most attractive high-salaried opportunities ever opened to women can now be found in the two delightful new professions which have recently burst into prominence—Dress and Costume Designing, which is the creating of new styles, and Fashion Illustration, which is the drawing of costumed figures. Hundreds of ambitious women are finding in them fascinating careers, filled with the greatest pleasure and profit.

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Gray streaks suggest middle age and start your friends asking how old you really are. Keep your hair its original youthful color



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Send coupon for free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. State carefully the color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Then, when thoroughly convinced, get full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will Show Reduction Taking Place
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Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period) return the Reducer at once together with the instruction book that accompanied it and your \$5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you wish quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes night and morning. By a gentle manipulation the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines, or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere or will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of \$5 plus 20 cents to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance (\$5.20 in all). Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON, 120 W. 70th St., Dept. 58, New York

\$500.00 "EMPTY ARMS" Prize Contest

THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to

"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR
WORLD M. P. CORPORATION

245 W. 47th St., Dept. 697, New York, N.Y.

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Formerly Closely Guarded Secrets, Now Yours
We make you expert in all branches, such as muscle strap, mud pack, dyeing, marcel, skin work, manicuring, etc. Earn \$40 to \$75 a week. No experience necessary. Study at home in spare time. Earn while you learn. Authorized diploma. Money-back guarantee. Get FREE book, Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 54, 1000 Diversey Blvd, Chicago

The Juvenile Critic

(Continued from page 64)

it wasn't my neck, all the time. Of course, it wasn't, but it was next worse having it Miss Gish's.

Please, please, Punch, see it!

Your tired

JUDY.

P. S. I've just told Uncle Roddy that I didn't tell you everything, and I haven't, have I?

DEAR PUNCH: I have a brand-new favorite leading man! Uncle Roddy says I am *fickle*, but I'm not really, because I have always loved just Douglas Fairbanks, and Wallace Reid and, oh yes, Mr. Hart, and, of course, Charlie Chaplin, best, but now they have to take second place.

You'll laugh when I tell you who he is. I don't think you'd ever guess, so I'd better tell you straight off. Well, then, it's Jackie Coogan. It truly is. I think he is simply wonderful, and I wish I knew him. He makes other little boys look perfectly silly and slow.

I saw him at the beautiful New York Strand Theater with Uncle Roddy, in "My Boy," and oh, I just simply adored it. I don't care if it wasn't exactly probable—as Uncle Roddy said—I think it was perfectly heavenly.

The first part of it was on a ship, and Jackie was all rolled up in a big piece of canvas and the sailors came along and spilled him out. Well, it didn't take very long to discover that he was unhappy. His mother had died on the way over from France, and he was all alone on that big boat, with just nobody to take care of him, and one of the officers said they were going to send him back to France by the next boat.

When they landed at Quarantine, he went off in a corner and sat on his bundle, and I wanted to just put my arms 'round him and hug him and tell him I would take care of him for always. Uncle Roddy would have let me—but I'm forgetting it was just a picture.

Well, as he sat there, the most precious thing happened. A simply darling old sailor with a white beard came and took him by the hand and over to some children who were playing ring-around-a-rosy and made them let him play, too. Well, these children *all* belonged to one family, and there were just loads of them, so when they went out thru the gate with their mother, to meet their father, a horrid man, Jackie went with them, and nobody stopped him. Then, as they got onto the car, that hateful father wouldn't take him, when he found he wasn't really one of his children, and they were none of them nearly as nice, either. And, oh, Punch, there he was all alone in New York City.

Well, thank goodness, just then the old sailor came along and Jackie followed him home, tho the old sailor pretended not to want him to, and kept sending him back all the way. But Jackie would hide and then run after him, just the way our collie, Moglie, used to when he followed us to school.

Anyway, he did get to the old sailor's room, and he made him love him and washed all the dishes and took a bath in the washtub and, when he tried to empty it, he poured it all over himself.

Then the old sailor got sick, and he went out and danced on the sidewalk to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy and everybody gave him money, but the old organ-grinder took it all away from him. Jackie got it

back and gave half of it to the monkey and told him to give it to *his father*, and I laughed very hard, because, while he danced, I had wanted to cry.

Then he went to a party at the Mission and the nice woman who was giving it was—guess—his very own grandmother, but they didn't know it.

Oh dear, so much happened after that. They thought he had stolen her pocket-book, which was perfectly silly, and I said so. All he had was his share of food that he was taking home to his dear sailor.

Well, anyway, it all turned out just beautifully, tho I thought for a minute it wasn't going to, and in the last picture Jackie and his sailor were on a see-saw and the nice grandmother was smiling at them.

I hope you go to see it, but you're more grown up than I am, so probably you won't appreciate it as much. Anyway, Uncle Roddy says you won't.

Your affectionate sister,

JUDY.

BALLADE OF THE ANSWER MAN

By REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

Harlan played in "Mamma's Affair."

Barthelmess married Mary Hay.

Billie Burke has golden hair.

Clara Grant's married to Charlie Ray.

Lila Lee's in "One Glorious Day."

Griffith is starring Monte Blue.

McDonald's the husband of Doris May.

Wally was born in '92.

Mabel Ballin plays "Jane Eyre."

Fanny Ward was in "Common Clay."

Miss Windsor is better known as Claire.

One Paramount favorite is Julia Faye.

Doug and Mary are home to stay.

Norma is playing in "Smilin' Thru."

Bull Montana's engaged, they say.

Wally was born in '92.

Selig-Rork's to give "Débonaire."

Schubert will feature Fred Beauvais.

Robertson-Cole Stars Helen Ware.

Triart's director is Herbert Blaché.

"The Rainbow Trail's" from a story by

Grey.

Constance is Mrs. Pialoglou.

Metro has Marguerite Laurier.

Wally was born in '92.

Reader, have you a question, pray?

Ask and it will be answered you.

Chaplin? "The Kid" was his finest play.

Wally Reid? Born in '92.

GIVE US THE RECEIPT

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

Oh, movie queen, tell us, we pray,

For we really want to know,

We wish from you a little tip,

So don't offended grow.

When you're stranded on a desert isle,

With a ship-wrecked suitor dear,

A million miles from everyone

And no beauty parlor near,

How do you keep that lovely hair

All curled and right in place?

And whence the faithful lip-stick, red,

And the powder on your face?

How do you manage high French heels?

And your sweeping gown of beauty?

Come on and give the girls a 'p,

We think it is your duty.



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Cecil B. DeMille Artcraft Player

WALLACE REID
Paramount Star

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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\$1 Size Contains Six Months' Supply

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E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Some Personal Data

(Continued from page 57)

"When I grow older, I want to be a director, and Bernie encourages me in the ambition. You know, I won't always be young" (this very seriously), "and I just have to keep on working. I've been at it practically since I was born, and I'd never be able to stop. I make a lot of suggestions about my pictures now—and they take 'em all, at that!"

Shirley says that she loves the Fox Film Corporation, and while I was there they testified their love of her in a very lovely tribute of a box of gorgeous autumn flowers—chrysanthemums, roses, orchids and quaint old yellow and orange garden blooms. Small Shirley hung over them, suspended for all the world like a slender humming-bird, with a very large delight.

"Aren't people nice?" she said.

She had come to New York, she told me, primarily to shop.

"Produce the fruits of labor," I demanded.

She produced *eight hats*—and tried every one of them on for me. "I can't resist a hat," she said, pensively. "They're practically the only thing I can buy like other people, and even then I have to have them padded more than half the time. For frocks and things like that—well, the Lilliputian Bazaar is none too small for me!"

She also produced various shoes, but being without my horned rims, I was unable to perceive the number naughts!

I imagine that the young lady departed for the West upon the very heel of my talk with her, for there reposed at that time in her dressing-table drawer some half a hundred night letters, telegrams, *et cetera*, from her director-husband. What time out of the twenty-four hours he can find to direct in, is past my feeble powers of computation.

Anyway, it was nice to see Shirley. When I think back on that hour in her room at the Biltmore, I recollect eating myself sick from huge boxes of candy (presented by Bernie upon her departure); watching Shirley's little-girl enthusiasms over the people, and the theaters, and the flowers sent by the Fox people, and the dinner she was going to with her brother-in-law, and everything, and everyone in general. And then, as a sort of undercurrent, running more deeply, her little-womanly enthusiasm for her young husband and their home and the work they are both doing. Such is the attitude toward life and love that keeps wholesomeness in the dictionary, and out, and makes of cynics fools.

THE NORTH-WEST ROYAL MOUNTED

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

The dim North Woods and crowding snows,

With stretches sullen as a knell;
A trapper and his daughter Rose,
(No other name will serve as well)
From Hudson Bay to Calgary,
There rides a force to swiftly stem
The subtle unleashed banditry—
N.W.R.M.

The slogan "Get your man" burns thru
The famed battalion like a prayer;
(Tho Pierre's capture's overdue,
They're closing on the villain's lair)
And while I am no Northern scout,
I know this thing from neck to hem—
How could the movies do without
N.W.R.M.?

Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES
A PERFECT COMPLEXION



Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be of the muddiest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My statements are sober, serious, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD—
LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC—DIFFERENT.

My method is absolutely different. It has to be warrant my statements. You know that. I get away from all known methods of cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers, or other implements. There is nothing to take. No diet, fasting or any interference whatsoever with your accustomed way of life. My treatment is absolutely safe. It cannot injure the most delicate skin. It is pleasant, even delightful. No messy, greasy, inconvenient applications. Only a few minutes a day required. Yet, results are astounding.

I want to tell you in detail about this wonderful treatment. So send for my booklet. It is free. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts, the indisputable proofs. This is the one method that has restored to beauty the complexions of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have my unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. Mail Coupon today!

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THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M.P., NEW YORK CITY

Travelin' On

(Continued from page 69)

you again," said Susan Morton, faintly. "I seem always to be thanking you!"

J. B. turned roughly from her, jerked his head toward the door and, following his gesture, she saw the dim forms of two horses packed for the trail. "You were coming here to take me away with you?" she breathed. He nodded. "And now?" she asked, "and now?"

J. B. looked at her strangely, baffled as Dandy McGee had been baffled. Within his soul, he felt a crumbling, as of old walls giving way, letting in strange light where there had been darkness. "I reckon," he said with an effort, "I reckon we'll wait a day or so." For the life of him, he could not have touched her. It was as tho something stood between. He did not guess that that something was a self he had never suspected, battling for her, even against his own desire.

Her lips were like a prayer. "Read the book I sold you," she whispered. "I knew that you were a good man the first time I saw you. My trust is in God."

"And mine's in J. B.," the man rejoined roughly, as he stepped by her into the darkness and spoke to his laden team. In his tiny cabin he paced up and down the night thru, wearing himself out in a fruitless battle against some unseen force that was taking the woman he wanted away from him. "Keep out of this, you, God!" he said aloud once, lifting his haggard face. "Ain't I had it hard enough in life, without You come buttin' in? Never owned anything, not even a name—call myself after a cow-brand! And always, year in and year out, travelin' on, never stoppin'; everything and everyone ag'in me till I come to her! When I looked at her, with those kind eyes and those white, strong hands, and that warm way she has of smilin', it was like I'd come to the stoppin' place at last; like I'd got home. Dont you interfere, God!"

At dawn, with a beaten look about him, J. B. got out the book that he had taken from her hands, and opened it, gazing down on the puzzling marks painfully. And that afternoon he and Jokko went round-aboutly to the shack where Susan's little girl, Mary Jane, played with a corn-cob doll before the door, and beckoned her to come to him.

"I reckon," J. B. said humbly, with a queer hopefulness, "I reckon a smart little gal like you can read, eh?"

Mary Jane reflected. "I got a primer," she said guardedly. "I've got as far as 'Three little kittens have lost their mittens.' Want me to read it to you?"

J. B. nodded. "Dont tell nobody. Bring it out to the barn. It ain't," he added craftily, "that I care about such foolishness, but I dont want Jokko should grow up without an eddication."

And so, while Dandy McGee nursed his humiliation behind his gilded bar, and tried to persuade himself that he wasn't afraid of anything or anyone; and while Hi Morton struggled hopelessly against stacked cards until the last nail he had was driven and the church was still only a skeleton thing, J. B. sat for hours at a stretch in the hay-sweet shadows of the barn, trailing one great, blunt finger across the page of a primer, while the c-a-t pursued the r-a-t to the bitter end. His breath came heavily, the perspiration stood out on his forehead, but still he clung doggedly to the task he had set himself.

He thought that Susan knew nothing of his attempt to learn to read, not guessing

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No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay one or two extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



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that more than once her clear eyes watched him unseen, tenderly, pityingly, proudly as a mother watches her child. As a tutor, Mary Jane had her drawbacks, preferring to play with Jokko, yet somehow, after a fashion, the mysterious marks began to grow less mysterious and he was even able to pick out a word here and there from the book that he had bought from the itinerant parson's wife. And so matters stood on the night of the great rain.

It came down like water pouring over a mill-race, as J. B. was going home from his afternoon lesson in the barn. In a moment it had blotted out the world like a wet sponge. Groping for the saddle, he discovered that the monkey was gone. A little later on the trail the afternoon stage loomed out of the welter of waters and passed by a drowned-looking traveler staggering along the pathway, now become the bed of a raging torrent. Still later, unreal as a figment of the brain, a plunging shape came soundlessly thru the curtains of the rain, almost riding down the man on foot.

J. B. looked up into the white face of the minister, Hi Morton. For a moment, their gaze was as revealing as that of two souls passing along the trackless way to the Hereafter. "That damned monkey got away, and I'm hunting him!" J. B. shouted with tremendous effort, but the wind and the storm tore the words from his lips, mocking him. The minister's white lips moved, like a dead man speaking, then he was gone. "Something's happening!" the man muttered to himself. "He's riding hell-bent-for-leather!" It seems like I know the horse, but it couldn't have been—"

It was noon, sullen and overcast, when J. B. came up the path to Morton's shanty, rapped and, without waiting for answer, shouldered the door open and came in. The woman, crouched in a heap beside the bed, lifted a face of leaping gladness, which sank to ashes as she saw who stood over her.

"They suspected him?" J. B. said harshly, to cover the pain in his heart at what the look had told him. "Well, he deserves to swing—holding up the stage, stealing McGee's money and riding my horse most to death to do it! Let him stretch hemp, what do we care, eh?" He was savage with heartsickness, and the desire to hurt someone else as he was hurt. Stooping, he drew her to her feet, held her so close that she felt the strong beating of his heart. In the eyes lifted to his, he read no thought of self or of him.

"Save him!" Susan whispered thru dry lips. "He stole it for God! He thought it was right to take enough to finish the church." She pointed toward the bed. "It's all there, under the mattress. Take it and save him."

"Why?" said J. B. roughly. "I want you! I'd have you, and you know it—if that croaking psalm-singer was out of the way!"

"You want me?" Her gaze was crystal clear. He could read the very soul of her, read the struggle, the sublime betrayal of self, for what she held more precious still. "Very well, save him—and I will go with you! I swear it before God."

He had never dreamed of a loyalty like this. It was as tho her hand had pushed back the shutters, unloosed the bars and let the light into the dark places within him. And his poor soul looked out upon a world it had never seen. Without his own will, his lips found one word, spoke it like an appeal—"God!"

Her face was very close. He had never known that her lips were so red and smooth. He closed his eyes tightly to shut them away. If he looked at her, he could



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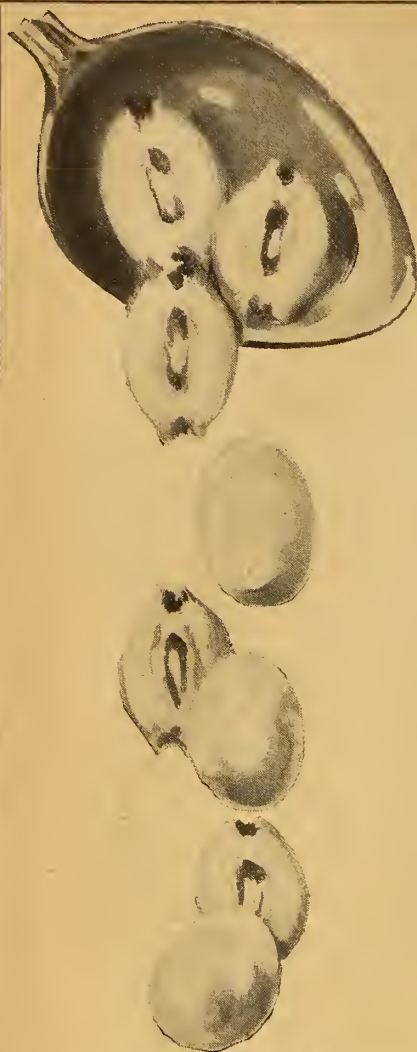
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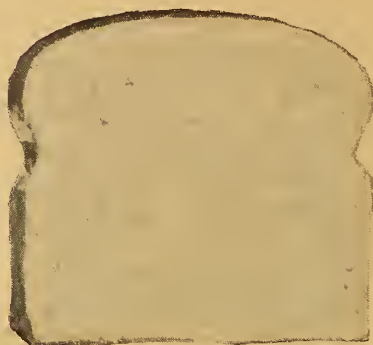
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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are delightful dainties. You never tasted cereals so good. They are bubble grains, airy, flimsy and toasted, as flavory as nuts. They seem like food confections.

But they are also whole grains, supplying 16 needed elements. Every element is fitted to feed. The greatest food you can serve a child is Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk. But serve them Puffed Rice also. That is the morning dish.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat

Whole rice puffed to bubbles

Whole wheat steam exploded. Puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Rice

With cream and sugar is the finest breakfast dainty children ever get.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

not go—and he must go. *Not for him, the lingering, warm fire on the hearth of home.* He put her aside gently, sprang to the bed, and took a handful of golden coin from the bag under the mattress.

"Keep the rest to build your church!" he told her, as he went. "Pray for him and—a little for me!"

"You believe!"—she forgot the danger to her beloved in her joy—"You, believe in God!"

"At least," J. B. said briefly, "at least I believe in you!"

Tumble Bluffs agreed afterwards that they had always thought J. B. was too close-mouthed to be honest. But the crowning insult of the whole affair was when the self-confessed stage robber tossed a handful of the stolen gold pieces into their cowed midst and drawled as he wheeled his calico horse. "After I'm gone, have a drink on your own money!" It was then that Dandy McGee thought that he had caught him napping and shot at him, and J. B. almost at the same instant sent a bullet thru the gambler's heart.

Then, covering the crowd with his deringer, J. B. smiled wistfully. "Well," he said, "well, I reckon now I'll be travelin' on—"

A lonely figure he had come among them, a lonely figure he went away along the sodden trail until the distance effaced him from their view, but he carried three things with him that he had not had when he came, a child's water-soaked primer, a Bible, and—in his soul, sacredly, the belief in one woman's goodness, which to a man is very close akin to a belief in God.

AN EYE-WITNESS

By GWENDOLIN CUMNOR

I knew a woman who had wicked eyes,
A wondrous figure, and black, silk-smooth hair.

Deliberately, I saw her choose the prize
She sought from Life and set her subtle snare.

The man was famous and a millionaire—
She plied her witching wiles and won
His love. They were together every-where.

She stripped him of his treasures, one by one,

Good name and wealth, and then her game was done.

He went to prison—none would intervene—
She kissed another in the fade-out scene.
All this I saw myself—upon the screen!

ANY SUGGESTIONS?

By WILLA M. PHILLIPS

What's all this noise and fuss about?

That's what I'd like to know;
O'er all the land goes up the shout
"Reform the picture show!"

In every paper, "mag" or book,
The thing is just the same;
"Quick! To the movies give a look,
They're not quite nice and tame."

Yet if you'd go on any night,
Or to the matinée,
You'd see the house packed good and tight,
With "good" folks, that I'll say!

If all the folks, who make the row,
Would tell the others what to do,
To better shows, 'Twould be done now;
I sure think so, dont you?

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NEWS PRINTING CO.
P. O. Box 405
Goshen, Indiana

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

itual, after the crudities, exaggerations and crowds of "One Arabian Night." Write me again, wont you?

MISSINFORMATION.—You say the rolling-pin the average wife uses on her husband is not made of wood, but of words. 'Sthat so! The pictures you mentioned are very old now.

A. J. S.—But you must keep absorbing new ideas as well as new air. Clara Bow was the winner of the 1921 contest, Corliss Palmer and Alene Ray of the 1920, and Virginia Faire, Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell and Anita Booth of the 1919. They have all gotten along finely, except Blanche, who retired after her first picture.

MARY K.—Dorothy Dalton and Milton Sills, in "The Cat That Walked Alone." I was told once never to look a gift horse in the face—but be sure of his feet. Most of the players you mention are not working now. That is true of a great many players. These are hard times!

MRS. A. B. O'M.—Thanks for the verse. It seems to apply. Did you know that James Kirkwood is to play the lead in "If Winter Comes," for Lasky? Address him 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. He will make a splendid "Puzzlehead."

TAB.—There's nothing exaggerated about me, except probably my head, and why wouldn't it be, with all this glorious praise! Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-eight, and he doesn't tell his weight.

ELSIE K.—Well, James Kirkwood has been on the stage for eighteen years. See above for his latest. Keep up the good work. Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others, cannot keep it from themselves.

ETHEL SHEA.—The estimated number killed in the World War was 7,450,200. You refer to Wade Boetler, in "The Home Stretch." Shirley Mason, with Fox, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Dorothy Dalton, Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles. Write me again.

JEANE.—Right to the point, all right. Rudolph Valentino is with Lasky; see above. I think he will answer you; try it anyway. He's just arriving, you know. When they get there, they're not always so particular.

BOBBIE.—The first steamer crossed the Atlantic in 1819. That was about twenty years before my time. So you have seen Mae Marsh in "Brittice." I haven't seen it yet. To settle that argument, Lois Meredith played in "Over the Top," and not Martha Mansfield.

BESSIE.—Thanks for remembering me.

VERA W.—Make your chart before you start. Know what you're after before you start out for it. I've answered your question about Rudolph Valentino several times this month. Well, he was married, but has just been divorced. Yes, Cullen Landis, in "Remembrance." Alice Lake is playing in "Hate." There are only four players in the picture—Conrad Nagel, Harry Northrup and Charles Clary.

YRGNYA.—Come to my manly buzzum, my long-lost cheeld! Yes, I am still a hall-room boy, on ten dollars per. Did you think I moved into an alcove? Well, I cant tell you where your best loved Jack W. Kerrigan is. Neither can I tell you "what makes Ruddie Valentino's hair look like your best patent leather shoes after their ten-cent shine." Better luck next time.

THE NIGHT OWL.—Thanks for the photo
(Continued on page 116)



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RICHARD WALLACE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 90)

were engaged for forty marks for the day, with train fare paid. When they arrived, everything was ready for work. They refused, stating they all demanded sixty marks for the day. The sum was granted, being about eighty-five cents in our money.

In this respect, the American is more of a man and loyal to the film producer; when the bargain is made, he will work for said amount, not hindering the finishing of a production.

That should be the duty of every American—producer, star, extra or film fan—to do all in his power in any manner or respect that the American film industry will rank "supreme" in the world.

Yours truly,
CLARENCE R. DOBRONSKI,
4673 Twenty-eighth Street,
Detroit, Mich.

The public—and after all there is nothing more important.

MY DEAR EDITOR: Do the producers and stars fully realize and appreciate what the public has done and is doing for them? I hardly think so.

In the first place, just who makes an actor a star? The public, of course. No actor is successful until so declared by the public, and a star is not a star until the public says he or she is. All the great producers in the moving picture industry cannot alone make a star. The public must control the picture industry, as it does everything else, yet public opinion is not taken seriously by all the producers and stars.

I believe the producers and stars will soon realize that they must work for the public and carry out the wishes of the public.

Producers have been clamoring for new ideas, but they are actually afraid of them. They don't want ideas of the public, and they won't accept them. All the ideas must come from their stars and staffs. With all this in view, when a great picture is produced, all the credit is given to the director or to the star. Just where does the scenario writer come in? If the picture is a failure, he gets the blame. If the picture is successful, he is entirely forgotten.

Much has been said about the poor stories that the Talmadge girls have been producing. Who is to blame? Of course, the blame falls upon the scenarists. But, when Norma or Constance Talmadge produce a good picture, the poor writer is completely forgotten. I have never heard of a single instance wherein the failure of a picture is placed upon the star!

Who are the most popular male and female stars in the industry today? The magazines and the foremost critics say they are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks; yet the recent contest launched by the Brewster Publications proves that these two are no longer the best. Again we have the public's decision. Notwithstanding the fact that Mary and Doug are great actors, the public has decided that Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid are the leading favorites. I also wish to state that my opinion in this contest won fifth prize. The public also decided that Charles Chaplin is no longer the leading comedian. In fact, I was surprised to note that Charlie Chaplin held second place. I believe, however, his work in "The Kid" was responsible for this. As a rule, his comedies are not very interesting, and are certainly not new in ideas.

I do not want the readers of this maga-

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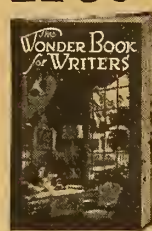
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zine to brand me as a pessimist. I am not. I have merely stated my opinion, backed by public opinion.

I believe, taking a broad view of the many productions, we are getting better pictures, but the super-productions are not to be compared with those of one, two and three years ago. I believe original stories for the screen will meet with a more hearty approval of the public, tho of course we must not forget the fact that many great productions are based on plays or stories written in the past.

When I went to see "The Affairs of Anatol," I was looking for a treat. I was disappointed. To my mind, the picture lacked a strong central theme. I still believe "Something to Think About" is De Mille's best, and "Forbidden Fruit" a close second.

The discussion of serials has so far been forgotten in the "Letters to the Editor," so I wish to have my say.

The public is getting very, very poor pictures in this line. The days of the *real* serials are past. Compare "The Purple Mask," "The Voice on the Wire," and the serials of three and four years ago with those we are now getting. So poor are the serials now being shown that I rarely see one thru.

The question of the fewer the sub-titles the better for the production, is absurd. I wish the affirmatives of this subject would please show us one single instance wherein a great production contained very few or hardly any sub-titles.

Of the eight screen publications that I have read, MOTION PICTURE and CLASSIC are the best two. I hope that these publications will continue to give us readers the entertainment that they have been giving in the past. Here's wishing the Brewster Publications much success during the coming months and years.

Most cordially,

AULTON B. SMITH,
Gastonia, N. C.

MOVIE MAD

By S. E. DUNBAR

I want to be a movie queen,
And ride around in a big limousine,
And have my face shot on the screen
In many a romantic scene.
I want to make the director swear,
Walk the floor and tear his hair,
And when I'm late say "I dont care,"
And call him a cross old bear.
I want to be in the vampire ranks,
Playing opposite Doug Fairbanks.
I'd like to be photographed every day
With a handsome fellow like Charley Ray.
I want to take cow-girl's part,
And be saved from bandits by W. S. Hart.
I'd like to be featured, yes indeed,
With that jolly, rollicking Wallie Reid.
Should Harrison Ford give me a chance,
I'd join him at once in some funny romance.
Another film favorite for whom I fell
Is the graceful, handsome Bert Lytell.
There is William Farnum, and Dustin, too,
And the smiling, fascinating Monte Blue.
Of all the actors I most adore,
Is that clever genius, Owen Moore.
There's Richard Barthelmess, a "reel" man,
I'd like to get in with him if I can.
Oh, I am just wild for a movie career,
And you bet I'll be in by the end of the year.

* * * * *

I know if inspected I surely would pass;
I think so whenever I look in the glass.
When the "stars" I have mentioned want
beauty and poise,
Let them send a night message, collect, to
Maud Noyes.



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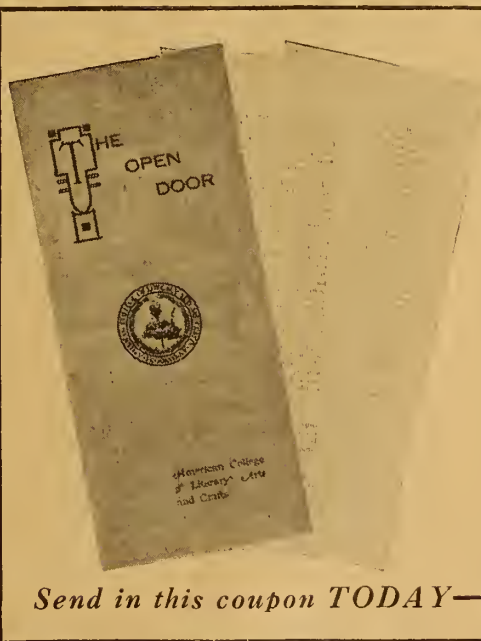
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On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 75)

To go back to Ingram, that young director says he hated doing "Turn to the Right." He claims he can't get a thrill out of muley cows and rural American dramas. He yearns for the flavor of draw-bridges, and moats, and swords, and dark passages, and torches, and ladies who do not chew gum. Hereafter, he solemnly swears that his pictures will have the European atmosphere. Ibañez, author of "The Four Horsemen," has written to Ingram offering him the picture rights of a new story that has not yet been printed. It will be printed first in Spain; then in England and America simultaneously. Rex is also meditating a re-making of his old Universal hit, "The Black Orchid," which was very gruesome, but very beautiful. He also burns to put Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, into a picture.

Richard Walton Tully has begun his motion picture producing career with "The Masquerader." James Young is his director and Wilfred Buckland, his art director. It is Tully's intention to film all his stage plays, including the "Rose of the Rancho," which he wrote with Belasco, and "The Bird of Paradise." He states that he has been offered \$250,000 for the screen rights of "The Bird," but will permit no one to do the story but himself. He has made a fortune out of the play, but his heart is still not tranquil. He is bowed down with sorrow because it was he who really started the present fad for South Sea stories, but the credit went to other authors. It certainly is a fact that the real impetus for South Sea literature was the second act of "The Bird."

Nazimova has a daring innovation—a gorgeous and elaborate production of "Salome," with not more than two sets. She has other ideas regarding the story that are just as breathless and unusual.

Maurice Tourneur is making a film version of "Lorna Doone," with John Barry and Frank Keenan and Madge Bellamy in the principal parts. Many directors have meditated the plan of taking this picture in England, in the ancient abode of the Doones; but Tourneur found suitable locations about three hundred yards from the Ince studio, where he is making the picture.

Douglas MacLean has just finished "The Hottentot"; his future plans are uncertain.

Speaking of Tourneur, he has arrived at a determination exactly opposite to that of Rex Ingram; he is for home-atmosphere American pictures. He is trying to find one in which there is a waiter for a hero.

Flappers, take notice: His name is not spelled "Rudolph," nor yet "Rudy," the way you have been thinking of him. It is "Rodolph Valentino." He wants it spelled that way as a compromise between the original "Rudolph" of Italian origin and the "Rudolph" that you know. And he also says, while he is very much honored by the rumor that he is to marry Madam Rambova, that he is not to have that pleasure.

Mr. Valentino is now playing the lead for Gloria Swanson in an Elinor Glyn story, "Beyond the Rocks." At the completion of this he will commence a three-year contract for Paramount, for whom his first appearance will be as the Toreador in Ibañez's "Blood and Sand." Bebe Daniels will vamp in this picture and May McAvoy will be the wife.

The laurels of any "handsomest man in pictures" can't seem to stay put securely on his head. Someone is always getting them away from him. Now, it is said, they are to be placed on the very worthy brow of

Robert Ellis, leading man for Katherine MacDonald, in her new picture, "The Infidel," which, by the way, is expected to fulfil the promise of popularity with which Miss MacDonald started out, and which has waned somewhat. Mr. Ellis is comparatively new to the screen, having made but a few pictures, but he had been on the legitimate before the films lured him and had made good there, not alone for good looks. Dorothy Phillips has his support next in "The Soul Seeker."

Constance Talmadge having finished "The Divorcee," her first picture since her return to California, is traveling around a bit before starting her next. Norma is hard at work on "The Duchess de Langeais," with Conway Tearle playing with her.

Lupino Lane, erstwhile star of "Afgar," has gone to making comedies for Fox. He is anxious to see if his antics will be as funny on the screen as they are on the stage. They should be, for he should have pantomime in his blood, being one of the Lupino family of Covent Garden fame. These Lupinos have been represented in the Christmas pantomime since 1745.

There is not the slightest doubt in your mind about the title of Marie Prevost's new picture, "Kissed," when you call on that dainty little star. Without even the shadow of a chance of getting any nearer, you will pay your money just to see it happen over and over again, as it does in the story of the mystified young lady who fell in love with a masked gentleman who kissed her. That is her only clue to his identity, and how is she ever to find the right man except by sampling the osculatory offerings of all the anxiously willing ones she meets? We just regret not having taken part in the picture.

Chester Conklin is doing something of which there has not been enough done—travesty, not burlesque. It is so easy to step over the hairline between them and ruin artistry with horseplay. Conklin, in "The Pie-Eyed Piper," a travesty of Browning's "Piper," keeps on the right side of the line.

The Farnums are both making West-erns for Fox. Buck Jones is doing likewise.

They call him the "uneminent author" here, this Charles A. Logue, because, with a long string of Broadway successes behind him and all kinds of good publicity material about himself which he could have used and didn't, he slipped quietly into Hollywood a short time ago and began writing pictures, quietly, and with no ostentation whatever. First, "The Infidel" for Katherine MacDonald, then "Friday to Monday" and "Gay and Devilish" for Doris May, and now "Breaking into the Movies" for the same star.

"The Mask" being very much all Lon Chaney, he can't complain of its hiding him at all, which suits Mr. Chaney, and his admirers, too.

Wild times at Universal City. "Stanley in Africa," "Robinson Crusoe" and "Buffalo Bill" are all holding forth there at once. They are all serials, and so apt to be around for some time. It is certainly to be hoped that they don't mix.

Robert Gordon, whose Huckleberry Finn will always be remembered, is starring in "Small Town," a *Saturday Evening Post* story by Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

There are only two places in the United States where, "and is back," means back from New York. Cecil B. de Mille will be back the latter part of Feb-

ruary, to commence the screening of "Man-slaughter," by Alice Duer Miller. Leatrice Joy will be the wealthy young woman who serves her sentence in the penitentiary for running over a motorcycle policeman.

Also apropos of those "two places," the Long Island studio which was to have been opened April 1, will remain closed indefinitely, and Mr. Lasky announces that the Realart studio which, it was understood, would be closed when Realart pictures were abandoned, will be kept open to take care of the Paramount overflow.

Betty Compson is freezing her pretty toes just now way up in the snowy mountains at Truckee, California, where Penrhyn Stanlaws has taken the company for four weeks of snow pictures. She and Tom Moore are making "Over the Border," from Sir Gilbert Parker's "She of the Triple Chevron."

Priscilla Dean can get just as excited in the studios as she does in her pictures. In "Wild Honey," the big scene shows a bursting dam, and it was wet and cold, and Priscilla didn't like it, and all the dams didn't show in the picture.

TO THE OPERATOR

By JOHN BEN STOTTS

Ah, the show now has opened—the pictures,
I mean—

The overture's played, and there on the
screen

See—the star—and the cast and the author
pass thru;

Producer, assistants, photographer, too—
All their names have we read—now, go on

with the show.
There's only one chap that we've missed,
and I know

He's too busy to care that he's not on the
screen—

He's the man operating the picture ma-
chine.

How we curse him if ever the sheet should
run dark,

Or the pictures grow dim—not be up to the
mark

We expect when we go to the cinema show;
Why, surely, it's easy to make the films

"go."
Up there near the roof, in a cell built so
tight

That he can not annoy us with noise or
with light,

There's the guy that we "call" for all
faults on the screen,

The poor boob that's running the picture
machine.

But the star would not twinkle, her cast
matter not,

Scenario be worthless, unheeded the plot,
And we'd be unhappy with no place to go,

Were the man in the booth taken out of the
show.

For, 'mid whirring motors and sputtering
arc,

Is a real producer, I rise to remark:
The chap we owe most, tho he never is
seen,

The man operating the picture machine.

GLORIA SWANSON'S WAY

By BYRON EMERY

Certain things awe me,
The motion of a vessel standing out at sea,

A certain Oriental musk,
A wind-bell, a tree-toad,

A violin played at dusk,
Or the sound of feet upon the road,

The things I feel but cannot say,
And Gloria Swanson's way.



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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 111)

of "Strongheart." You say, "The Cross Pull," by Hal Everts, has been filmed, and is called "The Silent Call." Thanks; my error. Well, I can't be expected never to make a mistake. William Farnum was François, Betty Clark was Katherine, Fritz Leiber was Louis XI., Walter Law was Thibault, Harry Carvill was Tristan, and Claude Payton was Montigny in "If I Were King." You're very welcome.

JEWEL.—That's a clever little verse—

"I cannot live without you,"
He murmured with a sob.
Said she, "I do not doubt you—
Unless you get a job."

Walter Lewis was Marty in "The White Moll." Allan Dwan is going to produce "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

DICK.—Don't fear, I never expect to cut my whiskers. A woman's hair is her crowning glory—ditto. Viola Dana is not married now. Shirley Mason is. Betty Blythe is coming back in "The Net."

CAT.—I'm sorry.

AUSSIE.—All the way from Australia. Wish I could accept your invitation. Have passed your letter along to Miss Fletcher. Mabel Normand is playing in "Suzanna."

ETHEL MAE.—Well, if you are that fond of Katherine MacDonald, you want to get a copy of **BEAUTY**, our new magazine, which appeared on the newsstands January ninth, with a beautiful picture of Katherine MacDonald on the cover. She is playing in "The Beautiful Liar."

SLIM.—I can only refer you to the different companies. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of their addresses.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—But, pleasure is the flower that passes; remembrance, the lasting perfume. Ralph Graves is married, but Gaston Glass isn't. I pass. Marriage is sometimes only a long quarrel. Mahlon Hamilton, opposite Betty Compson, in "The Noose." Eddie Polo, in "The Secret Four."

AMERICAN GIRL.—A person emigrates from one country and immigrates into another. Hence, an emigrant is a person leaving his native land, and an immigrant is one who has arrived at the country of his adoption. Wanda Hawley was Beauty and Ethel Clayton was Maggie Pepper.

C. M. H.—You say, "Every woman thinks she has the right to make a fool of some man," but I don't quite agree with you. E. K. Lincoln and Lon Chaney are playing in "White Faith," with Hope Hampton. Tom Meighan, in "The Proxy Daddy."

SELAHE.—No, I don't mind criticism; they tell me, no one ever accomplishes much that is original until he learns two things: how to listen to criticism, and how to rise above it. Marjorie Prevost, sister to Marie, has changed her name to Marjorie Maurice. She has an important part in Viola Dana's "The Five Dollar Baby." But Renee Adoree is playing in "The Count of Monte Christo." Gladys Walton, in "Kind Deeds." Of course, I like Eugene O'Brien. He is playing in "Channing of the Northwest," a Northwest Mounted Police story.

LIEUTENANT LOCKLEAR ADMIRER, BILLIE, BLACK EYES, FANTASTIC FANNY, GINGER-SNAPS, PUCK, CELIA S., E. E., WILMINGTON; DESPERATE AMBROSE, ELMER, ANNIE C., MISS WINTON, BETTY D., MARGERY DAW FOREVER, TWO TALMADGE TULIPS, JEAN FLAG, MR. I. N. QUIRE, MARION, YAKIMA.—Better luck next time.

DOROTHY C., LITTLE KIDDIE, DIOLA, WEE WEE, BLONDE, RAM, E. V. N., H. K. S., A NAZIMOVAITE, POLARIS, E. P.,

IMA GIRL, RICARDO M., C. S. N., THELMA D., M. M. R., L. M. B., D. T., F. T., SKEEZIX, JEALOUS JENNY, J. M. C., LE SENORITA, E. M. R., RA'T, G. T. R., EVANGELINE S., H. W. L.—Guess you have been answered up above.

W. L. W., Dallas.—You refer to Cecil B. de Mille as the director of "Dont Tell Everything."

TYLLIE.—To a woman, the romances she makes are more amusing than those she reads. Yes, no? Yes, Mollie King is playing in "Suspicious Wives." Yes, Johnny Hines is playing in "Doggone Torchy." Yes, Grace Darling, in "For Your Daughter's Sake." You sure are for Milton Sills.

SYLVIA.—Well, I hope Santa was good to you, too. Thanks. Alice Brady was born in New York City. She wont tell when.

BOBBETTE.—Well, a lover is loved most, a wife best, and a mother always. Most of the players have secretaries. They wouldn't be able to answer their correspondence, as well as perform their other duties.

PEGGY.—Well, I have just had a birthday, and now I am eighty-one. Honest, Injun! Priscilla Dean is playing in "That Lass O'Lowrie." Harry Carey, in "Man to Man." Buck Jones, in "Riding With Death." Pola Negri, in "The Last Payment."

BROWNIE.—Well, if you enjoy repeating anything overmuch, you have probably told it twice to the same person. Yes, Shirley Mason is married. Jack Mulhall is playing opposite Constance Binney for Realart.

Oo So Lo Mi.—Getting musical all of a sudden? Emory Johnson is directing Leah Baird. That was a great letter of yours. Florence Vidor is playing in "Judith Beresford." Madge Bellamy is also in the cast.

LEENA.—But the first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652. No, I dont remember it. Mary Pickford's name was Gladys Smith.

KID SALLIE, ROSE PURCELL, MABEL WALDRON, DUCHESS LUCILLE, BOOTS, BOOB McNUTT, ELSIE P., "K", DORIS M. A., T. N. T., OLIVE E., BEBE, BOX 83, HENRY, FRANCES, ELLEN R., INTERESTED, FRANCES B., AN INQUIRER, GERTRUDE W., ETHEL.—I'll try not to put you in the alsorts next month.

LOVING ROSE.—Goldfish are natives of China, and were introduced into England about the end of the seventeenth century. They are bred principally in ponds, fed with the waste hot water from condensing steam-engines. Yes, Mary Pickford was born in Canada, but she has a bit of Irish in her. Max Linder is playing in "Be My Wife," for Goldwyn.

SLIM.—Mary Pickford is out West at this writing. Constance Talmadge married a Greek, but she hasn't gone to grease. She is very slim. Pat O'Malley is playing opposite Bebe Daniels. Wanda Hawley, in "The Love Charm."

RETTA ROMAINE.—Well, well, glad to see you again. You sure do write an interesting letter. Remember me to Vyr-gynya. Tell her not to forget me.

VERA.—Yes, I am very fond of ermine. It is called so from having been originally brought from Armenia. Yes, send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs. Of course, it is interesting. Lillian Walker is playing in vaudeville. Francellia Billington is not playing now.

PEP.—Why dont you get a copy of "The Three Musketeers" at your library, and you will find them. Anita Stewart, at 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Wynd-

ham Standing and Alma Tell are playing in "The Iron Trail."

VALENTINO ADMIRER.—*Je vous remercie.* So you liked Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik." George Beban is playing in "The Sign of the Rose." He played in the same picture some years ago. They also tell me "Ten Nights in a Barroom" is being produced. That will be something new these days.

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—Thanks for your good wishes. Come again.

SUN GRIN, EVELYN, V. L., G. L. T., RUTH, CYRIL SMITH, HARRIE, HELEN, RICHARD, MAE, BELLA, CHUBBY P., HILLY BILLY, 'LIZBETH, JUNE, MARIE LOUISE, BETTY, JULIUS, A STAGE ASPIRANT.—I'm sorry.

GEORGIA CRACKER.—*Je vis en espoir.* George Arliss is playing in "The Green Goddess," on the stage. Yes, he was immense in "Disraeli." Yes, Doris May, in "Eden and Return." Mae Marsh is playing in "Brittie," on the stage.

SALISBURY FAN.—No, I dont give advice and never take it. Ruth Clifford is twenty-two years old. Yes, and the city of Amsterdam, Holland, is built upon piles driven in the ground. It is intersected by numerous canals, crossed by nearly three hundred bridges.

TYLLIE.—Good for you. You want Kenneth McGaffy to interview Milton Sills. Sure, I like French ice-cream. Were you thinking of sending me some?

HOOPEE DOOPA.—So you think I must have some woman in my life to inspire me. Nay, nay; there is no woman in my life—not on your life. Conway Tearle, in "A Wide Open Town." Yes, Maurice Costello played in "Conceit," for Selznick. I'll be waiting.

DESPERATE AMBROSE.—You're all wrong. I dont look like that.

LITTLE BRUNETT.—But the greatest misfortune one can wish his enemy is that he may love without being loved in return. You want Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish to play together always. I'm afraid it cant be done. Good night.

COPPERTOP.—*Fiasco* is an Italian word—*Ola, ola, fiasco!* Mabel Trunnelle, Mary Fuller and Adele Lane are not playing now. Zella Carr, in "The Doctor." Cullen Landis is playing in "A City Fellow." Lewis Stone and Alice Terry, in "The Prisoner of Zenda." All right; come in any time.

JUNE BUG, MABEL NORMAND, THE 11, MARC MACDERMOTT FAN, FRANK MILLS FOREVER, VIOLET, E. M., MOVIE FAN, MAMIE S., A TALMADGE FAN, HOPP, BILLIE B., ELENOR X., MILLE BARBERO, JERRY AND BUSTER, CASSAN FERGUSON FAN, MISS AMBITION, A. B. L., LORETTA S., A. M., PERRY, MILLIE.—Write me again.

LILLIAN GISH'S FRIEND.—As Will Carleton says, "People should not 'fall' in love; they should rise to it." Just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the Correspondence Clubs.

BENEGA L.—Wear a tie? What's the use. Sure, I have buttermilk every day. Fred Niblo is directing Anita Stewart in "The Woman He Married." Gladys Hullette and Conway Tearle, in "The Referee." But you know, to invite a guest is to take the responsibility of his happiness during his stay under your roof.

WHO IS SYLVIA.—Thanks. Glad to hear from gay Paree. I wish I could help you. You say grief has two forms of expression, laughter and tears; and tears are not the saddest. Yes, Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" is being filmed. Yes, Nazimova is playing in "Salome" and "The Dolls' House." Write me again.

BABS.—The tallest man was John Hale,



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of Lancashire, England, who was nine feet six inches in height. His hand was seventeen inches long and eight and one-half inches broad. Jerome Patrick was Montague in "Dont Call Me Little Girl." No, "The Champion" hasn't been released as yet. You refer to Virginia Lee, as the Howard Chandler Christy girl.

ROSEMARY.—I'm always here. You know what General Grant said: "No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a duty." Carrie Clark Ward was Nora. Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson, in "Why Change Your Wife?"

OJOS N.—Sorry you didn't get to New York. Rudolph Valentino was Jullantinio in "Once to Every Woman." Mary Astor did such splendid work in "The Beggar Maid" that she signed a contract with Triart Films. She is playing in "The Young Painter" now.

HENRIETTE, HESTER V., BILLY, KAPTAIN KIDD, ATINA RELECK, YUTCH, CAVE CANEM, ALICE D., HUCK, CARROTS, GRANNY, NIDIE B., ANNIE, SUIJS JE BIERMERME, FRECKLES, E. P. E., MR. AM OUT OF A JOB, THE B. V. D. BOY, MOTION ROLAND, ALBERTA K., PEGGY Q., DEENAH, S. T. HOBBO, BIG FEET.—Sorry to have to put you in the alsorans.

HURRY UP.—Hugo Ballin is producing "In Old Madrid," and, after that, "Luxury Tax." He sure can make a feature of the latter. Pronounce it Na-zim-o-va, accent on the "zim." Gloria Swanson is with Famous Players, playing in "Gilded Dreams." What's your hurry?

ELLEN J.—It is well for you to love your work; but be careful not to let your affection for it release it from supporting you. Herbert Hayes and Edward Coxen, in "More Deadly Than the Male." Ethel Clayton expects to go back to the stage.

DINGBAT BIRTH.—That's right; he might be President some day. Andrew Johnson, our seventeenth President, spent seven years tailoring before he began to learn the alphabet. That was March, 1915. Your letter in verse was clever.

MARY L. S.—There was no mention of the Judge in my cast of "A Trip to Paradise." Try Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif. Now, Mary, stop your teasing. You're not eighteen, and you dont weight 340. You must be a young hippo. Gladys Walton, in "Sandman." Lloyd Hughes and Madge Bellamy, in "Love Never Dies."

IMA PARROT.—Pretty Poll! You refer to Bert Lytell. Dont be too sure of what you are marrying, until you have several times interviewed her small brother. 'Sright! Clever stuff, yours.

PAULINE ADORER.—"The Valley of Death," in the Island of Java, is simply the crater of an extinct volcano, filled with carbonic acid gas. It is half a mile in circumference. Pauline Frederick played in "Sapho" in 1917.

PINE SHADOW VILLA.—Dorothy Mes-singer was Crecion.

CRITIC.—Sorry I cannot enlighten you. LO AND LIL, PICKLES, BUNS AND COFFEE, BRIGHT EYES, BROWNEY, QUEEN OF HEARTS, M. E. M., A STAR GAZER, ATATEKA, HELEN S., M. P., DETROIT, ROSE, M. S., R. L., MARY JANE, A QUESTIONER, A NEWCOMER, CHARLES RAY FAN, VERA. DOT, WALLIE'S LOVER, BESSIE L., ?, ATLANTA, BLACK EYED SUSAN JANE, JASS 'EM UPP.—Glad to hear from you all.

BLANCHE L.—Well, I hope you're not like the woman who is never happy because her husband is forever tracking dirt into the house, are you? Clara Young is not playing in anything just now. Elsie Ferguson, in "A Varying Shore," on the stage on Broadway.

(Continued on page 121)



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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 71)

method could have been evolved. As it is, "Foolish Wives" has undeniably lost more than can be said. There is a lack of regard for Mr. von Stroheim's basic theme that the American man is the man for the American woman, even tho she is captivated momentarily by the sophisticated veneer and ceremony of the Continental. There are rough edges and inconsistencies which prevent "Foolish Wives" from being the masterpiece it might so easily have become.

The story tells of the United States special envoy to Monaco, and his wife. At Monaco, in a luxurious villa, live three adventurers, Count Sergius Karamzin and the Princesses Olga and Vera. The Count is perhaps the most decadent figure ever shadowed upon the screen; he determines to cultivate the envoy's wife in order to further his own ends. Whether or not his amorous inclinations eventually master his discretion is a question.

There are fire scenes in this production which find the audience sitting breathlessly upon the edge of their chairs. They leave you exhausted after having held you spellbound. In them Eric von Stroheim has proved his ability as a producer of thrills as well as of the sophisticated life of the Continent.

His creation of the Count is perhaps one of the most complete and, at the same time, subtle portraits contributed to the screen. In his portrayal, as in his producing, Mr. von Stroheim has unfailingly chosen the most effective means of suggesting that which he has desired to put across. Simple incidents compositely form his story.

The atmosphere of Monte Carlo has been wonderfully portrayed.

As to the other members of the cast, they are, without exception, splendid. Rudolph Christians played the Special Envoy; Miss Dupont is his wife; Maude George plays Princess Olga, and Mae Busch, Countess Vera. Malvine Polo proves her ability as Marietta, a half-witted girl, and Dale Fuller, who has until this time been cast in slapstick comedy, contributes one of the most tragic characters ever witnessed as Maruschka, a maid.

So, in closing, we can but repeat the regret voiced in the beginning—

"Foolish Wives" is a great endeavor—

It is an artistic and beautiful tapestry, in which the delicate thread which intricately wove the picture has been raveled here and there—

R. S. V. P.—FIRST NATIONAL

"R. S. V. P." exists because of two struggling artists, Richard Morgan and Benny Fielding—Richard's invitation to a formal reception—and the fact that, while Richard only possessed a presentable dress-coat, Benny had the necessary trousers. How they both used the invitation, Richard waiting in the dressing-room while Benny gaily danced below with the beautiful Betty, and the one dress-coat, and then *vice versa*, makes an amusing tale.

It was this idea, which could scarcely be called a plot, upon which the picture is based, and because of this there is considerable padding and froth, which does not make for a good production.

Charles Ray is pleasing, but we can call to mind countless other pictures in which he has been seen to infinitely better advantage.

LOVE'S REDEMPTION—FIRST NATIONAL

If you like stories with a tropical background, where the unregenerate son of

English aristocracy is eventually redeemed thru the pure love of some girl—stories where the girl's parentage is unknown, so that, at the last minute, the blue blood in her veins permits her to dominate in cultured surroundings, you will like Norma Talmadge's latest picture, "Love's Redemption."

Norma plays the girl who saves the unregenerate son from the oblivion to which his drinking is carrying him. Harrison Ford plays the son and Montague Love is cast as the sophisticated clubman who desires the dusky and vivid beauty of the heroine.

We are sure, if you like such a story, you will like "Love's Redemption," because it has been given no original twist or unexpected episodes. It might readily have been cut out of the same piece of cloth and from the same pattern as countless other photoplays which we have seen. There are numerous beautiful exteriors, exquisitely photographed, and Miss Talmadge is often very beautiful. However, she is permitted few scenes in which to demonstrate her warmth or ability, and even the regeneration possesses no great dramatic strength.

It seems a pity to give one who has proved herself one of the most popular players shadowed upon the screen such inconsequential material with which to work.

NANCY FROM NOWHERE—REALART

"Nancy from Nowhere" is the sort of picture which they turned out by the score when the demand for shadowdrama entertainment was far in excess of the supply. Personally, we can see no reason for it whatever.

The story is that which tells of a little slavey who finally flees from her bondage, only to find herself in the home of the wealthy young hero she had previously met in the fields and in the woods. His people are away and, of course, he proceeds to establish her in his house and falls madly in love with her. You can imagine the rest. The family is shocked, even tho she is so captivating that they admire her despite the chasmatic difference in their castes—but the hero is brave and bold and his love is great—and there is a happy ending.

Bebe Daniels is starred in this picture. She often photographed very well, but it would have been impossible for anyone to have done anything with such a trite rôle in such a trite story.

THE RULING PASSION—UNITED ARTISTS

Heretofore in his screen portrayals, George Arliss has had a colorful rôle. He has been endowed with the dignity of a personage and the romance of a celebrity, touched with mystery. This is not true of his characterization of James Alden in "The Ruling Passion." Nevertheless, Mr. Arliss continues to convince and to fascinate.

The story tells of the president of a corporation who is forced to retire thru ill health. How he finds a remedy far more helpful than that prescribed by his physician, and how he adapts his business methods and grit and determination in effecting another success, makes a pleasing tale. A youthful romance is contributed to the story thru his daughter and his youthful partner in the new enterprise.

It is a trite tale, but there is a fresh charm in its manner of unfolding, which maintains a high interest.

Mr. Arliss further demonstrates his art-



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Package-O-Beauty set consists of tubes of Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Cream and a touch of that exquisite Boncilla Face Powder—enough of each for three complete treatments.



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I enclose 50 cents. Please send me your Package-O-Beauty.

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Street.....

City.....



Why Let Your Beauty Fade?

A Skin Preserved At Twenty Is a Skin Still Fine At Fifty!

THERE is not one of us who wants to look old. By old, I mean, a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. We do not want them nor do we need to have them. These enemies begin to come in the twenties unless care is taken to prevent them and when they once start, their tendency is to grow worse daily. Don't wait too long don't give them time to thrive. Massage helps but it is not enough.

PALMER'S BEAUTY LOTION

It is the only remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

AID NATURE AND DEFY AGE

Fine Skin Is Better Than Fine Clothes

Apply Palmer's Beauty Lotion every night and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing astringent effect, and will make your skin smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to milady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

istry by endowing the trivial things he is called upon to do in this production with a *savoir-faire* and an imagination which makes them colorful. And Doris Kenyon, as the daughter, is delightful.

"The Ruling Passion" is one of the most interesting productions which has come forth from the studios in weeks. It refreshes and is something of a relief after the hectic tales of intrigue which have lately been the vogue.

A PROLOG FOR A PICTURE PLAY

AFTER THE MANNER OF EARLY PROLOGS
FOR STAGE PRODUCTIONS

By HAROLD SETON

Hail, Wit and Wisdom of the Town,
Well worthy of your Great Renown!
Permit me humbly to proclaim
Our present Motion Picture's aim!
Its Purpose I do not excuse,
But frankly state—is to amuse!
So, spurning Highfalutin' Bluffs,
We offer Slapsticks, Kicks and Cuffs,
With Flour and Soot and Custard Pies
Upon men's Heads and in their Eyes!
And also ev'ry other Scheme
To make you Smile, and Shout, and
Scream!

A Lake in which the Coppers fall;
A Muddy Road on which they crawl!
A Prairie whereon Cowboys ride;
A Precipice down which they slide!
A Bulldog that on Trousers grips,
Banana-peel on which one trips,
Are here to startle and amaze,
In many strange and startling Ways!
And, finally, that's by your lief,
Fair Bathing Girls in Costumes brief,
Displaying shapely Legs and Arms,
As well as other Female Charms!
Thus, for our Picture and our Cause,
I plead, and crave your Kind Applause!

THE ART DIRECTOR

(Dedicated to Edward Langley, of the
Douglas Fairbanks Studio)

By LESLEY BATES

Within his mind, the arts of every age
Attend, like vassals, on his beck and call.
Old worlds, long buried in the printed page,
At his desire, return to enchant all.

Palace and citadel of ancient day,
Beneath his keen touch, magically rise.
Forgotten tales, a mediæval play,
Repeat themselves before our wondering eyes.

Egyptian lovers, sailing the blue Nile;
White mosques, Mongolian towns, a Ro-
man hill;
D'Artagnan's Paris, any tropic isle—
He resurrects them all with subtle skill.

Present or past take form at his command:
Merlin, re-born, has entered movieland.

THE USUAL RECOMPENSE

By FRANK V. FAULHABER

"I'm contemplating applying for a job as an 'extra.' What does one usually receive in such a capacity?"

"An 'extra' usually receives the calling down the director aches to give the 'lead-
ing lady,' but which he doesn't dare."

TRADE-MARK REG.



None Genuine Without
This Trade-Mark.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

Write direct to Dr. Margaret Ruppert

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Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment

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Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian Im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold 4 ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian Im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

\$10,000 POSITIONS

have come to men through writing to us. We have shown hundreds how to step out of the rut of small pay work to magnificent earnings. Charles Berry of Winterset, Iowa, formerly a farmhand, jumped to a position that pays him over \$1,000 a month. Warren Hartle of Chicago, once a clerk in the railway mail service, is now in the \$10,000 a year class. These men discovered that the big money is in the selling end of business. Let us tell you how you too can quickly become a Master Salesman in your spare time at home and qualify for one of the big money positions in this fascinating field.

AMAZING PROOF SENT FREE

Men are needed now. Never were the opportunities greater. No previous experience necessary. Our Free Employment Service will also help you to secure a position. Free Book tells everything. Write for it today.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. 43-B Chicago, Ill.

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GREAT FOR COCKTAILS

ONE BOTTLE MAKES 12 QUARTS

Price Per Bottle \$1.00
6 Bottles for \$5.00
In Concentrated Form

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Just Add Water It's Delicious!

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This modern, scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

Brooks Appliance Co., 296C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Beauty for April



BEAUTY is first and foremost a magazine of charm. It believes wholeheartedly in the development of beauty. Its purpose and object is to help every woman to make the best of herself—to cultivate and develop personal charm.

Beautiful and distinguished is the April number of **BEAUTY**. Color plates of singular beauty, striking photographs and a number of remarkable articles make up its interesting contents.

The Greatest Beautifier, by **Corliss Palmer**, a scientific article that every woman, also every chemist and cosmetic manufacturer will find of absorbing interest.

Imaginary Conversations, another piquant interview, this time with Madame Récamier, by **Dorothy Donnell Calhoun** and **Gladys Hall**.

The old question "Do Men Admire the Painted Girl" is discussed by **Laura Kent Mason**.

There is an entertaining one-act play by **Hadi Barron** and **Saxon Cone**.

From cover to cover the book is replete with valuable, interesting and authentic material.



Beauty for April

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 118)

HELEN M.—Well, if you must know, the Lincoln Highway is the longest road in the world. It connects twelve States, and is laid out between New York and San Francisco, as directly as possible, consistent with the topography of the country. Its length is about 3,284 miles, and it is constantly being shortened by improvements and elimination of curves. Mary Miles Minter is twenty years old, Pearl White about thirty-four, and Billie Burke thirty-six.

TEXAS COWBOY.—So you think I am thirty and good looking, rather bald, clean shaven, a sense of humor and a great deal of patience. Well, that "ain't" me—except the good looking part. You also think I get paid well for my trouble. Is that a compliment? You know full well that I get \$10 per week. Well paid?

AULTON B. S.—So you didn't like "The Affairs of Anatol." You thought it lacked a central theme, and that it was too rambling. Of course, I enjoyed yours, write me again.

ANSWER MAN FAN.—Well, you start off well by saying "A woman by whom we are loved is a scarcity; a woman whom we love is a religion." You also want to know whether I eat a great deal of green food, and if I did, would tell your grandfather, so that he will live as long as I have. If you mean to insinuate that I eat grass, you are in error. I much prefer hay. Send your grandfather in some day, and I will tell him the secret. You also further want to know which actress has the best figure. Do you mean, income or form?

COLONIAL JOE.—You say, "Parsons are preaching for the good things of the world, lawyers are pleading for them, physicians are prescribing for them, true philosophers alone are enjoying them." Guess you are right. Your letter was mighty interesting, and I was glad to hear all about New Zealand. William Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y., and he is about forty-five years old. Write him, Hart Productions, 1215 Bates Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

VIOLA W.—You are quite a poet. The poet is the only artist who cannot be laborious. His work does not depend on him. And he cannot depend on his work. Katherine MacDonald is playing in "Her Social Value." Well, love and a cough cannot be hid.

BERRIE.—So you call me an old sinner and expect me to answer. I will this time, but don't let it happen again. Eugene Corey was Russian in "The Velvet Hand." William Pike, in "The Master Mystery." So your favorites are Antonio Moreno and Bert Lytell and Houdini.

ENQUIRER.—You say I am conscientious. Wrong. Conscience is the voice of the soul; passion, the voice of the body. I have neither. Yes, there is special music for "Broken Blossoms." Well, I liked "Orphans of the Storm" much better than "Broken Blossoms." Anyway, Lillian Gish is art thru and thru.

PLAIN KID.—So Mary Carr is your type of ideal. She is very charming. I met her the other evening and fell in love with her. (That makes two hundred and seventeen.) I don't know how many freckles Wesley Barry has—never counted them.

HELEN G.—As Andrew Carnegie says, "Don't be content with doing only your duty. Do more than your duty. It's the horse who finishes a neck ahead who wins the race." Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls. Not exactly in the Falls, but in the city near them. You're welcome.

(Continued on page 123)

Banish Coarse Pores

My Methods have brought
Beauty to Thousands

READ MY FREE OFFER

Let me rid you of Coarse Pores, Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles and Superfluous Hair



This Portrait Is My Proof
of what my Beauty Methods accomplish

My heart goes out to every girl and woman who has ambition to be beautiful. You owe it to yourself to be attractive, admired and courted, and I am proud that it is my privilege to help you.

If you want to know the Methods used by famous actresses, society leaders and movie stars, mail the coupon below. I will send you free my new work, "Stepping Stones to Beauty," containing full and complete information of my Methods and HOW TO USE THEM in the privacy of your own home, and with the same wonderful results which thousands of others have had. This knowledge has cost me years of patient, faithful, scientific study and research.

Send no money—write your name and address plainly and you will receive at once complete information on the following Beauty Methods—any or all:

- To Banish Coarse Pores,
- To Banish Wrinkles,
- To Banish Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles, and Oily Skin,
- To Beautify the Figure, Hands and Arms,
- To Remove Superfluous Hair,
- To Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes,
- To Clear the Skin of Acne.

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Room 114, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send complete information under your FREE OFFER, also "Stepping Stones to Beauty," FREE.

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for this \$50

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Diamond Ring

Radiant, blue white,

perfect-cut Diamond.

Ring is 18-k Solid

White Gold. Special

at \$50. Others at

\$75, \$100 up;

Pay \$1.50,

\$2.00 a

Week.

Bobbed Hair



Wear a
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Bob

The woman who is "up-to-the-minute" from head to foot, appreciates the rare comfort and charm of our youthful "National Bob."

Since fashion decreed "Bobbed hair" there was a "National" demand for the "bobbed" effect—especially from the woman who hesitated to cut her own hair.

Send no
MONEY

Just send a strand of your hair and we ship your "National Bob" immediately. Pay postman \$10.00 on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for free catalogue.

National Hair
Nets

Ask your dealer, or send 65 cents for Boudoir Box of 6. Guaranteed perfect, extra size. State color and style (cap or fringe).

We sell Artificial Eye-Lashes \$1.50 Pr.



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Diamond bargains—123 pages of them. The greatest Diamond book ever published sent free for your name and address. Your choice of millions of dollars worth of diamonds sent upon request. No money down. Terms as low as a few cents a day. 8 per cent yearly increase in value guaranteed. Extra 5 per cent bonus may be earned. Write Today for 123-page book, thousands of bargains. No obligations. Write NOW to Dept. 1524 J.M. LYON & CO. 1 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.



IT IS TO LAUGH!

She's all dolled up and looks like she has a black eye. HER MAKE-UP RAN. Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid COL-Y-BROW. For eyebrows and eyelashes. WILL NOT RUN. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail \$1.00. HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK

Golden Glint Shampoo

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—a "tiny tint"—that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary. Would you really like to have beautiful hair? Just buy a package of Golden Glint Shampoo. At your dealer's, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI COMPANY, 119 Spring St., Seattle.

THE DIRECTOR LAMENTS

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

"It really makes me tear my hair,"
The screen director cried,
"When I dream of all I missed,
When Trojan Helen died.
She was a beauty, I am told,
And eke a vamping queen;
I could have made a mint with her
Upon the silver screen.
A-vamping Menelaus,
And Paris, and some more,
Who struggled for her favors,
And only got the door.

"Then there was Cleopatra,
Who lived upon the Nile
In a manner most becoming
To her own peculiar style.
And when she set to lamping
Marc Antony *et al*,
They were very easy pickings,
And they simply had to fall.
I would have made the world stare,
If I'd had the chance
To film fair Cleopatra
In her poison-adder dance.

"Now, that Borgia woman
Was no piker in her day:
She had a disconcerting
But a most efficient way
Of dealing with the problem
Of the uninvited guest—
A prussic acid salad,
And St. Peter did the rest.
If I had screened the doings
In her fascinating home,
I'd thrill the movie maniacs
From Capetown up to Nome.

"The fluff that foxed old Samson,
Delilah was her name,
Would have been a wonder
In the motion-picture game,
Starring in a big hit—
Get this electric flare:
Delilah in her latest,
'The Lyin' and the Hair.'
It nearly sets me weeping
To know I missed this frail,
The Bernhardt of the movies,
And the consequential kale."

MOVIE CHATTER

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

The screen show was splendid and promised a treat,
It swept me in fancy to tropical street;
But came a shrill voice from a neighboring seat—
"I hope you remembered to put out the cat."

I marked the screen star pleading strong
for her life,
Afar in the desert in love's fevered strife;
Right there came a whisper from somebody's wife—
"Her husband told mine that he left her quite flat."

Annoyed, I endeavored to follow the play,
And soon trailed the hero to lands far away.
A crisis approached and a voice that called
"Say—
Now what do you think that I heard about Joe?"

Small pleasure I got from the wonderful screen,
My interest distracted from source unforeseen,
And leaving, I prayed that the talkers, so mean,
Might lose their false teeth when they come to the show.



New Shoes Old Shoes Tight Shoes

all feel the same
if you shake into
them some

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing
Powder for the Feet

So Easy to Use

Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.



Rests the Feet

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Perspiration

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is only one formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. Destroys all bodily odors.
2. Checks perspiration without discomfort.
3. Absolutely harmless.
4. Actually benefits the skin.
5. Serves as a vanishing cream.
6. A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.

"WONDER"

is made from this secret formula, and the only one. You will use no other after once trying Wonder. Only 25 cents a tube, and one tube might save an expensive gown from being ruined by perspiration at the dance—also much embarrassment.



Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SELL US \$ YOUR SPARE TIME \$

We will train you to write show cards for us. No canvassing or soliciting; we supply you with steady work; distance no object; will pay you from \$15 to \$50 a week.

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NEW rope lariat with snap \$1.00
Army knapsack .75 up | Saddles \$6.50 up
LUGER pistol \$21.50 | Cal. 30 rifle \$16.50
Full set Army steel letters and figures, \$1.00.
15 acres army goods. Illustrated catalogue for 1922—372 pages—including full and highly interesting information (specially secured) of all World War small arms, mailed 50 cents. Circular 16 pages 10 cents. Established 1865.

FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS, 501 Broadway, N.Y.

**Cuticura Soap
Will Help You
Clear Your Skin**

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 121)

HELEN M. R.—Rubye de Remer's last picture was "The Unconquered Woman." Thanks for what you say. No, I can't tell you what's the matter with Pittsburgh, unless it's smoke. I've never been there. Art Acord is playing in a serial called "In the Days of Buffalo Bill."

I'LL GET 'EM YET.—You say you have no desire to enter pictures. Thanks to goodness for that! You should have a monument! Fannie Ward's latest is "The Hardest Way." Dolores Casinelli, Winifred Westover and Joe King, in "Anne of Little Smoky." Little Clara Horton is playing in "The Light in the Clearing."

WATTLE BLOSSOM.—Well, nothing makes old people who have been attractive more ridiculous than to forget that they are so no longer. You say you don't want to know about the private lives of your favorites, that you would rather think of them with a halo of mystery and romance about them. That's one reason I am against personal appearances. Yes, Marguerite Clayton had the lead in "Bride 13." Send a S. A. E. (stamped addressed envelope) for a list of correspondence clubs.

BETTY WOODLAWN.—Yes, and if I were you, I would stop him. Your letter was splendid. Of course you are invited. Send the picture.

BOB LOOKEMOVER.—So that's you, is it? And Marjorie Daw is your favorite. Eva Novak is playing opposite Tom Mix in "Around the World in Nothing Flat." Buck Jones and Eileen Percy, in "The Fast Mail."

OLIVEIRA.—Well, Confucius said—I knew him well—that our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. I attribute my vigorous old age to all the exercise I have had in this respect. I cannot tell you about the film conditions in South America. You say the films are very old when they come to Brazil, and some of them you have seen five years ago in the States. You must write me again.

PAT.—Certainly, I enjoyed your letter. I can stand anything, and I could usually stand Pat. You're the first I heard of who didn't care for "The Old Nest." Don't mind me in the least.

MRS. D. S. SEELBACK.—What a thought! Come in here some time and let me show you the stacks of letters I get. You say you would like to see Eugene O'Brien play opposite Katherine MacDonald in "When Ice Meets Ice." Blur-r-r-r-r! Marjorie Seaman played in Griffith's "Dream Street." No, I never play the ponies. If I did I would be played out by this time.

FIRST TIME.—So this is your *début*. Lillian Rich, opposite Harry Carey, in "Man to Man."

GIFT O' GAB.—Glad to meet you. Don't talk of what you are "going to do"—do it! Yes, that was Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt in "A Stampede Madonna." So you don't care for Frederick James Smith's criticisms. Well, up to now he was considered the ablest critic in America. But now, that you have appeared on the horizon, we shall have to readjust our calculations.

ALFRED J. W.—I never lost a conversational battle in my life. Once I fought a verbal draw, but my opponent drove home in a limousine, and I had to save strength to walk. Thanks, old man. I was glad to have that bit of news, but Edison and Thanhouser produced "Silas Marner" some years ago, and it has just been produced by a new company.



Edith Roberts, popular Paramount Film Star, favors Gardal Face Powder

WORDS cannot describe the wonderful, new fragrance—the soft, clinging quality—of Gardal Face Powder, so we are letting Gardal tell its own story in a dainty One-Week Sample. Request this free sample today. There's a fresh, clean puff with every box of

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Garda Toilet Requisites—and over 150 other Watkins Products—are delivered to the home by more than 5500 Watkins Dealers. The Watkins Dealer is a business person of integrity—it pays you to patronize him. He saves you time and money. He brings you real Watkins Products, known for quality throughout 54 years and used by more than 20 million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

One-Week Sample FREE!

Send today for liberal One-Week Sample of Gardal Face Powder perfumed with dainty new Gardal odor; also attractive booklet on beauty and Gardal products.

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Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

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Phyllis Haver, Lovely Comedy Star, uses and recommends Maybelline

Maybelline

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More than all else, well defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally long and luxuriant. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Unlike other preparations, will not spread or smear on the face. Perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two shades. Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured.

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By L. CASE RUSSELL

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FORTUNES GOING BEGGING

Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for stories can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.

A SHORT time ago a Montana housewife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity. It was thrust on her. She was literally hunted out by a photoplay corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

This single incident gives some idea of the desperate situation of the motion picture companies. With millions of capital to work with; with magnificent mechanical equipment, the industry is in danger of complete paralysis because the public demands better stories—and the number of people who can write those stories are only a handful. It is no longer a case of inviting new writers; the motion picture industry is literally reaching out in every direction. It offers to every intelligent man and woman—to you—the home test which revealed unsuspected talent in this Montana housewife. And it has a fortune to give you if you succeed.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has uncovered hidden photodramatists in all walks of life. With Malcolm McLean, formerly Professor of short story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the happy idea of adapting the tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

The results have been phenomenal. In the recent J. Parker Read, Jr., competition all three prizes amounting to \$5,000 were awarded to students of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conducting this search by means of the Van Loan Questionnaire.

The experiment has gone far enough to prove conclusively (1) that many people who do not at all suspect their ability can write scenarios; and that (2) this free questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

An evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

THESE are the leaders behind the search for screen writing talent. They form the Advisory Council of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

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The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to take the Van Loan Questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you directly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The questionnaire is free and your request for it incurs no obligation on your part.

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We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a

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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell how, but I can tell why. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or \$1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

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Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

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MAGAZINE

25 CTS

Gloria Swanson

FLORIAN



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ON the other hand we have a "Book of Menus" written by an eminent authority and illustrated by silver and china service from the most exclusive shop on the Avenue. This will be sent for twenty cents in stamps. Our address is on our package.

May She Invite Him Into the House?

THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems, that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time, betray themselves as uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and to-day those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant, cultured people, and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances? Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct

speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances.

The Famous "Book of Etiquette" in Two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write, and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner, one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.



Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it!

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send \$3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 785, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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(Please Write Plainly)

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How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?



Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre

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listed in order of release
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From the novel by Carl Figdor

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By A. E. Thomas and
Thomas Loudon

Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's
story

"The Laurels and the Lady"
Mary Miles Minter in
"The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson in
"The Green Temptation"
From the story, "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in
"Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Realart Production

"Find the Woman"
With Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by
Eugene Brieux

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by
George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"
Dorothy Dalton in
"The Crimson Challenge"
By Vingie E. Roe

Wanda Hawley in
"The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade"
With David Powell. From the
novel by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee,
Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"
Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"Val of Paradise"
By Vingie E. Roe

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"

In Production; two great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille's
"Manslaughter." From the
novel by Alice Duer Miller
George Melford's
"Burning Sands," from the
novel by Arthur Weigall
A man's answer to
Mrs. E. M. Hull's "The Sheik"

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXIII

MAY, 1922

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Gallery of Players.....	11
Portraits in gravure of Mildred Davis, Leatrice Joy, Betty Blythe, Mary MacLaren, Norma Talmadge, Sessue Hayakawa, James Morrison, Alice Brady, Estelle Taylor	
Springtime.....	20
Where Is My Wandering Plot Tonight?.....	Anita Loos 21
Speech of Gold.....	Harry Carr 22
Charlie Chaplin weaves the brilliant fabric—	
Tonsils and Terpsichore.....	Willis Goldbeck 24
And, incidentally, blythe Constance Talmadge	
Once Upon a Time.....	26
My Lady's Slipper.....	27
Sans Mask.....	Adele Whitely Fletcher 28
Eric von Stroheim talks—	
Caught On the Boulevard.....	Truman B. Handy 30
The tale of a pair of silk stockings and Helen Ferguson	
On the "Lot".....	Homer Croy 32
A discourse on the motion picture studio	
Tut! Tut!! Tut!!!.....	34
Midnight.....	Janet Reid 35
The Perfect Lover.....	Willis Goldbeck 40
Who else, of course, but Rudolph Valentino	
The Vampire.....	Helen Carlisle 42
Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman	
Señorita Mae.....	43
Constance: The Brute-Breaker.....	Kenneth Curly 44
As In Days Beyond Recall.....	46
We Interview the Two Orphans.....	Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher 47
Flavored With Tartar.....	Truman B. Handy 50
Anent Theodore Kosloff	
The Doll's House.....	Norman Bruce 52
That's Out.....	Tamar Lane 57
On Friday the 13th.....	Gordon Gassaway 58
George Hackathorne is not superstitious	
The Juvenile Critic.....	Dorothy Whitehill 60
Smiling Eyes.....	Corliss Palmer 61
Love—and the Ancients.....	62
Watch Your Step.....	Peter Andrews 63
Remembering Other Easter Days.....	68
Dorothy DeVore illustrates the evolution of the Easter bonnet	
The Idealist Speaks.....	Kenneth Curly 70
An interview with Bessie Love	
The Holubars, Incorporated.....	71
Across the Silversheet.....	Adele Whitely Fletcher 72
Doing As the Movies Do.....	Gordon Gassaway 74
On the Camera Coast.....	Edwin Schallert 76

\$500.00 "EMPTY ARMS" PRIZE CONTEST

THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

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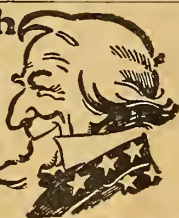
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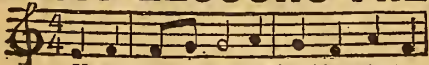
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Apollo.—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with the French Revolution as the background. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have the leading rôles. This is Griffith at his best and the photoplay is well worth viewing.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little *gamin* of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont.—"The S. S. Tenacity." A pleasant production of a tender and appealing French drama by Charles Vil-droc. Well played and admirably staged by Robert Edmond Jones.

Broadhurst.—"Marjolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker's romantic Georgian comedy, "Pomander Walk." An above-the-average, intelligent offering with able lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the hit of the piece, altho Lennox Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured rôles.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Century.—"The Chocolate Soldier." An attractive revival of the delightful comic opera, with Donald Brian and Tessa Kosta featured.

Cohan's.—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical concoction in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier. Out of the indifferent supporting cast stand the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese maids.

Eltinge.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

Garrick.—"He Who Gets Slapped." The Theatre Guild's interesting production of the Andreyev tragedy of a circus clown, told with all the haunting overtones of the Russians.

Harris.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

Jolson's.—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Klaw.—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and his love for a luxurious product of Paris. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasant things of the season.

Music Hall.—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Rolanda. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best

variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"The Deluge." An interesting revival of the Henning Berger drama, depicting the reactions of impending death on a number of people imprisoned by a flood.

Republic.—"Lawful Larceny." A conventional melodrama by Samuel Shipman, with a cast including Margaret Lawrence, Allan Dinehart, Lowell Sherman and Gail Kane.

Selwyn.—"The Blue Kitten." An exceedingly mild musical entertainment intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in dramatic suspense.

Times Square Theater.—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement." An imported English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the resultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katherine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

Vanderbilt.—"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

ON TOUR

"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Atkins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic impor-

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tation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Don't miss "The Circle."

"The Greenwich Village Follies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

"The Claw," with Lionel Barrymore. A Parisian importation, dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

"Liliom," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Well worth seeing.

"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn.

"Back Pay," with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

"Nice People," Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

"The Merry Widow." A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehár operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking.

"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

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| ..Headache | ..Stomach | ..Weakness |
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New Discovery Explains Why Hair Turns Gray

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram.)

Gray Hair Not Always a Sign of Age

Gray hair, which is regarded by many as an indication of approaching age, is simply due to the absence or loss of pigment in the cells. That explains why one woman may be gray at thirty, while another retains the lustrous color of her hair until extreme old age.

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age or by shock, worry or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair. The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color, and unless this condition is corrected, the hair will soon become entirely gray.

The Only Way Color Can Be Restored

If only one hair in your head is gray, it is a danger signal. The cells of pigmentation need nourishment and stimulation. If the hair is streaked with gray, instant action is necessary, otherwise the hair will lose all its color. If the hair is entirely or almost entirely gray, there is only one way to restore it to its natural color—and that is by stimulating the cells of pigmentation so that they function properly and supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

The ordinary hair "restorer" is a dye or tint that merely colors the gray hair artificially. It makes the hair coarse and brittle, and artificial color gradually wears away. But Tru-Tone actually strengthens and nourishes the pigment cells so that

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Tru-Tone is not a dye, or a stain, or a tint. It does not act on the hair at all, but on the tiny pigment cells that supply the hair with color. These cells can supply the hair with only one color—and that is the natural color. If your hair was auburn originally, Tru-Tone will restore it to its true auburn color. If it was blond, or brown or black, Tru-Tone will restore it to the exact shade and lustre it had in youth.

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Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color



The hair shaft (A) springs from a tube-like depression in the scalp called a follicle (E). The bulb (F) rests on a tiny tip of tissue called the papilla (H). The color of the hair is due to a pigment given off at the tip of this papilla. When sickness, worry or shock interferes with this pigment supply the hair blanches. To restore it to its natural color the pigment supply must be restored through a natural process. In the diagram B is the root, C the oil gland, D the root sheath and G the fat cells. Study the diagram and you will see for yourself why there is only one scientific way to restore the color of hair.



*In her face—the charm
he seeks to find*

Nothing quite effaces that momentary disappointment

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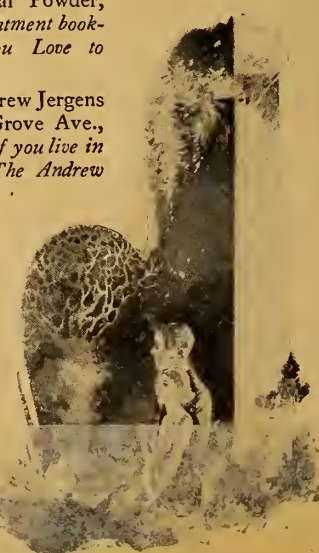
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Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Motion Picture Magazine

MILDRED DAVIS

Mildred Davis is undoubtedly a throw-back to some gay ancestor. Her recent ancestors were Quakers. Just a few years ago, as a matter of fact, Mildred was a demure pupil at the Philadelphia School of Friends. It is a far hail from Quaker Town to the rollicking comedies of Harold Lloyd with whom she has just signed another contract



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

LEATRICE JOY

Leatrice Joy is also Mrs. Jack Gilbert. However, this is still something of a news item. Nevertheless, she will continue to be a silken creature in the luxurious dramas of Cecil B. deMille. "Manslaughter" will be the next production



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

BETTY BLYTHE

Betty Blythe, vividly remembered as the regal Queen of Sheba, will endow the title rôle of the Rex Beach romance, "Fair Lady" with the color and charm always at her disposal. In sooth, she is queenly . . .



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

MARY MacLAREN

Mary MacLaren will act as a foil for the débonair Wally Reid in his forthcoming "Across the Continent." Mary has become one of the most sought-after leading ladies on the Pacific coast



Photograph © by Melbourne Spurr

NORMA TALMADGE

Norma Talmadge is wearing heavy brocades with long trains and sweeping plumes these days. She is creating the title rôle in the Balzac novel of the 18th century, "The Duchess of Langeais"



Photograph by Ichiro E. Hori

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

The distant East—romance, mystery and exotic color! This, Sessue Hayakawa of the ivory-tinted skin and almond eyes has brought to the silver-cloth. And, at the same time, he has created innumerable worthy rôles



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

JAMES MORRISON

"Shattered Idols" brings James Morrison a characterization different from the sort of thing he has been wont to do. It is, for example, unlike the title rôle in "The Little Minister" and the other earnest youths he has given to the shadows



Photograph by Royal Atelier

ALICE BRADY

For months Alice Brady has not reported at the studios. After a sojourn abroad she opened in her new play, "Drifting," which kept her occupied during the winter season. Now, however, she has entrained for California where she will resume her work before the camera



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

ESTELLE TAYLOR

The photographer has caught an Old World lure in this portrait of Estelle Taylor. At present Miss Taylor is at the Fox western studios where she is creating the leading feminine rôle in "The Count of Monte Cristo"



Springtime

A Camera Study of Bessie Love in
"The Vermilion Pencil"

Where Is My Wandering Plot Tonight?

By

ANITA LOOS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In this article, Miss Loos tells of the progress made in scenario technique during the last few years, and explains just where the photoplay is heading, if anywhere.*

EVERY once in a while some of us who have wiled away the golden years a-writing of scenarios have occasion to look back over an old script—perhaps in the hope of plagiarizing a few of our own ideas. Those are sad, sweet moments, partaking of the reminiscent mood which surrounds the reading of faded love-letters or a dinner with an old flame five years after he has been happily married.

The sprightly "scenario technique" of five years ago has wandered far from the old homestead of Biograph-Vitagraph-Triangle lots. No longer does it boast the blushing innocence of the Pollyanna comedy, but, instead, exhibits a brazen sophistication and is, at times, only restrained by the censors from actually speaking out and telling some truth about life.

The fact of the matter is that the movie scenario has become a regular stage-door Johnny. More and more, it is hanging about the legitimate stage, watching the ways of the spoken drama, and learning more therefrom than could be discovered in a lifetime of California sunshine. For playwriting is an art as old as the race itself and knows of more things than are dreamed of in the celluloid belt.

Let us be specific. In the first place, the movies are rapidly reducing the number of sequences, that is, the episodes which take the place of the acts of the legitimate play, and which begin and end with a "fade" effect, just as the act begins and ends with the raising or lowering of the curtain. In the old days, there were as many as thirty or forty of these sequences, just as in the Elizabethan plays there were dozens of scenes. But the modern stage play has reduced these scattered scenes to the three- or four-act form; and the best movies of this year confine their sequences to a total of, say, sixteen or seventeen. Only in the foreign-made pictures do we still find that technique which is usually designated as "jumpy," and put down to bad cutting, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is due to an over-supply of sequences in the original scenario.

No one can ever be sure whether a development of this sort is good or bad, because, as soon as you are convinced that the modern tendency is right, some chap is sure to come along and, using the old

technique, produce a masterpiece. However, it seems to me that the old theory that audiences liked to see as many different locations as possible for their money is all wrong. Audiences like to see a good story, told as simply as possible—and that means a reduced number of sequences.

Again, the theory of simplified scenery, developed on the legitimate stage, is at work in the movies. No longer do the best producers insist that the story be subordinate to gorgeous settings. Instead, the problem is to write the best possible photoplay, regardless of how much or how little money is spent on scenery.

Character development is another fundamental of legitimate playwriting which has been taken over by the movies. The old-fashioned scenario spent little or no time introducing characters; look at the next foreign film that comes your way and you will see what I mean. But today a great part of the picture is devoted to building up personalities for each of the story people and to creating a subjective interest—on the part of the audience—in them.

There are many other ways in which the play is molding the photoplay—just as the movies, in their turn, are exerting an influence on the stage. The foreign films, too, have made their influence felt, especially in the matter of popularizing historical stories and imaginative settings. Lastly, that change in national viewpoint—the reaction from Victorian sentiment toward Continental realism—which is sweeping over post-war America—is making itself slowly felt thru such pictures as "Miss Lulu Bett," "Main Street," or the greater part of "Foolish Wives." Particularly in the title writing field is this true. Where are the old rhetorical joy-rides, the high-flung phrases and stilted speeches which once filled our scenarios? Gone, we hope, like the well-known snows of yesterday. Instead, we find that title writers who have nothing to say are saying it in three words instead of thirty.

No one knows what road the photoplay will take tomorrow—whether it will devote itself to story-telling or, as some critics think, to pictures. But this much is certain: It will be nearer, in some undiscovered manner, to legitimate play technique than anything we have today, simpler in form, and, in viewpoint, as near to truth as the censors will let us come.

Speech of Gold



Charlie Chaplin is a golden talker. He talks—and you forget the comic “trick” shoes, you forget the little mousy adornment of his upper lip. You know only that somebody has taken the world away and you are alone—out in a scintillating snow-storm of brilliant ideas. You feel as tho you were being pelted with subtleties

HANGING over the edge of a scaffolding, midway between me and the blue California sky, were the two most famous feet in the world.

Charlie Chaplin was directing a new comedy, and his far-famed and eloquent extremities were expressive of his emotion.

Brother Syd, his fastidiousness smothered in plasterers' overalls with a broken Billycock hat on his head, was sitting curled up in an iron wheel-barrow looking up at Charlie with very much the same affectionate look that you see on the face of an admiring little dog squatting down to watch a Saint Bernard.

On another scaffold, perilously hugging the edge of a new brick building sat Mack Swain heavily engaged in being funny. If there is any forlorn, desolate, heart-rending picture of woe and agony, it is a scared fat man

tettering on a dizzy roost and trying to be gay and jpyous.

Mack was supposed to be eating a comic tin-pail dinner that kept mysteriously disappearing. Charlie kept telling him it was funny, but Mack did not seem to be convinced. When he grabbed for the fugitive sausage, Charlie politely shrieked with glee and wiggled his feet over the edge of the platform in an ecstasy of merriment, but Mack only looked at him reproachfully and sighed heavily. Down in the wheel-barrow, Syd chortled loyally like an amiable echo.

Edna Purviance was sitting on the airial plank next to Mack Swain. She was sitting on her feet; one of them had gone to sleep and she was afraid to budge. When the audience laughed and the illustrious feet wiggled by way of applause, Edna smiled a wan, scared smile.

Charlie was determined they were going to do it in the proper spirit of joy, but it was the distinguished feet and Syd who seemed to get most hilarity out of Mack and his disappearing lunch.

“Mack, you move around too much, you want to make it more subtle. You see, you dont know what on earth became of that hot dog and it bewilders you.”

“Yeh, but Charlie,” remonstrated Mack, looking with a shudder down over the edge of the scaffold, “when I get funny I have to do it with my hands and my face—everything.”

Charlie's feet suddenly vanished. The next thing I saw he was sitting up on the scaffold with his hat cocked down over his eyes and his feet stuck out in front of him.

“This is how you want to do it, Mack,” he said. “See, like this. It's

lot funnier, Mack, if you just sit still and let it get over with your thoughts. Just try it, Mack; it'd be funny.”

Mack had relaxed into gloom. Someone joggled the scaffold and he gave a wild look of alarm, then sank into fat despair again.

“Get him a new sausage,” said Charlie with vivacious cordiality. But Mack declined to be moved to exuberance by a new sausage. Out of the depth of his dejection he said he would get along with the old sausage. And so the comedy went on with Charlie bubbling with gleeful encouragement and Syd echoing from the wheel-barrow; and Mack Swain and his sorrow—fat and forlorn on the scaffold. Presently the winter sunshine began to fade, and to his unspeakable relief they let Mack come hobbling stiffly down from the scaffold. One of his legs was asleep and he was bursting with “prop” sausage, but his soul was at peace.

Then the famous feet disappeared from the rim of the scaffold and Charlie came down and we talked.

We talked of many things. We may have omitted the sealing-wax and the cabbages; but we touched upon the ships and shoes and kings.

By
HARRY CARR

Charlie Chaplin is a golden talker. He talks—and you forget the comic “trick” shoes—you forget the little mousy adornment of his upper lip. You only know that somebody has taken the world away and you are alone—out in a scintillating snow-storm of brilliant ideas. You feel as tho you were being pelted with subtleties.

He isn't funny in the general acceptance of that word. If he had been “funny,” one of the two of us wouldn't be here to tell about it. I am a patient man, but I have sat for the last time with a frozen smile on my face and a desolate ache of utter boredom in my heart listening to someone be “witty.” The next one dies like a dog. Charlie Chaplin is too profound and thoughtful to make funny tricks with words.

We talked about Europe. He said he was glad to go there and glad to leave.

“It is a sad place to see,” he said. “It is like having some saddened old woman show you the pictures of herself when she was a belle in the pride and glory of her youth. Europe is as sad as an old ball-room with the candles burned out and the whispering spirits of dancers who are gone.

“I was glad to see it, but I was glad to come away. Europe will never be the same again.”

I was curious to know how the big crowds that received him in Europe had affected Charlie.

It has always struck me as one of the most dramatic incidents of this generation—how this frail boy had left crushing and agonizing poverty in London and returned to

We talked about Europe. “It is a sad place to see,” said Charlie Chaplin. “It is like having some saddened old woman show you pictures of herself when she was a belle in the pride and glory of her youth. Europe is as sad as an old ball-room with the candles burned out and the whispering spirits of the dancers who are gone.” At the right, Mr. Chaplin, in “The Idle Class,” and below, rehearsing a scene from behind the camera



be received like a Roman conqueror—to be received as few kings have ever been received.

When you come right down to it, no king that the world has ever known has held the place that Chaplin has. He is an intimate part of the lives of more people than were in the world at the time when the greatest kings of history were flourishing.

A king really means nothing to his subjects—just a far-off, half mythical figure that the average subject never sees but once or twice in a lifetime. To his millions of subjects Charlie Chaplin is a part of the family—just as real as the kitchen stove or sister Mary's beau—someone to be copied and quoted—and loved. They love him for his wealth and for the memory of his poverty. And such bitter poverty.

I remember being at a party in Los Angeles when a woman was talking to Chaplin about poverty.

(Continued on page 100)

Tonsils and Terpsichore

her brown eyes, the whiteness of her slim throat, lending added charm to the familiar contrasts of her screen person. Otherwise she is exactly as we all know her, slender, graceful, with potentialities for folly.

There is, tho, no naïveté. She is quite calm, quite cool. There is no sign of impulse, no particular enthusiasm. There was

one spark of it, when I mentioned another interviewer.

Clearly, when Constance is not interested, she is not interested. But I imagine that when she is interested, she's darned interested — and interesting — a piquant sort

"Oh, yes!" Constance exclaimed. "I like her. She never interviews me. She just drinks tea and consumes sandwiches."

Photograph (below) by Puffer, N. Y.



WHAT to write about Constance? That she sat on the desk in the publicity office and talked about tonsils?

That the California mud oozed and sucked outside; a brown sea of muck viewed thru the window, with Alla Nazimova momentarily framed therein as she splashed by in a rakish roadster, a liveried chauffeur erect by her side?

That Constance, in a brown fur-collared wrap clinging limply to her figure, was slim? And rather suave? And unquestionably pretty?

That she murmured bored, polite anathemas against the weather, which, as I have said, was wet?

That she opened the fur collar of her clinging brown wrap to show me the approximate latitude and longitude of the aforementioned and wearisome tonsil in her slender white throat?

And more?

It was true, all of it. In the United Studios, the gigantic picture factory bought recently by Norma Talmadge's husband that his two beautiful stars might have a worthy place to emote and temporize, in a bare little office, I straddled a chair and Constance perched upon a desk.

She is quite charming to look upon, the skilled coloring of her face, the keenness of

By
WILLIS
GOLDBECK

And Europe! Ah, yes, Europe! Constance rocked in her approval, swinging a pair of trim silken ankles. She would go back one day.

And ever in the background hovered Maurice, the dancer, who is gyrating at the Ambassador Hotel these days, more often than not with the fair Constance upon, within his arms. In spats and penciled serge and a singular aspect of gloom he hovered. Between tonsils and Terpsichore the interview—but no matter.

She had just done one picture since coming to Hollywood, "The Divorcée."

"Not quite so frivolous as my average," said Constance. "Frivolous enough. I suppose I shall go on making the same sort of picture forever."

She lives with Buster Keaton and sister Natalie, whom Buster took to wife not long since.

"We are going to have a child," explained Constance. "That is," she added hurriedly. "Natalie is, in the spring. The

men, Buster and Mr. Schenck, want a boy. The women, Mother and Norma and I, hope it'll be a girl. Boys are so darn fresh when they get about this high."

She illustrated.

"And girls are so darn knowing," I replied loftily. "And *they* never get over it."

"Let's fight," said Constance.

We laughed, of course.

"But anyway," Constance went on firmly, "girls are better because you can dress 'em up in bows and pink ribbons and things."

"And do you want to have a baby, too?" I demanded recklessly.

"Huh?" said Constance glancing widely at me and then up at the ceiling. She twisted around on the desk and said, "Well——" and "Why——" and one or two other things before she finally shook her head firmly and declared, "I'm not being married just now. How could I?"

"I thought——" I began.



Photograph © by Spurr, L. A.

"Yes, of course," she said hastily, "but think of Natalie! I'm going to get all the excitement of having Natalie's. She's got trunks and trunks of clothes for it already. It'll be the only baby in the family. Wont it be the most spoiled child you ever knew?"

"Maybe it'll be two," said I.

"Heavens!" said Constance.

California, that is to say Los Angeles (ask any Los Angeliar if you dont believe me), met Constance at the station with a "Welcome Home" sign, a brass band, the fire department and delegates from the Chamber of Commerce, each bearing a monstrous prune labeled "Burbank's latest, Burbank's greatest"—or so I heard. Constance smiled sweetly, christened the fire department's

(Continued on page 98)

She is quite charming to look upon, the skilled coloring of her face, the keenness of her brown eyes, the whiteness of her slim throat, lending added charm to the familiar contrasts of her screen person. Otherwise she is exactly as we all know her, slender, graceful, with potentialities for folly



All photographs by Clarence S. Bull

Once Upon a Time --



"The Whims of the Gods," the new Goldwyn production, is a story within a story. The principal tale is pictured upon the screen as the children to whom it is being told visualize it. Herewith are three scenes, delicately touched with the whimsy and poetry of a child's imagery





Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

My Lady's Slipper

A new camera study of Betty Compson, the charming cinema star

Sans Mask



luncheon delectable, yet secondary to the interest of what he had to tell us.

"Regarding 'Foolish Wives,'" he said, "I feel too much. It is short sighted to place your every hope in any single thing. One blow and what happens? You are spiritually bankrupt. I placed my every hope in that picture. For over a year I have known nothing else. Then the cutting of it, the finishing touch, was taken from me and given to another. And so you see me sit here with bent shoulders and lowered head."

There was a moment of silence. We realized the man at our side was earnest, worthy, striving to create things and believing in the appreciation of his public.

From the stringed orchestra came faintly the strains of "Tales from Hoffman"—

Eric von Stroheim raised his head and his voice besought understanding.

"It was not immoral, my picture. I have known Monte Carlo. I have lived there. I passed it on to the best of my ability. I have also known decadent nobles and adventurers. I portrayed them as they are. To take truths and gild them until they are not to be recognized—to give your audiences

WE expected Eric von Stroheim to be cynical and he was believing—

We expected him to be intolerant and he was tolerant—

We expected him to be superficial and he was vital—

We expected him to be arrogant and he was humble—

It may be, of course, that what we have read of him and heard of him in professional circles—that which formulated our expectations—was formerly true. It may be. Then the grief and humility he has known because of his picture, "Foolish Wives," have robbed him of his mask.

It was at luncheon we talked with him—at a luncheon lasting thru the hours from one to four, a

"Nor has my physiognomy helped me in proving my right to any success in this country," said Eric von Stroheim. "I believed in 'Foolish Wives.' With it I hoped to prove, first of all, my right to any success I may have won. And then to prove myself." Above and at the right, two camera studies



By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

false impressions—surely that is not art. In my story I wanted to tell how the American man is the only man for the American woman, even tho she may be temporarily fascinated by the supersophistication of the Continental man. But now 'Foolish Wives' doesn't do that. Entire episodes have been omitted. Scenes I would have discarded have been permitted to remain. The American envoy whom I conceived as a good sort is now a boor!"

"And how did it come to pass," we asked him, "that you placed all your hopes in this picture? There was some reason, surely!"

"There was."

He bowed affirmation. Militarism was manifest in the inclination of his closely cropped head.

"I have many enemies. I have more enemies than it is pleasant to have. You see? Whatever I may have achieved in the past has not shown them my ambition to make worth-while pictures. It has not proved to them my desire to fulfil the faith which has been placed in me."

There was a faint smile in his brown eyes—a hurt smile perhaps.

"Nor has my physiognomy helped me in proving my right to any success in this country. I believe in 'Foolish Wives.' With it I hoped to prove, first of all, my right to any success I may have won and then to prove myself. Now I know that to be futile. There is nothing left for me but to go into the country where I hope to recover health and enthusiasm."

That his vitality has been broken thru his concern in this instance is evident. With him it is not where half gods go—— If anything, he is an extremist.

Apropos of the title of the picture, we asked him if he thought wives were often foolish, pretty; creatures with parasitic tendencies.

"Unless a woman is made from fine stuff, very fine indeed, she is, sooner or later, a victim of the very system of which she is a part," he told us. His relief in talking of something else was evident. "And if it is particularly true of American women, then it is because what I have to say is particularly true of American husbands."

"What inevitably happens? When a man and woman marry and they are of any means, she is relieved of responsibility. She has servants. Her husband adores her. He does everything but actually place her upon a throne and worship at her feet. He gives her whatever she desires in so far as it is within his power. The woman next door has a red coat. She must have a milk coat. So it goes.



Photograph by Freulich

Eric von Stroheim has known the gay and brilliant courts of Europe. And he has known poverty and destitution and scorn in New York. He has imagination and color and vital beliefs—all of them things which the shadow-drama needs. Above, a portrait in the character of the Count in "Foolish Wives"

comes a chasmatic difference in their interests. He bores her.

(Continued on page 88)



Caught on the Boulevard

As it was, I stumbled in upon the scene of Helen having a terrible time to get a couple of incense cubes lighted—the scene of a disgruntled young woman very much upset, because I had caught her in the act of trying to fool me.

Kingdoms have been wrecked, church dynasties destroyed, because incense wouldn't light. Both Miss Ferguson and I burned our fingers trying to set ours on fire. I swore, but Helen, being a lady, said she knew all the words but wouldn't use them. And finally we gave up the attempt.

It was one of those peculiar California afternoons when the out-of-doors air is warmer than the interior of a house.

Helen Ferguson doesn't want to be a star. "Any day in the week," she declared, "I would rather play in a first-rate all-star cast, where you really have a *chance* to act, than to star in a picture where the supporting cast is bad"

That and the fact that Miss Ferguson needed the aforementioned silken hose gave us an idea.

Her own car was in the repair shop. Cars usually are when you

All photographs by Hoover, L. A.

BLAME it all on a pair of sheer silk stockings. If Helen Ferguson hadn't been going to a party; if she hadn't been needful of a new variety of hose, this particular interviewal incident would, perhaps, never have taken place.

But, as it is, both she and I had to withstand the embarrassment of seeing all our filmdom friends and otherwise whiz by us down Hollywood Boulevard in well-powered cars while we almost tearfully sat in front of a garage and waited for a slow-moving Swedish gentleman to fix a punctured tire.

Miss Ferguson is a sweet-natured girl. Apparently nothing can ruffle her. At least, such things as punctured tires and automobiles-that-wont-run are nothing in her young life. She is a motorist first, a film actress second.

In fact, she was setting the stage for this story when I arrived at her bungalow—one of those fashionable court affairs whose very tininess makes you wonder where one can find room for the folding-beds and all that. *La belle Helen* likes incense—for interviewal purposes. Never should I have known this if I hadn't gotten there too quickly. I was fifteen minutes early for my appointment with her. Otherwise I should have witnessed the picture of a grand leading lady very much surrounded by starrish atmosphere.



By TRUMAN B.
HANDY

want them. But a friend had loaned her one of motordom's aristocrats as a substitute. It was a big, bulky thing, resplendent in a coat of bright, new red paint. But that was all. It had a terrible motor—and I almost had a chance to hear Helen use a few of the w.k. cuss words before she could get it started.

We started down the boulevard snobishly. Other less-important cars got out of our way when they saw us coming. We passed Tom Mix, who nearly broke his neck to look at the gas buggy. Whereupon Helen admitted that this one look of envy was worth all the trouble she'd ever had to get the thing started.

In front of a hosiery emporium we stopped and waited. A carful of giddy girls passed, and the occupants eyed us covetously. We waited—and waited—for the delivery of the stockings. More motorists passed and all of them gave us the heavy once-over. And then the stockings arrived, we started back up the boulevard toward home and the cocoa Helen's mother was making for us, when, lo, a look of anguish crossed the fair Ferguson face.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, worried-like.

Miss Ferguson groaned. The terrible truth had made itself known. "Puncture!" she affirmed cryptically—and we made for the curb.

But, a block up the street was located the garage kept by the before-told slow-moving Swedish gentleman and his sons. Somehow or other, we got there, got the garageman out of his erstwhile lethargy, got him interested in our case. He sagely suggested that we use one of the spare tires on the rack back of the tonneau.

"Great!" said Helen—and fished for the key to unlock the tire rack's padlock.

But—she had lost it!

"I'll have to buy a new tube!" she almost wailed. "For this car it'll cost a million."

"No, six dollars," came in deliberate tones from the Swede's eldest son.



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

But Helen is resourceful. You have to be to get ahead in the movies.

"I'm an actress," she vouchsafed. "Cant I get professional rates? I'll give you my photograph for your show window."

The stolid Swede and his husky offspring gaped, open-mouthed. Personally, I thought that everybody in Hollywood is used to the sight of screen people *ad lib*. Evidently, the garageman's Minnesota breeding, however, proclaimed him a different sort. For a full minute he and his sons cogitated. Tried to make up their minds as to *who* the young lady might be.

(Continued on page 89)

But, withal, she would never be taken for a typical motion picture actress. Frankly, amusingly, she tells of her former experiences as a stenographer in a Chicago business office. She was too pretty to stay there. The films got her

On the "Lot"

A Story of What You Would See at a Motion Picture Studio



a man ever to become a drawing-room favorite.

If you have a friend in a position of authority around the studio, you get the desired pass and all is well. But if you haven't, you had just as well travel on. Motion picture people are not anxious to show their secrets.

You pass into the "lot." It is a big open space filled with all the contraptions of a picture plant—wagons, trucks, a chariot from the last Roman picture, rented furniture being unloaded; a man in shirt sleeves carrying a bowl of goldfish, a mother sitting on an orange crate nursing a baby, a man in evening clothes playing solitaire on the top of a barrel. People are coming and going; some seem to have all the time in the world, others are rushing around furiously. A circus moved into a mad-house. The most impossible things go on with no one giving them the slightest heed. A man is getting into a diving suit under a cherry tree; a girl in a shimmering ball-room gown is laughing and talking to a bum—and later you hear that they are engaged. A girl is smoking a cigar—then you find that it is a boy prepared to "double" for a girl. A man in puttees is teaching a boy and girl a dance step.

The first thing which greets you on visiting a studio is a high board fence. There is no welcome sign in sight, for, be it known, visitors are not wanted. At the left, a corner of the property room. A Zulu would think he was in heaven. Below, peeping in the back door on the filming of a scene

A Parisian apache in a sweater is sitting propped up against a stage brace reading Wells's "Outline of History." The big gate flies open and a truck comes clattering in with a load of lambs—"property" for the next set. But no



THE first thing which greets you on visiting a studio is a high board fence. There is no welcome sign in sight, for, be it known, visitors are not wanted.

You go up to a door where a guard sits on a box reading a crumpled newspaper. As he looks you over carefully and analytically, he knocks the ashes out of his pipe. "Extras, second door down."

"I—I just want to look around the studio," you hesitate.

"Got a pass?"

You haven't.

"You got to have one to get in here," he says, turning to the crumpled-up newspaper. Unless you have the desired slip, the conversation is closed. He is not

By
HOMER CROY

one pays any attention to it—it is all part of the daily madhouse that goes on behind the walls of every motion picture plant.

Outside in the long waiting-room is a crowd of people sitting on benches; some yawning, some talking, some staring moodily into space—some



Such glorious confusion. Extras in dress suits with startling and unnatural eyebrows; lounging on boxes, sitting on stairways, yawning and gossiping. Every available chair is taken—all except one. It is a folding chair with arms. Across the top is the star's name. Above, the filming of a scene in "Foolish Wives." If you look carefully, you will see the man with the music. At the left, the little sign that brings sorrow to so many hoping hearts. Below: It would be a terrible blow to a banana to know that a studio could turn out an imitation that an audience couldn't tell from the genuine

couraged, forlorn, for there is no harder, more bitter life than that of an extra haunting the studios hoping for some small part. There are young ones who come with hope in their eyes, dreaming of the days when they will be stars, drawing up in their own cars instead of having to carry a surreptitious dust-rag for their shoes; there are old actors who go monotonously over and over their days of glory, now faded and dim, in which no one takes any interest. But they think if they could just see the director a moment . . .

All manner of schemes they use to get a word with him:

Smiles at the desk clerk,
candy for the telephone girl, tears

(Continued
on page 90)

young, some old, some are pretty girls with their mothers hanging anxiously over them, some are boy scouts in uniforms with their fathers aching for a chance to tell what good actors they are. But when the door leading to the "lot" opens, the buzz of conversation stops; eagerly they peer at the men entering, for they are "extras" waiting for the casting director to come in. Morning after morning they appear at the studios hoping there will be "work," and day after day they go away dis-





Tut! Tut!! Tut!!!

Maclyn Arbuckle in "The Prodigal Judge"

Midnight

Novelized by
JANET REID

WITHERBEE MORRIS blamed himself for the whole affair. What had people always told him? Why, that if he brought the girl up himself and read her poetry and fairy-tales and took her to cruise on the Caribbean and the Mediterranean, she would grow up to believe that the world was truly fairy-land; that there were no North Seas, nor wintry gales and that wands made magic of despair.

He blamed only himself. Of course, the child had not been able to read George Potter correctly. How could she? All she had seen was his handsome face, his rather good position, the fact that other, older women were "running after" him. Then, when he turned to her, with a sweep of ardor she had never experienced, her poor little heart fluttered like a bird distraught and she thought her wild disturbance must be love.

If only her mother had lived—or if only he, Witherbee Morris, had not been such an old fool. It didn't pay, he saw that now, to incase a Snow White in a crystal case and permit her to look at the world only thru prismatic colors—the world and men.

Witherbee Morris thought he should never forget her face on that ugly morning.

He had waked rather later than usual to find her gone. At once, it must have been instinct, he had thought of George Potter. That was because Potter had come into their theater box the night before. He was always somewhere in the paradoxically near offing. But that last night he had seemed very intimate with Edna. He had

From the photoplay produced by Realart Pictures Corp., based on the story by Harvey Thew. Copyright 1922, by the Realart Pictures Corp. All rights reserved.

he knew, had seemed disturbed. The little, cool tranquillity of her manner had been tempest-ruffled. But Witherbee Morris had not felt seriously disturbed. He had not thought that Edna liked George Potter and that therefore the danger was negligible. He should have known that it wasn't a question of a particularized liking. It was just . . . oh, cosmic. It was just that George Potter was young—black or white, he was still young—and she was young and it was spring and all

along the park and the border of the walks the starry crocuses were pushing toward the sun, regardless of whether they were trampled under heel or left to live . . . Edna had been like one of these.

Before he had dressed, two detectives had come to his room and informed him that George Potter was guilty of a serious defalcation, that they had absolute evidence and that they were then hot on his trail. Would Ambassador Morris accompany them?

Ambassador Morris would. Fear had stabbed at him again. What was Potter up to? He had been afraid of the young man for the past month and yet Potter had come so highly recommended; his family were so substantial—the Ambassador had found it hard to believe even the evidence of his own best judgment. He shook his head as he followed the officers into their waiting car. He would resign, he thought. He was getting too old; getting sentimental. His cold, hard perspective was





"Oh, but, Daddy," Edna followed him from the breakfast-room, and perched on the arm of his chair in the library, "you see it is to be immediate, because Jack and I are both set on October"

which Edna, his Edna, and George Potter were just issuing.

Edna saw him and her eyes widened. George Potter saw him and smiled. The smile was bad to see.

Ambassador Morris stepped from the car, accompanied by the two detectives.

"What does this mean, Potter?" he said. But he knew. Of course.

"It means, sir, that I am your son-in-law," young Potter said, in an arrogant voice.

"No son-in-law of mine," the Ambassador said, "but that, just now, is neither here nor there. Do you know what these men are here for?"

"I can guess."

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, Mr. Morris," young Potter faced the older man with a gathering of all his bravado; "you will hardly see your—your daughter's husband—in jail."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Potter," the Ambassador said, "the matter is entirely out of my hands. Officers, do your work."

But apparently Potter had planned for this con-

dimming, blurring. Youth wore a halo around its head these days. He didn't see it straight. Didn't even see it when it erred.

Then they turned a sharp corner and came to the church, from the doors of

Philadelphia, was to be occupied again for the first time in many years.

Witherbee Morris had been born there, his mother and father had died there, he had brought his bride there, his baby had been born there, and then his wife had died there. Memories had crowded pretty heavily and Witherbee Morris, with his entrance into active public life, had closed the old place up, and he and his daughter had lived wherever his diplomatic duties carried him.

Now he was coming back again. He had written the old housekeeper that they would be very quiet; she would not need a large ménage.

After all, those memories were sweet. And he was very tired. He and Edna had traveled for eighteen months and she had agreed with him when he said that he thought it would be nice to "go home." She had known, too, what he meant by "home."

"We'll forget, dear," Witherbee Morris had said; "and try to keep any scandal from the old name. You're young and I'm old—and we'll forget."

Edna had smiled and nodded, but deep in the sore recesses of her heart she had thought that she never could. Not the Riviera, nor the chaste Alps, nor Paris, not even Sicily, had been able to quite take from her the acrid taste of that morning, the look on George Potter's face, the thought of his body, "never recovered."

She had never loved him. She knew that now. But, just for a maddened hour, she had been in love with love . . . and

MIDNIGHT

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Realart production, based on the story by Harvey Thew. Directed by Major Maurice Campbell and starring Constance Binney. The cast:

Edna Morris	Constance Binney
Witherbee Morris.....	William Courtleigh
Jack Dart.....	Jack Mulhall
Senator Dart	Edward Martindel
Dodd	Sidney Bracey
George Potter	Arthur S. Hull
Bishop Aster	Herbert Fortier
Grace Aster	Helen Lynch

he had been there. That was all. Spring had burst upon her overwhelmingly, had sort of knocked her over—and he had picked her up. He had called her beautiful things, too. At least, they had seemed beautiful. She knew now that it had been a fevered dream from which, painfully, very illy, she had awakened.

She would have to be very old indeed, she thought, before she could pull the last thorn of that memory from her flesh. But she didn't want her Daddy to know; He had been sufficiently hurt, as it was. He had resigned the ambassadorship, stabbed in his pride. He had only a few years left—and her. She couldn't mar them by letting him know that the thought of that Spring still ached, intolerably.

And then she met Jack Dart.

Senator Dart had bought the estate adjoining the Morris estate. When the Senator learned the identity of his next-door neighbor he was exuberant.

He enlivened the dinner hour by telling Jack tales of the Morris' family tree; anecdotes of Witherbee's father, grandfather, great-grandfather and the sire before that. Jack told his father that he had no sense of humor when it came to a family tree. His father told Jack that there was no sense of humor when it came to a family tree. "Lineage, sir," he told his disinterested son, "lineage

and tradition are the only things money cant buy. No, sir, not with all my money can I buy myself a grandfather!"

Then Jack met Edna, and he looked more kindly upon a family tree; particularly the Morris family tree. He even encouraged the old Senator to talk about it over their after-dinner coffee, which greatly pleased the old man and gave him some hopes of his son's eventual recognition of the worth - while things of life.

Of course he didn't know, not yet, that his son was merely in love and that if Edna Morris had had no father, let alone no grandfather, he would still have been in love with her.

But he did know, with a warm fa ling

about the heart, that the boy was over at the Morris home most of the sunny days and a great many of the moonlit nights. Sitting alone on his porch he could hear, across the wide spaces of the lawns and over the odoriferous privet hedges the thin strum-strum of a ukulele, and, occasionally, the blend of his boy's voice singing with Edna Morris.

He wished, rather wistfully, that he could meet former Ambassador Morris. He had beat 'most every game he had tried, but he had never tried the social game, not to speak of. His wife had died when Jack was a tiny chap and with no women folk about, the "glad-rag" side of life seems inconsiderable. But now, with Jack grown up, with the political battles all fought—and most of them won—with finance beaten to its craven knees—it would be nice, he thought, if the Dart name could begin to mean something. He had worked like a war-horse to make it solid. It would be "awful" nice if it could be allied to heritage and he could die, having accomplished so much; having lifted his name from the alley-ways.

It would mean a lot, too, to know a man like Witherbee Morris. Old as he was there were many things the Senator would like to know;

Edna, perched precariously like some bird on the stone coping of the well, gave him her hands and let him draw her to him





On the Jersey side, in the "antimacassared" parlor of a village rectory, Edna Morris was being made Edna Dart . . . As her father said, "I'm sorry. Sorry . . ." the Rev. Dr. Whalen pronounced them "man and wife"

before. It did him good, too, to see that she had got her ukulele out again and that, now and then, quite often as the days went by, she sang little snatches of old, favorite songs.

They rode together, too, and went to one or two of the smaller dances, and picnicked and talked to him, and one night Jack Dart told, with a sort of humor that was really pathos, how much his dad thought of the Morris family tree and what a lot it would mean to him if he could meet and know Witherbee Morris.

The lad's ingenuousness pleased the older man, and he said that a family tree was sort of wished upon one, but such achievement as had been Senator Dart's was the MAN, the man alone, and *that* was victory! And he'd be glad and pleased and proud and honored to know "Honest John Dart" . . . And so, by midsummer, the adjoining estates were adjoined friends and while Edna and Jack played under sun, moon and stars, the two

would like to talk about. Well, it might come about . . . Who could tell?

Witherbee Morris was, on his part, just plain grateful at first when Jack Dart came leaping over the hedge and made Edna laugh as she had been used to laugh two years

am. How different it is, the false and the true. I think you must have felt like this when—when you married Mother."

"Let me see your eyes, dear," Witherbee Morris took the softly fleshed young face between his hands. "Shaped like a heart," he thought; and looked into the illumined eyes. His own eyes filled with tears; tears without pain. "I did, my child," he said; "I did . . ."

"I knew it," Edna bent over and kissed him; "Jack asked me this morning," she said, "I am so happy . . . of course," she laughed, elfishly, "I've known it from the first day," she said.

"You dont seem so glad this morning, Daddy," Edna said, when she sat opposite him at breakfast the following morning and found, time and again, his brooding eyes on her face; "you're different. Aren't you happy for me today?"

Witherbee Morris avoided the widely puzzled gaze. "I dont want you to be in too much of a hurry, Edna," he said, "after all . . . I've . . . er . . . been thinking, and you've plenty of time. Plenty. I—I cant have anything immediate about this. Nothing immediate!"

"Oh, but, Daddy," Edna followed him from the breakfast room, and perched on the arm of his chair in the library. "You see, it *is* to be immediate because Jack and I both are set on October. It has got to be October."

older men sat and smoked and talked, and quite often, were comradely quiet, reliving tender, personal memories as a dream was born . . .

"Daddy," Edna said to him one day as the summer was drawing to a close, "do you know that Jack and I love one another?"

Witherbee Morris drew her to his knee. "I've—it's occurred to me," he said, quizzically.

"Daddy," the girl's voice was gravely sweet: "I want you to know how—how *sure* I am. And—and I dont want you to be so deeply sorry for—for what happened in Washington—any more. Because, if that hadn't happened I wouldn't know—now—just *how* sure I

We've — reasons. Beautiful ones, honey, that you mustn't ask about, but when we're gone, just for a tiny while, you and Daddy Dart can sit before the fire and make guesses and the one that comes the nearest to the truth can. . . ."

"Please! Edna!" Witherbee Morris' voice was sharp, unnerved, "let us drop the matter for today. It has—quite naturally, after all, upset me considerably, I—I must have time to think."

Jack came over early the following morning to "talk it over." Edna, perched like some precarious bird on the stone coping of the well, gave him her hands and let him draw her down to him. "I feel better about it this morning," she said, "after all, perhaps I expect too much of Dad. He has always been so extraordinarily balanced and steady and poised that I forget he is growing old, and may have little tantrums and things now and then. I'm sure he'll be himself today and see things as he did at first."

But he didn't. Pressed by Jack and Edna and even Senator Dart for consent to an immediate marriage, he definitely and absolutely refused.

"But, my dear Witherbee," the old Senator said, "surely, without encroaching, you might give the children a reason."

"My reason, John," the ex-Ambassador said, "is my own. I refuse to give it. I refuse to make explanation. It is the first time in a long life that I have asked to be taken on faith—only to be refused. I can only say that I forbid my daughter to marry your son—and there's an end to it!"

Edna, infuriated by her father's apparent injustice, went home to luncheon with Jack and his father.

"I cant understand Dad," she kept saying, over and over, "I simply cannot believe this of him! Why, he wasn't any more like himself than if he hadn't been himself. It's just unbelievable!"

"Have you ever seen him like this before?" the Senator asked.

Edna stated an emphatic denial—and then remembered a morning in the spring two years ago—and her father's face when George Potter had said, "I am your son-in-law," . . . her father's face, then, had been strange . . . unlike his own. But what could that have to do with *this*? Surely her father's values were not so confused, so blurred. Surely, he was not making so horrid a comparison!

"It seems to me," Senator Dart said, "that Witherbee is just in a funk over losing you, Edna. He cant quite make up his mind to say 'yes' and see you step off. That must be it, for I've had two or three long talks with him since you young people came to your decision and I believe that I know how he feels about it in his heart. If I didn't know that, I wouldn't poke a finger in the pie, which, after all, is more his than mine. But I do know how he feels, if ever one man could read another. The thing for you two to do is to skip over to New Jersey, get married and come back here. In the meantime I'll go over and spend the evening with Witherbee and break it to him while we're talking. Better plan, all around. What could two old men like us do about giving you children a wedding? We'd be in our graves before we could get thru the first fol-de-rols of veils and satins and cakes and those bridesmaid girls and all that fixing. Get dressed up nice and run over to Jersey and get it over with, I say!"

"But Daddy . . ." whispered Edna, torn.

"I'll attend to him," promised John Dart.

"Edna . . ." whispered Jack. Edna

looked at him. That settled it. Jersey became the Land of Canaan.

"Married! MARRIED?"

Witherbee Morris rose from his chair and faced John Dart on legs that seemed, before the Senator's eyes, to shrivel and totter.

"Yes, married," John Dart returned, stoutly, more stoutly than he felt, "*married*—and if you hadn't been so all-fired mysterious and
(Continued on page 92)

"You see, dear," she said, "it's all right, after all. Why didn't you tell us all? You kept it all in, suffered all alone!"





Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The Perfect Lover

"Ah! Very much antiques, yes. This car I have bought for nothing, as you would say, because it is a Fiat, which I have driven so often in Italy. I have bought two ancient ones, for the good engine. I shall build bodies about them."

He shot me a triumphant glance from his kohl-fringed eyes. His eyes are intensely dark, ineluctable. In make-up they are amazing. With a savor of the Orient, his lids are lost beneath the smooth continuance of his brows, lending his countenance its inscrutable caste, its hint of mystery. He is of medium height, supple,

erect, distinguished not in the ramrod traditional way, rather to a degree of which lithe urbanity is but embryonic; caressingly almost. His is a passionate, curiously colored nature, over which, for the moment, repression has gained mastery.

"Woman!" Rudolph Valentino murmured reflectively. "She is like a violin," Balzac has said, 'A man who understands her can evoke beautiful harmonies.' But the man who does not understand her . . . !" At the left, a camera study, and below, with Gloria Swanson, in the Elinor Glyn story, "Beyond the Rocks"

SUAVE, enigmatic, with a glistening courtesy alien and disarming, Rudolph Valentino greets, converses with, and departs the interviewer. Torturing the gravity of his words there is, mowing from the corners of his lips, the shadow of a faint guffaw. Inside, one knows it certainly, he is laughing. But at what? That is the devil of it.

First of all dismiss the idea of the sleek and the insidious. There is nothing repellent, nothing unmasculine about Valentino. Merely a heavy exoticism, compelling, fascinating, perhaps a little disturbing, as might be asphalt to the average cobbler.

He has been called, with tentative reservations, "the perfect lover." Not because of any boasted prowess at the art—he has been stung by wisdom; more perhaps because of his polished front, his *savoir faire*, so productive of cosmic complexes that shudder ecstatically down feminine spines. It is not his fault; so let him suffer for it.

His greeting snares the eye, his conversation lampoons argument, his departure leaves a residuary smolder of rebellion.

In his Fiat, antediluvian model, he took me to lunch. Noting the car, I remarked: "One good scrap of conversation, anyway!"

He regarded me, and the car, dubiously. "It is very old," he agreed.

"You go in for antiques?" I suggested pleasantly.



By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

Prosaically enough, we both ate corned beef hash. But the conversation—his conversation!—paprika! anchovies! avocados! mustard! persimmons! pomegranates!—horseradish occasionally.

"Prohibition has wrecked your American Constitution," he declared.

"Waiter!" I bellowed. "Cancel my milk order!"

"No; quite seriously. The Eighteenth Amendment is the first deliberate deprivation of your personal liberty. If it is accepted it will not be the last. It is not the liquor; it is the principle. I get, you can get all the liquor you want. Anyone with a little money. That is another wrong. Pro-

"The American man," said Mr. Valentino, "makes the mistake of supposing that, for a woman, jewels and fine silks are more to be preferred than caresses. So he sits and slaves in his office and makes appalling sums of money." At the right, another new portrait. Below, two character studies from "Beyond the Rocks"



Photograph (right) Donald Biddle Keyes



Photograph by Paramount

hibition establishes class privilege. And much of the blame for it, tho I do not say all, falls on your women, your young women.

"Your women have done nothing with the vote. Those young enough to espouse progress prefer to concentrate on marcel waves. The power falls, then, to the disappointed woman, the old woman, the sex-starved woman often. She is inevitably a reactionist, a censor, an interferer.

"I cannot understand you Americans. You have the finest educational system in the world. Practically all of you can read and write. Yet you do not think, except in masses. You hide your individuality. You accept. That is the sum of it. The newspapers propound and you accept. In Europe, where many, many can neither read nor write, do you suppose for an instant that the so-called reforms established here would

(Continued on page 94)

The Vampire

By HELEN CARLISLE

Illustration by G. Francis Kauffman

I am
The Vampire of Yesterday
Dont ask me how I
Got this way
I
Wish I knew

Do you remember
When I slithered silkily
Across the screen
I'll say you do!
I was
Forever on the track
Of the
Tired Business Man
He was tired all right
When he got rid of
Me

You always knew
That I had lured him to my
Lair . . . when'er he
Telephoned his Home-Sweet-Home
To say
That he was Dining Out

With Business Friends
His Wife
It seemed in those Old Days
Had nothing else to do but
Celebrate some Anniversary
I dont know why
But she was always
Celebrating Something
All dressed up and lighting
Candles on the dinner table or
Looking at the calendar
Just as he telephoned Remember?

Or perhaps
She had decided after many close-
Ups to tell him her secret
I
Dont know what it was
The censors since have
Censored secrets and
I never did find out
But anyway
The telephone would ring
And Wifey would fade out

(Continued on page 88)



I was
Forever on the track . . .
Of the
Tired Business Man . . .
He was tired all right . . .
When he got rid of
Me . . .



Señorita Mae

A study of the Charming Mae Murray
in "Fascination"

Constance: The Brute-Breaker



Photograph by
Royal Atelier, N. Y.

make-up. Because of the evening dress she wore, I was vouchsafed the delight of round smooth shoulders and smooth round arms; the former, she volunteered modestly, quite too plump. My silence gave dissent.

To me, lazy with two unremitting years of California sunshine, she was distinctively, pleasantly crisp. Over the table, the chicken salad and the tea she chattered breezily, leaving me gratefully free

to absorb food in unpardonable quantities.

Said the grey-eyed Constance Binney: "I wasn't intended to be an actress, you know. Not by my family, I mean. I was sent abroad to France, to a convent there, to be educated. When I thought I had had education enough, I left it and went on the stage. No, I didn't run away. I just left"

She flutters, does Constance, upon an interesting verge of flapperism. That cool little something, poise, aplomb, whatever it may be,

Photograph © by Moffett, Chicago



I WAS late. No matter why. It does not matter. *I* do not matter. The only things that seemed to matter that noon were the fact of Constance, who was waiting for me—Constance Binney and her chicken salad, and that I was about two backfires and a probable blowout, not to mention a traffic cop and a possible damn, away. In Los Angeles that is quite a distance.

But there was a new gentleman at the helm of the Realart news department, who must have hailed from Indiana, or else had read "The Go-Getter" or "The Message to Garcia" or something. At all events he came, I swore and he honkered—when a flivver persisted in sprawling all over the road along which he was driving me in a high powered bus to Constance—or death; I was a little vague on that point. The wind was high, too, and between lurches and clutches I wondered dazedly whether Constance minded mussed-up hair, because I had forgotten my hat, or lost it, and I didn't have Wallie Reid's recipe for a permanent varnish.

And then we arrived. Behind the reception committee—he was in shirt sleeves—I apologized my way to the bungalow of the fair maid Constance, allotted her as a dressing room by the studio high-muckamucks.

She was quite charming about it; even offered to apologize in her turn. She was very small, cool, widely grey-eyed and quaintly pale under the white powder of her

By
KENNETH CURLY

prevents her from ever quite slipping over the edge. There is the *savoir faire* of success about her, which, without success, would probably have resolved itself into pertness. She had, that day, an amazing verve and liveliness. The East was still keen in her blood. The idea of Western vitality, so carefully nurtured, is something overdone, methinks. In California, anyway, there is a sensuous strain in the atmosphere, enervating, danger-

Photograph (below) by Donald Biddle Keyes



"I think American men are the nicest and most considerate of their womankind in the world," declared Constance: The Brute-Breaker. "They attempt no superiority. They are willing to take us on an equal footing." Below, Miss Binney is seen on the veranda of her Hollywood bungalow

ously perfumed with the lotus. One succumbs—that is the pitiful part of it—with a sigh of contentment. Occasional reactions stir the blood sluggishly, but vainly. Ambitions wither to beautiful drowsy abstractions, from which all disturbing tactile elements have been removed. Satiety comes eventually, of course; but that is another story.

Conversation leaped from the broken spout of the teapot to preferences and prejudices concerning cream or
(Continued on page 95)





Photograph by Donald Biddle Keys

As In Days Beyond Recall

An Attractive Study of Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino.
in "Beyond the Rocks"



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

We Interview the Two Orphans

THE CAST

THE TWO ORPHANS

HenrietteLillian Gish
LouiseDorothy Gish

WE

First InterviewerGladys Hall
Second InterviewerAdele Whitely Fletcher
A HusbandJames Rennie

Props include cakes and sandwiches and bon-bons; flowers in pale vases, books by Bernard Shaw and other food, mental and physical.

SCENE I.—The softly tinted living-room in the Gish town apartment. The grey walls are touched here and there, reflectively, with a few good prints. There are low, cream-painted book-shelves—shelves that are *filled*. Intriguing volumes of fiction, old as well as new; philosophy, travel, and a great deal of poetry. Deeply armed chairs are flanked by end-tables holding shaded lamps or a book which is being read. To one end of the room is a baby-grand. On it stands a bowl of early spring flowers and a portrait of Mrs. Gish with the two girls. Beyond the chintz-framed windows the roof-tops are growing fanciful in the twilight. It is tea-time.

Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are sitting to-

gether in the recesses of a wide lounge, when Lillian Gish enters. They look up, hearing her soft, light footfalls on the rugs. She is wearing a quaint velvet gown, dull blue. Her corn-silk hair is brushed softly back. There is a wistful note in her voice: the note-you-know-is-there. The hand she offers in greeting is shy and sensitively welcoming.

LILLIAN GISH: Dorothy will be in directly. She just came uptown from the Rennie apartment and is in with mother. Mother has been so ill, you know, and we have had to be out of town so much, attending the different premières of "The Two



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Said Lillian Gish, gently, "In 'Orphans of the Storm' Mr. Griffith has done more than make a beautiful picture. *He has made history live again.* And no one in the picture was more important than anyone else. The least was the greatest, a part of the stupendous whole"

Orphans." Each week it has opened in a different city and together with the travel, it has meant two or three days in every instance. Three days out of a week leaves so little time to do the things one has to do.

GLADYS HALL: Have all of the premières been as enthusi-

astic as the New York one was?

A. W. F. (*reflectively*): I know they have been. It is a really great picture.

LILLIAN GISH: There has been a great and general enthusiasm. I think it is the greatest thing Mr. Griffith has ever done.

A. W. F.: Greater than "Broken Blossoms"?

LILLIAN GISH: "Broken Blossoms" was so different. They are really not comparable. In "Orphans of the Storm," Mr. Griffith has done more than make a beautiful

picture. *He has made history live again.* And no one in the picture was more important than anyone else. The least was the greatest; a part of a stupendous whole.

G. H.: Did you like doing Henriette?

LILLIAN GISH: Yes. Oh, very much. And it was different. I had to get my appeal in a different way than I have done in previous pictures. In "Broken Blossoms," for instance, and in "Way Down East," I had physical distress to help me out. My appeal was in a measure made for me. I always had something the matter with me. In one I was a poor, frail, half-living little thing and in the other a down-trodden, storm-tossed girl. As Henriette I was well taken care of, beloved by the dashing Chevalier, watched over by Danton. Of course, I had lost my sister, but I was not sure that she was not well cared for, too. I had to make the loss of my sister and my instinctive fear for her overshadow my own personal well-being. That made Henriette a more difficult rôle than any I have yet played.

[A stir is heard in the hallway. Dorothy Gish Rennie stands there. Her dress is black and old blue, and hangs, cape-fashion, from her shoulders. One suspects Paris. She wears woolen stockings and her brown hair curls gishily about her ears. She advances . . .]

DOROTHY GISH: Aha! we meet again! You make me remember the terrifying occasion of my first tea as Mrs. Rennie. Remember

how nervous I was? Just sure I'd do the wrong thing. The whole family thought I would, too. Only Lillian had the nerve to appear and watch the social structure totter. I was so sure I would make some horrible blunder. In fact, I was sure of everything but the fudge . . . I made that! (*To Lillian*): Are we to have tea this afternoon? When people are interviewing you, Lillian, (*this with deep solemnity*), and you invite them at tea-time, it is quite the proper thing to *have* tea! Wrong again! Here it is!

[The maid wheels in the tea-wagon. The edibles have been mentioned along with the *dramatis personae*. Lillian, curled in a chair, pours. Dorothy curls, but does not pour. The doorbell rings—and she starts . . .]

DOROTHY GISH: It is Jim, I know. He can scent tea a million miles away. He never misses it. The only fly in the Rennie domestic ointment is the breakfast tea. Jim gets quite cross about it. It is never right, it seems . . . (*pensively*).

LILLIAN (*gently*): Jimmie should come here for his tea.

DOROTHY (*accusatively*): Madam, are you trying to lure my husband from his fireside with *tea*? That it should come to this! And in the family, too! (Lillian smiles her three-cornered, whimsical little smile at us, as who should say, "Isn't she a naughty child?")

[James Rennie, popular leading man of stage and screen, also popular husband of Dorothy Gish, enters. Dorothy, with wifely solicitude, offers him a meager share of her chair, which offer is promptly and also affectionately accepted.]

LILLIAN: Let me recommend the blonde cookies. Stella made them for us — fresh this morning.

DOROTHY (*gravely*): Plainly, I must keep my eye on you! You've been sampling them! First my husband . . . and then the cookies!

LILLIAN (*coolly, smiling*): Is your tea right, Jim? There is hot water here . . . sugar? Lemon?

J. R.: Quite right, thanks, Lillian.

DOROTHY (*with hauteur*): To save my peace of mind, then, you should be present at the Rennie breakfast to fix Jim's tea.

G. H. (*tea-singly*): Being sisters, how did it seem being sisters?

A. W. F. (*with professional fraternity*): She means . . .

DOROTHY GISH: Odd as it may seem, I get what she means. However—simple. Simple. Not her—but playing sisters. You see, we've done it so often, "Hearts of the World," for instance. And anyway, I love playing with Lillian. Wasn't she lovely as Henriette? Will you ever to your dying day forget her love scene with the Chevalier?

G. H. AND A. W. F. (*in accord for the first time in their lives*): Never! Never in the world.

LILLIAN GISH (*with that lovely little twist to the corners of her mouth*): Dorothy, do be quiet, dear. Please.

JAMES RENNIE (*enthused*): And the suspense! That ride of Danton's!



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

DOROTHY GISH (*comfortably ensconced on the arm of her husband's chair*): Jim first saw the picture in the projection room with Lillian and me, and when they closed the gates before the onrushing Danton he said to me, "Henriette is dead so far as I'm concerned. Here's where I leave. I can't be tortured any longer!"

LILLIAN (*from behind the tea-cart, slint among the shadows*): You know, Jim and I had to fairly insist upon Dorothy playing Louise. She refused to do it when Mr. Griffith first asked her.

G. H. AND A. W. F. (*again in unison*): Why? Why?

DOROTHY GISH: I felt it was so wonderful a rôle; that it should have everything that could be given to it. I'd been playing in almost a slapstick tempo, with no previous dramatic training whatsoever. I told Mr. Griffith that I thought I should do two or three dramatic

(Continued on page 97)

Said Dorothy, gaily affectionate, "It was simple playing sisters and being sisters. You see we've done it so often before. 'Hearts of the World,' for instance. And anyway I love playing with Lillian. Wasn't she lovely as Henriette? Will you ever to your dying day forget her love scene with the Chevalier?"

Flavored With Tartar



Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

The early life of Theodore Kosloff was troublous. Tragic. When he was a very small child, his family's home in Russia was stormed by the Cossacks. There was terrific, barbaric fighting. It is a memory that he can never forget

THEODORE KOSLOFF is actually an inspiration. I have to hand him the gold-embroidered ice cream for originality in everything he is, does and says. I don't believe I've ever met another person quite like him—at least

not in Hollywood, where the movie actors drop their *h's* and raise their salaries.

He literally learned to smile. Perhaps that is why he is what he is. Perhaps that is the reason he can play the violin and paint and create marvelous dance ballets and teach dumb-bells how to dance and act in films for C. B. de Mille—all in twenty-four hours. Seriousness tempers thought, they say. Kosloff is very serious.

He has literally brought old-world Europe into new-world Hollywood. That *sanctum sanctorum* of his—his home—is as unlike any of the film-colony domiciles as Gloria Swanson is unlike Mae Murray. The whole atmosphere is Russian. Yet there is one thing that still puzzles me: I couldn't find the samovar. And I thought all Russian foibles had to have their samovar—at least, according to Hoyle and the moving pictures.

But, seriously, Kosloff is inspiring. In a simple, direct, yet almost child-like way he shows you, the stranger, results of his artcraft. Strange oil canvases in pastel shades—his paintings—hang on the walls of his tiny bungalow. Tapestries and other art objects *a la Russe* are all over the place. It is of them that Kosloff speaks; *not* of himself. He has a fascinating habit of obscuring his own personality—yet everywhere it is in evidence in his work.

The English that he speaks is very broken. He speaks slowly, deliberately, choosing his words carefully, interrupting himself with a "No?" as if he were afraid he had made a mistake in his language. He is all brain. His thinking processes work so fast that his recently learned English cant follow in their wake.

Essentially he is a dancer. His splendid physique, his quick, graceful movements, his inherent pantomime are witness. He is now a man of forty. Personally, I should not believe him a day over twenty-four. He is a subtle contradistinction to the average neurotic American of forty. In fact, he seems to have no *nerves*.

Since he was a boy of ten, he has been dancing. At that age he entered the Imperial Russian Ballet School—the Czar's *conservatoire*—to make his way as a dancer. At seventeen he made his première. At eighteen he was a sensation in Paris. And, during the next few years he was the rage of Europe. It was not until he was considerably older that he came to this country to dance with his troupe.

Being first a European, second an artist, Kosloff is grave in temperament. He stands as the personification of temperament, that mis-used word. And yet his temperament is not the sort that rages and snorts and puffs when he, the individual, becomes annoyed. Not at all! His *temperament* is the embodiment of that inborn flame of *desire to create*, that either is or is not inherent in a person—that flame whose very presence in a soul distinguishes the creative artist from the artisan.

It is inborn in so few of Hollywood's bosoms that temperament there has come to mean temper—the manifestation of disgusting rage.

Moscow is Kosloff's birthplace. I recall of his childhood. He is not purely Russian by birth, however, as his grandmother was a Tartar chieftainess from far-away Asia Minor. Perhaps this explains the strange, mystical appearance of the man—his ochre skin, his narrow, blue



Courtesy of Metro and Viola Dana

OUR OWN NEWS MONTHLY

WILL ROGERS again proves he is one of the screen's foremost artists, by his performance in "One Glorious Day."

The moneyed powers are exerting every influence to move the film colony from Hollywood to Long Island City.

Great surprise is registered in New York when Elaine Hammerstein smiles pleasantly at an interviewer.

Nazimova almost does a come-back in "A Doll's House."

Another of our predictions comes true. Pearl White is returning to serials.

Johnny Hines is beginning to take a position among the leading comedians.

George Walsh is also going in for serial work and the other serial kings will have to step lively.

Everyone is beginning to wonder what has happened to King Vidor, who at one time appeared to be a most promising director.

I AM—

I am the best-dressed woman on the screen, I am a super-production, I am the greatest film ever made, I cost a million dollars, I cry real tears, I am the picture you will never forget, I am an all-star cast, my hair is naturally curly, I receive fifteen hundred fan letters a day, I am funnier than Harold Lloyd, I will dethrone Mary Pickford—

I am—The BUNK.

It is mighty hard on Geraldine Farrar to be supplanted at the Metropolitan Opera House by Mme. Jeritza, the Austrian beauty, but the cruellest blow of all, we imagine, is the fact that Jeritza is a blonde: for,

while blondes have nothing but good words and admiration for their raven-haired rivals, brunettes give one the impression that fair-haired beauties are the bane of their existence.

It is now announced that Bull Montana will be advanced to stardom on the screen. With typical motion picture consistency, Mr. Montana, we presume, will be presented in series of lavish society dramas—or perhaps, a screen version of Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray."

Heywood Brown, in the *New York World*, says that Strongheart, dog star of "The Silent Call" is the most beautiful of all male stars now appearing in the films. This doesn't seem quite fair to Ben Turpin and Larry Semon.

WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO

Leatrice Joy, captivating actress, for her work in "Saturday Night." Watch her grow.

Evelyn Laye, English beauty, who has been signed up by Myron Selznick. She has the making of a popular screen star.

BEST PICTURES OF 1921

Everybody else has written what they thought were the "Ten best photoplays of 1921." As the constitution gives us the same privilege, here's our selection.

"The Old Nest."

"The Three Musketeers."

"A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

"Passion."

(Continued on page 100)

On Friday the 13th



Photograph by
Freulich

I did my business of sizing The Little Minister up. And he knew he was being sized up. He fidgeted. For you see, it is only recently that he has won the accolade of interviewdom, and he is fresh enough at the game to be refreshing. The same pleasure derived by an entomologist from pinning bugs onto cards was mine in crushing an interview out of this very recently arrived young man. He had ideas about interviews, too, which made it more intriguing.

"I dont think I ought to tell you very much about myself, ought I?" he asked, opening his thoughtful brown

IT'S old stuff—going to see a picture with the featured player in it. Some interviewers call it hokum, just as they have called Griffith's ice-flow scenes in "Way Down East" hokum—but if it be "old stuff" and if it be "hokum," then give me hokum!

I wanted to get acquainted with George Hackathorn—the Little Minister of the Barrie story—and so we decided to spend an idle afternoon together viewing his most recent release "The Light In the Clearing."

And he was late and he kept me waiting, altho he has only recently acquired fame in cinema land—yet they dare do anything at very early ages in Hollywood! It is on the cards that no picture player will ever be on time for an appointment. Sometimes the less famous they are the longer they keep you waiting. George was only fifteen minutes late, and he was full of apologies.

"S all right!" I grinned, which was a tribute to his sincerity and bubbling good nature. "I dont mind at all."

"I—I haven't had any lunch," he went on, hurriedly, as I moved toward the box office. "Will you go over and have a malted milk or something with me?" In this day and age I never refuse a malted milk. It just goes to show what one Constitutional amendment can do to a firm believer in Sunnybrook—and I dont mean Rebecca, either!

So we went around the corner from Broadway, Los Angeles, and perched milkward upon two stools, and

George Hackathorn is destined for the seats of the mighty. He is a Richard Mansfield in embryo. For five unrecognized years he struggled—then came "The Little Minister." Above, a character study; and at the right, an informal snapshot



By
GORDON GASSAWAY

eyes very wide. He is as naïve as Gareth Hughes. "I dont think the public really cares much about our lives, do you?"

With some haste, in order to dislodge what I foresaw might be an obstacle to the truth, I assured him that the public liked very much to know all about the players. The public, I explained, was made up of persons like myself, blessed with an inordinate and insatiable curiosity about all people who worked in motion pictures. We liked to know what they preferred to oysters for breakfast, for instance—and if they did really like oysters for breakfast; if perhaps they enjoyed maple syrup on them? or not, as the case might be! And so on.



Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser

Photograph by Freulich



"I dont think I can afford to take every part that is offered to me," said George Hackathorn. "It wouldn't be fair to myself, because I want parts which are pleasant . . ." Above, as the Little Minister; and at the left, another camera study

George Hackathorn is destined for the seats of the mighty. He is a Richard Mansfield in embryo. I am fading into the midst of my interview with this observation, so you will see what an intense and sincere young artist he is. He would never tell you so himself. He has all the true artist's reticence about himself. For the life of me, I dont see how he has gotten so far as he has in the hard, hard life of Hollywood, where the rule of the survival of the fittest must have originated. But you see, he has plugged along for five years in pictures—five interviewless and unrecognized, for the most part, years. And then came "The Little Minister" with Betty Compson. It was one of the four things George has craved all his life to do—play the Little Minister. But let us get back to our mutttons, as Dickens puts it, with a smile.

Having massacred the malted milks, we hastened back to Broadway and plunged into the gloom of the cinema palace. The picture was well on its way, so we whispered. Even the best families whisper in picture palaces, and the more palatial the palace the louder they whisper, as a rule. People who pay for expensive seats seem to think they have also taken out a whisper-

(Continued on page 101)



The Juvenile Critic

By
DOROTHY WHITEHILL



DEAR PUNCH: I do think Uncle Roddy is a terrible tease.

Last night he said to me, "Well, youngster, I've heard about Jackie Coogan long enough. Tonight, we go and see somebody who I expect will completely cut him out."

So he took me to see Wesley Barry in "School Days," but, oh, Punch, he didn't cut him out, and I didn't like the picture one tiny bit.

If it wasn't being terribly sad, it was being terribly silly, but I'll tell you the story just so you will agree with me.

It's about a little boy that a simply horrid man took out of an orphan aslyum just so he could work for him, and the boy, who was Wesley Barry, liked to go fishing much better than going to school, and every time the horrid farmer caught him he used to beat him.

There were some funny things happened in the school house, but it seemed to me that it was a queer kind of a place, because I never heard of children being so bad anywhere. I asked Uncle Roddy, and he said it was a bit overdrawn, and I think that meant he agreed with me, but I'm not perfectly sure.

The boy had a dog, who was quite the nicest thing in the picture, and he liked to go fishing, too. Well, one day, the boy, whose name was Speck, was in the graveyard, crying beside his mother's and father's grave, and a man came along, and asked him all kinds of questions, and then told him to come to breakfast with him at the big house he had taken. Everybody knew that the man was his uncle, before he told the horrid farmer so, but Speck didn't know.

I am skipping the part about his friend, a perfectly silly man who had invented a clothes-pin. And I am forgetting, too, the teacher who had been in love a long time ago, and it had made her very unhappy, I guess, because the man she was in love with went to the city.

Well, anyhow, one morning the farmer was terribly nice to Speck, and Speck didn't know what to make of it, and after breakfast, he took him upstairs and showed

him some new clothes. Oh, Punch, you never saw such silly looking clothes, and he

told him to put them on, and that he was going to the city to be educated and that he would have just lots and lots of money, and everything in the world that he wanted.

Well, he went, but he said good-bye to his dog, and it wasn't Speck that made me cry, but the dog did. I cried and cried and cried. He didn't want him to go away, and he struggled under the fence, and followed him a long way, even after the train. Well, he went so many miles that I was just sure he was lost, and so I hated the rest of the picture.

When Speck gets to the city, he has all kinds of automobiles and servants, and he goes to a most ridiculous school, and the rest of the children just hate him, and I don't blame them, because he is so conceited and stuck-up. He puts limburger cheese in the box that the teacher keeps the stuff he puts on his mustache in, and, of course, he gets it all over his face, which I thought was perfectly horrid.

Then things get very confusing. They gave a party, and instead of its being a party to give Speck a nice time it was to prove to him how silly he had been, and a man who called himself a friend and wasn't, tried to steal some money, and, oh dear, there was all kinds of excitement all over that foolish clothes-pin; and, oh, I forgot to tell you, Speck wore long trousers, and very sporty looking coats and hats, just as if he were trying to be grown up when he really wasn't.

I truly remember about the party, but it would take too long to explain it to you, but it seemed to me that they went to an awful lot of trouble just to show one small boy how silly he was. Uncle Roddy would have said, "Punch, you are being ridiculous," and that would have been enough.

But it all comes out nicely. Of course, you know, it is going to, and Speck runs away home, and puts on his old clothes, and his dog swims across a lake to him, and

(Continued on page 108)



On the left is Wesley Barry in "School Days," a picture which is either terribly sad or terribly silly. On the right, is a scene from "The Silent Call" showing Strongheart who is the loveliest dog that ever was



Smiling Eyes

By

CORLISS PALMER

IN the bright lexicon of advertising the most alluring words are health, youth, beauty. They are the attributes every woman wishes to personify and every man wishes his sister, sweetheart, mother or wife to possess.

Yet in our eternal search for beauty how few of us remember the old adage of our grandmothers, "Pretty is as pretty does." Or if we do remember it, we usually do so with a mental shrug, thinking how foolish our forebears were not to realize that beauty is a real physical attribute and has nothing to do with prim little misses in starched white dresses, such as they wore when they were girls. Of course we are partly right, and of course they, too, are partly right. They did know some things as well as we do and they couldn't know everything any more than we can. It is their viewpoint that I am going to take in this talk.

Our disposition predetermines our actions. Gentle, kind, thoughtful actions indicate a similar disposition. Such actions make people love us, and think we are beautiful even if we are not. This is the reason the most handsome and eligible men sometimes fall in love with plain women; even women who take little interest in their personal appearance and have never felt the soft pat of a rouge puff on their cheeks. They are women with personality, sunny, cheerful dispositions, or vital, energetic, quick, sympathetic, understanding sort of women. You who have mere physical beauty, beware! You may have admiration, but you have not love. You may win friends, but you cannot hold them. Tho your features are faultless, your complexion like rose leaves, your hair luxuriant and wavy, there will still be nothing to hold the heart. Undoubtedly you have heard people say about you: "Yes, she is beautiful, but I do not care for her style," or "The cold perfection of her features is not beauty. She lacks warmth, vitality, spirit." And you must have experienced similar feelings on beholding certain famous beauties of the stage or screen. You could not take your eyes from them, at first. Yet soon after, you discover that their beauty ceases to appeal. There is no *soul* in it.

How can this be remedied? Can one cultivate this special form of attraction that is lacking? Undoubtedly. Cultivate the disposition. Think of something pleasant upon arising in the morning and again before retiring at night. Especially at night. A pleasant thought raises



the corners of the mouth and gives a lifted expression to the eyes. It smooths out wrinkles and lines of depression and unhappiness. Wear a smile in the eyes and on the lips and you will make friends. It will prove more charming than your newest frock or your prettiest hat. It will even attract more attention than a handsome coiffure and a perfect complexion. Think, then, how irresistible one is who possesses all these attributes. This beauty with a spiritual quality is the only perfect beauty. It cheers and warms and brightens. It captivates and it holds.

Instead of thinking of your troubles, think of your blessings. If you must think sad thoughts, think of your friends' troubles and do something to help them. Plan something that will give them a pleasant surprise, a visit, a present, a flower, a book or just a cheery letter, and you will find that the thought that started out to be sad is suddenly pleasant and full of anticipation.

I know that this is advice that cannot always be followed. A smile in the eyes means a smile in the heart, which is not always there, and which it is not always possible to bring there. But, little by little, one can learn to control one's disposition until happiness and sympathy are second nature. Smile and perhaps the smile on the lips will react on the heart and then you will feel better, and then perhaps the smile will force its way to the eyes. Remember that smiling eyes speak a more eloquent message than smiling lips.

It would be foolish to say that a smile on a beautiful

A new portrait study of Corliss Palmer, who says: "Remember that you do not have to be plain. Nobody does. Learn how to make yourself attractive. You have your own individual type of beauty. Learn what it is and develop it"

(Continued on page 95)



Another importation has come to the American screen. Like two or three of its predecessors, it finds its color and background in history. It is "The Loves of Pharaoh" and once more Ernest Lubitsch is the producer. This fact, in itself, is an assurance of a worthy photoplay



Love and the Ancients - - -



Emil Jannings is again the king. He is cast as Pharaoh Amenes. Paul Wegener who created the title rôle of "The Golem" is Samlak, King of Ethiopia; while Dagny Servaes, who is said to be the latest find of Mr. Lubitsch, is cast as Theonis. It will be interesting to compare her with Pola Negri

Watch Your Step

By

PETER ANDREWS

"**W**RETCHED service on these trains!" exclaimed Elmer Slocum Young, erstwhile son of a hard-hearted millionaire. "As a pullman drawing-room this place is a washout. It does leave a great deal to be desired in the way of accommodations, but really, you know, beggars musn't be — er — too demmed meticulous!" He gazed ruefully at the bottom of the freight car before which he stood, stretched himself out full length on the bumpers, sighed resignedly and went to sleep without more ado.

He was worn out—what with having run at least forty city blocks thru an impenetrable forest, pursued by three tramps who had all his clothes and money anyway—he couldn't see what else they wanted of him, and before that having been in an automobile smash-up because of a kind but misguided heart, and immediately before that—but let us explain.

Elmer Slocum Young was right in the midst of sowing his wild oats, a bountiful crop, and he did not wish to be interrupted. Watered by the steady stream of his father's great wealth, the wild oats grew apace with Elmer's tastes and inclinations; and there was nothing small or mean about Elmer's inclinations. The best, the noisiest, the most exciting was none too good or too noisy or too exciting for Elmer. If he entertained, the red glow didn't fade from the town in which he happened to be entertaining, for weeks afterward. The memory lingered. If he bought a car, he "demonstrated" every expensive foreign make before charging the most expensive to his father. If Elmer was in a hurry he hurried, and thereby hangs a tale. Elmer held the record for being arrested for speeding, and being bailed out of jail by a reliable and indefatigable parent—seven times in the last six months. But the seventh time his father's patience gave out. It has been known to before, and Elmer was summarily remanded to jail, where, it must be confessed, he spent a profitless and not too unpleasant sojourn.

Upon emerging from the corrective portals, he did not betray and perceptible remorse or repentance, and suc-

ceeded so well by this indifferent attitude, in angering his father that, that long-suffering person was moved to denounce him in floods of paternal wrath.

"The next time—if there ever is a next time, young man, you can hang for it! I've reached the limit of human endurance. Get out of my sight. You're incorrigible!" he wound up his fatherly peroration.

Elmer flounced—or whatever its masculine equivalent is—out of the room in a bad temper at the unreasonableness of parents in general and the cussedness of his own in particular. He snatched

a cap from the top of the lamp in the hall, where it was forbidden to lie, and banging the front door behind him jumped into his always waiting motor, a modest little roadster painted an inconspicuous vermilion with black trim.

His seven arrests and prison sentence were as nothing to Elmer as he "gave her the gas" on his way thru the city to his club. Gad! Prison was better than home. Any place was better than home. He'd never come back. He'd roll the dust of the city from his wheels in short order. That was really what brought Elmer to riding the bumpers to freedom—or to Green Forks, to be exact, tho not in just the manner he had anticipated, nor yet with the disconcerting promptness with which Fate had managed it.

He slowed down and stopped—several blocks away to be sure, but courteously returned to the smashed-up car by the roadside he had noticed in passing.

"Give me a lift, will you?" asked the familiar voice of Doctor Nugent. "My car's gone, absolutely, but I've got an awfully sick patient out on Carter Boulevard. Got to get there quick, Elmer." He climbed in without waiting for Elmer's eager assent and the orange car was off again. Forty-five miles an hour, fifty miles, sixty-five miles, and Elmer heard the familiar chug chug of pursuing motorcycles. He ignored them this time. He did not dare let them get anywhere near him, and when the doctor was dumped unceremoniously out before the house of his patient, Elmer turned down an unobstructed





He gazed ruefully at the bottom of the freight car before which he stood, stretched himself out full length on the bumpers, sighed resignedly and went to sleep without more ado

side street to avoid them and ran his car blithely into a lamp-post; which caused him to describe a

perfect parabola in the air above the heads of the three motor cops and descend quite involuntarily into their midst.

All four men lay there cursing and groaning, but Elmer got to his feet first, nor did he wait to investigate the mortality rate. He was alive anyway and his legs were still good. He tore down the deserted street—deserted because all its inhabitants were clustered around the dazed and indignant policemen by this time—and made his get-away unobserved. He struck out thru the little woods on the outskirts of the city, taking a short cut to the railroad. He'd never dare go back now. And what did it matter any way? He had plenty of money with him. Elmer always carried a wad. He paused a moment to reach down into his pocket to reassure himself about the money. It was then that the tramps bore down upon him and stripped him of his money and his snappy suit as well.

"You dirty ruffians!" he yelled after them in a voice hoarse with wrath. "Wait until my father hears of this. You'll pay dammed well for what you've got," forgetting in his helpless rage his recent and complete repudiation of his only father.

"Stow yer cheek, young-un," said one of the men, the one who had

on Elmer's clothes, by the way. "Better beat it, kid, if you dont want

yer t'roat cut," he added as the others made a menacing movement in Elmer's direction. Elmer stood not upon the order of his going—but went at once, nor even stopped until he reached the railroad tracks and laid, his weary and disheveled figure in its filthy rags across the bumpers on the freighter bound for Green Forks.

He was roused from his troubled dreams as suddenly as he had slipped into them. Something soft and prickly and sweet smelling slapped violently against his face. He grabbed it with a startled hand. It was a girl's straw hat with floating rose ribbons and blue forget-me-nots trailing around its brim.

"Green Forks. Last stop. Everybody out," bawled the conductor and the car stopped with a jerk that almost sent Elmer spinning into space once more.

"Oh, my hat!" said a voice dripping honey dew. "The wind has blown it away. I'll——" But the rest was lost in a babble of greeting. Margaret Andrews, the belle

of Green Forks and elsewhere, was returning from boarding-school welcomed by at least half of the enthusiastic village.

Elmer was in a quandary. He did not dare return the hat under the eagle eye of the town constable, who was one of the welcomers, but neither did he wish to be caught with it. Margaret suddenly spied a rose ribbon trailing in the dust under the freight car. "Oh, there——" she began, but an appealing glance from Elmer was potent enough to stop her. "Oh, there's my dear old

WATCH YOUR STEP

Fictionized, by permission, from the Goldwyn production of the scenario and original story of Julien Josephson. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast:

Elmer Slocum.....	Cullen Landis
Margaret Andrews.....	Patsy Ruth Miller
Russ Weaver.....	Bert Woodruff
Lark Andrews.....	George Pierce
Lon Kimball.....	Raymond Cannon
J. Kimball.....	G. Leonard
Constable	Henry Rattenbury
Ky Wilson.....	Joel Day
Detective Ryan.....	L. J. O'Conner
Henry Slocum.....	John Cossar
Mrs. Spiney.....	Lillian Sylvester
Luke Spiney.....	L. H. King
Mrs. Andrews.....	Cordelia Callahan
Mrs. Weaver.....	Alberta Lee

Russ Weaver," she finished in response to her father's inquiring glance. It seemed to Elmer that the constable's glance was not only inquiring but penetrating. But they all dwindled away in time and the wretched and cramped Elmer climbed out from under the car and stood forlornly on the station platform, which was piled with trunks and baggage of every description, but destitute now of people.

"Here boy," said the station agent, appearing suddenly in the doorway, "help me with these boxes and I'll give you a quarter."

Elmer smiled inwardly and hastily moved to obey. Elmer Slocum Young, heir to concrete millions, was glad to earn a quarter. It was the first money he had ever earned in his life—and very nearly the last. Hauling the boxes around in an excess of zeal, one of the biggest and clumsiest fell on him. It was as effective as lethal gas—if not so pleasant. Elmer passed completely out.

When he came to, he was lying on a cot in a small cluttered-up room in the back of what appeared to be a general store. Two friendly old faces bent over him.

"You're all right now, boy," one of the men said kindly. "Old Doc Price, here, says there ain't no bones broke an' all you need is a bit of a rest. So take it easy, lad. You're in good hands—if Russ Weaver does say it, as shouldn't."

Elmer closed his eyes again and slept—and slept—and slept. He was in good hands, as Russ Weaver proved upon his recovery, by giving him a job in his store. It was a new and interesting experience for Elmer, for he had never lifted his hand before to do anything that remotely resembled work. He was janitor, clerk, book-keeper and advertising manager of the firm. He worked hard with his head and his hands, too, from morning till night. He brought youth and inventiveness and modern methods to a worn-out old institution—all of which old Weaver appreciated. He gave him a suit of clothes out of stock as a sort of bonus. He could easily afford it, his business was prospering as it had never done before. Elmer was grateful for the suit, altho a few months before he would have characterized it as a crime! An atrocity! Furthermore, an impossibility! Elmer would have

been as witty as he could be about it, but never would he have considered it in the light of belonging to him!

However, several other salutary changes were taking place in Elmer's hitherto purely ornamental existence. Gone was the old ennui, gone the constant craving for excitement and the inclination to break loose every so often. All that Elmer craved was another glimpse of the girl with the hat—without the hat rather, and that was soon gratified.

Everyone

came to Weaver's sooner or later, for he furnished everything that anyone could want from furniture to food, pianos to cattle fodder; and Margaret Andrews came too, for—no matter what—she came! It was not an unmixed blessing however, for she brought with her the village beau. What more meet than that the village belle should capture the village dandy? And if this agreeable arrangement was entirely satisfactory to Margaret's father, it was decidedly not so to Elmer. After a glance intended to be scathingly contemptuous at the vivid checked sport coat, scarlet tie, and protuberant wrist-watch of his already hated rival, Elmer ignored him. But Lon Kimball could not be snubbed by a village clerk—so he thought, at any rate—so he ignored the ignoring and treated Elmer with a condescension that only amused him. He was busy making out a slip for Margaret's purchases anyway. At the foot of the bill after the last interesting item about "6 spools of 70 white thread," he wrote, "You have the prettiest blue eyes I ever saw." Margaret watched him fascinated, and his boldness went unrebuked.

After that, Margaret did all the shopping for her family, of whose constantly growing needs, they were mercifully unaware. In the morning she marketed—at Weaver's, and in the afternoon she shopped for odds and ends—at Weaver's, and at night she treated her girl friends—or got her boy friends to treat her to ice cream—at Weaver's. Lon Kimball complained and grew surly, but life was coated with an impenetrable sweetness for Margaret, and altho her father chided her and Lon redoubled his efforts, nothing outside of Weaver's made any impression.

Weaver, feeling sorry for the young lovers and being all on Elmer's side, loaned them one glorious Sunday his decrepit old buggy and they went off by themselves for the first time to picnic by the roadside. Altho Elmer had entertained many ladies of

After a glance intended to be scathingly contemptuous at the vivid checked sport coat, scarlet tie, and protuberant wrist watch of his already hated rival, Elmer ignored him



various strata in society at luncheon, and was as self-possessed as a cabinet official, he found himself tongue-tied and awkward before the smiling sweetness of this rural little miss. Vocal utterance is, however, somewhat superfluous between lovers. Their hearts say so much, and Elmer's heart was beating out a very symphony of words which echoed and sang in Margaret's maiden breast when a Ford clanked noisily toward them.

"Damn Fords, anyway," cried Elmer in exasperation. "You can't get away from them. They're everywhere!"

But it was worse than that, for in the Ford, which was new and shining, by the way, and belonged to Lon Kimball, sat its owner and Margaret's father.

"What is the meaning of this, Margaret?" asked Mr. Andrews, but that's only what fathers always say when they find the wayward daughter, no matter what she is doing.

"It means, sir—" exclaimed Elmer, rising to his feet. "Now, Elmer, I'll manage father," said Margaret soothingly.

"You've done altogether too much managing, young woman—of every one but yourself. Get in the car. We're going home. This is the limit of human endurance—to find my daughter picnicking in the roadside with a common tramp. You're incorrigible!"

Elmer had a momentary twinge of homesickness at the familiar words. All fathers were alike, he had time to think, and perhaps his wasn't any worse than the others. But Lon was cranking the Ford and Margaret waved a pitiful good-bye and blinked at him thru humiliated tears.

"Good-bye, Elmer, I'll see you later," she said in a pathetic attempt at bravado, and the car moved off.

Elmer kicked savagely at the inoffensive pop bottles which had laid down at the approach of the intruders. "If my father ever gets his hands on you, you old dumbbell!" he muttered furiously, and then recalled with a pang that he was to all intents and purposes fatherless. He had to fight his own battles now. Well, he would, by George! He had money in the bank and when he had a little more he and Margaret would elope. In a sorry frame of mind, tho not entirely discouraged, he drove home alone, figuring out frantically how two people could live on twenty dollars a week when one had not been able to live on two hundred a week before. He longed for his discarded parent and the comforts of the home he had left, but stuck resolutely to his plan to elope with Margaret. Of her consent he never doubted. Had she not showed him where she kept her precious slip of paper—the one about the "6 spools of 70 white thread"—in the front of her waist, where she might read it as often as she liked?

Thereafter the young lovers met surreptitiously and managed to extract considerable joy from the stolen sweetness; for youth is confident if nothing else, and Elmer never doubted that his ship was on her way toward port. Lon Kimball went around the town swaggering like a militant cock sparrow. He was perfectly content with life, too. Had he not taken Margaret away from her humble lover? Was not Mr. Andrews plugging for him? Already

"Hang the ice cream!" retorted Elmer wondering how it could be managed. But he waited until the immoderate wedge of cake and unconscionable mound of ice cream was deposited safely on a nearby table



Margaret seemed to be "getting over it." Women always "got over it" if you gave 'em time enough. She went around with sunlight in her eyes and laughter in her heart. Dear child! She could no more hide it than the fact that her eyes were blue. Youth is mercifully blind too, and Lon never guessed he was being rather an ass.

Finally the matter came to a head. Margaret gave a party; but, of course, she could not invite Elmer—not openly that is. They arranged a place to meet, where Elmer might be fed and kissed, maybe, unobserved. It was out on the lawn under the rustling cottonwoods with the hammock stretched between—and dark as needs be, heaven knows. Elmer had never before been in enemy territory, and he reconnoitered as carefully as tho an entire German battery awaited his appearance. He found the hammock and the rustling cottonwoods all right and waited as patiently as any man ever waits for anything. Elmer missed a great many bets by not being born a poet. He could have whiled the time away by reciting Tennyson's "Maude." You know:

"Come into the garden, Maude,
For the black bat, night, hath flown . . .
And I am here at the gate alone."

But outside of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" which he was forced to learn in school, Tennyson meant nothing to Elmer, so he waited in silence and no recitation was born to sing unheard in the still night air.

Suddenly a hand reached out of the darkness and a voice said, "Elmer, where are you?"

"Here, sweetness," replied Elmer, leaping precipitously toward the hand.

"Oh, Elmer, the ice cream!" exclaimed Margaret, emerging from the shadows. "Look out! Elmer behave! Let me put it down first."

"Hang the ice cream!" retorted Elmer, wondering how it could be managed. But he waited until the immoderate wedge of cake and unconscionable mound of ice cream was deposited safely on a nearby table. Youth must be fed on food as well as kisses.

They sat down in the hammock which sank obligingly in the middle and jammed them uncomfortably but blissfully together. The world floated away on impalpable wings of mist. They sat silent as tho under a spell, when out of the sweet scented dark crashed a hideous discord.

"Get up, you bum!" screamed the voice of Lon Kimball.

Elmer got up and Lon went down as quietly and unceremoniously as tho he had really planned to take a nap right about there.

After that the town grew pretty warm for Elmer. The constable called formally and haled him into court.



The untoward fact of his dirty ragged outer garments and the immaculate Italian silk B. V. D.'s in which he had made his debut in Green Forks, took on a damaging significance.

People began to wonder who, if anybody, his parents were. What was his real name? Where was he born? Where had he come from, and why? An aura of mystery surrounded him. In short, from a commonplace grocery clerk he had suddenly become a figure of menace and danger to the community. Mr. Andrews was the richest and most important man in Green Forks, and what he said, went, irrespective of any intrinsic merit or demerit in the case. And Mr. Andrews wanted Elmer run out of town; so Elmer came very near to being run out of town. The second most important personage was Russ Weaver, fortunately for Elmer, and he wanted Elmer to stay; and Elmer came very near to staying, as we shall see. Perhaps the third most important villager was Margaret, and she wanted Elmer to stay, too. Constable Anderson was on three horns of a dilemma. He wanted to satisfy Russ Weaver. He couldn't help trying to please the beguiling Margaret, and he was afraid not to appease his patron, Mr. Andrews.

Into this hopeless deadlock there drifted a minion of the law, that is, a policeman, looking for Elmer. Elmer had visions of three dead motor cops, a summons for speeding, a warrant for his arrest on fifty irrefutable counts and other distinctly unpleasant fancies. Elmer hoped the officer wouldn't find him, but it was a vain hope. Frying pan or fire thought he bitterly, disliking either rôle, what did it matter? He was going to lose Margaret anyway, so he surrendered to the strange officer, deciding that it was less ignominious to leave town with him voluntarily than to be driven out by the village

(Continued on page 107)

"Father," said Elmer suddenly, "you said you wanted me back at any price—well the price is that my wife goes home with me. She—er—that is she isn't my wife yet, but she's going to be. Aren't you, Margaret?"

Remembering Other Easter Days



All photographs by C. E. Day, L. A.



Easter Day!

Pale spring sunshine sifting thru cathedral windows—

Starry lilies upon slender, swaying stalks—
And gay Easter bonnets above smiling faces—

For, verily, the chapeau is the herald of the season.

Dorothy DeVore, the vivacious Christie comedienne, has posed in a series of hats which attractively illustrate the evolution of the Easter bonnet.

At the top of the page is the quaint head dress worn by the ladies of 1862—

Just above is the demure bonnet of 1875—

And at the left is pictured the elaborate chapeau of 1900.

Dorothy DeVore
Illustrates the
Evolution of the
Easter Bonnet



All photographs by C. E. Day, L. A.



Brocaded silks and satins and sweeping willow plumes were the vogue in 1902, while feather boas of the pastel shades protected white throats from stray winds—At the right is the feathered picture hat of 1910 which was placed with a definite touch upon a high coiffure; and just above is the infinitely more practical Easter bonnet of today. What it lacks in the picturesque qualities it makes up in utility



The Idealist Speaks

By
KENNETH CURLEY

"I believe absolutely in divorce!"

I sat up suddenly. I'm afraid I stared. I recall that I said, "*What!*" loudly and rather gapingly. And then Bessie did it all over again, this time thumping her elbow upon the desk and nodding vigorously.

"Ab-so-lute-ly!" she said, tightening her lips. "I'm for making divorce a good deal
(Continued on page 109)



Photograph by C. Heighon Monroe

SOMEHOW I had always thought of Bessie Love in diminutives, as a little girl, of whom one might say—without malice—"a sweet young thing." There had been a few scant meetings.

She had given me a small hand and had seemed very cool and very tiny and vaguely charming. Usually she wore baby blue. And Mother Love hovered with inevitable fondness in the background. And that's all there was. There wasn't any more.

And then, by editorial dictum, it was decreed that I should interview Bessie Love. And I went from my lair in Hollywood down to the office in Los Angeles where it had been appointed we should meet. And Mother Love was there. And pretty soon Bessie herself came in—in baby blue. She smiled and gave me a hand and seemed very cool and very tiny and vaguely charming. And while I still held her hand the ghostly echo of Ethel Barrymore was sounding again in my ear, "That's all there is. There isn't any more."

Somehow or other we got into a room by ourselves, Bessie and I, and she sat at one side of the big desk and I at the other. We looked at each other. I grew annoyed when I opened my mouth to speak and found that I had forgotten what I was going to ask and then I thought, "Oh, hang! I don't care much. I'll just write about baby blue and brown eyes like forest pools and elves." And then Bessie spoke.

When you meet
Bessie Love you think
of baby blue and
brown eyes like
forest pools and elves.
And then Bessie talks
of divorce and harder
marriages! You are
dazed



Photograph by
Willis E. Inglis, L. A.

The Holubars Incorporated



Modesty and Love married!

It was the stage production of "Everywoman" that brought Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar together, when they played these rôles—

The difficulties of hotel life, road shows, the irregularity of rehearsals and the few opportunities of always obtaining rôles in the same company blocked their path.

So they came to the screen.

Now Mr. Holubar has his own company and Dorothy Phillips is the star. They have their charming home a short distance from the studios where they may run their unfinished pictures in their private projection-room and work over their stories undisturbed.

Their next production will be "The Soul Seeker."

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays In Review



Above, a scene from the new import, "The Loves of Pharaoh," which was directed by Ernst Lubitsch, the producer of "Passion," and other previous successes; at the right, is Marion Davies in "Bride's Play" which is a frail story; and below, is Wesley Barry in the title rôle of "Penrod"



NAZIMOVA takes her innermost reactions and emotions and flings them tempestuously upon the screen. Neither is there shame in the nakedness of their revelation. Perhaps that is why she has always been such a splendid Nora in Henrik Ibsen's drama of "The Doll's House." Perhaps that is why she chose this production, which has been filmed before in the last few years, for her first release under her independent company.

Altho Ibsen wrote "The Doll's House" in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it is particularly pertinent today. As a matter of fact, he was undoubtedly premature in his conception of Nora, the woman who demands her right to be an individual before and above everything else.

Nora has made great sacrifices and dedicated the years to pleasing her husband. It is after an exhibition of his selfishness and his disregard for her as an individual that she realizes that she has been as a doll in a doll's house, a pleasant toy for her successful husband when he desired amusement. Then Nora goes forth into the night, sacrificing all she has held unutterably dear, that she may salvage her individuality.

In the early scenes wherein Nora endeavors to amuse her husband by her coy and kittenish antics, Nazimova has gone to great extremes. Personally we think this unnecessary. She might have suggested the doll in the doll's house by far more subtle methods—methods of which she is undoubtedly capable. Explaining these antics, her Nora tells a friend that she is keeping the secret of the great sacrifice she has made to tell her husband when they are older—when she cannot keep his love by amusing him in such an acrobatic fashion. This was depressing, for if it is by such methods that the love of husbands is retained, innumerable women will find themselves the objects of waning affections.

It is in the latter scenes of this production that

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Nazimova does her best work. Her Nora who dances frantically to keep her husband from the letter-box wherein lies an incriminating letter; her Nora dancing at the masquerade with a worried heart; and her Nora stunned by the discovery that she has been little more than a pleasant toy despite her effort toward comradeship and understanding—they are, all of them, human characterizations.

"The Doll's House" is the best thing Nazimova has done in some time. In spots it displays a continued lapse of perspective, but on the other hand, there is a definite purpose in its existence. Alan Hale was well cast as Torvald Helmer, the misunderstanding husband, and Nigel De Brullier was very real as Doctor Rank, loving Nora. Others in the cast were Wedgwood Nowell, Florence Fisher and Philippe De Lacy. Charles Bryant did well with the direction.

THE BRIDE'S PLAY
—COSMOPOLITAN

Some of the titles in "The Bride's Play" said "Acushla," and there was an old servant who said "Wurra," so you knew the story was laid in Ireland. Then, to be sure, the explanatory title at the beginning of the story told you of the locale. Whether you would have dreamed it was Ireland otherwise is doubtful. Personally, we felt no Emerald Isle atmosphere. Oh yes! There was a row of thatched cottages too—such very clean cottages. You might have mistaken them for the latest things in Hollywood dressing-room bungalows.

Now it seems that the bride's play is a custom where the bride accosts every man present at the marital festivities and asks him "Are you the one I love the best?" When she comes, at last, to the groom he answers "Yes." There are lots of other games we could

(Continued on page 116)



Above, Nazimova, in "The Doll's House," in which she gives a human characterization. At the left, is Alice Calhoun as Lady Babbie in Vitagraph's production of "The Little Minister," and below, is Hope Hampton in "Stardust"



Doing As the Movies Do



whilst I fished about in my mental pabulum for a direct query to fire at him. After a struggle, the cigaret was rolled—and lighted. Sawyer, the Man Friday of the Post dressing-room these six years past, presented the match at the psychological moment.

It was a sort of gala occasion, this first interview granted by America's greatest stage lover since he entered the realm of reels. He didn't know what to say, and he was so famous already that I stuttered. It looked like an awful mess. One by one the big peaches of the speakies have dropped off the dramatic tree, and in some



"In this play, 'The Masquerader,' I play two rôles, as you know. The movies seem to love to have their stars play two rôles, and, of course, I am doing it!" Above, a portrait of Mr. Post taken in the studio; at the right, in a scene; and below, on the lawn of his Pasadena home with Adele

Richie Post

"I AM just as much an authority on the movies as a bull in a china shop is on china!" smiled Guy Bates Post as I bearded him in his Sawyer-guarded den.

"And just as much at home," he added, starting to roll a cigaret, taking some pains. I think the early Bill Hart period had already begun to get in its dirty work on Mr. Post. He started off with one hand at it and finished up with both and wishing for a third.

"When you're in the movies, do as the movies do," he went on, staging a sort of little monolog



instances off their high horses, into the laps of the movie gods.

Here I was face to face with the last of these. And one by one, they have murmured sweet nothings about "what they think of the movies." For the most part, these murmurings have taken the form of faint praise—with reservations.

"Oh, the movies are all *right*," they say, "but then, you know, of course . . ." and so on. But not so with young Mr. Post. He is head over heels in love with a new mistress—the fillums, by gosh!

"I've been working before the camera for two weeks, and I feel like a veteran at it already," he went on, laying the hand-made cigaret aside and selecting a Turkish, which Sawyer produced as if by instinct.

"But nobody else around the studio seems to think I am a vet. I hear the prop boys and the 'lights' sighing like cyclones because I am

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

so slow. Camera angles make me feel like an animated lesson in geometry, but everything is fascinating. Not nearly so hard as the stage, because we get breathing spells every few minutes; while on the stage I worked for two and a half hours without drawing a free breath, sometimes twice a day."

Guy Bates Post, who sprang into fame many years ago on Broadway at Daly's, who gave us "The Heir to the Hurrah," "Soldiers of Fortune," "Omar, the Tentmaker," and his never-to-be-forgotten beach-comber in "The Bird of Paradise," is a new young man of the movies. In California and picture-land, age is never counted. There is no age in the cinema—if you can get away with it. Lewis Stone has played The Prisoner of Zenda in Rex Ingram's production of that name. Elsie Ferguson has played the elderly Duchess of Towers in "Forever," and even Nazimova gave us the sixteen-year-old "Brat." No, age is a matter of make-up.

But with the marvelous Post, it is more than that. According to stage history, he might be anything, as mortals reckon time. But as we chatted in his dressing-room near the Richard Walton Tully stage in Hollywood the other day, I swear I might have been discussing pictures or bull in a china shop—or in a cigaret, with a youth of twenty-eight or a

Guy Bates Post does the largest part of his portrayal with his eyes. He has the most expressive eyes I have ever seen belonging to a man. At the right a new portrait of Mr. Post; and below, enjoying some of Mr. D. Fairbank's latest tricks during a visit at the studios



Photograph by Moffett, Chicago



man of thirty-five. You young ladies of another day, who thrilled at the young Post's past declarations of love on the stage, look to your lorgnettes when you see him in "The Masquerader" on the screen!

Lest you think I do protest too much—of age—I'll take up the thread of conversation spun by this rarely interesting artist. Oh, and he is an artist! He acted out the interview for me! I was only a spectator, and his little reception-room, the stage.

"In this play of 'The Masquerader' I play two rôles, as you know. The movies seem to love to have their stars play two rôles, and, of course, I am doing it! Anyway, one of the characters is the good man, and the other is the naughty dope fiend. He just loves his dope, and it does him in. It ruins him, as dope ruins everyone who looks upon it. But in America we cannot show him taking dope, and enjoying it. I have to do it this way . . ."

Then he jumped to his feet, seeming to tower above me in my rockin' chair, altho he is really quite short, which

(Continued on page 105)

On the Camera Coast



Things are not always what they seem. The snow in the above picture, for instance, is not snow—but salt. It is a studio set. And Gloria Swanson and Elinor Glyn find their wraps a burden. At the right, Douglas teaches Mary to handle an arrow. We envy Mr. Fairbanks his pupil and Mrs. Fairbanks her instructor. Below, Lon Chaney arrives in Hollywood with his ever necessary make-up box. His work has made him something of a cross-country commuter



has been enjoying free-lancing for some time and has to his recent credit Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro," also in "The Three Musketeers" and the Thomas H. Ince special, "Mother O' Mine."

Valentino's sensational success in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has recently resulted in his signing the dotted line on a Famous Players-Lasky contract for a reported salary of \$2,000 per week. It is interesting to note that his first starring feature under the new contract will again bring him in an Ibañez's story, and, still more interesting, that the woman to whom he owes his real discovery, June Mathis, who adapted "The Four Horsemen" to the screen, will write the scenario for "Blood and Sand." Miss Mathis first noticed Valentino as a type and personality in Clara Kimball Young's picture, "The Eyes of the World," wherein he played a small part. Just about that time the screen version of "The Four Horsemen" was taking definite form in her mind, and she felt that Valentino was the ideal type for Julio. Her engagement was probably a case of returning the favor. At least, it is believed to be that. Perhaps



By
EDWIN SCHALLERT

Valentino's sincere appreciation of her belief in his ability produced the thought vibration that suggested to Famous Players-Lasky Miss Mathis as the logical writer to build the second Ibañez scenario.

Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady will, it is said, join the Hollywood Lasky colony in the near future. Miss Ferguson has abandoned appearing in a new stage play to fulfil her Paramount contract. There probably will be as much "ado" about Miss Brady's initial trip to this Coast as there was when Norma Talmadge, husband Joseph Schenck, and sister Constance recently arrived in the poppy state, altho the Talmadge girls had made pictures here before.

Norma Talmadge is going to give her "fans" a distinctive and rare treat as "The Duchess of Langeais," the French heroine of Balzac's novel, laid in the 19th century, judging from the sumptuous sets being used as background for the unfoldment of this romantic tale. Women, especially, are going to revel in the be-trained brocade gowns and be-plumed hats that bring to the beautiful Norma a stately and picturesque charm.

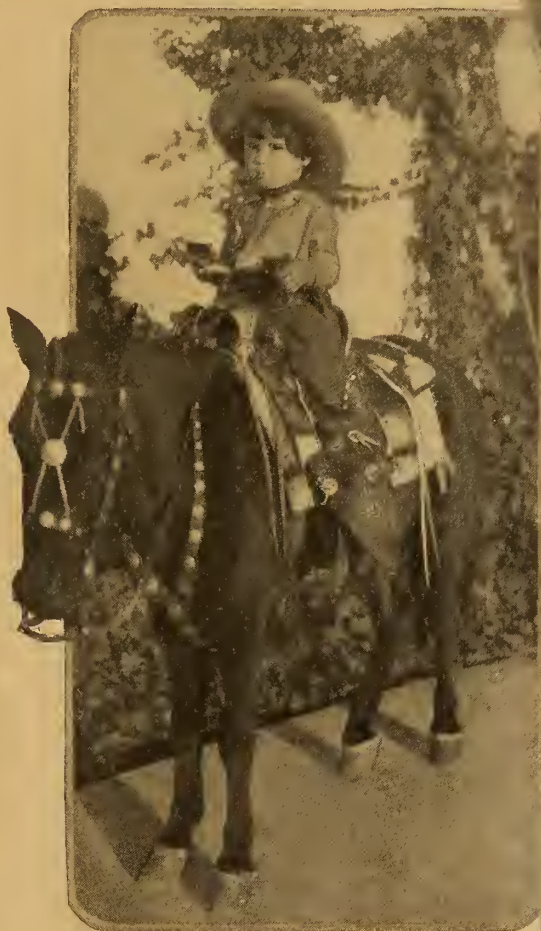
Connie Talmadge is vacationing for a month until her next comedy will be ready for production. In the meantime, she is thoroly enjoying living at sister Natalie and brother (in-law) Buster Keaton's Westchester Place home—and apparently gaining extensive knowledge of the art of ball-room dancing from the French favorite, Maurice, who has added to the pleasure of "Cocoanut Grovers" at the Ambassador. Maurice has been at the famous hostelry for about a month—and, of course, Constance loves to trip the light fantastic. Maurice probably is interested in the making of movies, and under the generalship of so famous a star as Constance the heavily barred gates of the studios are, we should say, widely swung open for him. But then, Connie is busy with other important details also—such as adding to her smart wardrobe (Constance is a chic dresser) and possibly buying dainty little pink and white adornments for a big springtime event at the Keatons' which will crown her with the title "Auntie."

Another busy studio on the United Artists' lot, where the Talmadges work, is that of Nazimova. Ibsen's "A Doll's House" has been rereleased and Mme. Alla has since been intent upon an interesting adaptation of Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

(Continued on page 110)



In the photograph above, Helene Chadwick illustrates the democracy of the studio when she dines at the lunch counter. At the left, Baby Peggy of the Century Comedies learns the "hold-up" game at a tender age. Below, Helen Ferguson pauses between scenes of "Hungry Hearts" to gather up a slender armful of Oriental loveliness in the dainty person of Winter Blossom



Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Happy endings accepted in novels—then why not on the screen writes this reader.

DEAR SIR: I should like to state how much I appreciate reading "Letters to the Editor" in your publication. Being a very ardent reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I wonder why I have never written to you before.

I agreed with "Virginia Movie Fan" regarding the happy endings of photoplays. Occasionally, it is all right to see a tragic finish, such as in "Broken Blossoms," but for the majority of the plays I think this "happy ever after" ending is the brightest way. No doubt, you will hear people say, "But that is not true to life." It is seldom that anything happens in the movies that is true to life. They are, to me, a form of entertainment that you need to take your imagination along when you go. Not that I intend knocking them, for I am a very interested "fan" indeed, but I do think that you come to expect this happy ending in most of the plays, and, as I said above, it is only for our entertainment and enjoyment, so why should we feel sad and depressed when the show is over?

When you read a novel, you generally expect the hero and heroine to marry and live happily ever after, so why not in the movies?

It seems a pity to me that our favorites of a few years ago—take Alice Brady, Clara Young, Alice Joyce and Anita Stewart—are hardly ever seen now, at least it is so in Montreal, and that, I believe, is the reason for their decline in popularity. They possibly act in one or two plays during a year; then, in the meantime, some new star is heralded and featured in about six or seven plays within that time, which keeps her before the public. You cannot always boost players when you seldom see them.

Wishing your magazine every success in the future which it now enjoys, I am,

Sincerely yours,

MURIEL C. MORRIS,
Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

Scotland—and the shadow drama's conception of it.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: As a reader of your very artistic and interesting magazine living in "bonnie" Scotland, I am writing to you now to air a grievance which I have against certain American films.

Before starting to criticize, however, I would just like to say how deservedly popular American photoplays and players are over here. American players all seem to be possessed with a superabundance of charm. Hence, the reason for their being such favorites. As things are now, America leads the motion picture industry of the entire world, without a doubt, but the time is not very far off when some of the European countries must be taken into account in the race for world dominance in the industry.

Now, my grievance is this: why do American producers attempt to make screen plays dealing with Scottish life and character without first gaining a knowledge of their subject? "Bunt Pulls the Strings," as a Scotch comedy, was an absolute failure, but as a burlesque it was quite good. And again, why do they attempt to transmute Barrie, the Scottish genius, to the

screen, without making a mess of the process? Living in the district where Barrie was born, and practically in the midst of most of the scenes described in his works, I can surely claim to have a fair knowledge of what I'm talking about. "The Admirable Crichton," shown in the United States as "Male and Female," was a glaring instance. As entertainment, notwithstanding its ludicrous caricature of British aristocracy, it was excellent; but it was Cecil B. de Mille, not Barrie. "Sentimental Tommy" (altho very successful in U. S. A.) possesses no Barrie touches whatever, and the Scottish scenes are replete with glaring defects and incongruities. "What Every Woman Knows" is the most true-to-life of all the Barrie picturizations; Lois Wilson investing the character of the heroine with great charm. I tremble to think of "The Little Minister" on the screen. Betty Compson, a very competent actress, I admit, is not a suitable type for the rôle of Barrie. After consideration, I have come to the conclusion that America cannot kinematize Barrie, Scotland's renowned son.

I don't see any reason, either, for the difficulty in securing some one to take the rôle of Peter Pan for the movies. There are dozens of young and talented actresses over here who have played the part on the stage, and are competent to play it in the screen adaptation. It is a rôle for a British actress, anyway; I doubt if any American movie actress could give such a part the necessary British atmosphere. Why doesn't Paramount produce their Barrie adaptation in their London studio, and come up here for exteriors? Such an arrangement might be more conducive to retaining the elusive Barrie element.

Here's wishing every success to the Brewster Publications. There are no other magazines of their kind in the whole world that can hold a candle to 'em.

Please excuse me for taking up so much of your valuable time and space.

Faithfully yours,

DAVID D. JOLLY,
27 Queen St., Forfar, Scotland.

Lauding Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish.

DEAR EDITOR: Will a Florida movie fan have a chance to express his opinions to others thru the letter columns of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE? I am a devoted reader of the MAGAZINE, and have been especially interested in the letter department. So far, I have failed to see a letter from Florida, and I thought it time for a Florida fan to appear on the scene!

In the September issue I read an interesting letter in the defense of Mary Pickford, and I wish to say that the person who wrote it has the true spirit regarding her place on the screen. I, too, am an admirer of Mary Pickford, and I, too, say that she is the greatest star in the game! Without a doubt, Mary Pickford will always be dear to the American people.

Of all her plays, I think "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Pollyanna" and "Daddy Long Legs" are the best, and I shall never forget them. I saw "Rebecca" twice, and am ready to see it the third time!

"The Love Light" was a wonderful picture, and Mary acted her part well; but,

somehow, I could not help but think she was out of place. I like to see her as a child; simply because she has the talent of portraying childhood as no other star can, and any star could have played "The Love Light" with as much success. I think Shirley Mason would have been better fitted for "The Love Light."

There has been one star not mentioned in fan letters, and that particular star is one of my great favorites. She is of a type of beauty rarely found among other players. Her charm on the silversheet seems to reflect her personality, and her acting casts a spell of silent wonder on her audience. She is the "lily maid of the screen." Now, can you guess who she is? Lillian Gish!

I have only missed two of her plays, "Broken Blossoms" and "The Greatest Question," the very ones I wish so much to see! I shall never forget her as Elsie Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation," and as The Girl in "Hearts of the World." I have not seen "Way Down East," and I am anxiously waiting for it to come South. I have heard some people say it was wonderful, and have also heard that it was no good at all, so I hardly know what to expect!

I hope it is good, for it seems a shame to make such a tremendous picture and have the public give it a "black eye." However, those who have seen the picture say that Lillian Gish has done the best work of her career, and I have no doubt but that they speak the truth. Lillian Gish improves with every picture, I think. She will have many more admirers in the years to come than she has now.

I have been greatly interested in the progress of Virginia Faire, 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest winner, and I know "Without Benefit of Clergy" will establish her fame thruout the country. I saw her in "Under Northern Lights" some time ago, and I thought she was wonderful, altho I did not care for the picture. She certainly has the screen talent, and takes well before the camera. I sincerely believe that her dreams of accomplishing something big on the screen will come to pass. I congratulate her on her success, and I hope she will have a brilliant career.

It is impossible to go into detail about all my favorites, but I will at least name them. Next to Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish, I like Norma Talmadge; then follow Shirley Mason, Marguerite de la Motte, Elsie Ferguson, Colleen Moore, Viola Dana, Dorothy Gish, Betty Compson, Pearl White, Gladys Walton, Alice Calhoun, Richard Barthelmess, Wallace Reid, Fatty Arbuckle, Thomas Meighan, William Farnum, George Walsh and Warren Kerrigan.

Now, that I am thru with the stars, I would like to give my opinion of some of the pictures of 1920-21. In the 1920 group, of all the pictures I saw, I liked "Humoresque," "Virgin of Stamboul," "Dinty" and "Pollyanna" the best. "Humoresque" created a great sensation in Florida. There were very few people who could find fault with it. Indeed, it was very nearly perfect; the acting, setting and direction were wonderful. The director must have worked hard to make it effective, and—well, we all know that he succeeded!

"Dinty" was another picture that caused a great deal of comment. Everyone was
(Continued on page 108)



You cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through in places to the delicate nail root that lies only one-twelfth of an inch below the surface of the cuticle

What causes hangnails?

*You need never again
have a raw, ragged cuticle*

AUTHORITIES agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits—and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail—but you must do this without cutting or breaking it or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it.

This thin fold of scarf-skin is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when

you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even—however rough you may have made them by cutting.

Two new polishes to complete your manicure

Then for the gleaming luster that you want for your nails, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. With just a few light strokes, it gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uni-

form smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week.

Cutex Sets in four sizes

To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in four sizes, the Compact Set at 60c, the Traveling Set at \$1.50, the Five-Minute Set at \$1.00, and the Boudoir Set at \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—only 12c

Send 12c today in coin or stamps for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 805, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12 CENTS TODAY

*The new Cutex
Introductory Set*



Northam Warren,
Dept. 805, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

Greenroom Jottings

Charles Ray is going to play the title rôle in "The Tailor-Made Man." The screen rights to this popular stage play were originally purchased for Jack Pickford, but it has since been decided that the rôle is not quite in keeping with the personality which Jack hopes to create. On the other hand, it is ideal material for Mr. Ray. Jack wants to be a human human being, so to speak. He wants to do things like "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and "Bill Apperson's Boy."

Eric von Stroheim recently spent two or three months in the East while his production "Foolish Wives" was being shown upon Broadway. Now, after weeks of vacationing and rest, he will return to Universal City to resume his responsibilities in the production department.

Charlie Chaplin has practically completed his latest comedy "Pay Day." It is said to border upon the broad slap-stick variety. In the cast are Edna Purviance, Sid Chaplin, Mack Swain and Henry Bergman.

There have been no announcements of new stars in a long, long time. However, Bull Montana has been elevated to a star's estate. Just what his first picture will be has not been announced but it is said that it will be admirably suited to Mister Montana's talents.

"The Magnificent Amberson's," the Booth Tarkington story, will soon belong to the screen. The Vitagraph company are to film it and it is likely that Jean Paige will be the featured player.

Bryant Washburn is to be the leading man for Katherine MacDonald in a forthcoming production.

It is quite true that Norma and Constance Talmadge will continue to make pictures in the California studios which have been purchased for their use. However, between pictures, they may be found in New York. Here they visit with their

friends and enjoy the theaters for a week or two, after which they return to the land of orange trees and disappearing beds. A trip from one coast to the other means nothing in the life of a cinema star—just nothing! Other people plan for it for a lifetime.

Many of the stars have returned from Europe.

Pearl White came back and remained in New York about three days, if we remember correctly. Then she sailed again for some other foreign shore.

James Kirkwood is back—for good, so far as we can learn. He will leave shortly for the California coast where he will start work.

Rubye de Remer too has returned—with trunks upon trunks of importations. Two or three of them, we understand, were filled with flimsy black lingerie. It is the latest thing in gay Patee.

Speaking of Pearl White—she is going to return to the Pathé Company and serials.

Henry Walthall has deserted the stage for a time. "The Able-Minded Lady," the popular *Saturday Evening Post* story will serve as his forthcoming vehicle. Certainly the screen is the loser when he confines himself to his stage work.

Recently when Mary Pickford was in New York, she had a theater-party. It wasn't a great affair. Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Mary have been friends ever since the old Biograph days when they all worked under D. W. Griffith. So when Mrs. Fairbanks gets to Gotham they usually take advantage of it. This time Mr. Fairbanks took them all to see Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." Needless to say, it was a big night for the audience and the famous four had to get to their car thru a side exit.



Mary Hay—Mrs. Richard Barthelmess—recently scored a great hit in the musical comedy version of "Pomander Walk," which has come to New York under the name of "Marjolaine." The telegrams which may be seen tacked upon the wall of her dressing-room are filled with good wishes from her friends all over the country. Mrs. Barthelmess was also seen in "Way Down East," the D. W. Griffith screen production

Elmer Clifton is looking for a whale with a screen personal-

One cream to protect against wind and sun

A different cream to cleanse the skin thoroughly

WIND and dust whip the natural moisture out of the skin. Sun burns and tans it and coarsens its texture. To keep your skin from becoming permanently rough and coarse, you must protect it yourself before you go out.

The cream to use before going out

Pond's *Vanishing Cream* gives the skin just the protection it needs. It is a softening cream based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect on the skin. This cream acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and sun. It keeps the natural moisture in the skin and prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores.

The moment you smooth Pond's *Vanishing Cream* on the face it disappears, leaving the skin delightfully soft and velvety. Moreover it cannot reappear to make the face shiny for it is entirely free from oil.

The smooth surface which it gives the skin forms a perfect base for powder. In warm weather when the face has a greater tendency to shine, use Pond's *Vanishing Cream* to hold the powder and see how much longer you can go without powdering.

The cream to use for cleansing

AT night, just before retiring, or right after you have come in from an automobile trip or any unusual exposure to dust and dirt, cleanse your face



*To protect your skin against wind and sunburn
and to hold the powder, apply Pond's Vanishing
Cream before going out*

thoroughly with Pond's *Cold Cream*. This cream is entirely different from the protective daytime cream. It is made with just enough oil to penetrate the pores and rid them of dirt without overloading them with oil.

When you have smoothed Pond's *Cold Cream* well into the pores and allowed it to work its way out of the skin again, wipe it off with a soft cloth. This deep cleansing leaves the skin free from the grime that bores too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Once or twice a week after this nightly cleansing, give the face a second application of Pond's *Cold Cream*. Work it in gently where lines are starting to form. The oil in this delicate cream lubricates the skin and keeps it elastic, so that little lines cannot fasten themselves on the face and form wrinkles.

Start today to use these two creams

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. Get them in jars or tubes in convenient sizes. Drug and department stores can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
147 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

Greenroom Jottings

ity. Recently he sailed for a ten weeks' cruise in the Caribbean, where he will film a whaling spectacle. Aboard the whaling schooner there was a crew of forty whalers and Mr. Clifton's company, including **Raymond McKee**, who is the leading-man. The story is a colorful one and deals with the famous whaling industry.

Sophie Irene Loeb, the famous author and newspaper woman, has written a novel story for **Jackie Coogan**. Incidentally, she will go to the Coast and assist in the production of her scenario.

William de Mille, who so successfully brings the drama of everyday to the screen, has been entrusted with the production of "**Nice People**," the stage play in which **Francine Larrimore** scored such a success.

Loyalty is often rewarded. For years **Edna Purviance** has been the leading-lady of **Charlie Chaplin**. Now Mr. Chaplin will commence the production of a series of pictures with **Edna** as the featured player.

Raoul Walsh and his wife **Miriam Cooper** will, in all likelihood, sail for Europe where they will produce their next production.

William Fox has secured the screen rights to the A. S. M. Hutchinson novel, "**If Winter Comes**." This is, without any doubt, one of the finest novels we have had in years and it should prove a foundation for an extraordinary photoplay. Someone suggested that it was not for a **Sunshine** comedy—

Frank Mayo and his siren bride, **Dagmar Godowsky**, are contemplating a vaudeville tour. And there is perhaps no fairer compromise between the screen and opera.

quent denials, there is a persistent rumor anent **Estelle Taylor** and **George Walsh**. Mr. Walsh and Miss Taylor are constantly together and it may be that a final divorce decree is responsible for the delay of nuptials. **Seena Owen** was formerly Mrs. Walsh.

Raymond McKee, the popular leading man, has announced his interest in wedding bells and things matrimonial. **Frances White** the musical comedy star is the reason.

Remember **Bryant Washburn** in "**Skinner's Dress Suit**"? Almost everyone does. It is not unlikely that Mr. Washburn will again undertake the rôle of Skinner. It was this rôle which brought him so unmistakably to the fore and furthermore, it was chosen for him by Mrs. Washburn.

Anita Stewart has bobbed her hair!

So has **Dorothy Phillips**!

There is an heiress in the Mix family. **Thomas** is wearing a broad grin these days. **Thomasina Mix** arrived one February day and all's well.

Charlie Chaplin's book "**My Trip Abroad**" has met with great popularity. Already the first edition is exhausted and the critics, even those notably difficult to please, have praised it lavishly. In its pages Mr. Chaplin tells about the celebrities by whom he was entertained abroad and thru it all there is a sense of humor which does credit to the author.

Ferdinand Pinney Earle who has completed his film translation of **Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat"** has announced his intention of eventually filming several of the

(Continued on page 107)



Allan Dwan will assume the directorial responsibilities of the next Douglas Fairbanks production—the title has not yet been announced. And Enid Bennet will be the leading lady

Despite fre-

Tests made by great manufacturer of blankets show safest way to wash them

FINE woolen blankets will last a lifetime if properly cared for, but a single careless laundering can ruin them—felt them and make them harsh.

The manufacturer is as interested as the owner in finding the safest way to wash fine blankets. For this reason, the makers of the North Star blankets had extensive washing tests made.

The letter from The North Star Woolen Mill Co. tells what these tests showed them about washing blankets and why they enthusiastically recommend Lux.



Lever Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We picked out several of our finest blankets and had them washed in Lux. Each blanket was given the number of laundings it would normally receive.

The blankets were still soft and fleecy at the end of the washings. They showed no signs of yellowing or spotting and the colored stripes and fancy borders did not run. There was a complete absence of the little balls of matted wool that make a blanket lumpy in texture. Washing with a strong soap will mat woollens in this way.

We attribute the satisfactory results we obtained with Lux only in part to the fact that its flake form does away with rubbing. Even more important to our minds is its absolute purity and mildness. It will cleanse the finest woolen with entire safety.

Very truly yours,

S. P. Russell
THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO.



Wash your blankets the way the North Star Woolen Mill Company recommends. These directions are in our booklet of expert laundering advice. Send for it today—it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 15 Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Spring has come! I raise my glass of buttermilk and drink this toast to you:

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good
And we're all good fellows together.

MARY.—And, sure, it's a grand old name. No record of Henry Updegroff. Sorry.

GLADYS F.—Norma Talmadge is playing in "By Right of Purchase," and Constance is playing in "Good Night, Paul." Both are revivals. You say, "Lots of people act well, but very few people talk well, which shows that talking is much the most difficult thing of the two, and much the finer thing also." Yes, it is an art to talk well—that's why I write. Some are best qualified for the movies, others for the speakies, but, as for me, give me the writies.

ETTRICK A.—Thanks for the card. Sorry I can't be of more assistance.

RUSSELL B. H.—Well, now, that's a mighty good photo. You're a fine looking boy. Your letter indicates that you have a sense of humor, too. As for becoming a Valentino—you have my permission. Write him Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Los Angeles, Calif. Write me again.

URSULA S.—Well, a man who is so much talked about is always very attractive. Yes, Joseph Moore is one of the brothers. Constance is the younger. Louise Huff is married to a Mr. Stillman. So you like to see Gloria Swanson and Wallace Reid play together.

SULTANA.—Come, and I will play with thee. What shall it be? Do I think Eugene O'Brien would correspond with a girl? Well, I have known him to. But she must be awfully good-looking and write entertainingly. Jackie Coogan is to make "The Prince and the Pauper," "Buster Brown" and "Just David." I'm anxious to see him; aren't you?

VYRGYNIA.—*De tout mon coeur.* I welcome you. When I read your red-hot letter, it nearly scorched my whiskers. I don't need anyone to feed me mush, thank you; my teeth are all working. No, I haven't heard of J. Warren Kerrigan signing up for the legitimate. Poor Jack! Once he was the most popular of them all. You ask, "Do you think a strong gale would have the power to ruffle Rুদ্ধie Valentino's brilliantly plastered locks? Does he glue them together in order to make them lie so? For heaven's sake, old scrumptious, what do he do?" Ask dad; he knows. Write me soon again. You know, you are one of my first loves.

L. E. B.—Well, I haven't tried to psycho-analyze myself as yet. Have read a bit of Freud, Tridon and Brill, but it's too deep for me. You write a very clever letter, and I sure do appreciate your kind remarks.

WONDERING.—Of course, I'm your friend. A true friend is forever a friend. Friends are not so easily made as kept. Leon P. Gendron, in "Scrambled Wives." Ben Turpin and Phyllis Haver, in "The Rob-in's Nest." A fitting title. William Farnum is playing in "When Iron Turns to Gold," with Marguerite Marsh. What a golden thought.

MARGARET J.—No, I didn't go to Harvard. It is the oldest college in the United States, established in 1638, so I suppose that's why you suspect me. And please don't call me Noah. No, I don't know who said, "Industry is the right-hand of fortune, the grave of care, and the cradle of content." Mabel Normand, in "When You Leave Home." Pauline Frederick, in "The Glory of Clementine," and Dorris May, in "Boy Crazy."

RESTLE.—Do you refer to Alfred Hickman? Yes, Rosemary Theby has been on the stage. William Faversham is playing in "The Squaw Man," on the stage. Monte Blue is six feet two inches tall.

MISS SPEED.—Don't run away. Woman seldom hesitates to sacrifice the honest man who loves her, without pleasing her, to the libertine who pleases her, without loving her. You say you put your hair up on curlers every night and you can't sleep with the things in your hair. I advise you to cut your hair off. So you are in love with Jack Holt. Walter McGrail was Charles in "Habit."

MADELYN Y.—Thanks, but we always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration. Yes, Charlie Chaplin's "A Dog's Life," "Sunnyside," "Shoulder Arms" and "A Day's Pleasure" are to be revived. So you think I am about twenty-three. Keep on guessing. I will give you eighty-one more guesses. Marshall Neilan is to direct Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" which she is going to do over again.

BABBIE.—Tobacco was discovered in San Domingo in 1496, afterwards by the Spaniards in Yucatan in 1520, and was introduced into France in 1560 and into England in 1583. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "Prophets Paradise" and Tom Mix in "Free Range Lanning." Gloria Swanson and Wallace Reid both with Lasky.

MARION H.—Funny, you have the same name as I have. See above for Valentino's address.

R. V. ADMIRER.—Well, prior to the World War we owed other countries five billion dollars; foreign peoples now owe us in excess of twelve billions. For further figures, I refer you to Mr. Mellon. William Duncan and Edith Johnson, in "Man Hunters." Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar."

CURIOS.—No, the old believe everything, the middle-aged suspect everything, and the young know everything. Grace Darmond is playing in "Handle with Care." Harry Myers is in the cast. William Russell in "Strength of the Pines." Yes, Pearl White in "The Broadway Peacock."

MAXINE C.—Texas Guinan is not playing now. She is in New York. Well, Thomas Ince is going to re-issue four of the old Charles Ray pictures—"African Love" with Louise Glaum, "Saved from the Depths" with Joseph Dowling, "After the Storm" with Clara Williams and Frank Borzage, and "The Mystery of the Mission" with Enid Markey.

MILDRED.—Gloria Swanson is about twenty-five, Viola Dana is twenty-four, Elaine Hammerstein is twenty-five, and Harold Lloyd is twenty-nine.



Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairedress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.



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R. L. W.
CO.

Making the MOST of Your Hair

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically. People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely

greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear, warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find

the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



LOVER OF MOVIES.—There's no way you can get into pictures that I know of. There are a great many experienced players not working now.

VALENTINO FAN.—As Oscar Wilde says: "Love is all very well in its way, but friendship is much higher. Indeed, nothing in the world is either nobler or rarer than a devoted friendship." And them's my sentiments all over!

BILLBILLY.—Yes, that is true. Even business should have a picturesque background. Yes, Bebe Daniels in "Nancy from Nowhere."

FRANK T.—Well, there are more men who have missed opportunities than there are who have lacked opportunities. "Cabiria" was produced in Italy and they were all foreign players. Ben Turpin is playing in "Bright Eyes." I hope he doesn't want to play "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Write me again.

WEeping Willow.—You have a great heart and a great heart has no room for the memory of wrong. Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal." Clara Kimball Young is playing in "What No Man Knows." We can all learn from the "Young." That's a bad one. Betty Compson is not married, but Zeena Keefe is. Yes, Wallace Reid is the father of a child.

MADCAP.—No, I don't intend to get a new spring suit—I can't afford it. Those who make their dress a principal part of themselves will, in general, become of no more value than their dress. No, Mona Lisa is not a star. You want to see her on one of our covers.

ALAN B.—Life is not measured by the time we live. No more birthdays for me. I will be eighty-one from now on. Mary Miles Minter's name is Juliet Reilly and she is playing in "Tillie." You say you sent twenty-five cents to Norma and Constance and to Mae Murray and they haven't answered your letters. Well, you know times are hard and they may need the money. They make only a few thousand dollars a week, you know.

FANNIE G.—Your letter was a work of art. Write me another.

DOR H.—That's the way it goes sometimes. The worst work is always done with the best intentions, and that people are never so trivial as when they take themselves very seriously. "The Goddess" is an old serial picture with Anita Stewart in the lead, and I doubt whether it will ever be revived.

FAT.—So you have been in a "Spelling B." It is many years ago that I used to spell. I remember sitting down on the word "thesis." Marie Prevost is playing in "Kissed," directed by King Baggott. That ought to be easy to direct. No, I don't mind reading thru your letter. Send me another.

HELEN J. H.—Remember the old saying, Helen: "Love extinguished can be rekindled; love worn out—never." How far has it gone? Better join one of the correspondence clubs. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of them.

GALVIE S.—It was Shakespeare who said: "If music be the food of love, play on." Thanks for yours. Yep, this is sulphur and molasses season, you know.

HELEN E. P.—Well, women and music should never be dated. Thomas Meighan is about thirty-eight. Baby Marie Osborne is not playing now. I hope you have fully recovered by now. Let me hear from you again.

RUTH Z.—You say you don't know which of the three you like best—Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess or Antonio Moreno. Well, you like dark men, don't you? Sorry I'm a blond. Richard Barthelmess was interviewed in April, 1921, issue.

C. M. B.—John Halliday in "The Woman Gives." Thanks for your good wishes.

R. B.—Politeness is to do or say the kindest things in the kindest way. Yes, Florence Lawrence in "The Unfoldment," which was released the first of the year. Corinne Griffith and Rockcliffe Fellowes, in "Island Wives." Charles Gordon was Clarence and Harry Myers was the Yankee. No, May McAvoy is not married. Sisters.

Nobody's Baby.—Don't lie to your old Answer Man. Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland,

Ohio. As Whittier says: "One brave deed makes no hero."

ALLAH.—Better write to our editorial department about that.

CARROTS.—Talking about production—a female spider can produce two thousand eggs. A queen bee produces one hundred thousand eggs in a season. That's going some, isn't it? Neely Edwards was Daddy Toto in "A Little Clown" and Betty Ross Clarke was Peggy in "Brewster's Millions."

JEAN M. S.—I'm sorry. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh.

WALLY REID ADMIRER.—No, it wasn't very cold this winter, but I can remember days that I had icicles hanging from my beard. I immediately put them into my refrigerator and my ice bill was greatly reduced. Beards have their advantages. Priscilla Dean is playing in "Under Two Flags" after "That Lass O'Lowry."

KHAKI CLAD.—See above. Betty Blythe in Rex Beach's "Fair Lady." Others in the cast are Thurston Hall, Gladys Hulette and Robert Elliott. No, I don't mind answering questions. If you didn't write to me I would never have any work to do.

THE MADAM.—Certainly we have trusts yet. There are even M. P. trusts. A trust is a body of men who have banded together to make others trust them because they can't trust themselves. Bushman and Bayne are playing in vaudeville right now. Elsie Ferguson was playing for Lasky, but is now on the stage.

LITTLE DORY.—You say you are a good little wife to the bestest man in the world. Well, then you ought not think of going into pictures or musical comedy. You have a wonderful part in life to play—make it a leading part.

H. R. H. PRINCESS.—Men in opinion vary, but women are contrary. That was Thomas Santschi opposite Constance Talmadge in "Good References." No, about the Barthelmess affair. Your letter was a jewel. Wish I could give your advice to the young girls. Better tell me who this player was?

RUTH A.—So you saw "The Sheik" four times. I know of a woman who read the book eighteen times. Yes, "The Four Horsemen" was a wonderful picture. Yes, and here are a few more to add to your list: Sealing-wax is not wax at all, but is made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnabar. Baffin Bay is not a bay at all. Catgut is gut of sheep. Galvanized iron is not galvanized, but simply coated with zinc. Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the pith of tungtsau or hollow plant.

CAMEL R.—Oh, I guess Ruth Roland is all right now. She writes to us every now and then. Maude George, who made a hit in "Foolish Wives," was in to see us the other day.

WEI JING.—Purity and Sweetness. That's right. So you wish you could marry Harrison Ford. Well, I know he has been married once, but he might consider trying it again. You sure do say a lot of excellent things about this department. Only the wise can appreciate the wise. You must write me again.

MINETTE.—But nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing. So you would like to be Rudolph Valentino's sister. I imagine he would be very good to a sister. Thanks for the jokes. William Farnum in "A Stage Romance."

MAURICE.—Well, at this writing Mary Pickford is West, but she intends to come East. Somebody keeps suing her and that keeps her busy. It's no fun being rich.

BUTTERFLY.—Blewie! Zowie! et al.! You want me to give you the addresses of twenty-five players. Good night.

OTTAWA.—Look up one of the back issues for that interview.

PEGGY P.—Well, Oscar Wilde said: "The mind of the thoroughly well-informed man is a dreadful thing. It is like a bric-à-brac shop, all monsters and dust with everything priced above its proper value." Yes, a beauty. I wish you much success. Buster Keaton in "The Paleface."

CELIA W.—Why, I can eat anything. Were you
(Continued on page 113)



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YOUR motion picture favorite shown here is lathered for a comfortable shave.

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The Vampire

(Continued from page 42)

Registering nothing but a
Dazed expression. . . .
And not very much of
That. . . .

Friend Husband would
Remove the skid chains then. . . .
And head for
Me. . . . I was his Shock Absorber and
The Only One who
Understood him and who
Knew him as he
Really was. . . . I
Didn't tell him that his
Valves needed grinding. . . . and
His engine had a
Knock. . . . So long as
He was not a wreck . . . financially . . .
I let him park and
Think himself a
Brand-new model
f. o. b. Detroit.

Until
The Wife came looking for
Him we would have a
Scene but usually
All ended happily and I
Reformed when I
Recalled my early life
Back on the farm before the
City Stranger
Promised me Orange Blossoms
At the County Seat.
(Orchestra Note; Play
"Hearts and Flowers" here.)

The joyous Couple
Would leave me
Alone
With just one Kleig-light
Shining in my eyes
To show that I'd become an
Honest Woman despite
The fact that I'd been
Side-tracked for a while
On the
Best Temporary Route.
Ah well
Life is a game of
Put and Take.
What matter if I
Found it mostly
Put.
I had a Good Time
While the Top was
Spinning.

I am
The Vampire of Yesterday
With 1912 chassis
I'm quite passé
I do characters bits for
An Extra's pay.
(I am hardly worth that
So the censors say.)

. And I cant
Vamp the Censors
. I tried!

MOVIE CENSORS

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

Yes, America is full of them,
They're here and then they're there,
They travel in the Orient
Japan, she has her share.
They roam around in Filmland
To France, and maybe Sweden,
But what a funny world 'twould be,
Had they visited Eve in Eden!

Sans Mask

(Continued from page 29)

"And there is, unfortunately, always the other man, who, free of responsibility, has all the time in the world to read and to dance and to amuse the wife. He whispers in her pink and charming ear that her husband is not artistic—that he does not understand her.

"If the man and his wife have children, then they are fortunate. They are an indissoluble bond. If not, there is a rift in the lute which spreads—and spreads—and spreads."

People had begun to drift in for tea. Not a few stopped to look again at the man who is one of the few individuals the screen has produced. Outside it was softly dusk—

He walked with us to the doorway—"Forgive me if I have talked too much of myself," he said, "or if I haven't given you any thoughts to pass on. Sometimes we get beyond ourselves—sometimes we lose our perspective."

There was a quick and decisive military bow and we parted.

And that was how we found Eric von Stroheim. Let what he said proclaim him. He has suffered immeasurably because of what he feels to be the destruction of his brain child. He will probably always suffer, for he is one of those people with a vision seeing high and far ahead. May his strength be proportionate.

Today he is broken in spirit, but not irredeemably. He still suffers. He is not apathetic. That is a good sign. He has known the gay and brilliant courts of Europe. And he has known poverty and destitution and scorn in New York. He has imagination and color and vital beliefs—all of them things which the shadow-drama needs.

He is believing, tolerant, vital and humble—*sans masque!*

TO MOTHER

By HUGH HOLBROOK

[From a popular bobbed-haired screen ingénue, who has just been given her first real opportunity—the title rôle in the great Cecil Wark De Fox production of "Lady Godiva."]

Just before the big scene, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the lot I'm waiting
For the calling of my cue.
Extra girls are 'round me staring,
Filled with envy, rage, regret;
For well they know I'll knock the world
cold
When I ride across the set.

Farewell, Mother; we may never
Skimp again on clothes and cars,
For, if this thing goes over big, dear,
I'll be numbered with the stars.

Hark! I hear the sound of yelling;
'Tis the signal for my ride—
Heaven keep this wild mare gentle
While I clamber up her side.
If I've grieved you, dear, forgive me—
I, for Art, must do this big.
P. S. Almost forgot to tell you,
That I'll wear a nice long wig.

DRAWBACK

BILL—I want to follow in Charlie Chaplin's footsteps.
PHIL—Your feet aren't big enough.

Caught on the Boulevard

(Continued from page 31)

One of them asked the other if she was Mary Pickford. In a whisper came the reply, "No, she ain't got curls!"

"They don't know who I am," tittered Miss Ferguson. "Great! I'll have to fire my press-agent."

But, without either Helen or myself disclosing the secret of her identity, we managed to get a dollar reduction on the tire tube. Helen handed the man a five-dollar bill. He beamed.

"I bet you'll never think to send him that photograph," I commented, knowing, as I do, of the forgetfulness of the famous.

"I'll bet I will!" she said. "You think I won't, if it'll get me a reduction on all my garage bills?"

While the tire was being fixed, we stood on the curbstone watching operations. Any number of film satellites passed by in their gasmobiles—at least half a million dollars' worth, if salaries are to be taken into consideration. Tom Mix went by again. There was a smile on his lips when he noted our fallen glory. Ralph Graves and his wife waved felicitations from a speeding Stutz. Earl Metcalfe, two old ladies and a tired-looking man breezed by; Nazimova's Rolls-Royce passed, showing the Russian star taking a nap in the back seat. Altogether, it was a festive occasion.

We managed to drive home without further mishap. On the way there, Miss Ferguson chanced to tell me about her two little protégés—their thrill at motoring, and all that. It seems that they are a pair of Jewish youngsters who worked with her in "Hungry Hearts" at Goldwyn. They knew how to swear so well that it attracted her attention. Not having any children of her own, she started in to reform them. Now she's got them so that they can come out to her house without scandalizing the neighborhood.

Personally, Miss Ferguson is the sort of girl to whom any mother would like to see her son married. Quick on the mental trigger, good-natured, capable. She can cook and do housework, besides act.

Very recently she obscured her rather Southern type of beauty to play the leading rôle in "Hungry Hearts." It is that of a Jewish immigrant girl, and Helen got the effect by skinning her hair back and drawing down the corners of her mouth by make-up. It is, she says, the best chance she has ever had on the screen.

She doesn't want to be a star. "Any day in the week," she declared, "I would rather play in a first-rate all-star cast, where you really have a chance to act, than to star in a picture where the supporting cast is bad. Companies always save expenses in star-pictures by cutting down on the salaries of supporting actors. It spoils the picture—the star comes in for the critical panning, and pretty soon we hear that another luminary has died a natural death."

"Burning Daylight" and "The Mutiny of the Elsinore" were the two plays that first brought Miss Ferguson into real prominence, altho before that she had played at Fox in a number of pictures, among which was "The Challenge of the Law," opposite William Russell.

Now she is decidedly big-league in the film colony. She was one of the cast of "Miss Lulu Bett," in which her work was outstanding.

But, withal, she would never be taken for a typical motion picture actress. Frankly, amusingly, she tells of her former experiences as a stenographer in a Chicago business office. She was too pretty to stay there—the films had to get her. I told her I was going to say this in print. "Oh!" she groaned, "if you do . . .!"



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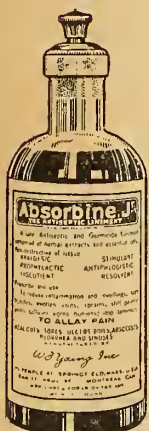
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On the "Lot"

(Continued from page 33)

if they think they are more effective, clandestine notes, proffered bribes—if some one will take in their "stills" to the director. But they cannot see him. Everybody is pulling and hauling at him; he is a man of a million woes; his word can start them to fame; his word can keep them carrying shoe-rags. They stop his car in the morning; they wait at the gate for him in the evening; they seek him out and call on him in his home; they haunt his club and they get his private telephone number. They mail him pleading notes and they send him telegrams. They get invited to his Sunday teas and they make friends with his wife; they linger on the street to strike up a flattering acquaintance with his child; they steal his pet dog and when he advertises for it, they "find" it for him and come with their oilcloth and their photos. At the theater they guard his automobile and they send him fresh vegetables from their garden—they even throw themselves in front of his car and threaten damage suits unless he does the "square" thing. But he is inaccessible; he must put on a good picture, unmoved by outside circumstances.

So there is the "casting director." He is the first buffer. There may be half a dozen "companies" working at the studio, and the casting director has a list of the wants of all the different directors. He looks the extras over, makes a tentative selection, and then passes them on to the assistant director, who is more familiar with the particular needs of the manuscript. He combs them over, eliminating the openly unfit, until at last the chosen few go up to the director for a final selection. He studies them; he looks at their stills; he has them move about, he gives them a simple scene to do.

"Let's see you find a letter on the floor. The letter has bad news. Go to it."

The ambitious girl who thinks the whole world is before her, or the doddering old man who expects his grey locks to take him thru, surrounded by the hurly-burly of the passing people, lay aside their handbag and their hat and go thru the scene.

The director taps his pencil on the continuity sheet. "Hum-m-m, very interesting, but I don't believe you are quite the person the story calls for."

The assistant director opens the door . . .

People, people everywhere—more people than you ever knew existed around a studio: carpenters, electricians, stage-hands, roustabouts, cameramen, *papier-mâché* workers, "still" photographers, scenic artists, warehouse men, property men, musicians, set dressers and endless others, all coming and going seemingly in an endless confusion, shouting, arguing, swearing, smoking, some reading letters from home, others sitting on boxes idly banging their heels.

Looming up in the "lot" is the "studio," as cold and unromantic as a jail. We start in. Stairways are filled with people running up and down, fire hose on the walls—miles and miles of it—fire extinguishers, doors slamming, the sweet, sickening smell of chemicals, vats, drying drums, tinting tanks, elevators going up and down with stage properties, the heavy smell of cabbage from the employees' lunch room, half a dozen idlers playing with a pet monkey, the clatter of typewriters, narrow aisles among the business offices, with men in green eye-shades hurrying up and down them carrying a single sheet of paper, an annunciator monotonously calling

over and over some indistinguishable name, the ceaseless ringing of a telephone bell, a crap game behind a stack of gilded chairs. It is all a meaningless welter, a child's glorious playhouse; and then, as we pass, a girl goes down the runway leading out of the building, sobbing . . . Then on to "the floor."

There is room for a dozen companies to work at the same time, and groups of furniture and knots of people show where different pictures are under way. There are empty spaces—the people are "on location." Overhead are steel tracks, where the heavy, powerful lights are to be swung along; a traveling crane waits its orders, with a workman sitting aloof in his tiny perch. On the floor, rows of flood lights stare dispassionately at the scene, as gloomy and as silent as pelicans by a fishless pond; but when the switch is turned, they begin to sputter, sending out a blinding glare. Something towers overhead. It is the king of all lights—the giant "flood."

The chief electrician places a whistle to his lips and the switch is closed. One square look and your eyes will be blinded.

Such a glorious confusion. Extras in dress suits, with startling and unnatural eyebrows, lounging on boxes, sitting on stairways, yawning and gossiping; an old man in a corner, trying to write a postcard on his knee, but the ink will not come. He shakes it and then patiently tries it on his thumb-nail. At last he puts it away and takes off his glasses. People everywhere. Every available chair is taken—all except one. It is a folding chair, with arms. Across the top is the star's name.

Overhead, the great lamps, swinging from their iron bridges, send down their brilliant and merciless glare. A stage-hand inserts his fingers into a sweaty pocket and works out a cigaret. A moment he holds it before an open arc, then applies it to his lips.

It is an ice-skating scene, and is supposed to be at a fashionable country place in the Swiss Alps. Out the door of the villa may be seen a private skating rink. But it is all *papier-mâché*, plaster of Paris and gunny-sacking. The view seems to stretch for miles over the snow-clad mountain tops—all cunning canvas. Almost under your feet, there is a hammering, and a carpenter crawls out. He has been putting a stage brace into place—one of the snowy firs was about to topple over. And then you see a stage-hand with a step-ladder, a pail on his arm, going among the trees, putting on the "snow" with a brush. Plaster of Paris. An electric fan off-stage is the wind among the branches. It is disillusioning, and yet wonderful. A few men with canvas, plaster and a load of laths have made a lake and a mountain-side.

A seamstress from the costume department pauses a moment. Her tired, worn face lights up before this small world of illusion and she starts to sit down. One of the stage-hands, hurrying over, whispers in her ear. The woman leaps out shamefacedly—the chair is sacred.

You begin to wonder what keeps the ice in the lake from melting.

"Pretty good imitation, isn't it?" your guide says.

"What is it?"

"The ice."

You had not thought of that; you had supposed that in some mysterious way it had been frozen; but it isn't. Even that is

imitation in this little world of make-believe.

"It's hard skating. The people have to be trained to it. A person might be a good ice-skater, and yet not be able to budge on this."

You want to hear more, but the director lifts the megaphone to his lips.

"All skaters ready. Lights."

A shrill whistle sounds; there is a heavy clank, like the frog in a street-car track turning, a sputter and the lake is a brilliant blaze of light. The skaters take their place and the scene is rehearsed. Time after time it is repeated, while under the snow-tipped firs the dripping orchestra pulls and saws away.

"All set now," calls the director. "Camera!"

The music swells out louder; the extras dart in and out, whirling, leaping, spinning, their long caps flowing out behind.

Suddenly the director leaps to his feet and begins to wave his arms. He throws his megaphone to the floor, and suspicious-sounding words rise above the din of the orchestra. His eye has been quicker than yours. A dog belonging to one of the carpenters has run out on the ice. The embarrassed workman darts among the gay throng and carries it off, kicking.

Finally the director cools down.

"Re-take," he calls, and watches the carpenter ominously, while the man creeps away among the snowy firs.

The scene is gone over again. The director lifts his hand, the camera stops its ceaseless turning. Two sharp blasts on the whistle and the lights go off. The dripping skaters rush back to their seats and one more scene is added to the play.

The director studies the scenario a moment. He lifts the megaphone to his lips: "Now, all you dress-suit boys!"

The actors in evening clothes hastily regard themselves in various personal mirrors and gather in the entrance hall of the villa, under the sizzling lamps.

"Lights!" calls the director, and another scene is on.

You pass on. What seems to be merely a jumble of furniture is before you. Lights go on and you hear voices. You peer around to discover that you are behind some scene among the stage braces. Outpourings of plaster and *papier-mâché* show ragged, disjointed ends and back-side views that never appear in a picture. On the other side a scene is being taken. On this side is disillusionment; on the other brightness and romance. It is a bird and dog store. An eccentric old man, slouchy and bespectacled, displays a parrot on his proud finger, while a girl plays the part of his daughter. The guide whispers: "She used to be our telephone girl."

But you can only think of the girl who had slipped sobbing out the back door of the studio. They don't all go up.

A handsome young man with splendid curly hair, with a quick, intelligent face, is standing silently at a light switch with the rough stage-helpers. As he turns, you see that he has only one leg. "Used to be an actor," the guide whispers behind his hand. "Getting ready to make him a lead—then he had an automobile accident."

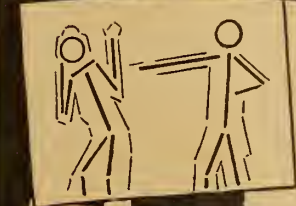
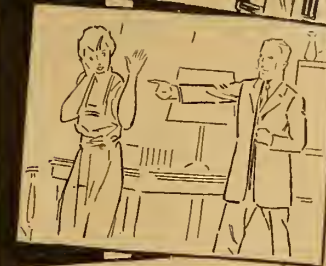
On what a slender thread life hangs, and how it is blown and tangled by the winds of chance. No one can make head or tail of it. All we can do is to face it firmly and go full-steam ahead.

A man in shirt sleeves bawls thru a megaphone: "All ready for stage 6. Shake a leg!"

A cluster begins to gather around a jumble of furniture half way down the floor, leaving their gilded chairs and bar-

(Continued on page 99)

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Midnight

(Continued from page 39)

stubborn, Witherbee Morris, you wouldn't need to be standin' in front of me now like a human aspen-leaf, scarin' me half out of what wits I've got left!"

Witherbee Morris became, of a sudden, galvanized action. He seized John Dart by the stalwart shoulders and shook him violently. "Stop them," he shouted; "stop them if you can, for the love of God! Edna—Edna is married—has been—I didn't know—stop them!"

Senator Dart, the "lion man" of Omaha, pushed Witherbee Morris back into his chair.

"Now tell me, man, for heaven's sake," he said, grimly, "what are you saying? Shoot!"

Witherbee Morris told of George Potter, of the defalcation, of the marriage in Washington, and of the apprehension of Potter. "He escaped from the detectives," Morris said; "jumped into the river, was fired at as he dived, sank, and was never recovered, until—"

"Until," interpolated Dart, keenly, "until he reappeared, I suppose, here, within the past twenty-four or forty-eight hours. Eh?"

"Yes," groaned Morris, "at midnight, the other night—after Edna had gone to bed. He suddenly stepped in thru those French windows. Said he'd been living in New York, under an alias. That he had heard about Edna and Jack, and that if I would pay him a sufficient sum of money he would disappear—forever. That was out of the question. Entirely apart from the ethical consideration, I knew that he would never disappear—'forever.' Not his kind. And still—Edna had been thru so much—you don't know. You didn't see her face, that morning in Washington. All her youth gone. And she was so happy—about Jack. Happy—the real kind. I knew it. I knew what a terrible, terrible thing it is—to kill it—to lose it. I—I didn't dare. I stalled. I hoped Fate would play into my hands; that they wouldn't want to marry so—so soon. But there you are. Now, what shall we do?"

John Dart threw up his hand. "I only know they've gone to Jersey!" he said. "They could be married and divorced by the time we'd catch them. Witherbee, Witherbee, why didn't you tell me?"

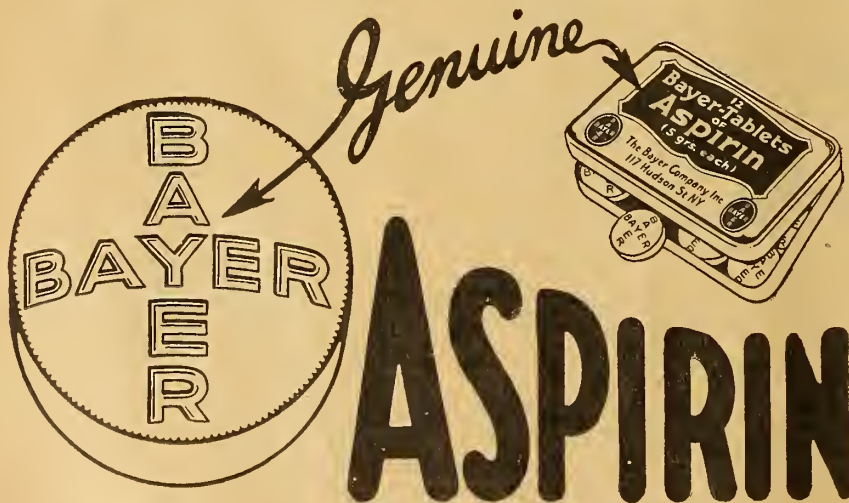
Witherbee Morris nodded. His rage, his excitement, seemed to leave him. Seemed to leave him suddenly limp and resigned and humble. "I should have, John," he said. "I've too much of a habit of keeping everything to myself. I'm sorry. Sorry."

On the Jersey side, in the antimacassar "parlor" of a village rectory, Edna Morris was being made Edna Dart . . . As her father said, "I'm sorry. Sorry . . ." the Rev. Dr. Whalen pronounced them "man and wife."

Edna and Jack stepped into the library at Morris Manor with some trepidation. "I'm sure Daddy'll be kind—even glad," Edna had said, over and over, on the return trip—and yet the memory of his face when he forbade the marriage troubled her assurance.

But marriage and fear and hope alike were confounded when they opened the door and saw the horrifying scene within. In the far corner, the figure of a man lay, face downward. Not far from it stood Senator Dart, a revolver in his hand.

There was a moment of tense, terrible silence, then Edna gave a shrill, terrible scream. "Tell me," she cried, "tell me quickly, what does it mean? Why are you



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there—that pistol? What does it mean?
What does it mean?"

Senator Dart seemed dazed. "It must have been Potter," he said, almost as if in a trance, "it must have been Potter. Your father told me less than four hours ago that he is alive. That was why he forbade the marriage. Potter appeared the other night—tried to bribe Morris into paying him a large sum of money to keep away—it was refused, of course. I went out fifteen minutes ago to see if I could get some trace of you—when I came back . . ." He pointed to the rigid form across the room.

Edna, before Jack could stop her, ran across to the dead man. "Oh, Daddy," she sobbed. "Oh, Daddy—dear—dear . . ." She pulled the man's shoulder and turned the heavy figure over. *It was George Potter.*

Day was breaking with slim white fingers thru the night before Morris Manor settled into any sort of peace or understanding.

Potter, it seemed, had come into the library shortly after Senator Dart had gone to his own home to see what he could do about the elopement. Witherbee Morris had gone to his own telephone. While they were away, the old butler, Dodd, had come into the library with some wires and had found George Potter there. Potter had threatened to kill him if he didn't get out without raising the alarm that he was in the house. Dodd had refused to keep silence, fearing the man's desperate look, and a fight had ensued, during which Dodd had shot Potter in self-defense.

Dodd had gone to call the police, and Senator Dart had come into the room to see the body of his friend, as he thought, on the floor. He had stood guard over him until such time as Dodd should return with the police. Upon that scene Edna and Jack had returned.

The police came, and the story was told. Potter, it seemed, was known to them, and sought by them. Dodd's story was clear and thoroly substantial.

With the removal of the body, came the question as to whether or no Edna and Jack had committed bigamy or had been legally married.

"The ceremony," Jack explained, "was performed exactly at midnight. Of course, I can get proof of that—and, besides—I remember. I looked at the clock as the minister was speaking, and knew that I would remember that it happened just at midnight—all my life."

"It's up to you, Dodd," Witherbee Morris told the old man, "to recall at what time the shooting took place—"

Dodd rubbed his eyes. The crowded hours of that night were mixed in a sick confusion in his brain. The whole of his uneventful life had not been to him what the past two hours and more had been. He felt confused. "I cant remember," he said, dully. "I—I didn't look, sir."

"What time was it when you *did* look last?" asked Senator Dart.

Dodd thought. "It must 'a' been about a quarter to twelve, sir," he said, "because the wires came in at eleven-thirty, and I thought I'd put 'em on Mr. Morris' desk for his attention first thing in the morning. I came into the library and—and we had our words, and then—he fired his shot. It hit . . ." He looked around him, then, suddenly, at the ancestral clock, silent, against the wall. "Look!" he cried out sharply. "His bullet hit the clock, sir. Stopped it. It was just *five minutes to twelve!*"

Edna turned, then, to her father, who had been standing, wide-eyed, rigid, against the door. "You see, dear," she said, "it's all right, after all. Why didn't you tell us all?

(Continued on page 112)

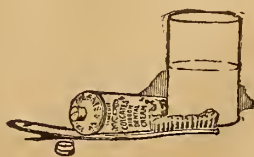


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The Perfect Lover

(Continued from page 41)

be accepted? Never. Because, education or no education, each person is an individual."

He paused to brush off the gathering glances of women, which, from all corners of the dining-room, thru the street window next which we were sitting, were settling upon him. That faint shadow of a smile appeared again, and vanished. He made a slight gesture with one hand, resumed his careful, faintly accented speech. His manner is always one of repression, repression—volcanic repression, one thinks nervously.

"Woman!" he murmured reflectively. "She is like a violin," Balzac has said. "A man who understands her can evoke beautiful harmonies." But the man who does not understand her. . . !"

"Sapristi!" I muttered beneath my breath.

He went on, tapping the table in emphasis. His hands are muscular, suggestive, in their sinewed rugosity, of years less plush than these which have come to him.

"The man who does not understand her! He is like the gorilla who has seen his master play the violin and who, when the master has gone, attempts to awaken the same beautiful melody. In its stead, he produces horrid shrieks. He has failed. In his rage, he breaks the violin, the woman. It is a pity, is it not? Sometimes, yes, a master may repair the broken violin, a lover who understands may piece together the woman's shattered soul; but"—he shook his smooth head, shrugged a little—"the original tone can never be regained."

He fell silent a moment, his dark, ineluctable eyes staring into the crystal of his glass. Outside, a flapper passed by, peering glamorously in, for the tenth time.

"I would recommend to every American man," he resumed finally, "that he read Balzac's 'Psychology of Marriage' before he takes a wife. It would help tremendously. The American man makes the mistake of supposing that, for a woman, jewels and fine silks are more to be preferred than caresses. So he sits and slaves in his office and makes appalling sums of money. But he forgets the so necessary pettings that every woman loves."

"American men do not know women. They enter marriage blindly, ignorant of its very essentials. In Europe, youths are urged to do that which over here is regarded with hands raised in horror. They 'have their fling,' as you would say. They are educated in the mysteries of woman-kind, even supervised in it by their fathers, who see that the 'fling' shall be productive of no evil results. The result? An infinitely greater proportion of happy marriages. Woman is the creator of life. To understand life, you must understand woman."

"But the American woman—" I began.

He interrupted quickly.

"No; do not differentiate. The American woman does not vary, fundamentally, from those of any other country. I care not whether she wear a straw skirt or a Paquin wisp—woman is woman!"

"But, surely, the American woman is more independent, possessed of greater initiative!"

He shrugged a little.

"Greater initiative, yes. But why? It is the result of discontent, of the neglect of her by your men. There must be a leader, one sex or the other, and women in America have found that the men are not leading them, so they have proceeded to lead the men. Commercially, the initiative of

the American man is supreme on earth. Socially, domestically, he is subordinate.

"That phrase, 'just like a woman!' has been the death-knell of man's leadership in America. Woman has heard, reacted and conquered."

"Unless man asserts himself, once and for all, as the dominant intellectual sex, we shall witness a cataclysmic upheaval wherein man becomes the domestic beast, woman the wage-earner, the arbiter."

"But—but—" I attempted feebly.

He smiled faintly, swept on.

"Do not misunderstand me! While I believe that man should assert himself, I do not advocate brute methods. The way to a woman's heart is an indirect way. She is piqued by flattery, enthralled by innuendo, snared by subtlety. You Americans have employed none of these three. For the average American woman, marriage is a benevolent endurance."

"But never be deceived! Woman is always the pursuer. It is only that fifty years ago she was more clever."

Do you experience that residuary smolder of rebellion? But do you feel, too, the fascination of the man, his ideas? You cannot accept—not immediately. But ponder some of them. I put that last one to Grandma. She chuckled!

The side of Valentino that I have presented to you is the worldly side. There are others, more remote. When I put to him the question of his own marriage and its failure, he said simply:

"It has in no way turned me against marriage. But I have learned much. Mine was not a marriage. It was a ridiculous tragedy."

And another, a rather beautiful side.

"My character has been forged beneath the hard knocks of experience. It is to my respect for my father, my love for my mother, that I owe whatever good there is in me. Thought of them has often saved me from the fatal step."

But, developing that thought, he perhaps makes us uncomfortable.

"The parental disrespect is a sign of decadence. It is heresy. It is only another step towards that crisis in the eternal cycle where ultra-civilization becomes again barbarism."

And then a sudden reversion to boyishness, when we were in the Fiat again, on our way back to the Lasky studio, where he is making "Beyond the Rocks," an Elinor Glyn story, with Gloria Swanson.

"See, with the cut-out open, it will make a bigger noise than a Stutz!" He yanked a small lever that threw the dilapidated machine into an alarming frenzy, that culminated in a throbbing, deep-throated roar.

But at the end it was Valentino again, the cosmopolite, the actor, the hero of "The Four Horsemen," "The Sheik" and "The Conquering Power," the idol. He took my hand, bowing a little.

"I hope I am to have the charm of knowing you again."

His eyes regarded me inscrutably, but mowing at me from the corners of his lips was the shadow of a faint guffaw.

O YOU VAMP!

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

While wickedness, the movie vamp Registers upon the screen,
She makes the old cash register,
For she's some Movie Queen!

Constance: The Brute Breaker

(Continued from page 45)

lemon, skipped thence to the relativities of the *Bhagavad-gita* and *Science and Health*. In Hollywood one stumbles tediously upon faiths and reacts inevitably to paganisms. Following Constance's fickle lead, we routed Temperament and pedestaled the American Man, evaded Literature with a reference to Gouverneur Morris and dissected atavism, more particularly as it had broken out on a previous day in "the Major"—who shall be unnamed, except for the admission that he was, for that picture, Constance's director. Attempting to play the Original Man, he had been utterly floored by Constance's retort. With a sweet flirt of her nose and a pleasant, "Some day, Major, you will have to deal with a *real* star! Then you had better look out!" She had exited, queen-like, to her bungalow—and stayed there until he said he was sorry. One cannot exactly blame the brut—er—the Major. A woman is often fairest when flustered—or so, at least, they say. Anyway, it was a good story and I emptied two cups of tea and three buns in the listening.

"And yes," she appended, "tho you mustn't say so, I am of age in New York, where the age limit is eighteen. 'Smatter of fact, I would be of age, just, in the other states—but you mustn't say that either." She paused to consider a generous slice of apple pie, an exact counterpart of one before me, that had been served by a genial elderly woman who, Constance explained, had been her nurse and her mother's nurse before her and was now her companion.

"I wasn't intended to be an actress, you know," she went on. "Not by my family, I mean. I was sent abroad to France, to a convent there, to be educated. When I thought that I had had education enough I left it and went on the stage. No, I didn't run away; I just left."

But behind her brief explanation, there is a story of strenuous parental prejudice, of obstinate objections, of determination in the face of it all. That cool little something, then, that reminds one now and anon that she is *not* a flapper, is probably a flexible but unconquerable determination.

She danced—one surmises delightfully—in that memorable musical comedy, "Oh, Lady! Lady!" and appeared upon the stage in various Winthrop Ames enterprises. In pictures she came nicely into prominence playing with John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor." From there it was but a comparative moment to her present starring contract with Realart Pictures. Her first with Realart was "Erstwhile Susan."

As all roads lead to Rome, so do all interviews take one eventually to the topic of love and marriage. Seeing it ahead, Constance laid on spurs and crop and took it neatly, with a, "Well, I expect I'd better be getting married pretty soon, if I'm ever going to." Which meant, pleasantly but exactly, nothing; except, perhaps, that Constance is good at hedging.

She had been in California but two months. But . . . "Home is where the heart is, don't you think?" she asked. "And my mother and sister, Faïre, are in the East."

We became very serious, over the remaining crusts of our pie, about the ways of a modern maid with a man.

Constance—from-abroad remarked: "I think the American men are the nicest and most considerate of their womankind in the world. They attempt no superiority.

They are willing to take us on an equal footing."

I—also—from-abroad (tho we were both born in New York, U. S. A.) recalled my one secret desire; a seraglio, with the privilege of whimsical dismissal. But with t'other dear Yanks I bow deeply before the enshrined American She. So when I ventured, I ventured timidly.

"But do you not think that that willingness is too often taken advantage of? With women in your position, who earn more than the average man by many times, we have no argument. You force and deserve equality. But with the great majority who will have neither the work nor the home, who believe equality in spending is so far as one need consider, that equality in earning is irksome, ridiculous; what of them? It seems now that man, weighted with laws obviously favoring women, is being garroted for his indulgence."

She immediately demanded my antecedents. No, I was not, had not been married. Nor was I a misogynist. I still adored the fair sex. At that, she agreed with me. Having settled the world we returned to our pie crumbs.

But the noon hour had waned rapidly and the Major, so a polite emissary informed us, would be highly grateful for Miss Binney's attendance on the set. Miss Binney dimpled.

"I'm sure he will place a cushion for me," she chortled. "He has been *so* dear since our little tilt! I *do* wish we had had it sooner. Isn't it too bad?" Apparently, with other women, she finds brutality, in reminiscence, quite intriguing; particularly if the poor brute in question has sought pardon on bended knee. We shall have to lift her a *nom de guerre* from one of the stalwart Frank Mayo's fistieuffic horrors.

Gentle Fan! Meet Miss Binney, the Brute-Breaker! You'll be charmed.

Smiling Eyes

(Continued from page 61)

face is not more attractive than a smile on a plain. It is. But remember that you do not have to be plain. Nobody does. Learn how to make yourself attractive. You have your own individual type of beauty. Learn what it is and develop it. But do not forget what a tremendously important factor the disposition is.

Unless there is some serious defect in the eyes, it is possible to make them very lovely. Apply a dark eyebrow pencil—not black, unless the owner is a decided brunette, shaping the brows and darkening the lashes. Then brush the eyelids lightly with rouge, and apply rouge around the eyes to make them darker. Do not use belladonna in the eyes. It is true that it enlarges and darkens the pupils, but it injures the eyes, and nobody wants to buy beauty for today at the expense of tomorrow.

Before retiring, remove the rouge and the penciled black with cleansing cream and a towel. Wash with warm water and soap and then apply a cold cream. Let this remain on for the night, to prevent wrinkles. In the morning wash the eyes with cold water. If the eyes feel sore or tired, wash them with a warm saline solution, letting the drops get into the eyes.

And all the time you are preparing your toilet and eating your breakfast, *smile*. You are a soldier starting the day's journey, and the best thing you can do is pack up your troubles in your make-up box and smile, smile, smile!

Beautiful
Betty Blythe
says—

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of all —



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Flavored With Tartar

(Continued from page 51)

studio where she was the principal scenario writer.

At first, Kosloff was too surprised, too overjoyed, almost to recognize her. But she was the same Jeanie MacPherson.

She took him to the studio, introduced him to Cecil de Mille. The latter was just ready to start Geraldine Farrar's picture, "The Woman God Forgot." He was selecting his players. When he met Kosloff, who spoke practically no English whatever, he wanted him for the rôle of the Aztec chief. Kosloff accepted.

What makes motion pictures effective is the pantomime of their actors. Yet Kosloff's training as a dancer made him too intense a pantomimist. He was accused of over-acting in his first picture. He found it necessary to "cut down" on his miming.

On completion of "The Woman God Forgot," he went on with his ballet tour. That was in 1917. Late in 1919 he and his dancers planned to make an Australian tour. Before departing, he stopped again at Las-ky's to meet his old friends. He was asked to reconsider pictures—and he did.

At the studio he occupies a unique position. For C. B. de Mille, he acts as choreographic adviser. All the actors playing in one of the De Mille productions are required to pass his test as to their bodily movements and grace. He teaches them how to walk; if it is necessary, he instructs them in dancing. He watches all grouping of characters *en scene*, advises the art director as to detail. In short, he is C. B.'s ballet master.

In addition, he acts himself. In his later picture, "The Green Temptation," he played the villain, an apache, with Betty Compson, and taught her three separate dances for the performance of her rôle.

And he also maintains his world-famous school in Los Angeles.

Pupils have come there from all parts of the world. Kosloff himself teaches a few of the advanced students. The rest of the school is under the direction of Mlle. Vera Maslova, the première danseuse of Kosloff's ballet productions.

In between times at the studio and his dancing school he finds moments to paint and to play his violin. Also when it is necessary he creates costumes and dance productions for such of his students as are ready to go on the stage themselves. He doesn't care for society; he has no time for it.

Since his return to pictures after his first attempt, he has played in "Why Change Your Wife," "Something to Think About," "Forbidden Fruit," "The Prince Chap" with Thomas Meighan, "The Affairs of Anatol," "Fool's Paradise," "The Lane that Had No Turning," and the aforementioned, "The Green Temptation."

He has never wanted to star in pictures. He likes acting—but, essentially he is a dancer.

"What will you do when you grow old?" I inquired of him.

"Dance!" he inquired thoughtfully—and then there was a twinkle in his eye. "Even when I am dead I think I shall—dance!"

WHAT NEXT?

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

Poor little vamp of Pictureland
Just what are your plans, we pray,
What campaign do you contemplate,
If you're forced to run away?
Or if you stick around awhile,
When you cut out "rolling your own"
And file away the trim, short skirt,
Do you think you'll win a home?

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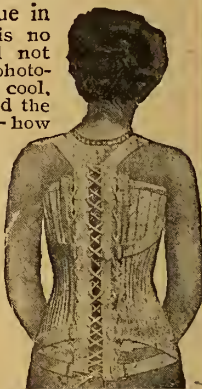
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We Interview the Two Orphans

(Continued from page 49)

things first, but there wasn't time. I was terrified—afraid I'd ruin the picture—and, after we started, terrified to see the scenes run off. I thought I was terrible—

G. H. (receiving smiles and nods from Lillian and James Rennie): You may say that now. We have seen. What shall you do next?

DOROTHY (briskly): Study for the stage, I think. At any rate, I shall take voice culture—have my voice placed, and all that. And then I'll be on the lookout for a play.

A. W. F.: What type of play?

DOROTHY: Something along comedy-drama lines, with sentiment, I imagine.

G. H. (to Lillian): And what shall you do next?

LILLIAN (gently): I have no plans—

[G. H. and A. W. F. gather their wraps and rise to go. G. H. is carrying a copy of "Cytherea," the new Hergesheimer novel. Lillian Gish spies it and remarks that there are two copies in the Gish family, but that as yet she has been unable to get one. She looks, with meaning, at Dorothy Gish Rennie.]

DOROTHY GISH: All right—you may have one of the copies. I'm reading George Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah." George Bernard Shaw is my idol. One evening when a guest of mine belittled him, I asked him to leave my table. That's what I think of Shaw! (Lillian and James Rennie laugh.)

A. W. F.: Good-bye. The blonde cookies were good. So (regarding Mrs. Rennie) was the tea.

G. H.: Good-bye . . . Good-bye . . .

LILLIAN GISH (earnestly): I do hope we said something which will help you. It doesn't seem to me we've been very entertaining.

DOROTHY: I think I have! Anyway, I've done my best, than which no one can do more. I'm going to have another tea-party at my house soon. Will you come? (Immediate and unanimous acceptance.) Fine. Good-bye.

JAMES RENNIE: Good-bye. Visit the Rennies sometime. Dont wait for the tea-party.

SCENE II.—The Interior of a Taxi.

G. H.: How lovely they are! How simple! How sweet! No trace of professionalism adulterates them! This afternoon will stand apart with me.

A. W. F.: But we'll never get their personalities down on mere paper. As great as they are, one must feel it. It is less than concrete and very much more.

G. H.: In their simplicity lies their greatness.

A. W. F. (with detached hopefulness): I'm going to the Rennie tea-party . . .

G. H. (briefly): Foregone conclusion.

WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

Just what should we call the movies?

It really is quite baffling

To hear the many, many names,

'Tis enough to start one laughing:

It's the Photodrama, Moviedom,

Filmland and Picture-play;

Cameraland and Shadowland,

Or Screenland, some folks say.

It's Pantomime and Shifties,

Silent Drama, Silversheet;

Then some high-brow says "Cinema,"

Just to give us all a treat.

Oh, Answer Man, so quiet, yet so wise,

This question we implore thee settle now.

It really is a very puzzling thing—

We are all confused, we vow!



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Tonsils and Terpsichore

(Continued from page 25)

new water bucket, saluted the police department on both cheeks (I had forgotten him for the moment), and murmured that famous phrase that is now treasured with other historical documents in the city archives, "So this is Los Angeles!" It is not recorded, merely whispered, that she added in a polite aside, "How cunning!"

(Maurice, the dancer, still hovers in the background.)

Constance, patently, is imbued with the New York idea.

"Only two big nights a week out here!" she murmured woefully.

And I had come to believe that two big nights a month was hot travel! Thus does California kill your pace.

I suggested that she run down to see the Hollywood Community Players in "Enter, Madame."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I have seen it."

"*Declassée*," with Ethel Barrymore, is coming to Los Angeles. Wild excitement. Constance will have, perforce, to shrug her shoulders again. "I have seen it."

It takes a New Yorker, a theatergoer, just about one year to get back into step with Los Angeles. I suppose that is the "why" of Maurice. He is of New York. He and Constance talk the same *patois*. He knows what she means when she discusses things—or cusses them.

It is difficult, like hitting in the dark, to attempt, after so dilatory a conversation as was mine with Constance, to give any accurate impression. I offer the following for what it is worth:

I could detect little, if any, of the ingénue. Rather, Constance is a woman, poised, complete; one who is perhaps a little tired of things, saturated with and so impervious to the sensations of success and fame. She is pretty—do not mistake me—young enough for the oldest of us, sweet enough for any. But—and I admit it may have been the tonsil—there was little of vivacity in her that afternoon. A casual, hang-it-all air, a beautiful brown eye, a glib eyebrow—that is Constance. The flapper? Maybe. I can imagine her *insouciant*, in a rakish garb, enjoying the thunder of a speeding, low-slung motor car. Is that the flapper?

And she enjoys the opera, oh, more than anything. She clasped her hands at the thought of it—but she was quite uninterested when I mentioned the courageous band of Russian singers who have come in cattle-ships from the Orient to give their native opera here. A Gerry flapper, maybe, or a Jeritza.

Clearly, when Constance is not interested, she is not interested, and who shall say otherwise? But I imagine that when she is interested, she's darned interested—and interesting. In spite of the tonsil, prompted by the sleek presence of Maurice, the dancer, one can surmise activity of a piquant sort. But it is not apparently for interviewers. We confined our conversation to the relative merits of red flannel and eucalyptus salve.

And Maurice still hovered in the background.

So I offer this interview with reservations. Remember my difficulties—tonsils and Terpsichore, both eminent as distractions.

MOVIE LAW OF GRAVITATION

Charlie Chaplin gets the children

When he is the picture lead.

But the movies fill with women

If they put on Wallace Reid!

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"'Tis Fair But False"—a beautifully illustrated article by **Harriet Works Corley**.

"Alice in Beautyland," by **Alice Lowell**, a young Oregon girl who came from the ranch to New York; her adventures with beauty and health culturists and the happy result.

"The Use and Abuse of Cold Cream," by **Corliss Palmer**, an article both scientific and illuminating.

"More Than Skin Deep," another delightful story by **Montanye Perry**, author of "The Charm Shop" and "A Pink and Cream."

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Corns

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On the "Lot"

(Continued from page 91)

rels at the call of the director. The lights go up, the cameramen peer thru their lenses, their legs spread ungainly.

"Rehearsal!" calls the director. "Now, remember, this is a rich man's home and I don't want you to go sprawling thru it as if you were in a garage. Now, let's see what you got. Lights!"

The lights go up, sputtering and singing, while the people look more pale and ghastly than ever—ghosts moving thru some strange and alien world.

"Rotten, perfectly rotten," says the director, who is a plain-speaking man. "I never yet saw a millionaire who walked like a ramrod. This is your home and you are perfectly free and easy in it. Nobody is going to knock you down if you step on the bear rug. Again."

The rehearsal goes on.

"Hit 'em with the ash-can," calls the director, and the big, brilliant spotlight goes on.

A woman's piercing shriek rends the air, breaking into a thick, heavy sobbing. But no one pays any attention to it. An electrician off-stage lights a match with his thumb; behind the *papier-mâché* fireplace an actor is teaching his pet dog to throw a somersault; a stage-hand in a sweaty undershirt is boasting of the fish he caught Sunday. He pauses a moment. "The dame's got the lungs all right," he says, and goes on with his piscatory prowess—it was merely an actress in the next set doing her big moment.

The guide begins telling you about the woman who gave the shriek. "That's our big emotional star. She gets about four dollars a minute. No, you can't see her. I should say not. They got a compo fence around her and a man outside shooing them off. Last week she was putting on a 'heavy' and some visitor comes by and sticks his head around the set, and she goes straight up in the air and lets out a scream that would make the one we heard sound like pussy purring before the fire. Then she walks out and stays two days, and here is the director and the cast settin' around twiddling their thumbs. Next time they sign with her they are going to have a temperament clause. That's the reason they got the fence. No—they're still workin' on the old contract."

And so it goes. The high and the mighty, the poor and lowly, all struggling and toiling under the same roof—the star who could hold up a production, and the girl who went sobbing down the runway.

A SONG TO TURPIN'S EYES

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

Here's a song to Turpin's eyes—
Oh, what magic in them lies—
Glancing, dancing, here and there,
Up and down and everywhere;
How they taunt and tantalize—
Turpin's eyes.

See them looking all around—
Kings of eyes, they should be crowned—
Darting, starting, to attack;
One looks forward, one looks back—
Most useful eyes that can be found,
I'll be bound.

How they glisten, gleam and shine—
Gee, don't Benny's eyes look fine?
Stealing, reeling, before, behind,
There's no side of Ben that's blind.
Yet for them I do not pine—
Not for mine.

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Speech of Gold

(Continued from page 23)

"You," she said. "What do you know about real poverty! Why, Charlie Chaplin, when I lived in London I was so poor that I used to get up before daybreak to scrub off our front door-step to conceal the fact from the neighbors that we had no maid."

"Good Lord!" said Charlie, with a rueful smile. "Imagine what it must have been to have had a front door-step!"

I asked Charlie how this terrific event affected him when the same London that had seen him starve was choked by the crowds that fought to get one adoring look at him.

Charlie hesitated and dabbed nervously at his little mousy mustache.

"I hardly know how to tell you," he said. "But it left me empty. It staggered me. It swept over me and left me empty of sensations—absolutely numb. It was too big to allow you any definite impressions. It was like a storm at sea."

"What about the celebrities who came to see you—H. G. Wells and all the high brows?"

Charlie laughed. "I never could tell whether I was supposed to be meeting them or whether they were meeting me."

And then he added, "It gave me a curious sensation to be back in London," he said. "I went back to the old streets that I had known—to the old houses where I had lived."

"I found myself feeling sorry for a little frail boy who had lived there. I felt sorry for the way he had endured poverty and sorrow and unhappiness. As I went around London I found myself telling myself. 'That little boy used to play in this street. He used to look at the cakes in the bakery window. He used to play with marbles in this alley. The little boy was once heart-broken and sat down on this door-step to cry.' But it never seemed real to me that I was that pathetic little boy. The child that had been me seemed always to be someone else—someone I had heard about—a pathetic figure in a pitiful story I had heard—or perhaps a dream I had dreamed."

"But," I reminded him. "It was the sorrow of that unhappy child that made you the greatest comedian the world has ever known."

I think we (me and the readers) had better withdraw a second and give Charlie a chance to blush over that and explain to each other what we mean.

Writers have said that comedy is akin to pity. They are wrong. Comedy is pity. The greater the comedy, the more pitiful. There were tears in every laugh of "The Kid," which, to my mind, is the highest point ever touched by any comedian.

"Well!" said Charlie. "I'll admit one thing—'The Kid' has spoiled me for all this stuff—'slap-sticks'—he pointed up to the scaffold—the scene of Mack Swain's struggle with the sausage."

"I have two more pictures to do like this, and then I'm going to do a picture that I have been thinking about for years. I can say truly that it has been my one big ambition."

"I don't want you to print anything about it yet, but I can tell you this much; it will be my attempt to tell the soul of a buffoon. After all, you know, buffoonry is both the highest and the lowest of comedy—perhaps of all art. There is a kind of comedy that is of the intellect, but buffoonry is of the heart."

Somehow the talk drifted to other

comedians, and so to Mary Pickford. A newspaper writer had panned Mary for putting on hokum, and plays about Lord Fauntleroy and "glad girls" instead of big stories that are worthy of her great art.

"Mary and I had a long talk about it," said Charlie, "and I told her the newspaper man was right. Mary is a wonderful girl and she owes something to herself. She says her clientele demands that she play little girl parts; but I don't believe she has any clientele. Her clientele is the world. I want her to make a picture of 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.'"

"Mary in a French story—bedrooms and things—" I gasped. To tell the truth, I was the newspaper man who had panned Mary, but when it came really to the point—Mary and bedroom things, Oh! Oh! Oh!

"Bedrooms—anything," said Charlie. "It doesn't matter what you do. The thing that matters is whether it is charming. You can show a man picking his teeth and make it impossibly vulgar and offensive, and you can have a bedroom without a blush if it is charming. That is why buffoonry is so difficult. The fine edge between brutality and horseplay is so subtle and delicate."

"But there would be no censor boards if all actors could be charming. That is why there never can be real censorship. There is no rule about it. You can't express charm in words. No one can tell how it is done—even those who are most charming. How then can you write into a law the distinctions between the vulgar and the charming!"

"But Mary Pickford is always charming. That is why she should put on big sweeping, sincere stories. They would always be inoffensive in her hands. Mary could do anything on the screen and it would be sweet and sincere because she knows how to be charming."

Probably he was not thinking of his own work, but that is one of the secrets of his great genius. There is always something in each one of his pictures that would be unthinkable and impossible in anyone else's hands, but in his hands it is always quaint and—well, charming.

At last, Charlie slipped me one slender, sensitive hand in farewell and we went to the studio gate—escorted by the press agent and a big bulldog.

If we, in our old age had fallen under his spell, we had the consolation of distinguished company. For they do say that Pola Negri—

You see, Charlie met her in Europe. Well, Charlie is English and Pola is German or Polish or something, but—pshaw, the war is over.

And Charlie really is so charming!

That's Out

(Continued from page 57)

"Deception."
"Little Lord Fauntleroy."
"Over the Hill."
"Doubling For Romeo."
"Sentimental Tommy."
"Kismet."

As one of Will Hays's first duties, we suggest that he find out why producers spend \$100,000 for the rights to a widely known story or play, and then change the title when it is presented on the screen.

On Friday the 13th

(Continued from page 59)

ing license. I think whispering licenses in motion picture palaces should cost at least two dollars—extra."

"Do you get a thrill," I asked, sibilantly, "out of those scenes?" I referred to the very stirring scenes of the attack on the jail in "The Light in the Clearing," where George huddles in his cell and then escapes to the roof while the mob batters in the doors.

"I have to see myself in a picture two or three times before I can realize it is myself," he whispered back. "If I could only realize it was me, then I could criticize myself; but I seem able to criticize everybody else in the picture—I mean, see their good points and their mistakes. I just naturally think I'm rotten," he added, in a very modest whisper, and we subsided into silence during the remainder of the program, except when some kindly dames behind us discovered Hackathorn and leaned over his shoulder to say that they thought he was just adorable. It gave me a smile, which was worth the price of admission.

Coming out into the light of day, and Broadway again, after George had run a gantlet of admiring usherettes, who seemed to wish to touch his garments in a reverend manner as he passed, he proposed that we invade one of the Los Angeles chocolate shops and get a cookie.

George ordered tea and cinnamon toast—but I do not believe that it indicates anything about his character. He had looked at the card they thrust at you, vaguely, and I think tea and toast just popped into his mind as the thing to take along about four o'clock in the afternoon. I started on my second malted milk.

A boy as genuinely shy as George Hackathorn is a hard nut for an interviewer, however well-meaning, to crack. I was beginning to be afraid that George was perhaps a nut—hard or soft. Usually, the victims of an interview shout all over the place about themselves, and here I was actually feeling timid about delving into this young man's past. He was more like a clam than a clam.

"Well, were you on the stage before you went into pictures?" I finally asked, to break a silence which was getting oppressive and full of malted milk gurglings.

George turned upon me that enigmatic, twisted half-smile he flashes on the screen, and his very brown eyes opened quite wide.

"Why, no," he said, as tho the idea were preposterous. I judged that he must have been too young, five years ago, to be on the stage. His manner indicated as much.

"My parents were not theatrical—in the profession, that is—but my mother used to sing, and I think she had temperament," he finally volunteered, rather breathlessly, and as tho he wanted to get the biography-thing over with.

"She didn't mind my coming to Hollywood to go into pictures and I've been here ever since—playing any bit or any part that was offered me. I went to school in Pendleton, Oregon, where the round-ups come from.

"But now I don't think I can afford to take every part that is offered to me. It wouldn't be fair to myself, because I want parts that will be pleasant. I really don't think of the money, but of my pleasure in acting, and I want rôles that are pleasing. I've achieved one of my four desires—to play 'The Little Minister'—and now I am looking forward to the accomplishment of the others.

"I want to play 'Oliver Twist' before I

Just what *are* the requirements of Scenario Writing?

Thousands are asking that question as the motion picture industry calls for more, and yet more, stories. The answer is on this page.

BRIEFLY the requirements are these:

- (1) Creative imagination (such as successful fiction writers manifest;)
- (2) Dramatic instinct (to a higher degree than conventional fiction requires;)
- (3) The story construction technique of the studio.

The first two rank as *Talents*. You are either born with them, or without them. No human agency can endow you with either.

The third is an *accomplishment*. It can easily be mastered by home training. It is useless without the two talents; and, for screen purposes, the two talents—creative imagination and dramatic instinct—are useless without screen technique.

In short, *natural ability to think out and tell a human, dramatic story is useful to the screen only when written in the language of the screen*. And literary skill is not required for scenario construction. Writing style cannot be transferred to the screen.

A test for you—and what it may mean

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, encouraged by leading motion picture producers, is conducting a nation-wide search for creative and dramatic storytelling ability. By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered—often among people who had never even suspected its presence. This questionnaire, which was prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the well-known photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of the Northwestern University faculty, is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the creative qualities of mind. Through it scores of men and women, in all walks of life, have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of screen writing.

Persons who do not meet the test,

are frankly and confidentially told so. Those who *do* indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail, to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its effects are immediate. Primarily, however it is for the screen.

\$500 to \$2000 for a Single Story

The Course, and the questionnaire test which must be passed before enrollment is invited, sprang out of the desperate need of the motion picture industry for original stories. The Educational Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation was organized for the sole purpose of developing new writers for the screen. The Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from \$500 to \$2000

for original stories by new writers.

Above are the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you *may* have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, the Corporation will send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

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"Smilin' Through"

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Miss Talmadge, who has been voted the most popular screen actress has never had a picture more suited to her wonderful emotional acting, and she has made the most of every scene.

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*Watch for the First National
Trademark on the Screen at
Your Theatre*



am too old—and I want to work with D. W. Griffith!"

As a matter of fact, I should think Griffith would want to work with young Hackathorn! He has the sensitiveness of the late Bobby Harron, as well as very great intelligence and the highest type of motion picture technique.

At this point we paused in our orange-pekoing and our malted-milking to discuss his fourth, and perhaps his most overwhelming ambition, next to playing with the Master, as some directors in Hollywood call "D. W." It was a question of whether or not I should bare it to the world. It illustrates, I think, the absorbing ambition of the boy.

"I hope," he confided, monkeying self-consciously with a piece of cinnamon toast, "to play the early life of Napoleon. It has never been done, and it is full of drama. I hate to say anything about it, because I don't want some producer to get the idea and do it before I have the chance. I am purely selfish in my reticence in discussing it publicly."

The age of the youth, Hackathorn, is hard to judge. He might be twenty-two or he might be twenty-eight. I think he is about twenty-four, if it interests you to know. When he talks, his intensity of emotion is betrayed by fine blue veins which line the surface of his skin just underneath his eyes. I do not think he is very robust.

His hands are almost Latin in their continuous motion. He uses his hands in his conversation so much that I was driven to asking him if his parents were foreign-born.

"My mother," he said, "is Scotch and Irish, and Dad was Belgian, mostly. Quite a combination. But I am not Latin. I never think of my hands or my feet. I think they should take care of themselves, now. They're old enough!"

And then, out of a moment of comparative silence, during which the last of the cinnamon toast disappeared, and the straw gurgled in the last of the malted milk, George exclaimed:

"It's Friday—Friday, the thirteenth! Oh, my word! An interview on Friday, the thirteenth. Think of that!"

"Are you superstitious, like most actors?" I inquired.

"No, I'm not, really. Not a bit. You see—I was born on a Friday, the thirteenth!"

And when we rose to go, I noted that George is quite short—a young Napoleon—almost a L'Aiglon—in stature. He looks something like the pictures I have seen of Napoleon. Perhaps it is the same strength of purpose shining thru his features. I hope he gets his wish. Page "D. W.," please!

TO FRANCOIS VILLON

(As portrayed on the screen by William Farnum)

By WILLIAM SANFORD

Vagabond poet of long ago
Living the life in Paris town,
Getting your living by hook or crook
And writing your deathless rhymings
down;

Oh, how your soul, Francois, would sing
To see yourself in "If I Were King!"

"No good news out of Paris town!"

Those lines you wrote so long ago,
But in this romance done for you

Such doleful tidings are not so.
Francois, how your heart would dance
For in this play you save your France!

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The Doll's House

(Continued from page 56)

Her husband's frown deepened till it made a scar across his white, rather narrow forehead. "You talk like a child! There is no excuse for dishonesty, none whatever. It is one thing that I cannot forgive. I had hoped that my views on that subject might have made some impression even on your careless mind in these eight years, Nora. It is the mother who makes the thief of the next generation by her indifference to moral distinctions, her laxity of ideas, her sentimental sympathy which she substitutes for justice in forming a judgment."

"The mother who makes the thief—oh, no!" Nora quivered. Her mind worked in pictures instead of words, like Torvald's, and now she saw little Torvald in striped rompers sitting behind bars. She ran to her husband, clutching him frantically. "Don't say that, Torvald! It's wicked—it's dreadful! I don't believe it—mothers only want the best things!"

"Why, you silly child!" he said tolerantly, "I wasn't talking about you! There's nothing to bother your little head about. How did you ever happen to think of Krogstad, anyway?"

Nora laid her tear-washed face on his shoulder. "Oh, I was so happy today when I was trimming the tree, and I got to wishing that everybody could be happy on Christmas Day. And then I thought of that man you were going to discharge, and how he might have three babies, too, like ours, and—and—it isn't easy to get another place after one's been sent away from the bank."

"He should have thought of that before," Torvald Helmer said smugly. "Foresight is better than retrospect." Torvald's remarks had an air of being worthy to frame and hang up over a desk. He was so good, thought Nora. It was rather terrible to be so good. One couldn't understand badness in other people like Krogstad. Like her.

The dread was very close now. She fought it away desperately, clinging to happiness, to Torvald's love. She was very gay as they started out for Thora Linden's party, with an embroidered silk shawl laid over bare shoulders that had dimples in them, which Torvald called "cups for kisses." In the hall she felt him hesitate, saw his eyes resting on the letters in the box and drew him by, crying gaily, "Not now! We'll be late, and that would be a shame at such a lovely party!"

He acquiesced good-humoredly, pinched her cheek. "What a baby it is! There isn't a serious thought in this little head, eh? That's as I like it. These blue-stockings who pretend to read and affect to think are horrible creatures."

Nora flung her arms about her friend Thora, tossed her shawl to the sofa and stood in the middle of the floor, a glowing, provocative little figure in the exotic flame-colored dress. "I'm going to dance and dance and dance!" she cried ecstatically. "It's Christmas—it's a magic night! Nothing will ever be quite like this again—come! Let's be happy! Let's laugh and forget tomorrow, as tho this was the last laugh, the last dance, the last night we might ever have!"

"I am not narrow, I hope," Torvald was saying, several hours later, as they came down the stairs by the light of the single gas-jet that flickered in the halls. "but I feel obliged to say that I hardly recognized my demure little Nora tonight. That dress—of course, it was a costume and all that, still it wasn't quite—eh? Now, was it? And that dance—the tarantella! Upon my word, Nora, I felt like

How I Earn \$15 to \$25 a Week at Home in my Spare Time

By Wm. S. Coulthard



To begin with, I had a good job—I have it yet. But I had a lot of time on my hands in the evenings, Saturday afternoons, etc.—for I had no hobby—and besides my expenses had been mounting fast—so you will see the receptive mood I was in when I saw your little ad, "MAKE MONEY AT HOME."

I sent for your free booklet. I read it. Your plan looked good to me—your guarantee so liberal—and on investigation I found you were reliable, so I accepted your offer. If others could make money by your plan, I could. That was less than a year ago.

Now I am earning \$15.00 to \$25.00 a week, each week, writing show cards in my spare time. In addition to this, I still hold my regular job, and my salary has been increased there, too. I believe my spare time work has made me better satisfied with life, and so I'm doing my regular work better.

I have been offered positions writing show cards, but I am not interested, as my present position is perfectly satisfactory, but I certainly am glad I enrolled in your school—my spare time money is exceedingly attractive. Besides, I find show card writing an interesting occupation that fills in those evening hours that used to drag so. In fact, it is really a hobby now with me—and a profitable one, as you can well imagine. Only last week I received a check from your school for \$70.00 for work done over the last three weeks. Of course, you'd have paid me regularly each week if I'd bothered about it, but I was too busy to tell you the amount of work I'd finished.

There are times, however, that I feel show card writing by your simple method is almost too good a thing—that's when I have so many orders ahead that I cannot see my clear to finish them—and have to turn down work.

Your system of supplying work to your students has certainly helped me, but sometimes you send too much—I'm only working at it in my spare time, you know. Please note this, and don't try to overload me too much.

By the way, I think you'll be interested to know that previous to enrolling in your

school I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—and you can certainly use my name and tell prospective students, for I feel I'll be doing anyone a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work.

Yours sincerely,
WM. S. COULTHARD.

NOTE:—The above is the story of Mr. Coulthard. It tells of facts, for Show Card Writing offers a marvellous opportunity to both men and women, either for spare time or full time work. What Mr. Coulthard has done and is doing, you can do. Colbran, Dusenberry, Wendt, Blade, Poulson, Charles, Wright, Babineau and many other men have proved it. Mrs. Litherdale, Mrs. Lush, Mrs. Le Moine and dozens of housewives have added to the family income in this way. Girls like Misses MacDonald, Clegg, Bordreau and Hoyle are but a few of those who have bettered their positions in this pleasant way. All these owe their success to the American Show Card School method of training—the old established school which has trained hundreds to make money in SHOW CARDS.

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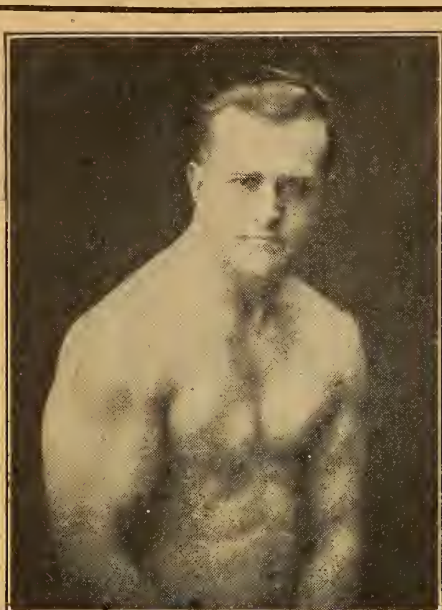


YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is a necessity if you expect to make the most out of your face. You should wish to appear as attractive as possible—self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your while. You find the world in general judging you greatly by your "looks;" therefore it pays to "look well." Permit no one to see you looking otherwise! Upon the impression you constantly make depends the success of your life. Which is to be?

My latest Nose-Shaper, "TRADOS Mode" pressure regulators and made of light polish without operation, quickly, safely and pleasantly and does not interfere with one's

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct your nose.
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Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance

A Rebuilt Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow strong. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. You're whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do the things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

Send for My Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is chock full of large size photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to a red blooded man. I could easily collect a big book of this kind just as others are now

knocking down the rest of the men for looking at you! Hereafter, I shall take care to keep my little bird locked into her cage."

Nora's cheeks were scarlet above her drooping tarlatan ruffles. Her eyes shone fever-bright. In the doorway of their flat she paused, not looking over her shoulder. "What are you about, Torvald?"

The scrape of a key on metal answered her before he said, still reprovingly, "only getting the mail, my dear."

Still not looking at him, she spoke in a bright, hard tone. "Can't your letters wait till morning? It's still Christmas night, Torvald."

He held them in his hand as he entered the parlor after her. A swift glance showed the letter on top. In another moment he would open it. For a flash she debated falling upon the floor in a faint, or upsetting the oil lamp or jostling him and getting possession of the hateful thing. Then paralysis seized her. What was the use? Krogstad would write again. It was hopeless—she closed her eyes, waiting.

But still he delayed, sniffing the air as he closed the door. "Creosote! Doctor Rank must be having trouble with his breathing again!"

Nora could have laughed aloud with the bitter humor of the thing. If she could only stop breathing, it would be better for all of them! But she was too healthy to die, no matter what happened. Besides, she liked life too well, the mere motions of living gave her such intense pleasure; even now, the chime of the bells over the city beyond the windows, and the faint, spiced breath of the balsam and glitter of the tinsel on her tree seemed thrilling, exciting—wonderful.

"Torvald." She was standing beside the table with a curious look, as tho all of a sudden she were growing up. "Torvald, before you open your letters, I want to tell you something. Something that happened three years ago, when you were so ill with the fever."

He stared at her, ludicrous in his amaze. "Nora, I hardly know you tonight! What on earth has the fever I had three years ago got to do with us now?"

"Just this, Torvald," she said clearly, "the doctor told me you needed things, expensive things—wine, chicken broth, ice, and above all, *no worry*. You kept asking me where the money was coming from, and I told you I'd saved some for years out of the housekeeping allowance. Do you remember? Well, I hadn't saved any, Torvald. That was a lie."

"A lie! You told me a lie?" His tone was awful, but he controlled himself. "Then, where did you get the money?"

"I borrowed it," Nora said slowly, keeping her long, narrow, dark eyes steadily on his purpling face; "borrowed it from a money-lender. I had to do it to save your life, you see, Torvald."

"A money-lender!" he fairly screamed the words, "knowing how I felt about such things, you deliberately went to a *money-lender*—light broke in on him. "This letter is from him? The money has never been repaid? But—why—good God! It's that thief, Krogstad's hand-writing!"

"He lent me the money," Nora nodded, tiredly. "Now, you see why I didn't want you to discharge him, Torvald."

He sank into a chair, mopping his damp forehead. "Horrible! And to think that *you*—the mother of my children—could be so secretive, so deceitful, so—so sly! It's a great shock to me, Nora!"

"I did it for your sake," she repeated, with a little, twisted smile. "I did it because I loved you, Torvald."

He did not pay any heed. "Well, well, it can't be helped, tho I won't say that it

hasn't upset me. However, we will pay what's owed tomorrow and that will be the end of it. And for punishment, you will have to go without sweetmeats and holly wreaths and such nonsense for a while and economize."

Nora shook her head. "That isn't the end of it, Torvald. There's something else."

"Something else!" her husband repeated peevishly, pressing his plump white hands to his forehead, "what more! Isn't it enough that my own wife has lied to me and deceived me for years? Isn't it enough that I discover that I have given my children a mother who has no more principle than that?"

Nora had not moved, but her eyes seemed suddenly strained, as tho she were trying to see him from a great distance. "Krogstad wanted security, and so I gave him a bond signed by my father," she said in a small, precise voice. "Only—do you understand, Torvald?—my father was away at the time, and so I signed his name to it myself. And before he could come back, he died."

Torvald Helmer rose, face distorted. For a moment she thought he was going to strike her. "So! You are a thief! My wife is a thief, and that man can disgrace me whenever he chooses, *me*—Torvald Helmer, head of the Citizens Bank!" Little cold tears of self-pity filled his eyes as he paced up and down the room, pounding his chest. "All my life I have been respected, and now you, the woman I've given my name, the woman I've pampered and indulged, bring shame on me. People have envied me—they've said, 'there goes Torvald Helmer, the lucky dog.' Now, they'll *pity* me—there goes Torvald Helmer, poor fellow; have you heard?"

Nora looked down at her clasped hands. "I did it to save your life—I was nearly crazy with fear—"

He stopped before her, protruding his chest. "You don't seem to realize what you've done! You've been *dishonest*. You have committed a forgery! God grant your moral weakness has not been handed on to your children. I will buy the man's silence and save you from the punishment of your crime. I owe it to myself to do that, but I cannot forgive you. No, no, don't expect that!" Scowling, he tore open Krogstad's letter, as Nora watched him, smiling a faint, scornful smile. His scowl disappeared. He gave a sobbing laugh, and, catching Nora about her waist, he began to dance with her about the room. "We're saved, saved! Krogstad has sent the forged bond back. He writes that he can't hurt a happy, innocent thing like you, and he is right! You were innocent, Nora—you meant well, but you have no sense of responsibility—"

She drew herself out of his arms, waving him back with a quiet gesture, curiously mature. "No, Torvald. I see it all now. You never really loved me, not the real *me*. All these years I've not been your wife at all. I've just been a doll, living in a doll's house—"

"What—nonsense!" Torvald said in the old, bantering, indulgent tone. "Not been my wife! Come, come, that's hardly respectable, eh? We will say no more about the matter. I will—yes—I will forgive you, Nora, and love you as much as ever!" He was coming toward her, quite overcome with his own magnanimity, but she retreated before him to the door of their bedroom.

"We will talk about it again, when I've taken off this dress." She looked down at the limp, silly ruffles. Yes, a doll—to be thrown away like a broken plaything. She had never known Torvald—had she ever known herself? Had she ever had any self separate from him and the children?

She went into the bedroom. When she came out a little later, it was in her street clothes, wearing her hat and carrying a suitcase.

"Why—what—what—damned foolishness," Torvald sputtered. "I won't have it. I tell you! Where are you going? *Why* are you going? I've forgiven you! Everything is the same as it was before—"

"I'm not the same," said Nora, standing quite still, looking at him with desolate eyes. "I've grown up. I'm not a doll any longer, and I can't live in my pretty little doll's house with a strange man. For you are a stranger, Torvald. I have never known you at all, I see that now."

"You would leave your children?" he hurled at her desperately. "Have you no heart? How will they grow up without a mother?"

"I have got to learn to be worthy to be their mother," said Nora Helmer, turning toward the door, and then running back to the tree to kiss the staring wax faces of the dolls and the sturdy drum that belonged to little Torvald. She smiled at him thru her tears. "It's no use, Torvald. I have to go. I have to find myself—out there in the world. I have to learn to be—responsible. Perhaps when I've learned"—she left the sentence unfinished.

She was on the threshold when his agitated voice called her back. "But—you *can't* go! What will people say about me?" It was the old story. His first thought was not for her, what she would do, what would become of her; but what effect would her going have on the magnificence of Torvald Helmer?

"They'll think you turned me out, Torvald!" Nora said ironically. "No one could believe a woman could ever leave you." She went out of the room. He heard her footsteps on the stairs.

He sank into a chair limply. There was a punctured look about him. His complacent smile was gone.

She wouldn't go. She was trying to frighten him, that was it! He was taking her little gesture of independence too seriously. In a minute she would be running in, terrified at her narrow escape from losing him—

Far below, the front door closed with a hollow booming sound that had a note of finality. Nora faced the stormy night. And after that it was very silent in the house.

Doing As the Movies Do

(Continued from page 75)

shows what big personality will do, and seized an imaginary phial of dope. I don't know what kind of dope, for altho there are several hundreds of varieties of narcotics in the world, they are all known in the movies as just plain dope, and he proceeded to "take" it.

He turned his back to me, as the audience, and wiggled his shoulders, and by the wiggling I could see quite plainly, with a sort of mental X-ray effect, that he was pouring it into a glass and drinking it off, and enjoying it immensely. Then he turned around, announcing:

"This is the way I do it on the film which is to be shown in Europe!" And then I got an eyeful of real acting!

He poured the imaginary dope, whatever it was, into an imaginary glass; he looked at it long and thirstily; he rolled his eyes heavenward; he shivered—and then he swallowed it. Then he went thru the same emotions of satisfaction. It was an enlightening sight. How much more fortunate Europe, without any really narrow-minded censors, is, than America.

He does the largest part of his portrayal with his eyes. He has the most expressive



Posed by Wanda Hawley, a Paramount motion picture star. Miss Hawley is one of many beautiful women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

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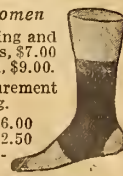
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eyes I have ever seen belonging to a man. There are many women of the screen who possess "talkative" eyes. There is Nazimova—and, oh yes, I almost forgot Montague Love. But with the exception of these, Mr. Post has the most telling eyes of all. They are not large and they are not limpid, nor are they melting, like Wallie's. They are blue, however, and quite small, if it were not for the make-up, but he can tell you a whole story just with those eyes. I think his eyes are the most valuable adjunct this veteran of the drama is bringing to the screen—and the public will never tire of watching them. When I mentioned it, he said:

"The eye is the life of the screen, as I see it now. I find myself suddenly deprived of my voice, and so my eyes must do twice the amount of work they have been accustomed to do."

But in the Richard Walton Tully production of "The Masquerader," which has been a stage success in this country and abroad for lo! these many years, they have surrounded Mr. Post with every luxury that star is heir to. His scenic director is no other than Wilfred Buckland. His director is James (Jimmy) Young, his mentor is Tully himself, and also there is a score of expert assistants. Nothing has been spared to make this film a bull's-eye.

At a luncheon given recently for a few *literati*, and near-*literati* of Los Angeles, Guy Post—the Bates is too much for my weary typewriter—delivered a little speech, in which he deprecated his lack of cinematographic knowledge.

"I'm learning my dramatic A B C's all over again," he said, which we decided was rank hyperbole, and ultra-modest, "and adapting what I have learned on the stage to the camera cabala. It is to me the ninth wonder of the world—if puffed rice is the eighth, as the street-car advertisements claim. I mean, the pictures are the ninth wonder, not my acting in them!"

The personality of this big-little man—he reminds you of the paintings you have seen of Napoleon in stature—is an overwhelming thing. If you let him, he will absorb you into it, conversation, reportorial pad and all.

"I am in love with my new permanency of position, in this profession," he went on. "My wife and I have taken up home-staying in Pasadena, and for once in our careers we feel really settled. It is great!" He rolls his eyes skyward to express ecstasy, and he rolled 'em skyward then, so I knew he meant it.

Mrs. Post is Adele Ritchie, you know, of musical comedy fame, and even later accomplishment, for the last time I had the good fortune to see Mr. Post on the stage in "The Masquerader," his wife was playing opposite him, and a great team they make, as they say in vod'ville! Now, Adele Ritchie Post is keeping house for Pa in the gilded environs of Pasadena, where it costs a nickel every time you draw your breath.

As the last few words of Guy Bates Post's interviewless monolog, like honey from musical bees, dripped off his lips, which were carmined as for the stage, he drew a handkerchief from his sleeve and tapped it upon his brow. It was with the manner born. I wondered if he wears a handkerchief in the sleeve of his smoking jacket at home. For there is an Old World air about Mr. Post—an atmosphere of elegant manners, and conscious chivalry, which, alas! is lacking in some of the more hurried, younger stars of the silver curtain.

His masculine virility shadows what might be thought dilettanteism. He is a courtier of France in overalls—an American automobile mechanic in lace and knee-breeches! We are fortunate to have him come to the screen.

A BLUE-LAW BALLAD

By LEON A. SMITH

Amid the bannered hosts that swarm in the arena of reform,
I see with martial zeal arrayed the leaders of a grand crusade,
Fired with an iridescent dream—a great religion-saving scheme,
Which in this age of moral dearth, must surely be a thing of worth.
No forward turning of the hands upon the clock their scheme demands;
Their saving plan is more sublime, for it concerns the clock of Time.
The hands of progress they would seize and turn them back some centuries,
To bring again the outgrown ways of those old Puritanic days,
When Church and State went arm in arm to guard the land from moral harm,
And you could find the proper mode of worship in the civil code.
The tale they tell is truly sad; the country's going to the bad.
Its laws have not the proper hue; they're liberal where they should be blue.
So with the times thus out of joint, themselves as censors they appoint,
To supervise affairs of state and other minds to regulate.
In keeping with what they decree as spokesmen of the Deity.
If their crusade should turn out well, it is their cherished plan to tell
The people of this continent just how their Sundays must be spent;
Just what they may and may not do, and what they must accept as true.
They seek the power of federation, to conquer sin by legislation,
And by so doing they confess they lack the power of godliness.
They preach a gospel which depends on civil force to gain its ends,
Nor aims by love to save men's souls, but seeks salvation at the polls.
If these crusaders all should meet, and just to make their plans complete,
A grand headquarters should select, where everything would be correct—
Some station which beyond mishap would put their work well on the map,
And properly would advertise the principle on which it lies,
A fitting choice it seems to me, would be some penitentiary—
The only place I ever saw where men are all made good by law.

CHARACTERISTICS

By EVERETT EARLE STANARD

Mary has her curls;
Gloria, her nose;
Mabel Normand, eyes;
Pavlowa, just toes.

Bill Hart has grit;
Fairbanks, a grin;
Betty Blythe, a figure;
Novak, just a chin.

Bebe Daniel's mouth
Is sweet enough to smack;
Phyllis has ankles;
Kitty G., a back.

Anita has beauty;
Billy's smile is sweet;
Reid possesses eyebrows;
Chaplin, just feet!

Watch Your Step

(Continued from page 67)

constable. Lon and Mr. Andrews didn't care how he left, just so he left. They never counted on his taking Margaret with him!

The officer was taciturn and non-committal, and, beyond the fact that he told Elmer he was wanted back in the city, he refused to talk. So Elmer left—that is, he started. But before he got away, the proceedings were interrupted again by the arrival of a limousine—quite the spiffiest, richest and most costly limousine Green Forks had ever been privileged to see. Out of it, just in time, stepped—

"Dad!" yelled Elmer Slocum Young to his delighted parent.

Elmer forgot he had left town in disgrace, forgot he was wanted for murder, theft, arson and what not; forgot everything except that his father had his arm around his shoulders and was telling him how lonely he had been without him, and how Dr. Nugent told him the truth of Elmer's wild ride; and how he wanted him to come back at any price; and how the strange officer, who was grinning broadly now, had traced him here at the behest of Elmer's own father.

"Hm," murmured Mr. Andrews, stroking a meditative chin, and eyeing the limousine with considerable interest, "perhaps we have been too hasty."

"Maybe you have," replied his daughter scornfully, "but I always knew Elmer was a hero!" And she blushed as red as a red, red rose.

"Father," said Elmer suddenly, "you said you wanted me back at any price. Well, the price is that my wife goes home with me. She—er—that is, she isn't my wife yet, but she's going to be. Aren't you, Margaret?"

"Yes," said Margaret.

"Certainly," said Elmer's father.

"Hell," said Lon Kimball, and walked out of the picture.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 82)

Wagnerian operas. "Tristan and Isolde" and "Aida" are the ones which interest him above the others.

Mary Astor who is rated as one of the most promising of the new crop of young screen actresses will be seen in the leading rôle opposite Eugene O'Brien in his next production. The title has not yet been decided upon.

Theodore Kosloff finds the stars of cinemaland frequent pupils of his dancing academy. Colleen Moore is now studying toe-dancing under his tuition because she plays a rough little French toe-dancer in the forthcoming Rupert Hughes production.

THE MOVIE FAN'S CREED

By J. M. THOMAS, JR.

I believe in Wally Reid, dapper, débonair, dispassionate; and in Rudolph Valentino, the super-subtle Sheik, loved by the women, envied by the men, talked about, written about, sung about; I believe in the youth of Gareth Hughes; the grace of Louise Glaum; the beauty of Dorothy Dalton; the passion of Pola Negri, and the genius of Alla Nazimova. Amen. Amen.

The hat shown, a beautiful milan, trimmed with silk ribbon, \$3.50 (comes in various colors).

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The Juvenile Critic

(Continued from page 60)

that's the first time he does anything I really like. He wades right out to meet him.

Then he meets the man who was really his uncle, and he is married to the school-teacher, and she kisses Speck, and sends him off to play with the little girl who has always liked him.

But I'll never forget that dog running after that train, and I'll never forgive Speck for having gone away and left him.

There, you see, I am not fickle, and Jackie Coogan is still my favorite actor.

Your affectionate sister,
JUDY.

DEAR PUNCH: I am fickle! I am, I am, I am! I'm just terribly afraid that Jackie Coogan is quite cut out, and you'll never guess, in a thousand years, who it is—a dog, the most wonderful, beautiful, duckie animal that ever lived.

His name is Strongheart, but in the play, "The Silent Call," his name was Flash, and, oh, you never saw such acting. I've seen lots of cute dogs on the screen, but he was just wonderful! He took the part of a prairie wolf, but this is the story:

A nice man from the East is out shooting all the wolves, because they eat up the cattle. You dont mind that at first. And then one day—I'm skipping to the part where Flash comes into it—he finds some darling little cubs, and he takes one home, and everybody at the ranch-house just loves him as much as I did, and he grows up, and, of course, then he is Strongheart, or Flash.

Uncle Roddy has just called me, and told me not to tell you all about it, so I'll just give you enough to make you want to go and see it.

And there's a horrible villain in it, who steals cattle, and of course that's a perfectly dreadful thing to do. Flash hates him, and once when he is tied up to the tent, and his master is away, this horrible creature comes up to him, and beats him with a whip. Of course, I dont think he really beats him. He simply couldn't, but it looks as if he did.

Well, then, his master comes home and has a dreadful fight with the wretch, and they roll on the ground, and Flash bites at him, and tears his shirt, but his master wont let him eat him up, which, I think, was perfectly silly; and then, oh, Punch, if I have to see any more partings between masters and dogs, Uncle Roddy says he'll keep me home from the movies. It's just dreadful. I dont mind seeing people part, but it just does something funny to my insides when I see a dog looking after somebody he loves; but the nice man had to go back East on business, and, of course, he simply couldn't take a big wolf with him. The train conductor would never have let him. So he says good-bye to him, and, oh, poor Flash, he is so dejected. I wanted to put my arms around him, and just hug him, and tell him never to mind.

Well, there's nobody at the ranch-house that he loves very much, and, after all, he is a wolf, and so he goes out and kills cattle. And when the cowboys find it out, they know they have just got to kill him, and they dont want to. They put him on a table and judge him, just as if he were a real person. And how they could decide to do anything but love him, after the way he licks their chins, and makes up to them, I dont see. But they tell him, and he understands, that he must be hung, because he is a cattle thief. And suddenly, before they know what he is doing, he

jumps right out of the window and runs away.

Oh, mercy, I just clapped so hard that Uncle Roddy told me to stop, and I think the cowmen were glad, too.

Well, then, he goes off into the wilds and he meets a most lovely mate. And he kisses her, and makes love to her; and, altho they didn't show it, I just know they went up to an old owl in a hollow tree and got married under the moon.

They are quite married when you next see them, and that naughty Flash is letting his wife dig the hole for their house. But, oh dear, I have almost told you as much as I ought to. So I'll just hint at the rest of the plot.

There's a girl that the nice man loves, and she comes West with her father, and the bad man is badder than ever, and the nice man comes back, and Flash saves the girl's life, and then, one day, he gets the scent of his old master, and goes to him.

Oh, Punch, I just cried for joy when they met. But dreadful things are happening to the girl that I mustn't tell you about; but, dont worry, everything comes out all right, and Flash chases the bad man, and chases and chases him right into the water, until he—but I really mustn't tell you any more.

Please go and see it, and tell me if you dont think that Strongheart is the loveliest dog that ever was.

I told Uncle Roddy that that's the only thing I wanted for my birthday present, and he said he would have to buy a ranch to go with him; which I think is silly, because, really, he would be quite comfy sleeping on the mat beside my bed. But then, Uncle Roddy always does fuss about things just at first. And I cant help planning what I'll do when I get one. But I cant decide whether to name him Strongheart or Flash.

You tell me what you think.

Your affectionate sister,
JUDY.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 78)

talking about that little freckled-face youngster, and what a wonder he was! Wesley Barry is a sure winner on the screen, and deserves a lot of credit.

One production of 1920 I did not care for was "The Devil's Passkey," and I went out of the theater disgusted. The acting and direction were good, but oh, that plot! I have seen so many pictures on that order that I was quite bored. I hope there will be no more such pictures.

Of the 1921 pictures, I liked "Passion," "The Love Light," "The Mark of Zorro" and "The Life of the Party."

I especially was interested in "Passion," because it was a true story and a bit of history. I think it is an ideal picture for high school students, as it helps them to understand the conditions of France at that period. It is really more instructive than reading it out of a history. As I am a high school student, I feel quite justified in saying this.

Well, this letter is longer than I intended it to be, and it is about time I was closing. I believe I have covered all I wish to say. If a movie fan in the North or West cares to write me, I am at his service.

Wishing you the best of success, I remain,
Your devoted reader,

EARL S. LOWE,
Tarpon Springs, Fla.

The Idealist Speaks

(Continued from page 70)

easier. And marriage a good deal harder."
I listened dazedly. Baby blue—elfs—di-
vorce—harder marriages!

"Marriage today," went on this inexor-
able midget, "is a thing of instinct. Di-
vorce is the reaction to reason. Nowadays,
we leap first and look afterwards. It is an
appalling admission, but I know of only
two couples that I have met who are hap-
pily married. It happens that the four
persons concerned are all Christian
Scientists."

At that I regained my tongue.

"Are you advocating Science as a solu-
tion to marital problems, then?"

"No, no," she said hastily. "Not at all.
Religion of any kind can be effective in
such matters only in so far as it preaches
the little good in everything. That is the
solution—universal belief in your neigh-
bor's goodness. When mankind achieves
that, our troubles will be over, no matter
our faith."

"Do you realize that you are denying the
fundamental cruelty of life?" I questioned
skeptically. Somchow, it was difficult to
accept this fragile being who pointed so
lightly to the millennium. She sat there
very slender, softly round of face, her
skin gleaming white, as tho it had been
laved habitually in a freshet from Mount
Olympus, her brown eyes hugely serious.
At my question, she smiled, a smile in
which there remained the undaunted opti-
mism of the child.

"I think I know why you ask that," she
said quietly. "You feel as I have felt. In
seeming, life is cruel. But if you persist
in searching, you will find that there is
something of good in all those cruelties.
How can you, if you have stopped to re-
flect upon the miracle of the universe, the
immutable law that has shaped the per-
fection of the solar systems and the per-
fections of our own bodies, arrive at any
other conclusion?" She looked at me won-
deringly, with those large eyes of a child.
"And it is only by accepting that belief,"
she finished after a moment, "that I have
ever been able to reconcile myself to the
thought of marriage."

"You are considering marriage now?" I
suggested cautiously.

She threw back her head at that and
laughed ripplingly, in denial.

I watched her, frankly puzzled. Her
evident interest in matters that have
brought exhaustion to the most powerful
minds, her courageous convictions—right
or wrong—all proclaimed maturity. But
that maturity seemed to me to be purely
mental. Physically, there is still much
about her that marks the child, that same
freshness that is almost fragrance. It is in
her face, in her neat, compact, cool little
body; in her manner. It is as tho the
realization of herself as woman had not
kept pace with the development of her
mind. I think it may all be summed up as
a total lack of sex-consciousness. That in-
voluntary, subtle acknowledgment that a
matured person of one sex inevitably ac-
cords to a member of the other seems in
her totally missing. I think it explains
Bessie as an idealist. True idealism must
necessarily be crystal cold. That is why
humanity will never achieve it. I think
Bessie's philosophy, analyzed, would deny
the passions—and so prove futile.

But I have met no one of whom I could
write more enthusiastically. She has for
the moment succeeded in lifting herself
above the sordidness of existence, and the
effort has sweetened her. That the life
force will eventually drag her down to the
common level again can matter little.

There is nothing vague about her charm
—I was quite wrong there. It has the
drenched purity of dawn. It is exquisite.
One's parched soul is cooled by it as by a
summer rain.

Upon looking back, one finds that, her
freedom gained and the choice of her pic-
tures her own, Bessie's selection has re-
flected faithfully her sublimated outlook.
There has been a quaint charm in them, a
lightness untouched by deep emotion. Wit-
ness "Bonnie May." It is not my fortune
to have seen her in any of the Griffith
pictures. But that her light waxed bril-
liant under his tending, reached, in fact,
its heights, would seem to indicate that
something of Griffith's personality, essen-
tially sophisticated, had gone into them.
Bessie confirmed that by recalling his habit
of dressing her up in ridiculously high
heels and long skirts to make her old
enough to play opposite his heroes.

I asked her whether she would not care
to go back to him. The idea startled her a
little. She had not thought of it. But,
after reflection, she nodded.

"His direction would be worth a great
deal," she said.

Much has been penned upon the in-
fluence of names upon persons. The ques-
tion came into my mind whether, if Bessie
had retained her own name, Juanita, a
name warm and languorous in itself, she
would have developed differently. Bessie
Love, after all, is a name to live up to.
And one's nature is like a vine. It molds
itself upon externals. Juanita Horton.
Somehow one could not accept that name
with Bessie now.

For the time being, until the turmoil of
unrest has loosed its grasp from the in-
dustry, Bessie has given up the idea of her
own company.

"But it was a happy period when I did
have my own company," she said. "Of
course, much can be said for the big or-
ganization with multiple units, but for the
star a personal organization is much
the pleasanter. Attention and effort is
concentrated on her. I do not see how
logically it could mean other than better
pictures. But the scarcity of money has
been fatal to almost every individual pro-
ducer."

As leading lady, Bessie has played most
recently with Sessue Hayakawa in the
Robertson-Cole production, "The Swamp,"
a story written by the Japanese star him-
self, a story of China. And again, she sup-
ported Hobart Bosworth in "The Sea
Lion."

I departed the office—need be it said—a
chastened man. At the door we encoun-
tered Mother Love. I wanted to apologize
and tell her the truth, that she was the
first screen mother I had met who fully
realized the discreet art of self-efface-
ment. She spoke pleasantly. I recognized
at once the *entente cordiale* between mother
and daughter that, I understand, has ex-
isted since Bessie's first step toward star-
dom. And Bessie had spoken beautifully
of her during our talk.

Bessie gave me a small hand in fare-
well, and she seemed very tiny and very
cool and exasperatingly charming, and
she still wore that jacket of baby blue.

And that, gentle reader, is all there is.
There isn't any more. But isn't it enough?

The manufacturer of the lingerie used
in "The Affairs of Anatol" certainly was
entitled to credit on the screen.



Lost a Pound a Day

through new discovery

Without painful diet, exercise, massage, drugs,
bitter self-denials or discomforts. Free proof
that anyone can lose from 7 to 10 pounds a week

"In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what
I wanted to—through your wonderful new way. And
without one bit of discomfort."

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, famous Artist's
Model and Ziegfeld Folies Beauty. Recently, excessive
weight threatened to blight her stage and artistic career.
She began to take on flesh rapidly and in a short time
she was 20 pounds over-weight—and increasing daily.

In alarm, she tried dieting, eating only one meal a
day. This brought on a weakness which was worse than
obesity. Exercise, Appliances, Massages, Special Baths,
Rubber Clothing and Drugs were all tried—but without
success.

Then came the marvel. Miss Mullane learned of the
new, simple, easily-followed, natural method that has
been discovered, whereby she could quickly regain
normal weight, a slender perfect figure, firm smooth
flesh and abundant health and energy. And this could
be done quickly—and without any self-denial, exercise,
starving or any other discomforts. It sounded too good
to be true. But after all the *discomforting* things she
had done it would have been foolish to fail to try a
method that was so simple, so easy, so rapid and actu-
ally *delightful*.

In three weeks she reduced to normal weight. And
she can retain her present figure without gaining or
losing. This is under her own control.



Loses 13 pounds in
8 days

"Hurrah! I have
lost 13 pounds since
last Monday. I feel
better than I have
for months."

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman
420 E. 66th St.
New York

Loses 22 pounds in
14 days

"I reduced from
175 pounds to 153
pounds in two weeks.
Before I started I
was flabby and sick.
I feel wonderful
now."

Ben Naddle
102 Fulton St.,
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The Secret Eugene
Christian, the famous Food
Specialist, discovered that
certain foods which ordinar-
ily cause fat can be eaten in
combination with certain
other everyday foods in such
a way that no fat will be
formed—only blood, tissue
and muscle. Meanwhile,
your excess flesh is con-
sumed and lost, often at the
rate of a pound a day or
more!

Best of all, these *correct*
combinations, which reduce,
are regarded as even more
appetizing than the *wrong*
combinations. So reducing
this way is designed to IN-
CREASE the pleasures of
the table rather than cause
painful self-denials. Thou-
sands of men and women
who understand this simple
secret are enjoying their
meals more thoroughly than
ever, are much more healthy
and are rapidly approaching
their normal weight.

Sent Free This whole

wonderful
new method has been ex-
plained by Christian in 12
interesting little booklets
called "Weight Control—the

Basis of Health." Send no money. Just fill out and
mail the coupon and you will receive the 12 books. As
soon as they arrive weigh yourself so that you may be
able to see how much weight you lose and how quickly.
Under this Free Proof offer you risk nothing. Pay the
postman \$1.97, plus postage, when he delivers the books
—but if you are dissatisfied after using them you have
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isfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course
at any time and my money is to be instantly refunded.

Name.....
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Price outside U. S., \$2.15 cash with order.

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 77)

Rex Ingram has finished "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Alice Terry, Ramon Samaniegos, Lewis Stone and other capable players. Samaniegos is an ectype, as it were, of Rudolph Valentino and Mr. Ingram predicts for him as sensational a success as that enjoyed by the sleek-haired young Italian. Samaniegos is, however, Spanish, and his Latin characteristics give his screen personality a suavity, a grace of manner that seems so captivating to women ever since the Valentino vogue.

By the way, Rudolph is no longer to be known as such—hereafter, all letters of adoration should be addressed to him as "Mr. Rodolph Valentino." The new—"taken" name just misses being Italian, and it lacks the essentials of French—it is somewhat neutral, and can possibly be explained in the fact that poor Valentino was actually being called "Rudie" for short by some indiscreet souls.

Ingram's next picture will be a revival—on a much more pretentious scale, however—of one of the first pictures he ever made, at the time he was directing at Universal, some five or six years ago. The story is an original by the director, and he has always felt its possibilities if produced on a more lavish scale. Barbara Le Marr and young Samaniegos have the leading rôles. Alice Terry, the lovely wife of Ingram, will rest during the making of the feature. The title is "Black Orchids."

Richard Walton Tully's first production of one of his big stage plays, "The Masquerader," starring the distinguished actor, Guy Bates Post, for whom the stage rôle was created, is finished. James Young is directing. It is not amiss for picture-goers to expect something a little "different" in this production, because of Mr. Tully's knowledge of stagecraft and his ingenuity in creating mechanical innovations. His stage plays, like "The Bird of Paradise," "The Flame," "Omar, the Tentmaker," and his stage production of "The Masquerader," have all revealed the cunning artifice of a craftsman, and it is believed he has worked out a set of ingenious "tricks" for his initial film drama.

The Fairbanks' studios are delving into the archives of English history during the period of the Crusades, to paint with glowing color the chivalric experiences of such fascinating characters as Richard the Lion-Hearted and Ivanhoe, and if you thrilled over Doug as D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers," you probably will throw your cap in the air when he slashes his broadsword for the token of a lady's glove. "The Spirit of Chivalry" is the temporary title for the picture.

Allan Dwan, whose forte is adventure stories, has been chosen to direct, and Enid Bennett will be cast in the leading feminine rôle. Douglas intended to film the further adventures of "The Mark of Zorro," but the picturesque past will first be utilized, followed by a photo-dramatization of "The Virginian," and then by the further romantic adventures of Zorro, upon which the author, Johnston McCully, is at present working.

"Tess of the Storm Country," made by Mary Pickford about seven years ago, has remained in the memory of the public as one of her best successes, and for this reason, and because little Mary desires it, a new Tess of the old story will be filmed, following Jack's production. Marshall Neilan, it was rumored, would direct

"Tess," but it is presumed the young director is pretty well crowded with his own production. He is now filming "The Square Head," a *Saturday Evening Post* story.

Ever since Jack Pickford has been in New York, his name has been linked with the sprightly little dancer and musical comedy star, Marilyn Miller. Persistent rumor had just about established his engagement to the young lady, and when he was approached recently about his marriage to Miss Miller, which, it was said with some authority, took place in New York a month ago, he denied it emphatically.

And announced engagements, denials and the tinkle of wedding chimes goes on just as flourishingly as ever. A big surprise came at the Robertson-Cole studios a few days ago, when Pauline Frederick and a distinguished-looking man appeared on the set and the miniature orchestra, used for emotional scenes, somewhat hesitatingly struck up the wedding march from "Lohengrin." This was on a Monday, but not a proverbial blue one, at least for Miss Frederick and the gentleman, who is Dr. C. A. Rutherford, of Seattle. Between Friday and Monday, the two had motored to Santa Ana, with Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, and had what would appear a very strong knot tied by the minister of the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Frederick was the third wife of Willard Mack, playwright, who, before that short union, was the husband of another capable actress, Marjorie Rambeau, and who, since the Rambeau-Frederick alliances, has conferred the much-used name of Willard Mack upon a wealthy Salt Lake widow. Miss Frederick and Dr. Rutherford have been staunch friends for twenty years—in fact, he is her second-cousin—and the doctor admits, with real pride, that he waited for the "wonderful lady" all of that time. The Rutherfords will take a horse-back trip to the Grand Canyon as soon as Miss Frederick has completed "The Glory of Clementina"—both are excellent riders—and live at the star's handsome Beverly Hills mansion.

A honeymoon from Friday to Monday isn't very long, and a wedding supper taken at a "hot-dog" lunch counter is something of a novelty, yet those are the high-lights of the couple's wedding. The Jack Gardeners, who acted as witnesses, are old friends of the star, prominent on the vaudeville stage and established residents of Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles. Miss Dresser is making her film début in "The Glory of Clementina."

Leatrice Joy, at present under Lasky contract, and Jack Gilbert, Fox leading man, were recently married at Tia Juana, which Mexican border town is gaining fame not only for its gambling and Villa "punch," but for those seeking "eternal bliss." Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky, only a few weeks ago, left there bride and groom. Leatrice and Jack have been very fond of each other for three years, beginning at the time both were working at Goldwyn.

A recent "squabble" seemed to forewarn a breaking-off of "diplomatic relations," but it was undoubtedly a mere lovers' spat. Gilbert procured his final decree of divorce preceding the marriage.

Harry ("Snub") Pollard and Marie Mosquini, who have jazzed and razed thru one hundred and six single-reel comedies at the Hal Roach studios, where Harold

Lloyd shines, had their engagement announced early in the month, just after Hal Roach renewed Pollard's contract. The wedding was scheduled to take place in three months; the couple were to go to Australia to visit Pollard's father, and then to return to work and a Hollywood home. The Roach studios were all excitement—everybody said the combination was a good one, because, if two people could stand the vicissitudes of one hundred and six domestic comedy thrillers, they certainly ought to understand each other—and then the next day Marie, emphatically and thoroughly woman-like, denied everything. Which probably means that she will be married pretty quick.

Another young woman who denies her engagement is that bright Irish lassie, Colleen Moore, who not only has ability but the luck of the leprechauns with her, for she's cast in a leading rôle in nearly every picture that you see.

John McCormack—not the famed Irish tenor, but Western exchange manager for First National—is the one man upon whom Colleen has, from all indications, showered her charm and brightness. They are seen constantly together. Colleen is wearing a handsome diamond and platinum on the tell-tale finger, and John wears the expression of a man whose chief object in life is attainment. Miss Moore is under Marshall Neilan contract, but has recently been appearing in Rupert Hughes' features.

Announcement will probably be forthcoming shortly of the engagement of Marjorie Daw, another Neilan featured player, to Johnny Harron, brother of the late Bobby. These two youngsters have also known each other since they first felt the call of pictures, about six years ago, and, as someone remarked at Cocoanut Grove the other Tuesday night, "They're a mighty cute-looking pair."

Harold Lloyd has finished "Grandma's Boy," and is ready to commence work on the first picture under his new five-year contract with Pathé. Mildred Davis, who has been supporting Lloyd, that is, as a feminine lead, is to be starred, if present reports have any foundation.

Charley Ray's freshly signed contract with United Artists' Corporation, governing the distribution of two features following the one he is now filming for First National, will give him a whole year in which to decide upon suitable stories, director, cast, etc.

Ray is rejoicing over the fact that, for the first time in the seven years he has been in pictures, he will have time to breathe, think and formulate plans that he has long cherished. His admirers likewise will be happy, because a number of his late pictures have had the grease of the factory on them.

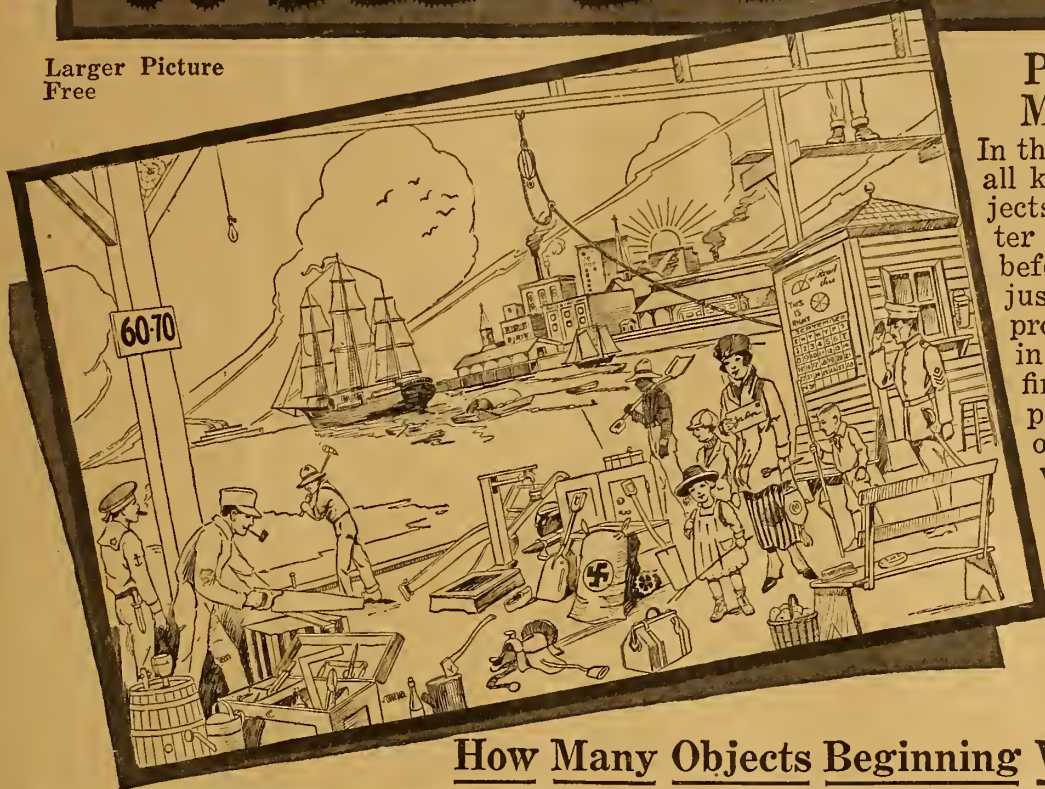
Rex Ingram isn't the only one who is going to revive an old story—now it's Fox Film Corporation, and they are going to "do over" the picture that brought Theda Bara into the limelight as the greatest vampire, dating to 1916 or thereabouts. It's a question whether anyone on the screen today has excelled Theda in her particular type of vamp, or even approached her.

"A Fool There Was" is the film that'll be made over. Fox has had no little trouble trying to decide upon the right type to play in the 1922 version. They probably

(Continued on page 112)

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In the picture shown here you will find all kinds of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter "S." A very pleasant evening is before you, and who can tell, it is just as likely as not to prove mighty profitable. The person who sends in the nearest correct answer wins first prize; second best, second prize, etc. In addition to the fun of answering the puzzle there is a wonderful opportunity to get a genuine Ell Dee Cedar Chest at an exceptionally low price. As an extra special inducement for you to buy an Ell Dee Cedar Chest, we are offering three \$1,000.00 prizes to the persons who send in the three nearest correct answers to the picture.

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Follow These Simple Rules

1. Any person who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by April 15th, 1922.
3. Be sure to have your name and address written plainly and number your words 1, 2, 3, etc.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete, hyphenated or compound words. Use either the singular or plural but where the plural is used the singular can not be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begins with the letter "S" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
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10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether you purchase any merchandise or not.
11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person making a purchase from Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find my answer to the "S" Word Picture and \$15.00 for an Ell Dee Cedar Chest. If no money is enclosed just enter my answer for the \$50.00 prize and send your free catalog.

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Street
State

Look closely at the picture and pick out objects like saddle, satchel, ship, etc. You can use parts of objects like stirrup on the saddle, strap on the satchel, sail on the ship, etc. It's a test of skill and you have as good an opportunity of winning as anyone. If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges you will win \$50.00; but the purchase of an Ell Dee Cedar Chest makes your answer eligible for the three big \$1,000.00 prizes.

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Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life
Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments
How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

Natural Body Brace

Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Develops Erect Graceful Figure

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable—easy to wear.



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EVERY MAN with heavy abdomen, rupture, stooping shoulders, backache, shattered nerves or other spinal trouble, should wear my brace.

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Write me in confidence today, stating your condition and desires. I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition.

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Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure



and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, freakish hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Be sure to state exactly the natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Test as directed on single lock and abide by results. Then get full sized bottle at druggist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman, 1255 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul Minn. Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black..... jet black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, light auburn or blond.....
Name.....
Address.....

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 110)

thought of Pola Negri, but that dynamic actress is under contract, it appears—and, after endless research, they have selected June Elvidge. Miss Elvidge has appeared in Vitagraph features, and just completed a tour in vaudeville. Lewis Stone, whose work in "The Prisoner of Zenda" will undoubtedly attract, has been cast as the titular lead—the Fool.

Stone is one of the most finished actors on the screen. His years of stage experience always mark his characterizations.

Irene Rich, former leading woman with Will Rogers, also appears in the cast.

That handsome screen idol, Bull Montana, whose only rival is Ben Turpin, has just been contracted for by Hunt Stromberg, to star in three comedies. Ever since Bull nearly stole stellar honors from Doris May in "Crazy to Marry" and "The Foolish Age," thru his ravishing bits of comedy, his prospects for being featured have been very strong. Production was started March first at United Artists' studios, and when the third comedy is finished Bull will visit his native land, Italy.

Jackie Coogan is now a property holder, having purchased a lovely home on Wilshire Boulevard, formerly belonging to Bessie Barriscale and husband, Howard Hickman. But Jackie is still a kiddie and believes in protecting his toys from grown-ups, who will have their childish moments. Someone sent him a toy lion, a four-footer, with a very realistic roar, and, like the Teddy Bear whose eyes lighted as soon as you pressed his ear, Jackie's lion produced a ferocious bellow when a spring in his tail was touched. The tail was pressed over-time by the many visitors to the Coogan home, and now the best the beast can do is squeak. Leave it to Jackie—he hoisted a sign: "Dont roar my lion."

On the opening night of Pavlova and her Russian Ballet, Mary and Doug occupied a box and had as their guests Charlie Chaplin and Lila Lee. This is not the first time Charlie has been seen at gala performances with the dark-haired Lasky player. Mary denied the inquisitive audience the pleasure of staring at her—and Mary appears in public so rarely that everyone in the vast audience was quite put out. The only time anyone had a real look at her was once between numbers, when the entire party left the box and promenaded the foyer. The remainder of the evening she managed to be hidden by the velvet portières. Charlie and Doug both seemed quite abashed at having the whole house looking up at them and focusing opera- and field-glasses in their direction.

Not so with Signor Valentino, however, who sat quite "unconscious" in a lower box on the opposite side of the auditorium with Mlle. Rambova on his left. Rambova is the designer of Nazimova's bizarre sets and costumes.

When Rodolph was discovered, there was a real flurry in the house, especially that section in which the débutantes were seated. At first, the sighing and hysterical outbursts from the young women caused many to feel that a terrible mishap had befallen one of their group—but, alas, the cause was only the Valentino. "Oh, Garnet, dont you wish you were her?" (referring to Rambova), was the mildest remark. There were others—but, then, we have the censors to consider—even for the expressions from our young ladies.

Douglas Gerrard, film director, was also in the Valentino box. Gerrard directed

Doraldina, the dancer, in her first picture, made a season or so ago, and before that time appeared occasionally in the films. He played a part in Pavlova's only picture, made some years ago, entitled "The Dumb Girl of Portici," and ever since has been one of the most ardent admirers of the great Russian dancer's art. In fact, there were so many "bravos" and "Pavlowas" shouted by him after her first number that the audience wondered who the gentleman was. But the sensation his vocal outbursts caused was mild compared with when he hurled one bouquet of roses after another at Pavlova's feet, and finally jumped out of the box onto the stage, and on bended knee, kissed the hand of the artist.

Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Gerrard entertained for Pavlova one night after the performance, and Nazimova held a Russian "afternoon" the Sunday during the engagement. Chaplin, who is usually very retiring when in a crowd, was in a very festive mood on the night of the party, which was given in a little French restaurant. Tho most of the company were Russian and could understand little English, they enjoyed Charlie's speech in Chinese as much as the Americans did. Charlie also acted as master of ceremonies, and introducing Gerrard, said: "Go on, give one of your pedantic speeches."

The next day—that is, the next afternoon—Pavlova and a group of her dancers visited the Chaplin studios, had the making of pictures explained to them, their photographs taken, and were royally entertained by Charlie's relating anecdotes to them, the prize one of which concerned the visit of the King of Belgium to Hollywood. A trifle like a language never interferes with Chaplin's putting over a story—if a word fails him, he has his feet and face to fall back on.

Midnight

(Continued from page 93)

You kept it all in, suffered all alone! But it's all right now— isn't it? Isn't it? We'll all go on a honeymoon together—you and Daddy Dart and Jack and I—"

Witherbee Morris relaxed, looked down at the upturned, pleading face, kist her—

Over in the corner, with trembling hands, old Dodd was tinkering with the clock. Back in the box, clear of the jarred mechanism, he found the bullet. "This'll be my alibi," he muttered to himself, relievedly, "when they get to investigatin', if they do—an alibi right enough—right enough." He adjusted the works, closed the case door—and, startingly, the old clock struck the midnight hour!

REFLECTIONS OF A MOVING-PICTURE FAN

By REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

Whoever gazed up at the stars
And said: "There's none as fine as Mars!"

Or this: "I really think, between us,
No star can quite compare to Venus!"

Instead, one says in great delight:
"How wondrous are the stars tonight!"

Remember this and understand
My views concerning movieland:

To praise one star I'm not content—
I love the whole blamed firmament!

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 86)

thinking of taking me to dinner? Gareth Hughes was born in Llanelli, Wales, in 1897. Yes, I use a currycomb on my beard every morning.

POLLYANNA.—Well, I may be like Alexander Pope who remarked and recognized: "O'er his books his eyes began to roll in pleasing memory of all he stole." Kitty Gordon is not playing in pictures. Ditto the Lee children.

MONTREAL ANN.—Here are a few for you. Spectacles were invented by an Italian in the thirteenth century. First watches made in Nuremberg, 1476. Postage stamps first came into use in England in the year 1840; in the United States in 1847. Robert Ellis opposite Dorothy Phillips in "The Soul Seeker." You bet you can be my friend. I enjoyed your French.

SUSIE STUMP.—They are both parking at the Lasky Studio. Send along the fudge. I might just as well weigh a few more pounds. Leah Baird, Richard Tucker, Vernon Steele and Arline Pretty, in "When the Devil Drives." Yes, Pedro de Cordoba and Forrest Stanley opposite Marion Davies in "When Knighthood was in Flower." J. P. McGown in "Reckless Chances." He has been taking them for the last ten years.

C. K. Y.—I am not satisfied with ordinary windows. I must have a true skylight, and that is outside this little village of Brooklyn. Yes, he is the same Robert Leonard who used to play opposite Ella Hall. There's no time like the present. That's a go!

TRYXIE TRYX.—That's a trickie name. Yes, both Harrison Ford and Kenneth Harlan are out West at this writing. Yes, I enjoyed "The Ruling Passion." I am very fond of Arliss. But he would never take a prize in a beauty show.

LA MAR.—All right, I'll count you as a steady. Why don't you join one of the clubs? They are interesting—writing to the different fans, exchanging ideas about plays, etc., etc.

SANOPHONE.—That's me too. So you want a picture of Herbert Howe. We'll have to page Kenneth Alexander. Herb's a fine boy and he has a clever brain. You say you would rather Corinne Griffith played in "The Sheik."

PIXEY GIRL.—Well, to be eighty-one years young is sometimes more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old. So you see it isn't worrying me. That was some joke of yours. June Elvidge, in "Beyond the Rocks." Lewis Stone, in "Debonair." Monroe Salisbury, in "The Great Alone."

PAUL C. L.—Thanks for the diamond (ace of diamonds). Will tuck it up my sleeve for the next time. Your letter was one of the best I have received this month. Wont you send me another?

QUANTUM VIS.—You must be an old-timer. No, I can't tell you where Marion Leonard, Ethel Grandin, Gene Gauntier, Martha Russell, Florence Turner, Mildred Bracken or Ray Gallagher are. Say, how old are you? Ancient history recalled! At one time, Jane Novak was the wife of Frank Newburgh. Olga 17 is married, you know, so I rarely hear from her. The Photoplay Philosopher is writing for our new magazine, BEAUTY. He's just changed his subject; that's all.

MARTHA M.—Yours was rather short, but sweet.

LOUISE L.—Never speak disrespectfully of society. Only people who can't get into it do that. You want to see Constance and Norma in the same picture, the same as we see Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Not for a

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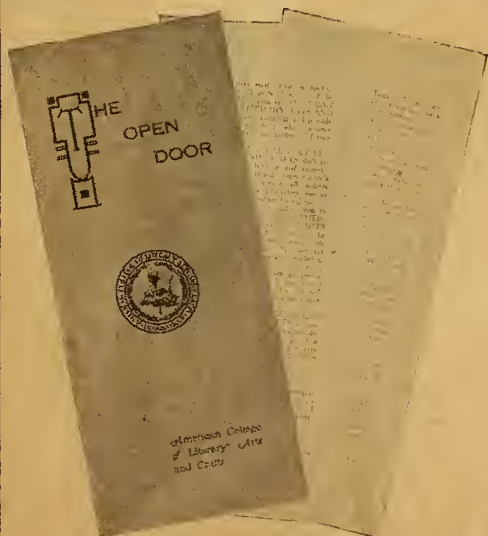
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while, anyway. It wouldn't pay them enough.

FOLLIES GIRL.—But, of all ruins, the ruin of man is the saddest to contemplate. You want an interview with Rubye de Remer. So do I.

LEWIS F.—The only story we ever printed of those you mention was "Male and Female," in the October, 1919, issue. You're welcome. Come again.

HOWARD R.—Well, to be great is to be misunderstood. No, Harold Lloyd is not married. I understand there is a rumor that he is to be. He is one of the nicest chaps I have ever met. Our Big Chief liked him so much he gave him a cover!

BERTRAM B.—Guilty consciences make men cowards. No, Larry Semon is engaged to Lucille Carlisle. Norma is twenty-six, Constance twenty-two and Natalie twenty-four.

PETER GINK.—Hello, Peter! Well, the home seems to be the proper sphere for man, but there surely must be something more than the old fireside to keep him there. So you would like to see Rudolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson marry. I wouldn't.

S. O. L. D.—You say that glances in a young woman are charming interpreters, which express what the lips would not dare to speak. You seem well versed. "Lady Godiva" is to be released in March. So you intend to see it, do you. Remember, Vitagraph did it about six years ago.

THE THINKER.—You're right, but error, from the Latin *erro*, to wander, is correct. Ben Jonson speaks of a voyage as an error by sea. Obsolete now, however. Conway Tearle is playing opposite Norma Talmaque now.

MAM'ELLE CHERIE.—Wee, wee! *de tout mon cœur*. I shall answer you. There is no special type that screens well, but brown eyes usually screen better than blue. From the looks of Broadway, I wouldn't say that bobbed hair is going out of style. Not much!

GERRY 20.—It is pronounced aff-rod-yeet-ee, accent on third syllable.

Alma Hatcher, P. O. Box 306, Greenville, S. C., would be glad to correspond with any of our soldiers and sailors who are in hospitals.

NOZEE.—Whatever the dirty-shirted, long-haired, high-browed philosophers may say to the contrary, flattery is a fine thing—the beautiful handmaid of life, casting flowers and delicious-smelling herbs in the paths of men who, crushing out the sweets, curl up their noses as they sniff the odor, and walk half an inch higher to Heaven by what they tread upon. Hence, give me plenty of praise, but let it be honest, and I will try and make it deserved. Yes, that was Dorothy Dalton and Jack Mower in "Tharon of Lost Valley." Blanche Sweet was with Biograph ten years ago. Thanks for the description. Please write me again, wont you?

CARMEN.—Naughty, naughty! You refer to A. de Musset, who, you know, was in love with George Sand. He wrote: "O Love! when thou findest thy true apostles on earth united in kisses, thou commandest their eyelids to close like veils, that they may not see their happiness." Yes, he was French.

INQUISITIVE.—What next! Thanks for lock of your hair, all done up in pink ribbon. I am saving it with the rest of my curios, and curios they are. But, to talk *en tête-à-tête* of the mysteries of love, is to play with fire or a barrel of gunpowder. However, I enjoyed yours. (Age eighty-two, but still young.)

ROSE S.—Well, I should say your eyes were too deep-set. Cant tell you where the "Four Horsemen" will be playing when this appears. Gareth Hughes, in

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"Don't Write Letters." William Duncan and Edith Johnson, in "Man Hunters."

PUT AND TAKE.—No, I never play it, not since I lost a quarter once. In the hind legs of an elephant, the knee-joint is in front, as in a man's; but in a horse, the joint is in the rear. Yes, Wallace Reid is playing in "The Dictator," by Richard Harding Davis. Mary Miles Minter and Casson Ferguson, in "Heart Specialists." Yes, Richard Barthelmess, in "Experience."

HELEN.—Well, read good books. As Webster says, "Every man must educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his." Milton Sills, John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte, in "Jim." Well, I haven't much of a home, but it's home. Home is the father's kingdom, the child's paradise, the mother's world, the Answer Man's refuge—he it ever so humble. But our whole life is like a play. Yes, that was House Peters in "Human Hearts." Viola Dana's name was Viola Flugrath. Bebe Daniels, with Famous Players.

JACKIE.—Yes, we publish the handsome new magazine, BEAUTY, but I am not the Answer Man therein. Corliss Palmer is him. The Editor-in-Chief said I was not good looking enough, and that my hair grew in the wrong place.

ANNA A.—Well, I don't know how any one man can love two women at the same time. But I guess it's being done. I can't find one woman to love me. You know, a clear conscience is more to be desired than a pull with the police; honest, I've tried both.

JUST A PAIR OF WISTFUL EYES.—Thanks for your good wishes. Ditto. Yes, Harold Lloyd has a brother. Blanche McGarity is not playing just now. Thomas Jefferson was the first President to be inaugurated in the City of Washington. Write me again.

A PIXEY GIRL.—The highest mountain in North America is Mount McKinley, at the head of the Sushitna and Kuskokwim Rivers, Alaska. It is 20,464 feet. Robert Ellis, opposite Priscilla Dean, in "Wild Honey." Norma Talmadge is doing "The Duchess de Langeais," from the story by Balzac. Eugene O'Brien is not married, and he has blond hair and blue eyes. Ruth Dwyer, opposite him, in "Clay Dollars." Richard Travers is not playing now. I did see Flora Finch in "Orphans of the Storm." You're very welcome; come again.

H. M. F.—Bert Lytell's last picture was "The Phantom Bride." Allan Forrest, opposite Viola Dana, in "Seeing is Believing." Well, it has been pretty cold here this winter. One day in late January was so cold that it froze the hair off of a brass monkey in the park. The lowest temperature of the United States, on record, was at Saco, Mont., 68 degrees below zero, January 12, 1916. Well now, I can't tell you whether Clara K. Young ever attended a business college in St. Louis in 1902. Let's see, that was twenty years ago, and Clara was then about how many years old?

NOM DE PLUME.—Hoc age means, Mind what you are about. Guess you are referring to this:

"Here's to Love, a thing so divine,
Description makes it but the less.
'Tis what we feel, but cannot define—
'Tis what we know, but cannot express."

Do you understand it. Thanks for yours; it was a pleasure to read it.

VERA L. B.—Sorry you are angry with me. Cheer up; let's be friends. Fannie Ward is still in Europe. No, but I saw "The Sheik," and was quite disappointed in Valentino. Agnes Ayres looked prettier

(Continued on page 119)



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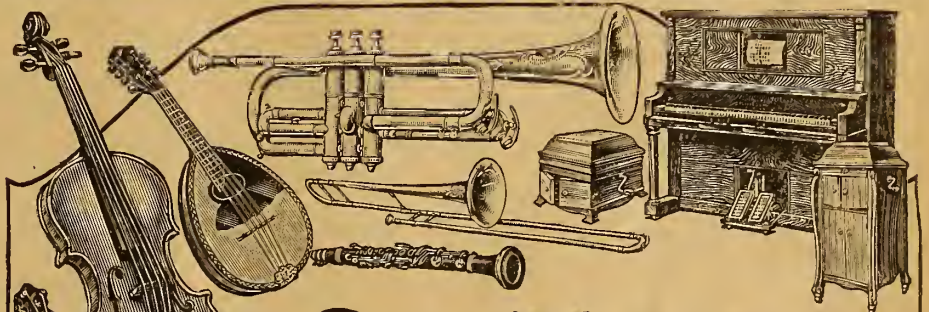
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Mr. C.F. Brooks

Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 73)

suggest for the entertainment of guests, but perhaps there is a sentiment to this game which we do not understand.

Anyway, once upon a time, one of Sir Fergus Cassidy's ancestors married a girl against her wishes. After the wedding, when the bride's play was in progress, her lover came, and when, startled at the sight of him, she asked her question, he answered affirmatively, and, grabbing her in his arms, he dashed to his fiery steed and then into the night. It reminded us of the tale of Lochinvar, but it couldn't have been, because it was in Ireland. We remembered the "acushlas" and the "wurras." For some unknown reason, they think perhaps Sir Fergus' bride will do the same when her former sweetheart makes an opportune appearance. But you never can tell about women.

Undoubtedly, the Cosmopolitan coffers have been heavily taxed in the production of "The Bride's Play." Mediaeval castles, drawbridges over moats, and lavish interiors and exteriors have been erected. There are throngs of people, extensive "shots," and all of the things which ordinarily cover the faults of a story. Here they are not particularly successful.

Marion Davies is the star. Once or twice we have thought Miss Davies gave promise. However, in this rôle she does not fulfil it. Naturally, she is not a spontaneous or natural player; and such titles as are put into her mouth! It would take a great artist indeed to appear natural in spite of them. One is, "How dare you speak to me? We have but lately met." Now, we know that young ladies recently returned from finishing schools are guilty of many affectations, but there is a limit to all things.

Others in the cast are Wyndham Standing, Carlton Miller, Richard Cummings, Eleanor Middleton, Jack O'Brien and Frank Shannon.

STARDUST—FIRST NATIONAL

In the very beginning, we thought we were going to be pleased with "Stardust," the motion picture which is based on the widely read novel of Fannie Hurst. There was little Lily Becker, so evidently born into the wrong family. And perhaps there is no greater tragedy in all the world than a person born out of a family, so to speak. We felt a genuine pity for her when she stole upstairs to play fleeting melodies on the old piano where the discords from the untuned keys echoed under the attic rafters—

Then, after two or three unfortunate and overdrawn events, Lily grew up and went to the city. Then "Stardust" ceased to interest us. It was like hundreds and hundreds of other pictures, some better and some worse, perhaps, where the heroine finds a career is not a bed of roses, provided she has retained ideals and illusions. Of course, there have been girls who have won success in theatrical circles by sheer merit, but of these girls the motion picture story seldom tells.

"Stardust" lacks the vital spark. There is no color, imagination or atmosphere in the latter scenes of the production which would permit these things in boundless measure. Even when Lily becomes a prima donna and sings Thais, creating, apparently a furore, we were disinterested. It reminded us infinitely more of a stock company performance. As a matter of fact, after the first reel, we cared but slightly what happened to any member of the cast.

There was one episode which undoubtedly should be omitted. For some unaccountable reason, they show three or four flashes of a dead baby. It seems to us that

this is the sort of thing for which we have censors. It is the one mental vision you carry with you from the theater.

Hope Hampton is starred.

PENROD—FIRST NATIONAL

"Penrod" is necessarily episodic. Some of the episodes are mightily amusing. Some of them are improbable. All of them manifest a knowledge of the American boy.

Booth Tarkington, in his story, has taken the trouble—if it be trouble—to fathom the boy's actions and his reactions. He has respected the boy's callow affection for the amber curls and blue eyes of the girl around the corner; his consuming passion for mysterious orders, and the dug-out cave in which they are invariably housed; his appetite for blood-curdling melodrama—

He has not depended upon impossible youngsters playing crude tricks upon their elders to depict boyhood. That is a great relief.

Perhaps the most amusing episode is that which finds Penrod at the weekly dancing class. Baby Peggy was loaned by Century Comedies for these scenes, and there is no one upon the screen who gets their emotions across better than this speck of humanity.

Wesley Barry plays Penrod. His understanding of the rôle is probably instinctive. We like the twinkle in his eye and his famous freckles. But we fear he has come to realize his importance in the cinema world. He is less the boy—and more the actor.

Marjorie Daw and John Harron are attractive as the young lovers, and make you wish you might see them playing opposite each other more often.

Marshall Neilan is the producer.

THE LITTLE MINISTER—VITAGRAPH

The introductory title of Vitagraph's "The Little Minister," spells the name of the author, J. M. Barrie, in letters several times as small as those which proclaim the scenario writers, C. Graham Baker and Harry Ditmar. This must have amused the Messrs. Baker and Ditmar, for they have proved their belief in the man whose work they adapted to the screen—they have not tampered with the story and have taken their subtitles, without exception, from the pages of the novel. There could be no greater proof of the continuity writers' respect.

It is now three or four months since we reviewed the Paramount production of "The Little Minister." But we find our conclusions concerning this Vitagraph version largely in the nature of comparisons. There is, first of all, a slight difference in the story, because the first was based upon the play, while the last was adapted direct from the novel.

In the Vitagraph production you feel the flesh and blood and bone of the weavers of Thrums, of the little minister and of Lady Babbie. But there is less poetry and whimsy.

Alice Calhoun has been well cast in the rôle of Lady Babbie, who roams the woods thru the day in Egyptian dress and eventually warns the poor weavers against the redcoats. Her interest in the Little Minister is portrayed with an intermingled frankness and shyness which is fascinating.

James Morrison is entrusted with the title rôle. His performance in several instances possessed more technique than Miss Calhoun's, but it lacked warmth and feeling.



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In mailing more than one or two stamps, always wrap them up in a little package, neatly and flatly folded, and insert it in your letter.

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MARY PICKFORD

By GRACIA BRYAN BOLFING

There are many pretty faces; there are
endless flowing curls;
There are many kinds of beauty in a land
of lovely girls;
But when a world-wide homage is to be the
victor's prize,
There must be something deeper than the
lure of sparkling eyes.

I gaze upon a picture of a witching, child-
like face;
I see that same clear profile holding well
the woman's place.
Some say she won by beauty; others say
she climbed thru art;
I think the silver threads of grace but
clothe a golden heart.

I think she rose thru effort to her laurel
wreath of fame;
Thru dust and mire and heat and sweat
she carved her lustrous name;
Thru sacrifice of playful years, the right
of careless youth;
Thru toil and hope and vision; thru the
tireless quest of truth.

I wonder what the worlds may be that she
will conquer still;
I wonder what new monuments shall rise
before her will;
I cannot think her step is ever on the
highest rung,
For just above there always waits the
sweetest song unsung.

A REVERIE

By BILLY SCOTT

We sat together one evening in a darkened
theater,
Above the pervading silence the orchestra
wailed plaintively.
My hand sought hers;
Our hearts throbbed in unison
As we gazed enraptured upon the exquisite
story
Unfolding before our eyes.
Together we followed the persuasive
glances
Of the patrician figure upon the screen
As she moved relentlessly in the clinging
silks of the Orient.
The music floated thru the mystic darkness.
Now Pagan, pleading and frenzied;
Now in minor key, revealing the anguish
of unrequited love.
The scents of Eastern gardens filled the air.
Distraught,
I gazed at my companion
Who turned with delicate sensitiveness
To hide a glittering tear.

Recollections have I of a handful of dreams,
Imprinted upon the yellow sands of
memory.
Beautiful, thereof, have been the thoughts
borne on the wings of a purple dusk.
Ineffaceable phantoms have I mused over.
But always shall I remember the ecstasy
of the immemorable hour
I found so sweet
In that darkened theater,
Nor shall I forget ever, the ivory whiteness
of her face
And the music that swayed me
As I sat in that enchanting atmosphere of
rose and sandalwood
Lent by the presence of her whom I adore.



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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC For MAY

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 115)

than ever, but Valentino wasn't the Sheik of the book.

K. S.—"Original" is one of the most uncertain words in the language. Marie Doro is playing in "Lilies of the Field," on the stage. So you were practising on me—go right ahead. Mary Miles Minter is playing in "South of Suva." Betty Compson, Mahlon Hamilton, Cleo Madison and Robert Ellis are playing in "Ladies Must Live." I'll say they must. They should, anyway.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.—I'm glad you don't get lonely, either. The empty-minded person is the first one to get lonely when alone. You probably will like Nazimova in "Camille." I rather liked it. Yes, Vivian Martin is playing on the stage and in pictures. "Carnival" was produced in England. Yes, I liked "My Old Dutch," which is quite old now. Your letter was a home-run hit. Write again.

BLUE EYES.—She has no relation. No, I have never traveled in the Orient. The city of Algiers is nearly a thousand years old, and was taken from the Turks by the French in 1830. Eva Novak and Tom Mix are playing together. Jane Novak, in "Deliverance." Ralph Graves and Colleen Moore, in "Sent for Out." Gladys Walton, in "A Second-Hand Rose." Some title. You're very welcome.

O. U. KIDD.—It seems no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all their hair out. Look what he did to me. William Carleton and Marguerite Clayton, in "The Inside of the Cup." Eugene Palette and Ruth Stonehouse, in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." Wyndham Standing and Naomi Childers, in "Male and Female."

A. I. R.—Gareth Hughes is with Metro. Allene Ray is playing in "Partners of the Sunset." Yes, she is beautiful. Francis Ford is playing in the same picture with William Russell, "The Lady of Longacre."

DONALD.—You certainly are in an unsettled condition. Jumping suddenly from one condition of life to another is always more or less painful, and is not generally attended with much grace. Steady growth is the proper thing. No, Gaston Glass is not married. No, not Viola Dana. Yes, to your third.

BELINDA.—You're right, but cold storage spoils the eggs, and cold treatment adds the matrimonial yoke. No, Mary Miles Minter is not married. Pauline Frederick is playing in "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch." Mae Marsh, in "Brittle," on the stage.

SWEET PEACH.—That was a clever verse you wrote. I wish I could use it. You really show signs of a writer. Douglas MacLean and Madge Bellamy, in "The Hottentot." Yes, Tsuru Aoki is playing with her husband, Sessue Hayakawa, in "The Street of the Flying Dragon."

JULIET.—But the best dreamer is the one that makes all the best dreams come true. Monte Blue has a small part in "The Two Orphans."

ETHEL J.—Doctors ought surely to be able to escape calumny. It is held that no man living should speak ill of them, and the dead cant. You can reach Richard Dix at Goldwyn. He is playing opposite Rosemary Theby in "Yellow Men and Gold." Don't mind me; write often.

PEGGY.—So you don't believe I am an old man. Run in some day, and I'll prove it to you.

JACK.—Yes, Lytell is still with Metro. Why, yes; I liked Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing." I saw the stage

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play, and it was quite different. Both Neva Gerber and Ann Little are playing with Ben Wilson. Thomas Santschi, in "The Heart of Doreon."

HELEN, Michigan.—Douglas MacLean was born in Philadelphia; Betty Blythe in Los Angeles, and Nigel Barrie in Calcutta, India. Enid Bennett stands five feet three inches. You're very welcome. Yes, Edison produced "Martin Chuzzlewit" years ago.

HERE ARE TWO MORE CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS: Alice Calhoun Correspondence Club, care Charles Tuck, 305 West Horah Street, Salisbury, N. C., and the Pearl White Club, George H. Ellis, Jr., 714 Shawmut Bank Building, Boston, Mass. They will be glad to hear from any of my readers.

BOBBED HAIR.—Blanche Sweet is convalescing from an operation, the second she has undergone in three months. Jack Pickford and Priscilla Bonner, in "The Man Who Had Everything," George Arliss and Sylvia Breamer, in "The Devil." Write me again.

PARDON.—Yes, Agnes Ayres was with Essanay in 1916. You can pronounce Dana any way you wish; it is only an assumed name of hers. But I believe that most of the old Dana families pronounce it Daynah. No address.

PALLO.—It certainly is funny to see the first paragraph of my letters. One starts off with, "I think you are a horrid old man; I have written three times, and you never answer." Another, "I think you certainly are doing a fine work with your prompt queries and answers." Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde! I seem to be playing a double rôle. Yes, that was Brinsley Shaw. Last I saw of him was in a Bert Lytell picture a few months ago.

VERONICA.—I think you ought to join one of the correspondence clubs.

ANZAC.—Greetings! You say you suppose that talking to me is like corn in Egypt, water in Sahara, and liquor in America. Well, almost as bad as that. I talk with my Underwood. No, I have never been in Australia. Sylvia Breamer is playing opposite William Russell in "The Roof Tree." Write me again.

JOHN H.—Your wit shines out. So this is your order of best plays: "Way Down East," "Broken Blossoms," "The Miracle Man," "Three Musketeers" and "The Turn in the Road." You say if we had all Mary Pickfords and Charles Rays, there wouldn't be much work for the others.

POLLY.—Marguerite Snow is not playing now, and I haven't any idea where she is. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but they are divorced.

T. L. B.—May the merciful saints have pity upon you! No, Alice Lake is not a summer resort, nor is Sandyhook a Scotchman. Louise Orth, the beautiful Biograph Blonde of some years back, is not playing now.

BROWN EYES.—Well, Moliere said, "Ah, there are no longer any children!" I wonder what he would say now. Rudolph Valentino is with Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Glad you like the California Chatter.

A. B. E.—I'm sorry.

PHAN.—At the time you mention, the freedom of New York City was presented in a gold snuffbox by the Mayor. All the freedom that New York has enjoyed for years might be given away in a box of the very smallest description. That cast is too old. Sorry.

LOVE ME, NO MORE.—As La Rochefoucauld said, "There is but one kind of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it." Write to our Circulation Manager. Larry Semon is playing in "The Bell Hop" and "The Sawmill."

W. T.—Yes, I am here, *faire mon devoir*,

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but I surely cannot tell you who Wallace Reid's tailor is, nor do I know the make of his car.

JEAN B.—No, I am not a philosopher. The astronomer thinks of the stars, the naturalist of nature, the philosopher of himself. Dustin Farnum and Virginia Valli, in "The Devil Within." Harry Morey, with Selznick, in "A Man's Home." Lillian Gish and Robert Harron, in that old play.

EARL B.—Yes, there was a picture, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

TWO LIP TOWN.—You say you sent Jack Holt twenty-five cents for his picture, and he hasn't answered you yet. Jack, don't you hear two lips calling you?

GUS.—Oh, I manage to get about in the snowstorms, and I can always keep warm. There is a Louis Bennison who used to play on the stage, and in pictures.

RETTA ROMANE.—Well, well, well! Here you be again, after all these years, and I'm just tickled to set eyes on yeh. Have been looking for you. So you have discovered Louis Calhern in "What's Worth While," and you are going to take credit for discovering him. Just watch him grow. Write me again.

RICHARD W.—Thanks for the old-time snaps of Anita Stewart. Lillian Walker and Leah Baird. I was glad to get them. Write some more.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Yes, I am a bachelor. Bachelors are said to be the freebooters of marriage, but I'm not of that brand. No, Edith Roberts is not the daughter of Theodore. And now, how do I know what price Hoot Gibson pays for his cigarets? This is a very important question, and I am wondering whether you are a jokesmith or just silly.

KAY.—You can reach Shirley Mason, Fox Company, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Carol Dempster, with Griffith, Mamaroneck, N. Y. The great Chinese Wall was erected by the Emperor Chi-hoang-ti two centuries before Christ. It was fifteen hundred miles in length and required ten years to build. No, I never get lonesome, but write me again.

ALICE E. I.—Alice, what art thou asking? It can't be done. Yes, Will Rogers is playing on the stage in New York. Irene Rich is playing in "The Call of Home," which she thinks is one of her best pictures. After that, Sylvia Breamer and Bert Lytell, in "The Phantom Bride," taken from "Tommy Carteret." Constance Binney, in "First Love." I'll forgive you, Alice.

C. J., Silver City.—Trim, and you will get trimmed; I never knew it to fail. Don't think Hazzard is any relation to Antrim Short.

ESTHER D.—Nearly all the European nations have their distinctive dances. In England, what is called the "country dance" and the "hornpipe" seem indigenous. In Ireland, the "jig"; in Scotland, the "reel"; in France, the "quadrille" and the "cotillon"; in Germany, the "waltz" and the "gallopade"; in Spain, the "fandango"; in Naples, the "tarantella"; in Poland, the "mazurka" and the "krakoviech," and in Russia, the "Cossac," are all characteristic dances suitable in their quick or slow movements to the national idiosyncrasies. Well, Anita Loos does not wear that braid now; she has her hair bobbed, and looks very pretty.

HONEY BEE.—Well, a good substitute for wisdom has not yet been discovered. I handle only the real article, undiluted, price 25 cents a copy. Yes, Corinne Griffith is playing in "Island Wives," with Rockcliffe Fellowes. You can address Rudolph Valentino, Lasky Co., 1520 Vine St., Los Angeles, Calif.



CORLISS PALMER

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in BEAUTY and in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

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Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesite carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

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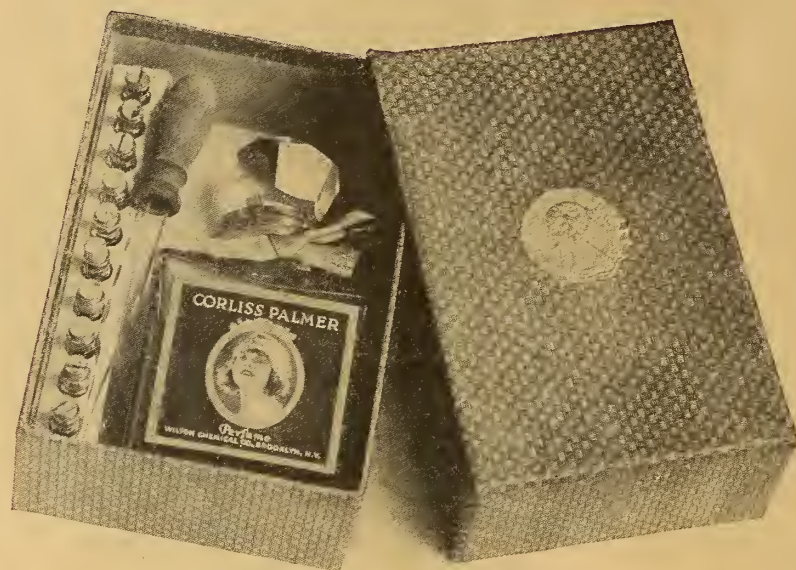
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To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are socially unsuccessful because of some lack in charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one thing is certain. The popular girl, the successful girl, the gay, happy, all-admired girl is always distinguished by a fresh, radiant skin.

How to have this perfect complexion is the problem of many girls, but we can solve it for you. It's a simple secret, discovered many thousand years ago.

What spoils complexions

Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold

cream. This dirt, powder and cold cream penetrates the tiny skin pores and fills them. Perspiration completes the clogging. You can judge for yourself what happens if you fail to wash these accumulations away.

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JUNE

MAGAZINE

25 CTS



Dorothy Orth

-FLOHRI-



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Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well-poised. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. Because they do not know the right thing to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to wear, how to acknowledge introductions, how to make people like them. They are timid in the presence of celebrated people because they do not know when to rise and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer one's chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.

It is only by knowing definitely, without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well-poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately with a certain awe, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and to be perfectly at ease. It takes away their self-consciousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say, they become calm, dignified and well-poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of business and society.

Here's the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing-room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little questions of conduct confront us. If we know what to do we are happy, at ease. But if we do not know the correct and cultured thing to do, we are ill at ease. We know we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us and talking to us, if we are not cultured.

For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should

the center crease be allowed to remain? May lump sugar be taken up with the fingers?

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when he accepts a cup of tea from the hostess? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? What should the guest do with the cup when he or she has finished the tea? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how much you know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer.

When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman? May a man leave a woman alone during intermission?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one's true station and breeding than awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be held in the left hand or the right? Should olives be eaten with the finger or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the fingertips of both hands placed into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time?

When a man walks in the street with two women, does he walk between them or next to the curb? Who enters the street-car first, the man or the woman? When does a man tip his hat? On what occasions is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman's fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman's arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with cultured people and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a splendid, carefully compiled, authentic guide towards correct manners on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and in accord with the best form on every occasion—whether you are to be bridesmaid at a wedding or usher at a friend's private theatre party. It covers everyday etiquette in



Many embarrassing blunders can be made in a public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or leave it for the waiter to attend to? Or should one of the men pick it up?

all its phases. There are chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, parties and all social entertainments. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, calls and calling cards. New chapters on the etiquette in foreign countries have been added, and there are many helpful hints to the man or woman who travels.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, there can be no mistake, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what is incorrect. And by knowing so definitely that one is perfect in the art of etiquette, a confident poise is developed which enables one to appear in the most elaborate drawing-room, among the most brilliant and highly cultured people, without feeling the least bit ill at ease.

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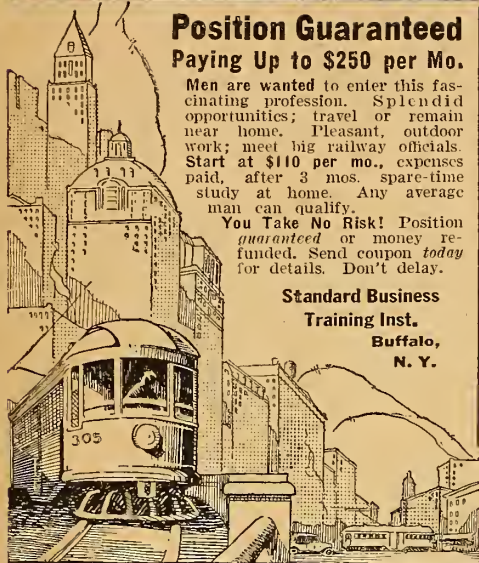
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Gallery of Players.....	11
Gravure portraits of Betty Compson, Rodolph Valentino, Alma Rubens, Thomas Meighan, Shirley Mason, Miss Dupont, Louise Huff, Pauline Garon and Katherine MacDonald.	
Bathing Girls, Comedy Cops and Romance.....	20
Mack Sennett Knows About All These Things, and Finds Them Kindred—	
Mary.....	22
The Charmer and the Toreador.....	24
A Dream Come True—.....	25
An announcement of the great American Beauty Contest	
Fair Lady.....	27
Pig Latin.....	32
An interesting and humorous story about Jackie Coogan	
Let the Wedding Bells Chime.....	34
And They Live Happily.....	36
Meaning Bill Hart and his wife, Winifred—	
Mary of Pomander Walk.....	38
Confessions of a Bachelor.....	39
With a Dash of Green.....	40
Who but Colleen Moore, of course	
Backward, Turn Backward, O Time.....	42
Screen Shadows.....	43
Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman	
Human Stuff.....	44
An interview with Anita Stewart	
Gas, Oil and Water.....	46
The Lady and the Cinema.....	51
Hollywood Girls.....	52
Learn about them from Miriam Cooper	
Vera Gordon: A Portrait.....	54
Symbols.....	55
Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman	
Pay-Day à la Charlie.....	57
That's Out.....	58
The Rosary.....	59
Restoration.....	63
When the World Took Time to Love.....	64
The Juvenile Critic.....	66
Presenting—Monte Blue.....	67
Impressions.....	68
Regarding Earle Williams, pioneer of the screen's lovers	
Previews of "Bought and Paid For".....	70
Across the Silversheet.....	71
On the Camera Coast.....	73
The Prince of Whales.....	75
Robinson Crusoe Myers.....	76
Ted Le Berthon	

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Apollo.—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with the French Revolution as the background. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have the leading rôles. This is Griffith at his best, and it is well worth viewing.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little gamin of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont.—"Montmartre," an elaborate production of an imported tale of the Paris Latin Quarter. Big and colorful.

Booth.—"The Truth About Blayds," Winthrop Ames' production of A. A. Milne's newest comedy. Better than the same author's "The Dover Road" and "Mr. Pim Passes By." A fine melodrama, built about a famous poet of the Victorian era, who turns out to have been a colossal faker, and the problem his death-bed confession puts up to his surviving relatives. O. P. Heggie, altho on the stage but a few moments in the first act, as the famous Oliver Blavds, fairly dominates the play, and excellent acting is contributed by Alexandra Carlisle, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Leslie Howard, Frieda Inescort and Gilbert Emery. This is a play well worth seeing.

Broadhurst.—"Marjolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker's romantic Georgian comedy, "Pomander Walk." An above-the-average, intelligent offering with able lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the hit of the piece, altho Lennox Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured rôles.

Earl Carroll.—"Just Because," a rather tame musical comedy of an old bachelor and his nine marriageable daughters. Queenie Smith, a lively dancer, and the amusing Olin Howland stand out of the cast, which includes Frank Moulin and Jane Richardson.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Cohan's.—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical concoction in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier. Out of the indifferent supporting cast stand the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese maids.

Eltinge.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel

Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

Empire.—"The Czarina," with Doris Keane. A glamorous and romantic comedy, built about the famous Catherine of Russia and her amorous adventures amid the intrigue and politics of a royal court. Miss Keane gives a highly interesting per-

formance of the great Catherine as she nears the threshold of life's twilight years.

Forty-ninth Street.—The Chauve-Souris of Nikita Balieff and his Russian entertainers from Moscow. Superb aesthetic vaudeville, done with a touch of genius. Be sure to see this. Morris Gest deserves a laurel wreath for bringing Balieff and his fellow entertainers across the ocean. You will fall in love with the superbly perfect "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," the stirring music-box polka, "Katinka," and the

haunting melodies of the gypsies in "A Night at Yard's."

Fulton.—"He Who Gets Slapped." The Theatre Guild's interesting production of the Andreyev tragedy of a circus clown, told with all the haunting overtones of the Russians.

Garrick.—"Back to Methuselah," the newest George Bernard Shaw drama, presented in a cycle of three weekly instalments. A distinguished production of a highly talkative but many times exceedingly brilliant load of Shavian philosophy and humor. Here Shaw attempts to show the human race that it dies too soon to be really useful, and that it can evolve a new and lengthy existence if it so wills. The Theatre Guild has won the greatest artistic success of its career with "Back to Methuselah," and credit must be given to the finely imaginative settings of Lee Simonson, the admirable stage direction of the entire cycle, and the altogether excellent acting of the huge cast. Particular histrionic credit goes to A. P. Kaye, Claude King, Albert Bruning, Ernita Lascelles, George Gaul and little Matha-Bryan Allen, a delectable discovery who gives a Ziegfeldian touch to the last episode of the long cycle.

Harris.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

Lyric.—"For Goodness' Sake," Fred Jackson's newest musical entertainment. One of the pleasant musical shows of the year, and a really entertaining thing. The dancing Astaires run away with the hit of the production, little Adele Astaire revealing unexpected comic possibilities of an unusual subtlety. John E. Hazzard is highly diverting as a puzzled husband, who feigns death by drowning to test his wife's love, and the rest of the attractive cast includes Marjorie Gaton, Charles Judels and Helen Ford. There is a very pretty chorus.

(Continued on page 8)

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It requires no appliances, medicines, special baths or massage. There is no distasteful diet to follow; in fact, many say they enjoy their meals more than ever before.

But, in spite of the simplicity of this wonderful new method of reducing, the experience of thousands of stout men and women has shown that a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many women have taken off 10 pounds a week, and even more.

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And the beauty of this safe, *natural* method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal youthful figure. Your general health will improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may even find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Hundreds of women have reduced 20, 30, 40, and more pounds in astonishingly short times. And they did all this without being harassed by rigid rules of diet.

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In reducing through this remarkable new discovery, you make little change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like, and to eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you actually increase their variety. All you do is follow an extremely simple and easily understood law of Nature.

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stand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

These CORRECT combinations, which reduce your weight, are regarded by users as so much more appetizing than WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that their palates could have been so easily satisfied in the past. You will even be able to eat many delicious dishes which you have denied yourself in the past. For you will be shown how to arrange your meals in such a manner that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

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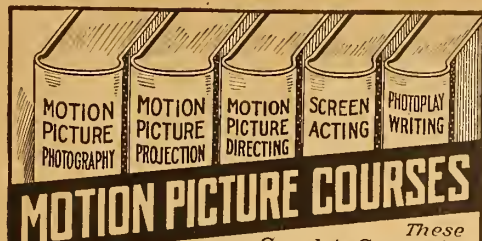
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and his love for a luxurious product of Paris. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasant things of the season.

Music Hall.—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Rolanda. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

National.—"The Cat and the Canary." A tense and creepy melodrama that is a logical successor to "The Bat" as New York's favorite thriller. You'll hold the arms of your orchestra chair all thru this.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Voltaire," with Arnold Daly. This is Arthur Hopkins' production of a romantic comedy and the first work of two Columbia students, Leila Taylor and Gertrude Purcell. Rather dull glimpse of the famous philosopher-dramatist when he was in exile in Switzerland. Mr. Daly is exceedingly bad as Voltaire, and the cast numbers Lionel Hogarth, Carlotta Monterey and Marguerite Forrest.

Republic.—"Lawful Larceny," an absorbing comedy-drama, in which Lowell Sherman, Gail Kane, Margaret Lawrence and a perfectly balanced cast prove entertainingly that the vamping of husbands is just as wicked as the larceny of dollars. Well worth while.

Selwyn.—"The Blue Kitten." An exceedingly mild musical entertainment intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in dramatic costume.

ON TOUR

"A Bill of Divorcement," with Allan Pollock. An imported English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the resultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katherine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

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Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—find the treatment your skin needs, and begin using it tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks if used for general cleansing of the skin and also for any of the special Woodbury treatments.

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For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

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Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

BETTY COMPSON

Betty Compson gives to the silvercloth a delicate poetry with which she endows her portrayals, whatever they may be. Perhaps it is this elusive quality which has placed her among the first in the ranks of the new stars—

Motion Picture Magazine



Photograph by Mandeville

RODOLPH VALENTINO

Son of romantic Italy—Castellaneta, in particular. Potent with all the romance and color of the Old World, and the warmth of southern skies—Rodolph Valentino. In "Blood and Sand," Signor Valentino is cast in the brilliant rôle of the toreador, which Otis Skinner created in the stage production



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

ALMA RUBENS

Once upon a time, Alma Rubens went in for cow-girls with flannel shirts and red bandannas. That time is past. Nowadays, she is shadowed as the more orchidaceous creature. Having completed "Find the Woman," she will soon begin work on another Cosmopolitan production



Photograph © by Strauss Peyton

THOMAS MEIGHAN

Luxurious women with parasitic tendencies have so far had little or nothing to do in the screen life of Mister Meighan. However, this oversight is shortly to be remedied. He will play opposite Leatrice Joy in the next Cecil B. de Mille extravaganza, "Manslaughter"



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

SHIRLEY MASON

"Cinderella With a Difference," is the next Shirley Mason story. After seeing this new camera study, we think it would be well to have her play Toy San, or some other petite and flowery Oriental maiden—



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

MISS DUPONT

Miss Dupont really won her stellar spurs as the attractive, but vapid wife in von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives." At present, she is appearing in the theaters showing this production. The absence of a given name lends an atmosphere of mystery



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

LOUISE HUFF

While scores of people go about declaring that motherhood and a career are simultaneously impossible, the life of Louise Huff contradicts their theories. Despite the fact that her life centers about a fireside and a nursery, she has been able to retain her place upon the silversheet



Photograph by Pach Brothers

PAULINE GARON

The stage play, "Lilies of the Field," starring Marie Doro, finds Pauline Garon as one of the lilies. And, like numerous other theatrical folk, she manages to combine her stage work with the screen. The forthcoming Richard Barthelmess production, "Sonny," finds her in the leading feminine rôle



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

KATHERINE MacDonald

Regardless of all that has been told of Katherine MacDonald, there is still an aloofness to her screen personality. Incidentally, her stardom has withstood the test of a long succession of program pictures. Her next work will be in "The Infidel"

Bathing Girls, Comedy Cops and Romance

JUST as every good political story has to be about Abe Lincoln to get a medal, just so every well brought-up motion picture story begins at the old Biograph studio in New York.

Very well, then—

Once upon a time, the doorkeeper at the old Biograph heard a hoarse voice demanding, "Say, do you need a strong man? I'm an awful strong man."

It happened that one of the directors—a man by the name of D. W. Griffith—did need a strong man. Wherefore, Michael Sinnott got into the movies and became Mack Sennett.

Sennett's admirers have vaguely hinted that he was some kind of an actor before he went into the pictures; those who owe him money (and not many have ever succeeded in owing him money) maintain that he was a boilermaker.



Photograph © by Mack Sennett

Above, a portrait of Mack Sennett, once Michael Sinnott; at the right, directing a street scene with Ben Turpin, to be discovered in the rear, and below, Harriette Hammond, in the glory of bathing-girl days



Photograph (below) by Abbe



Be that as it may. All that really matters is that Mack Sennett became what he is now—one of the quaintest and most interesting figures in screenland.

Dickens would have seized upon him with delighted avidity; would have made of him a never-to-be-forgotten character in a novel. But I am willing to wager that Sennett would have been a dominating character wherever providence happened to drop him. If he really was a boilermaker, he would be the owner of the boiler factory by now.

Sennett is the stuff strong men are made of. Even his faults are big, virile "He" faults.

Griffith is always an actor in whatever situation you place him. Mack Sennett, on the other hand, is physiologically speaking, an Irish gang foreman. He is a natural born boss.

Self-educated, suspicious, fearless, warm-hearted, changeable without reason, steadfast without reason, close-fisted to a degree only less amazing than his

By
HARRY CARR

impetuous generosity, sometimes vindictive and revengeful, and other times forgiving, and in both instances equally without a reason that he could explain even to himself; tender with a poignant tenderness that is to be found only in men who can be brutally cruel. Vain, yet with a vanity that is contradicted by the most devastating and pitiless self-analysis; unlettered, yet with an almost unerring dramatic instinct; without much education, yet with a delicacy of feeling and an inherent good taste that is known only to souls of the finest fiber. Mack Sennett can be a bitter, remorseless enemy; or he can be a golden friend to cling to and tie to. In fact, and in short, Mack is a Celt of the Celts.

Even his studio has the flavor. In the foothills near the heart of Los Angeles, he has one of the most magnificent producing units in the motion picture business; yet, even in its most gorgeous moments, it suggests McFadden's Flats.

In among the splendid concrete light studios, dark stage, prop rooms and swimming tanks, Sennett has a beautiful little office

Many dramatic stars, like Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost and Mary Thurman, owe their absolute mastery of technique to the training they got from Sennett. At the right, Marie Prevost before she deserted aquatic comedies, and below, a scene from one of the Sennett comedies



Photograph © by Mack Sennett

Photograph by Abbe



building. His conning tower is finished in rare and beautiful woods and furnished like a young palace. But it is abandoned to the use of the little summer blue-bottle flies that wish to play tag with the sunbeams. Sennett never goes near the place; he transacts all his business downstairs in the bath-room.

Most of his particularly important business conferences take place somewhere out on the stage behind a piece of scenery; or, in summer, in the shade of the dog kennel.

Most of the great organizers—the daring and original and creative leaders of this world—have been distinguished by the same disorderly quality of mind.

I went out to see Sennett the other day. The old swimming tank, sacred to the memory of the Sennett bathing girls, is empty

(Continued on page 98)

Mary



It was at the Ritz we saw her. It was when she had come across the continent because of her lawsuit, refusing to settle, altho the cost of her idle studios was great. She has ideals of justice

She stood in the doorway of the living-room.

There was something very youthful about her. She seemed the school-girl, except for a definite dignity in her deportment. We liked her delicate jasmine fragrance.

A small blue hat with myriads of tiny grey flowers banded the heavy gold of her head. She wore a dull blue frock with linen collar and cuffs. There were no jewels, not even the strand of pearls she so often wears. Simply a platinum wedding ring.

"Come in," she said and her voice was low in pitch, finely timbred.

There was a promise of Spring in the

"Dearest, in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,'" said Douglas Fairbanks, "is Mary as I know her—Mary with unvarying understanding, compassionate, vibrantly the woman." At the left, Mary Pickford in the poetry-wrought rôle of Dearest, and below, a new portrait

pale gold of the sunshine which touched the brilliant peacocks in the cretonnes. A low fire burned in the grate and its odor of burning wood intermingled

Photograph by
Campbell Studios

MARY
It is a name which has come down thru the years, idealizing womanhood always.

Mary Pickford, bearing it, does that too.

Once, in speaking of the dual rôle Mary played in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Douglas Fairbanks said he preferred her as Dearest.

"Dearest," he told us, "is Mary as I know her—Mary with unvarying understanding, compassionate, vibrantly the woman."

When we went interviewing Mary Pickford, we kept remembering that.



By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

with the perfume of the tall damask roses overflowing their vases.

"Before we came," we said, "we asked half a dozen people what question they would ask you if one question was allotted them. Five said they would ask if you were happy?"

There was an understanding smile and Mary's deep eyes softened.

"Tell them," she said, "that I am contented. Very contented."

"And therefore happy?"

"It is only by comparison that we are happy, I think," she told us, "there could be no sublime state of happiness . . . happiness unalloyed."

Despite the youth of her, she has the rare knowledge of the woman, the woman who, living thru the years, has earned her philosophy day after day.

She went on surely:

"Big presents which have cost a lot of money cannot make me happy any more. But



Photograph © by
Evans, L. A.

Photograph by
Melbourne Spurr



"It is only by comparison that we are happy, I think," said Mary. "There could be no sublime state of happiness—happiness unalloyed. But there is always something—there is the bright gold of the first crocus and there is the scarlet of the autumn leaves." Above, with her mother, and at the left, another camera study

there are always fleeting hours. This morning I walked down Fifth Avenue. I was really happy. There was still a chill in the air. And there was the sun and the shops and all of the people. It reminded me

somehow, I can't think why, of my childhood in Toronto."

"Are you," we persisted, "anxious for one day to follow the other?"

"Oh yes," she said. "I look forward to waking up and having my breakfast . . . served from the breakfast set Lottie gave me. And I play on the lawn with the dogs when there is time."

She talks easily and slowly. You harbor no doubt that consideration prompts all she says.

"When Douglas and I saw the catacombs and the ruins at Pompeii last year," she continued, "I learned to live each day as it came to me. We saw all the hopeless bones lying about . . . the skulls moldering into dust. I know, after having seen

(Continued on page 94)



The Charmer and the Toreador

From the future Mae Murray Production,
"Fascination"



Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

A Dream Come True

LIFE is practical!

But between times most of us find time to dream dreams—

Those of us who have one thing, long for another. That is human. However, practically everyone has dreamed of a week or two in New York. And without a doubt the mental picture is intriguing, for there is probably no city in the world which offers more delightful things—

Broadway—

Night turned back to day, shimmering with thousands of lights. Where the most brilliant stars the world has ever known entertain nightly in the luxurious theaters. Where you dance while you dine in the gay restaurants and cabarets—

Fifth Avenue—

The shopping ground of the women internationally known for their beauty. Where the Avenue is a constant stream of costly motors. Where ateliers display precious jewels, fragile laces and chiffons, and heavy satins, together with rare perfumes—

Chinatown—

East meets West in the narrow streets, hung with flowered lanterns, where may be heard the shuffle of sandaled footfalls along the curving ways—

And the Metropolitan Museum with its treasures of every age and clime, including the greatest gifts Art has given to the world.

Grant's Tomb standing

almost as a sentinel on the banks of the glorious Hudson—

And the Statue of Liberty in the harbor, whose beacon light has spelled freedom to millions of eager eyes—

Unfortunately, to the majority of people New York may never be more than a dream. To someone it will be an actuality—there will be the anticipation of the trip for weeks before and then the excitement of packing and the journey. During the actual visit, life will be one continual round of delights and pleasure with the Brewster Publications looking after all the details. Then will come the return home, the eager questions of the girl next door and the boy around the corner. And then come, perhaps the best of all—the happy memories which will color the days that follow far into the future.

As the rules explain elsewhere in this issue, the winner will be properly chaperoned so that no difficulty will lie in this direction, and this means further that it will be possible for you to give your mother, or aunt, or older sister golden days—

It will be interesting to know just where the most beautiful woman will be found. She may be a society girl who has been able to dedicate her life to making herself attractive—she may be a business girl who has been hiding her radiance behind a typewriter or a switchboard—she may be a little country girl from

Do You Want:

1. *A trip to New York or a thousand dollars?*
2. *A portrait painted of you by an American artist?*
3. *A head sculptured of you by an American sculptor?*
4. *Your picture on the cover of BEAUTY?*
5. *Your portrait and head model exhibited?*

If You Do, Enter the American Beauty Contest!!

It will be interesting to know just where the most beautiful woman will be found. And wherever she is, we want to find her, whether she be a flapper or a mother

At the top of the page, the panel pictures the world-famous skyline of New York which has, particularly at twilight, the mystery and witchery of a dream city . . .



Above is Broadway . . . where night is turned back to day, shimmering with thousands of lights, gay with theaters, restaurants and cabarets . . . At the right is Fifth Avenue . . . the shopping ground of women internationally known for their beauty . . . where the Avenue is a constant stream of motors . . .



Photographs © by
Underwood & Underwood

a farm with cheeks roughened by the sun and winds—she may be a Latin type in the Bohemian section of some city—wherever she is we want to find her, whether she be a flapper or a matured mother—

That is another thing in behalf of the American Beauty Contest. Age has nothing whatever to do with your opportunity of winning the prizes. It is a known fact that while some girls reach the zenith of their beauty while very young, other women never flower fully until maturity. And then, there are those fortunate few, who having attained a great beauty in their youth retain it thru a number of years.

The judges who will decide upon the winner of the American Beauty Contest are, without exception, celebrated people whose names will be familiar to everyone when they are announced within the next month or two.

Of course, there is the possibility that the winner of the contest will live in New York. In that event the prize will be one thousand dollars. One thousand dollars also paints colorful pictures. There are innumerable things it might do, from paying off the mortgage on the old home or paying for instruction in painting or singing to buying the most lavish wardrobe. It would buy a motor car or make a trip to another part of the world pleasantly possible—

There are innumerable grand and glorious feelings, but perhaps none grander or more glorious than to awaken some fine morning to the tune of the postman's whistle and find a certified check for a thousand dollars nonchalantly resting between the bills of your morning's mail—

And all of this because Nature bestowed the skill of her handiwork upon you! The effort on your part consists simply in mailing your photograph to the Contest Editor and adhering to the few rules which are printed with further information elsewhere in the magazine. It would almost seem too good to be true.

There have been contests and there have been contests—

However, the American Beauty Contest is, perhaps, the most worth while—

Fair Lady

By
JANET REED

THESE letters, printed for the first time, tell better than any other record the picturesque romance of the Countess Margherita of Sicily. Now that it is past and gone—or just beginning, as you will—the Countess has given permission for these letters to be published. They will answer the many inquiries and give some satisfaction to the many who have wondered about Cardi, about the lover-bridgroom, murdered on the way to his own nuptials, and Blake . . . but to introduce is to anticipate. More than all, they give a slim portrait of the lovely Margherita, moving, a scented flame, thru the adventurous days. . . .

Sicily . . .

LOUISA DARLING:

Compared to the letters you have had from me, all future letters will be like bright, like brilliant flowers. There will be a song in my words, Louisa, from this letter forth. Almost, you will hear my voice—singing. Why? Because I have never lived before, Louisa. These are my first letters, these letters beginning now, that you have ever had from Margherita, the living, the truly living. . . . For I am in love, my dear one. In love! How lightly we say those words . . . all our lives . . . until one little, little hour . . . comes along and pierces us like some slim, Sicilian sword . . . it cleaves apart our flesh and pricks forth bright drops of blood . . . and lo, the drops come straight and true and scarlet from the heart! Love is like a sword, *carissima*, like a little sword . . . shining and secret and sharp! Ah, very sharp!

His name is Martinello, Louisa, Count Martinello . . . and we are to be married a month from today. In the meantime, Lucrezia, my old maid, is spinning laces as fine as fairy webs and exhuming satins, antique, like ivory, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. . . . No, not all. . . .

The sun is more gold than ever sun was gold before. Yet there is a cloud across it. A black cloud. A cloud like a man's hand, ugly and squat. The sea is more jade, more blue. I have never seen it so jade, so blue. And yet a ship bears down upon it, a ship no sailor mans. The ship is black and ominous and phantom. I see it in my dreams. Yesterday, among the bridal-wreath, growing on the terrace, a mourning bride appeared . . . no one had planted the seed. Its velvet blackness was like a *crêpe* hung among maidenhood.

Sicily is very primitive, Louisa. Men love fiercely here, without encouragement, despite rebuff. They see a woman and they want her, and that is the whole of it.

For the past six months I have been the recipient of the maddest, and also the most threatening letters from Cardi. Cardi as a name may mean nothing to you, but here in Sicily the name of Cardi is enough to cast a shadow of death, to dispel the sunlight of life. He is the powerful leader of the most powerful secret society on the Island, and Sicily is still sufficiently primitive to be actually controlled by a secret society. No man, no woman, to his certain knowledge, has ever seen this Cardi's face. No one knows his identity save, perhaps, the members of the Society and even before them, methinks, he wears a slender mask. But apparently he has seen me, and unfortunately, he has desired me. He writes and has written me the

most impassioned epistles ever received, I believe, by woman from man. He dares me to accept the favors of another. I have ac-

"I wore my wedding gown, and everywhere I shimmered with pearls. 'They are tears of happiness'—I told Lucrezia—the perfect happiness of all the perfect lovers of the ages . . . The hour came for the arrival of the Count. It came 'and went'"





"Only a week before our marriage, she had waylaid Martinello in the garden, fairly clung about his throat and implored him to steal me away in the thick of the night to a cold land where desperate men did not kill for love . . ."

be kissed to readiness by the Sicilian winds. . . . The man is mad, is presumptuous, is ludicrous. . . . To all of this dementia I have accorded a contemptuous silence. For me, Cardi does not exist. I tear his letters in two pieces and let the vagrant breezes carry them . . . back to him in his thin lair, if they will. I laugh at his most preposterous threats. I am cold to his volcanic passions. Lucrezia weeps and moans, sometimes thruout a night long, begging me to be careful, to be wary, warning me that Cardi will do some frightful vengeance, will arrange some hideous vendetta, that no man, much less a woman, has ever defied him and lived. . . . Well, then, Louisa, I shall die. I shall die rather than be cowed by the cowardly leader of a cowardly Secret Order. Let him terrorize the Sicilian peasants, if he must, poor dogs they are under the reign of a thousand terrors, but the Countess Margherita is under no reign—save that of love. . . . My greatest annoyance is old Lucrezia, constantly entreating me to flee from Sicily, constantly beseeching me not to wed Martinello on the ground where Cardi holds sway. . . . Her tears, I tell her, shall be the pearls to bead my wedding gown, the dew to glisten in my bridal spray, but all the response I get for my pains is the sight of Lucrezia crossing herself, and muttering *Salvos* . . .

cepted the favors of Martinello. He swears that no living man shall come between us. I swear that one shall. He tells me, the tyrant, that he will appear in due course of time to claim me, and that until that time I must wait, ripen in the sun,

on that festive day Lucrezia shook her head. "You forget the Sicilians, Contessa," she sighed, "they are contented only with vengeance. Their blood boils hot until they have been eased with vengeance. Cardi awaits . . . somewhere . . ."

I was too happy, I guess! The mourning bride, the knowledge of the Sicilian thwarted in love, the ominous words of Lucrezia, all glanced from me, like stray darts on the polished surface of a mirror. . . . They meant nothing to me . . .

I wore my wedding gown, and everywhere I shimmered with pearls. "They are the tears of perfect happiness," I told Lucrezia, "the perfect happiness of all the perfect lovers of the ages . . ."

The hour came for the arrival of the Count. It came and passed.

The castle was gay with flags and flowers. Sicilian violins quivered in the conservatory. All around and about me rose and fell the happy laughter of my friends. Now and then I heard the name of Cardi . . . followed by a sort of silence, a species of suspense . . . but more often I heard the name of Martinello, and then I felt the choring of songs, and was at peace . . .

Once Lucrezia, coming to me where I waited at the window, whispered, "If the Count should encounter danger . . ." But I told her that she was silly. I felt safe for him. His ride was a short one, and he was surrounded by an entourage of friends, his American friend, Norvin Blake among them . . . I've always trusted Norvin Blake. Many times when there have been troubles here on the Island I have felt safer, surer, after I have talked them over with Norvin Blake. Frequently, when Cardi's letters have been most violent, most threatening, I have read them to Norvin Blake, and his

I shall write you, friend of my heart, after my wedding day, when my joy shall well up to you like the song of the Sicilian lovers under a harvest moon. . . .

Sicily, a month later.

LOUISA, DEAR FRIEND:

My wedding day dawned . . . and died. In one and the same hour. As I write I can see from my window that part of the garden where the bridal-wreath was grown. A blight has touched it. It has fallen apart. But in the center of the garden the mourning bride is definite. And significant. Cardi planted it, I know. As an omen. It is the sort of sinister, cruel thing he would do. In the midst of the bridal-wreath to plant the somber mourning bride!

My wedding day dawned like a dream, born of the sea and the sun. In the early hours of the morning I chaffed Lucrezia. I reminded her that I had heard nothing from Cardi for the past five days. I told her that, after all, Cardi was a wise man. He knew what contempt could mean. Even

comment has been like a firm hand over my own . . . I told Lucrezia that. "Norvin Blake is with Count Martinello," I said, but Lucrezia, like an old crow, as I thought, shook her foreboding head. "The American gentleman," she said, "looks at you, too, Contessa, with the eyes of love. His eyes burn as burn the words of Cardi. The same flame is in both their hearts . . ."

Ah, well, my friend . . . I must get to the point . . . I brood over this sorrow as a mother broods over a dead babe . . . I nurse this wound and keep alive its fever . . .

We awaited the bridegroom for two hours. Two hours that became, minute by minute, more dreadful, more full of awful portent. More and more frequent grew the name of Cardi on the lips of the wedding guests. . . . The priests muttered and prayed . . . I felt as tho I were fastened to the window. . . . As tho I could never leave until my eyes beheld what they were looking for.

Three hours after the wedding hour Norvin Blake half fell, after staggered, half dragged himself to the gates.

Looking for the bridegroom, that was what I saw. Norvin Blake, bleeding, gasping, fainting. . . .

Their party had been attacked in the forest, he said. They were literally surrounded by Cardi's men. They fought to the finish, and none but him, Blake, survived. He had come his frightful way to tell me that my bridegroom lay in the forest, pierced thru and thru by Cardi's stiletto.

Vendetta!

Your broken-hearted

MARGHERITA.

Sicily—Another month.

LOUISA, MY GOOD, DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter solaced me. I feel inspirited to take up my pen and permit some of the bitter gall of this sorrow to flow away from me. I am so unhappy, I have been so unhappy. Tragedy seems to enshroud me like a somber veil, I cannot extricate myself from the toils. Lucrezia is impossible. Did I tell you what she did on my sad

marriage day? While my bridesmaids were dressing me, one of them said, "Lucrezia does not trust any man who is your adorer, Margherita. How does it come that she has approved of Martinello?" I told them that she had known Martinello since infancy and that he had always wheedled and cajoled the old duenna. I also told them that, like most of the Sicilian peasantry, Lucrezia was rabidly superstitious, and even more than rabidly when it came to the subject of love, of lovers, of the tender passions that blaze so hotly, so redly, on the island of Sicily. . . . Only a week before our marriage she had waylaid Martinello in the garden, fairly clung about his throat, and implored him to steal me away in the thick of the night and go to a cold land where desperate men did not kill for love . . . Martinello, you know, was educated in England, and his training made him skeptical of such bogies. "Nonsense, Lucrezia," he told her, "the Contessa must be married in her own home, in her own land. Sicily gave us birth. Sicily gave our love birth—it shall give our marriage birth likewise." Alas . . . poor Martinello . . . it gave him Death, instead.

Well, when, after those three most frightful hours, Norvin Blake, crawled in, a thing of scraped flesh, and told us that Count Martinello and all of his party lay dead in the forest, killed by Cardi's men, when with his eyes on my face, he told me that he would have given his life with the rest of them to save me so pitiful a wedding day; when, feeling disposed to believe in him, I was impelled to be kind to his suffering, Lucrezia, a sullen fury, rushed into the midst of the group and humiliated him with the Sicilian sign of contempt . . . she spat at his feet. He fainted, Louisa, and the marriage fête broke up amidst lamentations and tears. . . .

How long shall it be before the thorn of that sad day is plucked from my breast? It seems to me now that tho the thorn be removed, the wound must quiver and smart so long as I live. . . .

I have grown older, Louisa.

"While my bridesmaids were dressing me, one of them said, 'Lucrezia does not trust any man who is your adorer, Margherita. How does it come that she approves of Martinello?'"



I know now that the sun does not shine for me alone. Nor the sea grow lyrical. Nor the nightingale tear its soul from its body for me . . . for love. A sadder, wiser, older purpose is underneath it all . . . and knowing this, Youth kisses me lightly on either cheek . . . I hear her soft "farewell, Margherita . . . Margherita . . . fare thee well . . ." Am I too sentimental, Louisa? Ah, well, we Sicilians are, you know . . . and even death leaves us that . . . the ability to sing our dirges.

Sicily—for the last time!

MY LOUISA:

This is the last time I shall write you from my native land. I am leaving Sicily. Memories crowd around me too thickly. I feel them pressing me, like persistent fingers, to some wall of annihilation. Then, too, I feel like doing something, like using my hands, my energies, my brain. I cannot do it here. Cardi is still omnipotent on the Island. His envoys, his dupes, are everywhere. No matter what I attempted I should be frustrated unless I gave myself to him—and then annihilation itself would be a pale word compared to my fate, no doubt. Yes, I must leave Sicily, where, if anywhere, the sea and sky are amorous and blue; where, if anywhere, the air comes straight from Paradise . . . where love . . . but I dare not speak of love, whose love is dead . . .

Norvin Blake has been here every day since his convalescence. He insists, he begs, that I believe he did his

utmost for Martinello, that he fought until there was no fight left. Sometimes I feel inclined to take his word for it—he looks so worn and thin. And then again, I hear Lucrezia muttering anathema . . . and I don't know. Perhaps I feel too bitterly yet. Martinello's kisses are still hot on my mouth. Martinello's serenades still ring like anthems in my ears. How can I listen to the American, himself alive, while Martinello is dead. . . . Perhaps some day . . .

I shall let you hear from me again . . . but first, before I write further of myself, I want to get my feet upon the ground. Sicily has lulled me with dreams. Some new land, somehow, somewhere, must quicken me with deeds . . .

New Orleans, La., U. S. A.

DEAR, DEAR LOUISA:

Three years! Three years in which you have had no word from me, and I have had from you only the funny little anxious notes, all asking the same questions, the whys and wherefores and hows. And now you are going to hear, Louisa . . . oh, many things . . . things, I dare say, you never dreamed of hearing from the petulant lips of Contessa Margherita. . . . Louisa, what strange, strange things Death can do to one . . . after the wound heals over with its always artificial skin. Suddenly a door is shut—behind you. Suddenly you go no longer back into a garden where always before you had been living. Suddenly you perceive that perhaps—perhaps—the sun is a trifle tarnished. The moon needs scouring. The sea is not chanting but moaning. And your fellowmen . . . that comes last of all. You look at them, the lowliest peasant, the most sumptuous lord, and you see them all, little and trapped and pathetic, scurrying with all their futile might and main—to the grave. And you think, why not smooth their sad little paths for them? Why not strew a few roses? Why trip them with thorns?

Well . . . here in New Orleans . . . New Orleans which alone of all the places I have visited satisfies something somber and poetic within me which even Death, the



"Finally, I was able to bring about a meeting between Gian Narcone and Norvin Blake. We 'phoned one night, summoning Narcone to the house on a pretext"

great nullifier, has not yet stilled . . . here in New Orleans . . . in the Italian and Sicilian quarters, I am laboring among my own people. I am no longer Contessa Margherita, but *Nurse* Margherita. Where once I played with silver needles and fine lace, I now roll sterile bandages and wield a sturdy mop. Where once I stroked some lily's bloodless lips, I now touch poisonous wounds and fevered heads . . . and now, Louisa, the silver needles would be idle tongues clicking nonsensical refrains and the lilies would be cold reminders of a greater need than theirs.

I am too busy just now to meet people; too busy to think of anything save the work of the day. There has been a fever epidemic and, besides, my poor silly Sicilians are banded together for the purpose of as much lawlessness as they can perpetrate. It keeps me continually on the alert. When will their mad blood cool? When will their unleashed passions subside? They are frantic, deliciously colored children whose lips have tasted blood. I shall write you again.

MARGHERITA.

New Orleans—two months later.

MY LOUISA:

You will be surprised. As I was. Last evening I went, for the first time, to a formal reception given by the officials of the city. There I met, and was introduced, to Norvin Blake. He was equally surprised, and more so than I, because I was introduced to him under a pseudonym I have adopted for use in my work here in the city. It would never do to have the Sicilians know the name of the Contessa Margherita. And there is always Cardi . . .

Still further was he



amazed when I acknowledged my introduction to him without the slightest token of recognition. First a whim prompted me to do this . . . and then instinct backed me up. I thought, subconsciously, but none the less definitely, "If I am to meet this man again, it would better be a new beginning. He and I are new entities . . . we have never met before."

I saw him looking at my hands—curiously. Those once-famed hands that played with silver lilies . . .

"We have come a long distance, Norvin Blake and I; we have traveled a great, great way to reach that garden at last! Thru tears, thru blood, thru hot anger and hot pain—to a garden where, cheek to cheek, and heart to heart, we heard, surely and unmistakably, the voice that breathed over Eden . . .

scarred now . . . but capable, capable, my good Louisa. I saw him looking curiously at my hands. And then at my face. And when he looked at my face, an expression came into his eyes that it was both good and ill to see. I didn't quite know which. A rather pitiful expression. A waiting expression, foreign to a man . . . I thought, "This man has been
(Continued on page 95)

FAIR LADY

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the United Artists' release of the Whitman Bennett production of the scenario by Dorothy Farnum, based on the Rex Beach novel of "The Net." Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast:

Countess Margherita	Betty Blythe
Cæsar Masuffi	Thurston Hall
Norvin Blake	Robert Elliott
Myra Nell Drew	Gladys Hulette
Lucrezia	Florence Auer
Gian Narcone	Walter James
Count Modena	Macey Harlam
Riccardo	Henry Leone
Count Martinello	Effingham Pinto
Uncle Bernie Drew	Arnold Lacy

Pig Latin



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

The whole charm of childhood lies in being just a child, in not knowing about the why and wherefore of life. In believing in Santa Claus and the Easter bunny. In being innocent, pure at heart, loving and trusting. And that is precisely why Jackie Coogan is the soul of childhood!

and happen to be an interviewer—you stand a slim chance of getting friendly with Jackie Coogan, because the redoubtable Kid of the screen has a subtle, if not formidable, pig-Latin vocabulary.

Always have I been told that *le petit Jacques* is a personette of rare accomplishments. Sort of bounded on all sides by precociousness, as 'twere. We all see him

AN-cay uo-yay alk-tay ig-pay atin-lay? In other words, have you as yet been initiated into the eccentricities of a language as rare as Esperanto or female roosters with teeth? If you haven't—

in the show business. He has never been spoiled—and even tho his real salary would make most business men faint with envy, his parents have had the common sense to let him think he's working in pictures for a dollar a week.

The day I saw him for this interview marked the beginning of his school education. In his dressing-room with him was a teacher. She had got him all enthusiastic over the different colored crayons in a pencil box, in the pictures in a primer. Some time ago, however, his father taught him how to print the letters of the alphabet and how to spell his name. Therefore the autographs on his photographs are actually genuine.

But before this progresses any further, let me say that "the Kid's" vocabulary equals, if not eclipses, that of most grown-ups. His grammar is perfect. He doesn't revert to baby-talk for an instant. Also, he is extremely serious minded and converses sensibly.

we read stories in the newspapers about how much income tax he is paying, we—ahem—get rather covetous. Some of us are just skeptical enough not to believe all we hear; the rest of us, being peaceful, gullible souls, set up another fetish in our collection of kitchen gods and start in to worship.

Personally, I have a terrific aversion to stage children. The average run of 'em are pompous and petted and spoiled and all that. Not long ago one little girl bounced up to me and tried, by the application of some of her w. k. personality stuff, to wheedle me into getting her picture in the paper. That's typical of the theatrical *juvenilia*.—precociousness. Horrible artificiality.

And that is just the reason certain of my newspaper friends sniffed and offered me their benediction when I mentioned I was *en route* to the studio to interview Jackie, the incomparable among kids.

Before, when I have read certain of Eugene Field's effusions about childhood, I haven't quite seemed to understand all that he meant in his idealization of the younger generation. I've read his poems about childhood's sweet simplicity—and promptly thereafter registered a mental fade-in of Gertie, the movie-child, whose mother blondined her hair and taught her how to be cute.

For the whole charm of childhood lies in being just a child, in not knowing—or caring—about the why-and-wherefore of Life. In believing in Santa Claus and the Easter bunny. In being innocent, pure at heart, loving and trusting.

And that is precisely *why* Jackie Coogan is the soul of childhood! That is *why* he is different from any other youngster I've ever met

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

He and his teacher were having a wrestling match with mathematics. Addition puzzles Jackie; subtraction baffles him. He cant understand, he remarked, how you can take anything away from anything and still have something left.

But the teacher saved the day. She suggested that she and Jackie step outside and measure his garden. They did, —and we came to the conclusion that it was three-by-five; also that Jackie had planted it himself; also that he has the daily habit of digging up the seeds to see how they're growing.

A motor car drove up and Coogan, senior, got out. The riot was on, for Jackie's father, being Irish, has the gift of blarney, which he seems to have successfully passed on to his offspring. Teacher, mathematics, the garden, the interviewer, were totally disregarded. There was repartee—

All Photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser



"'Mummy,'" said Jackie Coogan one morning, "what's life all about, anyway? I've been dreaming a beautiful dream. You woke me up and spoiled it. I just wish I could dream pretty dreams all the time when I'm awake. . . . because, what's the use of having 'em come to you when you're asleep and cant act 'em out to suit yourself?"

considerable of it —between father and son, and, finally, when Coogan *père* started to whistle a jazz tune, Jackie began to dance the Chicago.

But, after all, Jackie is capable of more than merely this dance of the windy city.

His father hoisted him onto a dump cart close by. Jackie interrupted any further conversaton by suggesting "Tenth Avenue" as the title for his next picture.

"Must have a title," he said. "I need the money; the bank's low. Every time I name a title they (his producers) like, they gimme thirty cents. Last week I made a dollar-an'-a-quarter."

He tapped his head significantly. "Good brain!" he remarked.

It seems that Jackie is regaled each Saturday with a dollar. It is his "salary," paid him by his mother. Also, if he

(Continued on page 96)

Let the Wedding Bells Chime



Photograph (above) by
Donald Biddle Keyes



Bebe Daniels, at the top of
the page, bands her dusky
head with a bridal coronet of
pearls. Just above is Norma
Talmadge as a bride of the
years we know only in story
and song. And, at the left,
is Marjorie Daw, a charm-
ing girl-bride

Hail June, the bridal month!

Church organs softly caressing strains of the wedding march, while bridegrooms wait their beloveds at the altar——

Lovely brides, coming slowly down flower-banked aisles on protecting arms. Cobweb veils of tulle and lace. And fragrant bouquets——

Sunshine, creeping thru cathedral windows, bestowing a benedictory light——

Rings slipped upon willing fingers. The sonorous words of the clergymen, "To love and to cherish, until death you doth part," echoing thru the rafters——



Gloria Swanson finds in the bridal veil decorative qualities as she swathes it about her head at the top of the page. Just above is Lila Lee, another lovely girl-bride. And at the right is Dorothy Dalton, who rivals the beautiful orchids of her bouquet

Photograph by
Donald Biddle Keyes

And They Live Happily

Well he has, and real logs send their warmth and glow thru the room and serve as a glorified spotlight for the new mistress of his heart and hearth.

As Winifred and I watched the dancing flames, they became the illuminating artist who, with deft fingers, brought out the sheen of her golden hair, anticipated the varying shades of blue in her eyes, roguishly touched the dimples in each rounded cheek and revealed the sweet curving lips and tender contour of chin and throat. And behold! Before me was a picture of *the happy bride*, that rivaled the luminous canvases of the Venetian colorists.

Winifred is indeed very lovely. Seeing her, one can well imagine how she stimulated the interest, then captured the heart of the famous Two-gun man with her womanly charms.

"Grandmother used to say I had the makings of a good old maid," she confided, demurely, "for I never cared for boys.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr



Photograph by
Pach Brothers

"MY career has suddenly become secondary. My husband is now my whole life, he fills the present and the future, for I am an old-fashioned girl, believing that marriage endures as long as we both shall live."

It was a happy little bride speaking, she whom we've all known as Winifred Westover until she became the wife of William S. Hart on December seventh.

"It's beautiful to be so absorbed in another that all your ambitions, all your plans and hopes are centered on him and your one desire is to please and make him happy. Oh, I'd probably be the despair of the suffragettes, wouldn't I? You see, I think it is heavenly to have a lord and master and be a little clinging vine," and she laughed, happily, tucking her small feet under her and sliding back into the depth of the spacious davenport while cuddling Congo, Mr. Hart's prize bulldog.

"I've quite lured Congo from the rest of the family, he likes everything I do—caramels, cream puffs and ribbon bows," she announced with glee.

We all knew Bill Hart would have a big fire-place in his living-room, didn't we?

"Best of all," said Mrs. Hart quietly, "I have the love and tender devotion of the best man in the whole wide world. We're so in love with each other and so happy that it seems almost too beautiful to be true"



By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

Billy is my first sweetheart. We first met while making 'John Petticoats,' down in New Orleans and it really began right then. Look!" And with a sudden dash that precipitated the sleeping Congo from her arms, she held out a frame containing a still from the final scene in "John Petticoats," showing Winifred and Bill in a garden and on the smooth hedge in front of them was a shadow forming a perfect *heart*!

"Isn't it odd? We believe now it was prophetic, tho no one even noticed the shadow at the time.

"That was a wonderful trip," continued Mrs. Hart, once more on the davenport. "I had never been out of California before and to be in New Orleans playing opposite Mr. Hart was enough to send me into raptures. It was terribly hot

Winifred doesn't intend retiring from the screen. In fact, she will probably play a part in the new picture Mr. Hart will soon start. She will be Winifred Hart. And—in the early autumn—the stork will be seen flying about in the vicinity of the Hart home



All photographs by
Melbourne Spurr



and we worked hard all day but every evening brought an excursion into an enchanted world. Mr. Hart knew some charming people who were lovely to us, then we explored all the picturesque corners of the old French town, dined in queer places and had a *beautiful* time. We were such pals that I was satisfied with the friendship. I never dreamed he would ever love me.

"Seems as if Billy was to be the guiding spirit of all my plans, for it was he who introduced me to Thora Holm when she came over from Sweden looking for a player to take back. He thought it would be a fine experience for me to make a few pictures abroad and it certainly was. Mother and I were in Sweden six months and I made three pictures. It is a fascinating country, very beautiful. We were in Stockholm most of the time and it is a dream city, built on little islands and so clean and picturesque.

"Everyone over there is convinced that Mr. Hart is a bold bandit in real life and they used to make fun of me when I tried to tell them how wonderful he was. I hunted up all his pictures and would sit right down in front so as to be near him.

"We corresponded all the time I was there and most of the year I spent in New York and then, one day last September, he phoned me. I was so surprised and so happy that I nearly

(Continued on page 88)



Photograph by Victor Georg

Mary of Pomander Walk

A new camera study of Mary Hay, otherwise Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, in "Marjolaine," a musical version of "Pomander Walk," which is delighting New York audiences

Confessions of a Bachelor

By
MILTON HOWE

THE two champion light-weights of literature, Georgie Ade and Kid Lardner, recently came to blows as to who was the happiest man, Georgie the bachelor, or Kid the husband. The fight was of national interest because of the fact that there are at the present time ten million supporters of the former, according to statistics, and several more million of the latter.

Another interesting point is that of these ten million "homeless" there are only three who are motion picture stars—Eugene O'Brien, Harold Lloyd and Antonio Moreno.

Nearly everyone in the movies from star to camera kid has had his name at the head of an article dealing with matrimony versus art, etc., etc. Yes, everybody except the bachelors, who have held aloof from the controversy, and you will probably say that is why they are not married; they are too aloof with the women. But such is not the case. Tony Moreno has been reported engaged a thousand times, but the rumors have come to naught. No, it was not because Tony



"I do not believe," Antonio Moreno said, "that one in this profession can be married and live happily ever after. It is not marriage that conflicts with art. Art has so molded us that we are not suited to the marriage state"

was aloof that he is now single and in the market for some engaging female; that is, if she is suited to Tony's idea of what a wife should be. It is because Tony thinks that he is in the happiest state right now, without wife or additional expenses. However, he adds, he thinks it lonely and would be in the market if the women were not such fastidious and unhomey creatures.

I had this topic in mind when I went to the Goldwyn lot, where Mr. Moreno was registered. I was led to the enclosure or "set" on which the company was working. There I beheld Tony, attired in army breeches, puttees and shirt of dark yellow color.

(Continued on page 86)

With a Dash of Green



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

difficult to become formal at any time, for the quick Irish twinkle in her dark eyes dares one to be serious. So when I presented myself at the Moore home and asked for "Miss Colleen," a cheerful young voice from within called simply—"Come on right in!"

There was a ruddy fire burning in the grate, and curled up before it in one corner of a huge divan sat Colleen.

"Hello," I greeted, "are you ready to be interviewed?"

"Is this going to be business or pleasure?" she returned. "You sound so awfully serious."

"This is a very serious business, young lady," I countered. "Please remember that I interviewed you four years ago and at that time you took it very seriously. Unless my memory fails me, you said that you

Colleen has grown up within the last four years. She has deducted some rather mature matrimonial deductions. For instance, she states that when she marries she is going to quit the screen. But as yet there is no marriage in the offing. At the left, a new camera study of Colleen, and below, an informal snapshot

remained awake for hours the night before planning answers to all sorts of questions. Are your answers ready today?"

"Oh, the back of me hand to ye!" she exclaimed, smiling, and with a rich Irish brogue. That is the way of Colleen. When you think she is about to mean what she says, she falls back on the Irish and

I KNOW Colleen well enough to be quite informal about this interview. It is as tho I had been asked to sit down and interview an immediate member of the family—or my own sister.

"Say, Sis," one might interrogate if the scene were at home, "what do you think of the future of the movies?" As a matter of fact, I know very well what Sis thinks about everything, for she isn't reticent, so if I asked her such a formal question she would probably poke me in the eye with the dangerous end of her umbrella and tell me sweetly to stop spoofing her.

With Colleen it is dif-



By
GORDON GASSAWAY

all is lost. Her mouth, which is small and very rose-buddish, has a way of perking up at the corner at such times and all is more lost than ever!

At first glance, one decides that her hair is bobbed. Her mother once told me that Colleen would never be allowed to bob her hair, come what might.

"It's only camouflage," she explained, when she saw me looking closely at it. "I tuck it under!" And so she has achieved her bob. Whatever may happen, Colleen is a young woman of twenty who achieves things. Her success in "The Wallflower" and "Little Orphant Annie"—years ago—proves this.

The glory of success comes, often, so suddenly and so completely to young people of today who follow the pictures that one wonders they do not age almost over night. But they dont. Stage folk, picture folk and immortals all sip at the eternal Fountain of Youth. Colleen, in the four years I have known her, between the adolescence of sixteen and twenty, has retained the exuberance of childhood. But now, I think, it is coupled with a mellowness which comes with hard work and play-acting. She claims

Colleen Moore is bird-like, and to put her on paper is like catching a bit of thistle-down as it floats on the summer breeze. She must have been kissed by the pixies at birth. At the right, a delightful new portrait. Below, Colleen on California sands



Photograph by Evans, L. A.



that she has grown up—and then the next minute she asks the visitor to look at her paper-doll house which she assiduously maintains!

"Are you a flapper?"

I asked, out of a clear sky, wondering if the F. Scott Fitzgerald influence had penetrated to the homes of our favorite players. She poised, bird-like, in thought.

"Well, I dont roll my tockies, I dont swear—much, I do not smoke cigarets or a pipe or anything. I dont drink cocktails, and you know that mother wont let me bob my hair, so I guess I dont qualify. Why do you ask?"

"Because the world is
(Continued on page 93)

Backward,
Turn Backward,
O, Time - - -



—And find the exotic and
bizarre Gloria Swanson the
unassuming schoolgirl once
more. However, these are
not resurrected girlhood pho-
tographs of Miss Swanson,
but character studies from
the forthcoming "Beyond the
Rocks"





Screen Shadows

By HELEN CARLISLE

Illustration by G. Francis Kauffman

I sit upon a throne
Of wistful dreams
The dreams of tired men.

Your allegiance I've claimed
Thru hours you have shared
With me hours
I've given you rose-hued romance
Hours I've given you tears
Just to cap them with
Laughter and to
Make you believe that things
Always come right
In the End.

You
Have stretched out your hand
And have walked with me
Many strange miles!
We
Have stood on the hill-tops
Together
Have gazed on stark canyons
And sun-scaled desert
Have felt the sharp winds as they
Swept us and called us
And

On
We have gone
While the night has engulfed us
Bringing amazing stars
In a quite unbelievable sky

We have wandered
Thru all the far lands
You and I
Sailed the seas
In mythical kingdoms encountered
Red-blooded adventure
Righted the wrong
Upset plots of treason

Fought duels at sunrise
Built castles in Spain

Two gay adventurers
Hour by hour
Scaling the heights
Where the World could not reach us
Knowing no hindrance
No bounds and no bondage
Free and unfettered
('til the five reels were run)
Then the last Close-Up
Allegiance is ended
You belong to the World
When the lights have flashed on !

Ah well who can say?
Perhaps
In some kingdom as yet
Unexplored we shall find
Fortune and romance again
We shall find castles
With moats all around them
Dukes and Prime Ministers
Princes galore
Golden-haired Princesses
Seeking their armored knights
Glittering jewels
Adventure anew !
Capture the will-'o-the-wisp
Men call Happiness
Realize Dreams-That-Have-Never-
Come-True

I sit upon a throne
Of wistful dreams
The dreams of tired men
But I end my reign
When the Fade-Out comes
And the lights flash on
And the screen grows blank
Again

Human Stuff



Photograph by
Ira L. Hill

"Perhaps I am not rich," admitted Anita Stewart, "but I am exceptionally comfortable—so comfortable that I shall do no more pictures unless they are to be big pictures. I am tired of turning out pictures to pattern, like so many suits"

IT is because of her absolute rejection of pretense that Anita Stewart is perhaps the most convincing, surely the most soul-satisfying, of the stars whom I have interviewed. One realizes that amidst a frequent shoddiness he has come upon all-wool. It is not a dainty descriptive, but with the Cloak

and Suit dynasts still asprawl in movie thrones it is apt.

It is Anita's choice to possess a palace and inhabit a cottage. In West Hollywood, upon an impressive eminence, the palace stands, a symbol easily beheld of riches and success. In Hollywood proper—or improper—shielded by an orange grove from tourist scrutiny, rests the cottage. There, content, one surmises, to be Mrs. Rudolph Cameron, dwells Anita with her family: husband, brother, mother.

A sane acceptance of her good fortune, a quiet enjoy-

ment of it, an innate shrinking from the particular dissipations of substance for which Hollywood, rightly or wrongly, who shall say? is renowned; these are the things that have kept her so consistently fixed in her bright place. I do not mean to give the impression of prudery—good Heavens, no! Not after those delicious sunkist cocktails—or of anything unsporting; of normality merely. She has not let the febrile atmosphere of the studio unbalance her.

She was practising golf strokes with a brassie and some unripe lemons when I arrived, lemons she had shaken from her own grove.

"They make wonderful practice balls for confine quarters," she explained triumphantly. "You can hit them hard and instead of flying off they—squash. Usually I don't hit them. So I tried a real ball and, of course, knocked it sky high. It whizzed somewhere off there amongst the trees—lost." She waved a vague hand in a vague direction.

Anita's husband has perfected the difficult art—so lost to husbands generally—of being in evidence pleasantly. Anyone can be in evidence, more particularly any husband. But to be in evidence pleasantly . . . I think he does

it by a systematic process of contradiction. He was of the dark Latin type and achieved conversational moments

of real fire in spite of a bandage about his swart physiognomy which might have been there

for the mumps or the toothache if it hadn't been there for glands. To keep the bandage in place he wore a battered felt hat. I thought of nominating him for the leading rôle in "The Sheik," but at the moment he produced a silver shaker which he manipulated soothingly, even tinklingly, and finally poured from. I decided that my wit was inappropriate to his deed. There's been too many a slip . . .

For the cottage, I would not have you picture a humble shack. It is a spacious place, two-storied, with low, wide rooms, separated downstairs only by shoulder-high partitions. There was a huge fireplace and a wheezing, under-shot, sad-eyed bull-dog. And, as I have said, there was Rudolph in his bandages and Anita in a sport outfit, white skirt and slippers, a modish sweater of irregular black and burnt-orange checks. It was the first happy home I had found in California.

Thus environed, Anita turned her brown, beautiful brown eyes upon me.

"It is difficult to be a star," she said, "because people will not accept you on a human basis. They have seen

The Lady and the Cinema



Lady Diana Manners, world famed for her beauty, has come to the screen. The production is that of J. Stuart Blackton's "The Glorious Adventure," which he has filmed in England

The story, which tells of the great fire of London, has been filmed in natural colors. The three scenes here reproduced give some idea of the color and interest which may be expected when "The Glorious Adventure" reaches our shores



Hollywood Girls

Learn About Them From Miriam

a little unsophisticated girl from Hollywood.

She wore a grey dress and a small grey hat, both veined with rose.

She was slender and bright and her cheeks were untainted by rouge. (I would swear that her lips had never touched lip-stick, tobacco or wine.)

I didn't recognize her without make-up, for I expected a movie star.

I had asked at the desk for Miss Miriam Cooper.

"Miss Miriam Cooper is not registered here," sternly reproved the clerical Cerberus.

"There is a Mrs. Raoul Walsh."

"I'll take her," I ventured humbly.

Nevertheless, under the hat of grey and the name of Mrs. Walsh I recognized Miss Miriam Cooper, the undisputed star of "Serenade" and "Kindred of the Dust."

You would recognize those eyes, no matter

Indeed, Miriam belongs to the leading sorority of the film campus, that set of debts which includes the Talmadges, the Gishes, Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce, Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart. "The Girls," they call themselves. They get a tremendous kick out of a box of chocolates at a matinée, and can so far forget themselves as to go into paroxysms at the slightest provocation. At the left, a camera study, and below an informal snapshot



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

MUSIC bubbling thru the air rouged by tiny silken lights—voices fluttering like the wings of birds under palms in marble urns—cigarets between jeweled fingers wafting incense from small tables—feathered hats en tête-à-tête with sleek arrow-collared gods—lips that sip and sip, and rouge, and sip again—

I looked for von Stroheim but he wasn't there.

The scene was not laid in the Café Paris of Monte Carlo but in the Hotel Plaza on Fifth avenue, New York.

The sub-title:

New York's Smart Set Plunged In An Orgy Of Orange Pekoe.

Suddenly into this deplorable scene stepped



Photograph by Central News Photo Service

By
HERBERT HOWE

from what camouflage they peered. Black liquid eyes that sparkle and rove and now and then alight, temptingly but—alas—momentarily.

"You look much younger without your make-up," I said.

"That's a compliment I don't mind at all," she confessed gaily as we proceeded to a small green table under a branching palm.

She was not the same girl I had seen in Hollywood. The Miss Cooper I met there was an en-shawled, be-combed, saffron-powdered señorita playing on a Brunton stage in "Serenade." She appeared somewhat listless, vaguely impassive, totally antithetical to the ebullient maid in the Plaza. Perhaps it was the part she played.

"No, it was Hollywood," said she. "Hollywood makes me dull——"



She broke off with a laugh as she waved at some one in the teatippling throng.

"Oh, isn't she awful!" she chorled. "That girl over there—she's a friend

of mine—she thinks I have a date that my husband doesn't know about. Look! —She's shaking her finger at me."

Miriam shook her head vigorously in rebuttal and I tried my best not to look guilty. But I was mindful that I had asked for Miss Cooper and not for Mrs. Raoul Walsh. I hoped the clerk wouldn't talk.

In all matters, she is frank. She admits she adored that novel called "The Sheik," even tho Raoul thought it fearful trash. She gave another of those sparkling demi-laughes that's somewhere between a giggle and a gurgle. Above, another camera study, and at the left, a snapshot taken on the grounds of the Walsh domicile in Hollywood

She refused a cigaret and wouldn't even indulge in pastry—just tea and salteens, if you please.

"I've just had a telegram from Norma Talmadge," she said, pouring the tea. "She's coming back here for a vacation. We'll go up in the country and play golf. When Norma arrived in Los Angeles she put ten thousand dollars in the bank. She said she wanted to make sure she could get out of Hollywood as soon as she'd finished her picture. Poor Hollywood——"

We sighed in unison, albeit there was a twinkle in the black eyes. Hollywood was again in pillory with a scarlet letter on her breast. Altho we both condemned her for being infernally dull, we didn't find it in our hearts to condemn her for ribald impropriety. It would be like condemning a frightened, flat-chested spinster; she might be guilty but her dulness made it ludicrous.

Miss Cooper felt that picture people were being butchered to make another journalistic holiday. However, she took it calmly.

(Continued on page 87)



Photograph by Marcia Stein

Vera Gordon has never been too busy creating mothers on the screen to mother her own family. Nadya is the daughter photographed with her just above. Her next production will be "Your Best Friend"

Symbols

By

LAURA KENT MASON

Illustrations by G. Francis Kauffman

SYMBOL (sim'bol), n. A visible sign of an idea or quality or of another object; an emblem; as, the lion is the *symbol* of courage.

THAT'S what Mr. Webster has to say about symbols. I'm referring to the Mr. Webster who once wrote a dictionary. His first name, if I recollect rightly, was Noah, but there seem to have been other Noahs who got into history, so I may be all wrong about it. Anyhow, there were no moving pictures at all in Mr. Webster's day, no matter what his first name was, so what on earth could he know about the movies, anyhow. Why, he wasn't even a director. And I don't think that he would have made such a good one, if he were alive. Nor a scenario writer, either. His book, as it reaches us today—tho they do say it is expurgated—is entirely lacking in continuity and dramatic suspense and hasn't much of a plot, at that.

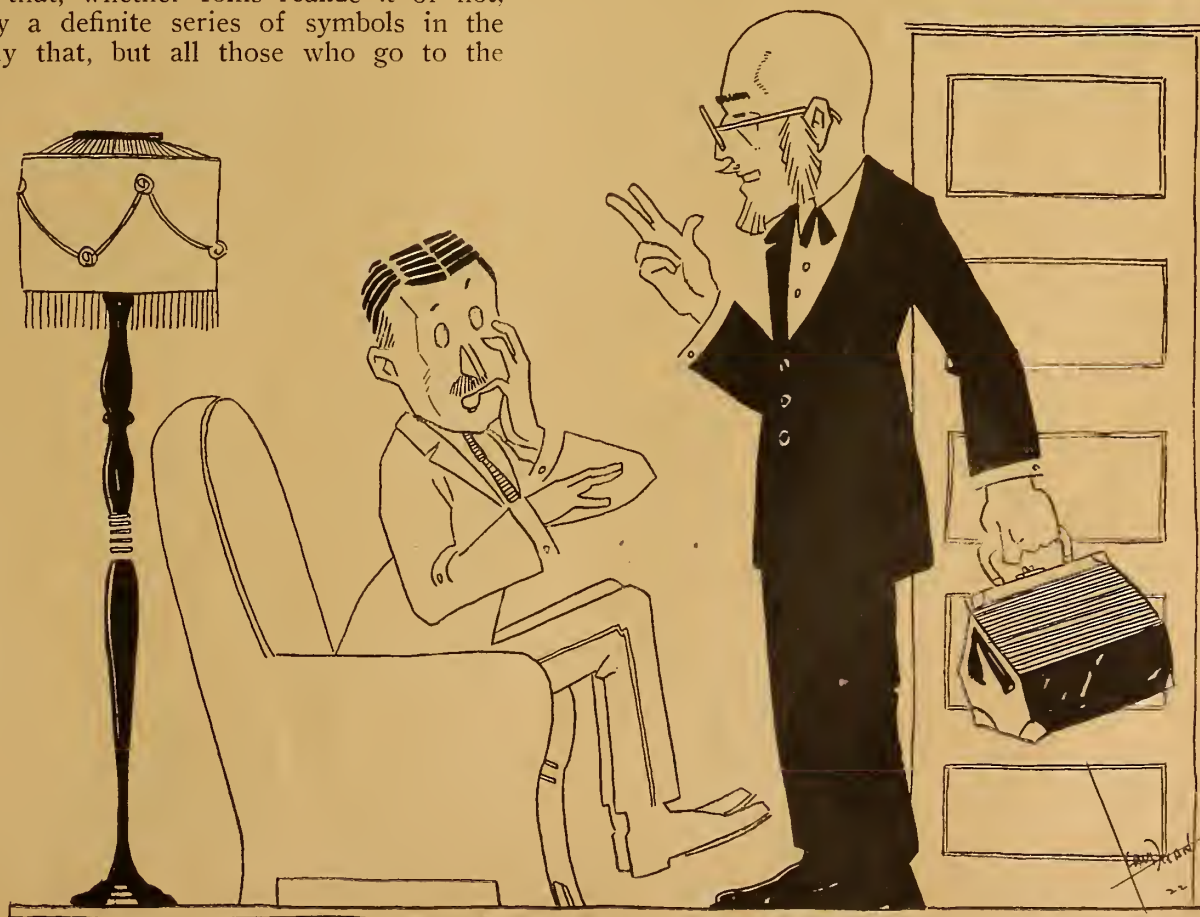
Anyhow, leaving Noah Webster out of this—you see, I'm taking for granted that Noah was his first name—what has symbolism got to do with the movies, anyhow? It sounds highbrow. And, even if you want to knock the movies, which at the present writing I have absolutely no desire to do, being highbrow is one of the few things you can't accuse the movies of. Ask the average movie fan if he understands the symbols used in the present-day movies and he'll probably give you an ugly look. Or, to use again one of the oldest jokes in the world, if you already have an ugly look, he'll probably ask you how you got that way or something else equally correct and impressive.

But for all of that, whether folks realize it or not, there exists today a definite series of symbols in the movies. Not only that, but all those who go to the

movies with any degree of regularity know these symbols and take them, without thought, as part of the picture. More than that, if an educated person who has never seen a motion picture should go to one for the first time, he certainly would wonder at the meaning of many things that is perfectly clear to the regular attendant of motion pictures. He would ask "what does that mean?" or "why are they doing that?" about something that would seem absolutely obvious to the person who goes to the movies. He would be asking an explanation of "a visible sign of an idea——." His questions would be asked, not because he did not understand the life shown on the movies or the ideas told in the story, but because certain symbols would be unknown to him.

For instance: undoubtedly among your acquaintances there is a doctor. He may be young or old. But you meet him socially, time after time. Now, answer honestly—have you ever met a doctor in the movies who wasn't an attendant at a sick-bed? In the movies, doctors are always present for business and not for pleasure. Another thing: your friend the doctor looks quite like an ordinary man, I feel quite sure. Not so the movie doctor. You know him at once by his carriage, by the way he holds his head—and by his black bag. There are doctors in real life who carry black bags, I am sure. But, in the movies, doctors always carry black bags. This is their symbol. A stranger at the movies may ask you how you know the man who just came into the picture is a doctor. You look at him, amazed at his ignorance. Of course you knew. You knew the *symbol* for a movie

Your friend the doctor looks like an ordinary man, I am sure. Not so the movie doctor. You know him at once by his carriage, by the way he holds his head—and by his black bag. In the movies, doctors always carry black bags



5 doctor. There are exceptions, of course. But then, there always are. But, in the movies, when the doctor comes on—with his black bag—everyone else in the picture stands back in a respectful semicircle. For that's a symbol of the way to stand when a doctor is in the picture.

Perhaps you have been fortunate enough not to have encountered death in real life. But you haven't escaped it in the movies. How do you know when a person dies? Why, by definite symbols, of course. If a person dies in the street, the onlookers bow and the males remove their hats. That's one symbol to indicate death. If the victim dies in bed what happens? You know, if you go to the movies. Someone, very gently, pulls a sheet over the corpse's head. Of course, for that's the symbol for death in bed.

But to get to pleasanter things. There's the screen vamp. In actual life, the worst vamp you know may be an innocent enough looking little thing with baby blue eyes and yellow curls. Not in the movies! For the symbol of a movie vamp is not yellow curls, blue eyes, as you know, full well. Why that's a symbol—but we haven't got that far! The movie vamp always smokes cigarets. Off the screen, some of the most devoted mothers and wives of my acquaintance rather go in for cigaret smoking. But in the movies the cigaret is still the symbol, if not for the vamp, at least for fast life and general devilishness.

A vamp, on the screen, is never cunning and little and dimpled. Certainly not. Tho the worst vamp I know—but then, this isn't that personal—. Screen vamps must be slender. They must be dark, or at least not cutie and dimpled. They must have undulating shoulders and half-closed eyes.

And the screen villain! He need not twirl a wicked mustache like the villain of an old stock company days, but, at that, he must show what a devil he is by the use of movie symbols. If possible, he must kick something. It may be a child or a stone or a horse or a tree. But, if he can get in a kick of some sort he has registered devilishness. Then, too, he must narrow his eyes

and cast mean looks about. If, off stage, anyone cast the ugly looks that a movie villain did, he would not only be suspected of villainy, but he'd be locked up in the psychopathic ward for further examination. But on the screen ugly furtive looks are just a symbol for villainy, and we who attend the movies accept them as such and say no more about them.

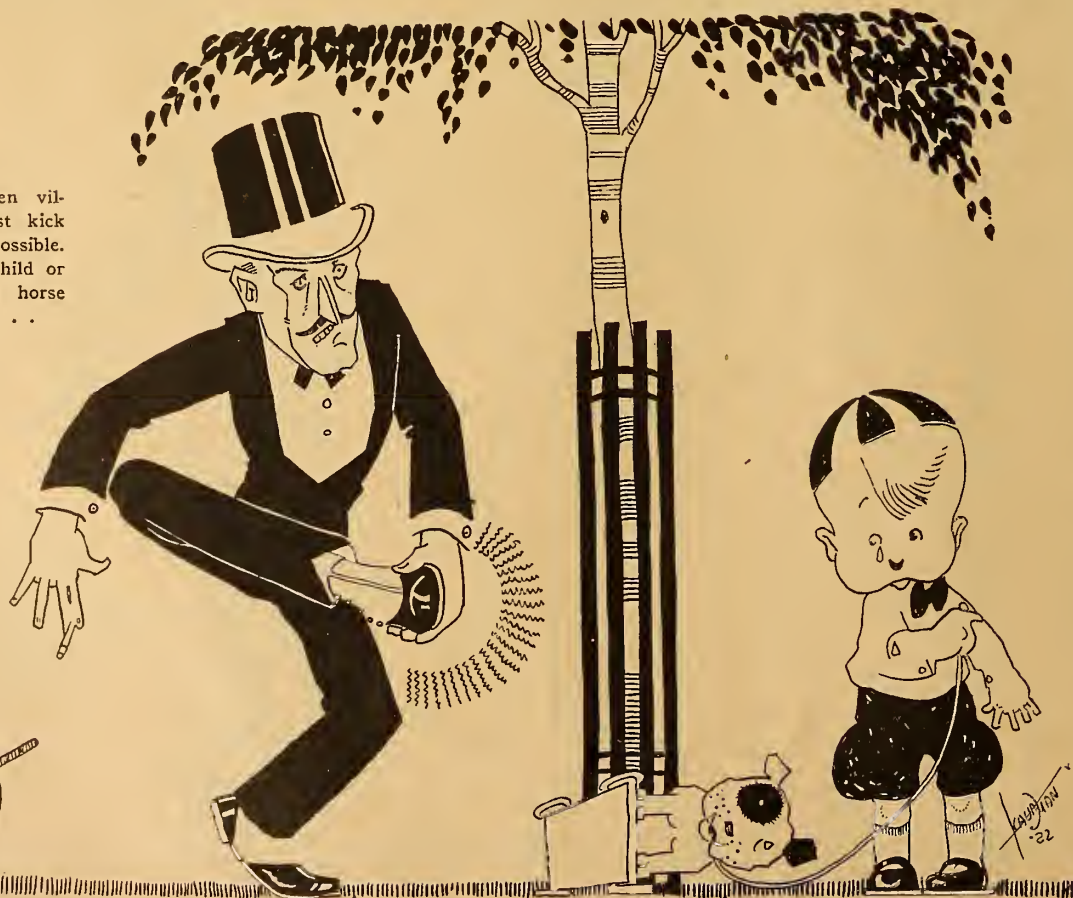
The ingénue! But then, you know the symbol of the ingénue. Curls and the petting of little animals! In actual, every-day existence, even these days when grandmothers have their hair in the new pineapple bob, we would look with distinct suspicion at anyone over twelve who wore her hair in long curls. Yet the dear little ingénue, if she is portraying any single girl under twenty-four may cling to this symbol of youth and innocence. We not only accept the curls—we love them. And animals. If all the birds, pussy-cats and wee puppies petted by ingénues in pictures during the last five years were turned loose on the streets of New York, the S. P. C. A. would have to quadruple its working forces and work, for three weeks, overtime, to allow traffic to proceed at all. But we movie attendants don't take the petting of animals seriously. We know that, when a dear little dimpled ingénue of anywhere under thirty pets a kitten or lamb, it shows a dear, trusting, simple disposition and something in the way of a villain in pursuit is about to happen to her.

How old is your mother? No, no, no offense intended! But, if you are anywhere around forty, or under, and you have a mother, she is probably a middle-aged or slightly elderly woman. But in the movies, the symbol of motherhood is tottering old age. Young men and young girls who have mothers—unless the mothers are society dowagers—have them about the age grandmothers are supposed to be. A young man of twenty or so has a mother. The mother is flashed on the screen. Is she a presentable woman of around forty-five? She is *not*. She is a dear, little old totterer, with white hair and a bent back. Sympathy? Of course. A symbol? Likewise yes, yes. Every young man on the

screen, who has a mother, must have been born long after his mother passed middle age. Fathers need not be kindly, but they, too, except in unusual cases, must be well passed the age limit of the average off-screen parent. They may be kind or cross, trusting or bad-natured, but they must be old.

Valets, off stage, have several uses. On the screen they are limited to definite things. First, they are a symbol of wealth, of course. The wealthy young clubman indicates his wealthiness and his club-
(Continued on page 97)

And the screen villain! He must kick something, if possible. It may be a child or a stone or a horse or a tree . . .



Pay-Day à la Charlie



"Pay-Day" is the picture upon which Charlie embarked on his return from abroad. It is broader than the things he has done lately—with a flavor of his early days . . .



As a matter of fact, the new Chaplin comedy is reminiscent of the days B. P. (before prohibition, you know). The cup that cheers follows immediately in the wake of the pay envelope, and the results are confusing



Courtesy of Harold Lloyd and Pathé

WATCH OUT! MR. FILM PRODUCER

THE movies supplanted the stage as the great public entertainer several years ago, and ever since then the silent drama has been making a lot of noise about it. Now it looks as tho the films have a very dangerous rival . . . radio. Its possibilities are infinite, and it even has the screen beaten when it comes to economy on the consumer's purse. The film producers will now have to put something besides motion into motion pictures if they wish to hold the rein on popularity.

It is rumored that a young genius, up in Eastport, Maine, has invented a new plot for photoplays. It is believed, however, that the report is greatly exaggerated.

Now that one of the producers is making a film version of "Robinson Crusoe," we are greatly worried as to how they are going to get the love interest in it. No island picture could possibly be complete without love scenes on the beach. Of course, a popular song informed us that "where there are wild men there must be wild women," but we don't think the censors would allow that sort of thing on the screen. Our guess is that the scenario writer will bring to light a hidden chapter in Robinson Crusoe's life concerning an affair with a beautiful blonde on the other side of the island, which even DeFoe, author of the masterpiece, knew nothing about.

Some very sad news for movie fans was announced this month. The Government has decided to scrap its

navy. This means that the supply of ship launchings in the news weeklies will be cut in half.

Some day we hope to become a film producer. Then our greatest ambition will be to buy the motion picture rights to George Jean Nathan's life and make a nice educational subject out of it for the children.

We are not so anxious about the perfection of color photography, but we do wish someone would invent a theater with only end seats.

An optimist is a person who will go to the theater expecting to see a D. W. Griffith production in which Lillian Gish is not attacked by the villain in the fifth reel.

OUR OWN NEWS MONTHLY

Just when the talk is loudest about the movies deserting Hollywood, the entire Selznick studio in New York pack up and move to California.

A New York scribe suggests that Hope Hampton and Miss Dupont would make a good sister act in vaudeville. Sort of a mean remark.

Manhattan is in the throes of argument as to which is the better picture—"Determination" or "Mistress of the World." Personally, we prefer a game of billiards.

Reformer admits the movies serve one good purpose.

(Continued on page 95)

The Rosary

By
PATRICIA DOYLE

OUTSIDE the door which was flung wide to catch any breeze there might be, the bees droned drowsily among the clover dotting the lawn. Hollyhocks stood erect and militant at either side of the crumbling old stone steps, a gaily uniformed guard, inviting rather than repelling the chance visitor. A bottomless boat lay at anchor in the yard filled with sandy soil and bedding a thousand marigolds. Fishing-tackle draped the picket fence. Half-wound nets lay tangled on their ungainly reels. The smell of the sea was in the air. Down at the end of the village street, framed in stately rows of elm trees, was a glimpse of shining blue water. Little waves beat lazily on the sand. So quiet and calm the June afternoon, that time itself seemed to stand still.

Inside the cottage, it was quiet and still, too. A small and listless group were gathered to hear the reading of Ichabod Wright's will—listless, because they were all sure where his money was going and were wondering why they had bothered to come at all.

"I, Ichabod Wright, being sound in body and mind," the lawyer began in his cracked old voice, "do hereby will and bequeath the bulk of my property to one Bruce Wilton; the division to be as follows—"

Kenward Wright leaped to his feet. "Wh-what?" he cried, but was silenced by a look and sank back into his chair in a daze. He looked furtively at Bruce Wilton, but that young man seemed to be as surprised as he was.

It was true. Ichabod Wright had practically disinherited his own nephew to whom the entire village had expected him to will his long-hoarded wealth. Ken Wright had lived for this day, never dreaming in his soberest moments that the old man would double-cross him. True, he had often threatened to when angered by some fresh misdemeanor of his spendthrift nephew, but Ken had never believed he meant it. But here it was. The lawyer's voice droned on to the end. Ken had been left a large tract of swamp land, whose potential value

was considerable, but which would not yield him any of the ready money he needed so badly.

Angry and disgusted, he left and went straight to Vera with the news.

He loved Vera Mather with as genuine an emotion as he was capable of, and he felt that if she could love him in return he could stand the loss of fortune.

"Oh, Ken," Vera said, in answer to his proposal, "I'm so sorry. But I am going to marry Bruce Wilton. It seems cruel to add this to your unhappiness just now, but—it's the truth. I couldn't tell you anything else—could I? I'm sorry."

Several days later a disappointed and embittered man sat in the old low-ceilinged tavern of Sandy Bay and listened to a proposition of open piracy—no less piracy for the fact that it was stealing fish instead of gold. For Sandy Bay kept its place on the map and prospered, or starved, because of the fish in its waters. Donald MacTavish was a down-visaged fisherman of antique design and questionable habits. He was proposing to enrich himself and Wright at the expense of Sandy Bay. It was a common enough practice in that vicinity for pirate fishermen to precede their legitimate brethren to the nets by an hour or two and help themselves to the catch. This performance just about cut the labor and trouble in half and was, therefore, a profitable practice for those who indulged in it. Wright had been drinking heavily since the reading of his uncle's will and was so far lost to decency that he agreed to be a party to this enterprise.

Revenge smoldered in his heart. He hated Bruce Wilton on two counts altho, of course, he (Bruce) was responsible for neither of them—one, his inheritance, and the other, the girl he had won. He did not hate all Wiltons correspondingly, however. Alice, the pretty young sister, he quite admired. Unfortunately, Alice was foolish as well as pretty and soon fell victim to a bad man's fascination. She met Wright surreptitiously and often. She became so desperately enamored that she finally consented to go to his cottage. But being blind





They had discussed it fruitlessly among themselves. They printed the details in their paper, and engaged the interest of every one in the village. Even the gentle Vera was moved to an active indignation by the last outrageous theft which was pointed out to her

"Don't you know it is very wrong for you to come here. You know it is wrong," she said, turning to Wright. "It is base and cowardly to let this young girl come to your house and you know it."

She gently disengaged Alice's arms and taking her trembling hand in her own, spoke very quietly to her.

"My dear child, this would break your mother's heart if she knew, and if Bruce ever found out you had been here, he would be so angry that he would never forgive you. I—I—don't know what he might not do if——"

Her eyes widened suddenly. Thru the open doorway she could discern a rapidly moving figure. The eyes of love are keener than ordinary eyes and she recognized immediately that vigorous stride. Bruce Wilton was coming toward the cottage where they all were.

to everything but him, she did not cover her tracks very successfully. One time, Vera Mather who felt a real sisterly interest in the girl followed her there. She entered without any warning knock. Alice was in Wright's arms.

"Alice," cried Vera, "you must come home with me.

toward the door. "Come outside, Vera," he said, "I can't talk to you in here."

She followed him out thru the door, down to the gate. "Good-bye, Vera," he said huskily, "good-bye—for always. You have betrayed, not only my faith in you—but in all women. Oh, my God! If you couldn't be true, no woman could. Oh Vera, Vera——"

"You are cruel, Bruce, and unjust," the girl replied. "Someday you will find out just how greatly you have wronged me. But in the meantime I will give you back this—I couldn't keep it, when you feel the way you do about me." She reached inside the front of her dress and drew out a slender, beautifully wrought silver rosary, beaded with small translucent pearls, and held it out toward him, still warm from its closeness to her heart. He took it as in a dream and she whispered as he walked away. "When you believe in me and can trust me again

—then you will give it back to me. Until then—good-bye, Bruce—good-bye."

Several weeks later a group of excited villagers met at Father Brian Kelly's house to discuss the strange acts of lawlessness that were beginning to happen with such frequency. They had discussed it fruitlessly among themselves. They printed the details in their paper and engaged the interest of every one in the village. Even the gentle

THE ROSARY

Novelized, by permission, from the First National attraction of the Selig-Rork production, based on the original story of Bernard McConville, which was inspired by the theme of the play by Edward E. Rose. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast:

Father Brian Kelly.....	Lewis S. Stone
Vera Mather	Jane Novak
Kenwood Wright	Wallace Beery
Bruce Wilton	Robert Gordon
Widow Kathleen Wilton.....	Eugenie Besserer
Isaac Abrahamson	Dore Davidson
Donald MacTavish	Pomeroy Cannon
Captain Caleb Mather.....	Bert Woodruff
Alice Wilton	Mildred June
Skeeters Martin	Harold Goodwin

Vera was moved to an active indignation by the last outrageous theft which was pointed out to her. Disgruntled fishermen, irate townspeople, representative citizens, important functionaries and voluble housewives, all gathered at the home of the most influential personage of Sandy Bay to decide what could be done about it. Father Kelly *was* Father to his people. He advised them and comforted them and helped them, out of the rich store of his mind and from the meager store of his own lean purse, if that was the kind of help they needed. He loved them too, which was perhaps the foundation of their trust. He was a sort of glorified Mayor, Chief Justice, Parent and Friend to the entire community. Their troubles were his troubles; their joys and their sorrows, their little hopes and dreams and strivings, he shared with them. So naturally they came to his house. They always did.

Bruce Wilton came in when things were at their thickest, with the astounding news that Kenward Wright had joined the unspeakable MacTavish in his nefarious pursuits, and furthermore, that he was building a cannery on his marsh land with the ill-gotten capital they had acquired. Consternation seized the assembled villagers, but as usual Father Kelly had the solution. They would buy out the cannery. This would serve as a sort of outpost for spying as well as for its legitimate business. The marauding would thus be checked and eternal vigilance on the part of all the community would do the rest. They all subscribed generously, being thrifty souls and knowing full well that Wright would demand a huge sum for it. Bruce Wilton, naturally was the heaviest investor and would control operations. He had plunged into work as an anodyne for the pain he felt over Vera's imagined unfaithfulness. He was trying to forget her—put her out of his mind as well as out of his life. He did not know it was going to take forever, so he welcomed the further activities the purchase of the cannery would entail as another aid to forgetfulness. The purchase was to be kept a profound secret, as they had begun to see Kenward Wright in his own black colors and felt sure he would find some means of circumventing them. This was

successfully accomplished and Bruce maneuvered matters so skilfully that Wright went away chuckling at the big price he had gotten for his half-built cannery.

Another heart was grieving in Sandy Bay, besides Bruce's and Vera's. It was the untried heart of Alice Wilton in her first sorrow. Ken's careless avoiding of her, his casual cruelty, his open indifference to her presence scarred and mortified her tender spirit. The worst of it was, she had to keep all this unhappy tumult to herself, and repression does more harm to the sensitive mind than any other inhibition. The girl brooded over her wrongs until her mind was affected. Life became intolerable to her and in her distraction she sought to end it. Poor unbalanced little soul! If she had just gone to Father Kelly with her trouble, as all the rest of the village did, her widowed mother and grief-stricken brother might have been spared the terrible calamities that followed.

Late one night when there was neither moon nor star visible, a little figure huddled in a great cape crept out of the house where the lamp shone brightly, and where warmth and comfort reigned, and where a loving mother sat and embroidered pretty things for her little girl; crept out into the dark trem-

Alice Wilton lay propped up on pillows on the big chair in Vera's living-room, still weak and faint from her horrible experience. She opened and closed her eyes wearily and took the fiery dose of brandy Vera gave her as docilely as a child. She started to speak again, and they tried to silence her, but she shook her head





"I have something for you, my daughter," Father Kelly began. "It is a gift from some one who loves you deeply. See"—and he held out a slender, beautifully wrought silver rosary, beaded with small translucent pearls

grew unbearably dear to her, to the sea, no longer shining and placid, but angry and tempestuous, beating its rage out in great black waves on a resistless beach. She walked out to the end of an old abandoned dock and stood a moment, terrified at the malignity of the elements. She wrung her hands silently and brushed the straying curls back from her forehead with the back of her hand. Her forehead was damp. She drew a deep breath, closed her eyes tight to shut out the dread vision and jumped clear of the rotting dock.

"So you see," the feeble voice went on, "Vera wasn't the bad one—I was—and you'd better ask her to forgive you, Bruce—she's——" and the voice trailed off into silence.

Alice Wilton lay propped up on pillows on the big chair in Vera's living-room, still weak and faint from her horrible experience. She opened and closed her eyes wearily and took the fiery dose of brandy Vera gave her as docilely as a child. With one hand she clutched tightly her brother's arm. She started to speak again and they tried to silence her, but she shook her head.

bling and afraid, but determined that her life should end since it held nothing but pain for her. She could not take her grief as Bruce had done. She was only a girl—so young—so inexperienced. She walked down the familiar village street, somehow

because she wanted to save you and mother pain and shame she pretended that she was the one—and I never had the courage to tell you the truth—and——"

"Dear little sister," interrupted Bruce unable to stand it any longer, "don't worry now. Everything is going to be all right now. Try to sleep, dear. I will ask Vera to forgive me. I think she will. Mother will never know about this terrible thing, so just try to rest." He stroked the tense little hand which soon relaxed, and the hapless little human having endured almost more than she could bear finally slept.

"I will come to you later, Vera," said Bruce in a hard, strained voice. "I've got to settle with that boulder first. Be good to Alice, won't you? Good-bye, dear. I'll be back as soon as I can."

His blood beat hot and fast as he made his way to his office in the cannery where he kept a revolver. The law was too slow and too elusive for him. Wright should find justice at the point of a gun. Even that was too good for him. He shuddered at the sudden vision of Alice's white face and her dripping hair pulled back from her head by the weight of the water clinging to it. What good instinct had driven him out to the end of that old dock to see who the swaying figure was? But he merely thanked his God that he had gone and thought no more of such matters. His heart was full of hatred for Wright. Yes, killing was too good for such swine.

He was standing before his desk with the revolver in his hand when he heard a commotion on the stairs and Father Kelly broke into the room.

"Run for your life, Bruce," he cried, seizing the young

(Continued on page 102)

Restoration

By
CORLISS PALMER

JUST as earth is impelled to put on a fresh mantle of green in the springtime, just as a rose-bush blossoms forth in new beauty in the summer, so is a woman filled with the desire to put into her person some of the youth and joy of the season. Restoration, recovery, resurrection is everywhere. Yet to many women it brings only sorrow, for they think the springtime of their life is forever behind them and the best they can hope for is a mild winter.

But every bud and leaf and flower cries out the joy of new life and sends a message of hope to every heart. If nature can restore their lost youth to the hills, the woods, the garden, why can she not do as much for mortals, her greatest handiwork? And the answer is, as you perhaps suspect, she can. Why doesn't she? Simply because she prepared the means for mortal restoration and gave mortals a mind with which to find and apply the means. Intelligence, as usual, is the first requisite.

Just what is it you have lost that you would like to regain? Is it both that youthful feeling and that youthful look? In all probability, if you have lost your youthful appearance, you have also lost the feeling of youth that goes with it. It is possible for one to experience this loss early in life, if one has had a great deal of trouble or sickness. Yet all the time Nature in her secret workhouse is preparing roots, herbs, minerals for the use of those who wish to counter-act these evils.

Since a woman is as young as she looks, the first thing for her to do is to get youth back into her appearance—to remove the wrinkles and age-lines, and, above all, to restore the youthful contour of the face.

This remedy I am going to give you will sound so simple and easy that you will be skeptical until you have given it a trial. Here it is, merely the application of an occasional face pack, sometimes called mud pack, sometimes called by the commercial name of special preparations on the market. The preparation comes in either a dry powder form or a thick muddy paste. Water must



Says Corliss Palmer: "Since a woman is as young as she looks, the first thing for her to do is to get youth back into her appearance—to remove the wrinkles and age-lines, and, above all, restore the youthful contour of the face"

be added to the dry powder, or even to the paste if it is too stiff to spread easily. When shopping, ask for a face pack or beautifier.

To apply, have the face washed with warm water and soap, rinsed with warm water and dried with a soft towel. Then spread the muddy paste over the entire face. It is important to spread it well under the chin and around the ears. It is well to put it on the neck, too, as the contraction of the muscles of the neck has a restful effect on the head and face.

There should now be no spot of skin visible. Do not be afraid it will get into the eyes or mouth—it is perfectly harmless. And, of course, the muscles around the eyes and mouth are the most important of all the muscles to be treated. It should cover the skin evenly to the thickness of about an eighth of an inch.

Leave it on for half an hour, during which time it is best to lie quietly on a couch or bed. If this is not

(Continued on page 100)

When the World Took Time to Love



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.



At the top of the page is Malcolm McGregor, as Captain Fritz von Tarlenheim; just above, is Alice Terry, as the beautiful Princess Flavia, and at the left is one of the interesting scenes from the production

Perhaps no one other novel has been read, surreptitiously flanked by school-books when lessons should have been studied, or under cautious bedside lights, more than Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is one of the first love stories to be read—with its background of royal people, castles, and the days when the world took time to love. Rex Ingram is bringing it to the screen in a lavish way, and with a brilliant cast



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.



In the upper right-hand corner is a camera study of Alice Terry in the character of Princess Flavia; just above is Lewis Stone, in the title rôle of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and at the right is another action picture from the production





The Juvenile Critic

By
DOROTHY WHITEHILL



O H, Punch! I have just seen "Penrod" and I take back everything I said about Wesley Barry. He was just too funny for words to-day and the picture—Well, I simply can't tell you how much I loved it!

You remember the stories that came out in the magazines and how we laughed over them? Well, the characters just came to life.

The picture was dedicated to "The American Boy" and I thought that was awfully nice. The first part showed the *first* American boy and there was George Washington, and he had just finished cutting down that cherry tree. Do you know, Punch, that I don't see exactly how he could have said anything except that he did it when his father found him with the hatchet right beside the tree. But, of course, it must have been 'specially truthful or we wouldn't hear so much about it, would we?

But I want to talk about Penrod. The picture was terribly long, I don't mean *too* long, you know, but lots longer than most pictures, and so many things happened that I can't begin to tell you all about them. Besides, you simply must go and see it yourself. Here are some of the things I liked best.

The boys all had a club that they called the American Boys' Protective Association and they met in the duckiest place you ever saw. From the beginning you'd never guess where they were all going, for you just see them disappearing into a clump of bushes, and I just simply couldn't imagine how they could all get under that bush. It's an underground passage and leads to a secret meeting place! There's a 'special way of opening the door and a speaking tube to ask who is knocking and everything.

Penrod is the president and he asks all the boys what they have to say, and they each get up and tell how some grown-up in the town has been mean to them, and oh! I did know just how one of the boys felt when he told

how his father had said:

"Children should be seen and not heard." We had a

nurse that used to say that once and how we hated her. Do you remember?

Then there's a party, or I mean a play, that is all about King Arthur and the Round Table, and Penrod just hates being in it because he has to wear an old suit of his father's flannels and the boys tease him. So he goes and gets a pair of overalls that belonged to the janitor and puts them on, and after the curtain goes up and they are all saying their pieces, one leg begins to fall down, and oh, it's just too funny for words. A smug little boy named Maurice teases him and Penrod fights with him right there in front of everybody, and they have to bring down the curtain.

One place I really laughed so hard I cried, and that was where Penrod goes to dancing school, and he has the hives, and of course he keeps scratching and the teacher gets perfectly furious. Penrod's partner is the youngest girl in the class, just a little baby, but she was so cunning.

There's just heaps and heaps more, all about the circus that they give with Verman and Herman. You remember the two little colored boys in the stories, don't you? And the time Penrod's sister's beau gives him two dollars to go away, and he goes to the circus and gets most desperately ill and had to take castor oil. And the most awful of all, when the little girl that Penrod likes best, but who likes Maurice instead, tho I don't see why, calls Penrod "a little gentleman," and Penrod splashes her with tar. Just imagine! and then the rest of the boys come and they have the most terrible time, and they all get just covered.

But now comes the most thrilling part of all. There are two bandits loose and they have stolen a lot of money from the bank, and while they are running away from the

(Continued on page 104)



At the left-hand side is a scene from "Penrod," which stars Wesley Barry. He was just too funny for words in it. And on the right is Wallace Reid in "The Champion," which you'll just love





Presenting - -

—Monte Blue, whose Danton is one of the outstanding features of "Orphans of the Storm." He has given to the rôle a dominant and valiant spirit

Impressions

poise and a warmth of manner have increased his attractions.

Beneath his quiet and courteous suavity you feel he harbors strong convictions. His thoughts are finely chiseled, not hastily carved, and you know that there is a man who reads much, thinks much, and is deeply interested in the study of humanity.

"Those old days," I began, vaguely, "when you played 'The Grell Mystery,' 'The Scarlet Runner,' 'Two Women and Two Men,' 'An American Live Wire,' 'The Christian,'—ah, 'The Christian!'"

"That was the best picture I ever made," said Earle, "and John Storm has remained my favorite rôle. It offered splendid dramatic action and ran the gamut of all emotions, save comedy. It was eight reels,

Beneath the quiet and courteous suavity of Earle Williams, you feel he harbors strong convictions. His thoughts are finely chiseled, not hastily carved, and you know that here is a man who reads much, thinks much, and is deeply interested in the study of humanity

All photographs by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.



EARLE WILLIAMS was luxuriating in a day at home, for the night before he had completed "Playing Dead," at the Vitagraph studio, a film based on Richard Harding Davis' clever story.

"The picture dragged," commented Earle, "everyone, including myself, took a whirl with the flu until we almost despaired at ever finishing it."

The Williamses have an artistic bungalow on a quiet street in Los Angeles, and as both have a decided penchant for *collecting*, it contains many rare treasures. Gorgeous Chinese embroideries and Italian tapestries adorn the walls, while quaint teakwood furniture, exquisite vases, hand-carved chests, several splendid paintings, a marble-piece or two, and many cases of books evidence the taste and real love of the connoisseur and suggest the aesthetic temperament of the couple.

Mr. Williams sat in a comfortable chair before an open window with the afternoon sun shining full upon him, which probably brought an extra shade of tan to his bronzed face. Granting that he may be a little more mature in appearance than when he first began making feminine hearts go pit-a-pat as he heroed thru those early screen romances, Earle Williams has lost none



of his old charm. In fact, an added

By
MAUDE
CHEATHAM

you remember; one of the longest films up to that time and broke a record with its seven weeks' run in New York and six in Chicago.

"Like everyone else in this business, I'm inclined to howl about the poor scenarios I get. Funny thing, when I was on a small salary I had fine stories, now that I'm earning a good sized one they give me a lot of weak ones.

"Were I free lancing I would stand a better chance at good rôles. Look at Lewis Stone, he appears in a series of great parts. But—well, I've always been with Vitagraph, started with them, you know, and all our relations have been so exceptionally pleasant and harmonious that I hesitate to make a change. I've just signed another contract, which will round out an even dozen years with this company. This is the record, I believe.

"I should like to do 'The Christian,' again," he continued, "with our improved lighting and photography. Anita Stewart and I have often talked of making another picture together and we thought of 'The Christian,' but, somehow, Mr. Smith let the option slide and Goldwyn bought it. I would like to make it in England, tho that isn't necessary, for the Massachusetts coast, where we made it before, presents scenery very similar to the Isle of Man. Our coast would never do."

"*Our coast*," can rightfully be used by Earle Williams, for he is a native son of California, having been born in Sacramento where his parents had moved from Booneville, Missouri. While he was still very young, the family came down to Oakland and it was there he attended school and spent his boyhood.

He still has the program of his first stage performance when he took a small part in an amateur play, "Ruled by Passion," on May 11, 1899. He seems to have had no particular leaning toward the stage, however, and it was some time later, when arriving in New Orleans on the first lap of his journey forth to see the world, that he decided to fill his lean purse and applied to the Baldwin-Welville Stock Company, thus selecting his career.

His dramatic biography reads a little like fiction, it is colorful and interesting. He played with the famous old

Belasco Stock Company and at the Burbank theater in Los Angeles; a Sardou repertoire with Florence Stone and Melbourne McDowell; supported Henry Dixey, Rose Stahl, Helen Ware, and a host of other well-known stars in their most signal successes.

His advent into pictures was accidental too, for it was during a dull summer in New York that he went to the Vitagraph studio intending merely to tide over the season. He was put into a cast at once, his first film being "The Thumb Print," and in pictures he has remained ever since.

His success before the camera was instantaneous; he had the advantage of a well-grounded foundation of dramatic training which the stage had given him. Also, he represented the matinée girl's ideal of masculine good looks, was a Beau Brummell in his attire and

(Continued on page 100)



Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

"'The Christian'—ah, 'The Christian,'" said Earle Williams. "That was the best picture I ever made, and John Storm has remained my favorite rôle. It offered splendid dramatic action and ran the gamut of emotions"



It is some years ago now that "Bought and Paid For" scored a hit on the New York stage. As a matter of fact, it was a great success. William B. de Mille has brought the story to the shadows, with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt playing the two leading rôles

All photographs by James N. Doolittle

Previews
 of
 "Bought
 and
 Paid For"



Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays in Review

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE photoplays of the past month have little to recommend them. For the greater part they lack color, truths and imagination. "Bought and Paid For" stands out as the best among them. This is not because of any attempt at being a great production—not because of lavish interiors or artistic acting, nor because there are mob scenes wherein the number of players resembles a census return. Rather it is because its characters seemed flesh and blood, not strange creatures to be watched from a distance. Their problem was real because they were real and because you felt you might readily know them.

To his players William de Mille often gives this rare quality.

It was several years ago that "Bought and Paid For" held the New York stage with considerable success. Since then there have been innumerable stories with similar plots. And now William de Mille has brought the story to the shadows.

The title clearly indicates a story of a working-



Above, Agnes Ayres, in "Bought and Paid For," which William de Mille has screened; and at the left is Constance Talmadge, in "Polly of the Follies"

girl who becomes the wife of a wealthy man to discover that even love does not cause men to forget the poverty from which they sometimes

rescue their wives. Of course, a battle of pride follows and it is only an outside influence which saves the two lives from matrimonial rocks.

The heroine of the story does not depart entirely from the form of her predecessors. She sleeps in a bed built into the wall of her palatial home which would, undoubtedly, be most uncomfortable. She collects her jewels and places them in their original boxes and returns them to her lord and master when she is about to leave his house. That is, of course, highly commendable but it lacks originality. Heroines have gone in for that sort of thing since time immemorial.

Nor does Agnes Ayres bring any particular comprehension, understanding or registry to her rôle.

As a matter of fact, we waited for a sub-title to explain her emotions more than once.

Jack Holt is more real as the husband.

"Bought and Paid For" is better because of the human touch of William de Mille.





Above, may be seen Seena Owen and Matt Moore, in "Back-Pay." At the right is Mabel Ballin, in "Other Women's Clothes"; and below, "The Seventh Day," the second independent Richard Barthelmess picture



BACK PAY—
COSMOPOLITAN



Prominent critics have said that if a thing is entirely unworthy, space should be given to other things—that it is not worth the space and energy it takes to declaim it. If this is true, we err in reviewing "Polly of the Follies," the latest Constance Talmadge production. It is, in our opinion, entirely unworthy.

The story, or lack of it, is not extraordinarily frightful. It is like most motion pictures you see where the little country girl comes to the city after giving amateur performances and eventually makes good. There is a departure from the hackneyed treatment of the plot after this, but it is so far-fetched and ridiculous that it does nothing toward saving the day.

Constance Talmadge has a delicious sense of farce. When we say this, we are not judging her ability from this release but from our memory of other rôles—. As we have said before, it is a pity that she is not given opportunities in which to prove herself more often.

Kenneth Harlan is the leading man.

When Fannie Hurst wrote "Back Pay"—it was originally written for the stage production, with Helen McKellar, if we remember correctly—she remembered and dared to admit the bad in the best of us and the good in the worst of us. Never before, to our recollection, have ladies of easy virtue been portrayed as anything but wicked beyond redemption.

They have been mercenary, devoid of sympathy and understanding, without one quality to redeem them, instead of the weak and erring sisters which they are so often in reality.

However, there was one important particular in which the Fannie Hurst heroine acted like the other lilies of the field who have been shadowed. She gave a party and danced about the rooms, waving her arms in the air to the music while her guests looked on. Apparently, this is the surest way to register that you are gay and carefree and having a very good time. It is the toast she drinks at this party which gives the story its name—

"Here's to the wages of sin," she says, or something similar. "If they are death, I have a lot of back-pay coming to me."

(Continued on page 114)

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

THE cat out at Douglas Fairbanks' studio is hiding under the janitor's bed and all the office help walks around the block whenever they want to get from one part of the studio to another. When conugal conferences become necessary, Mary Pickford cautiously remains in the shelter of the scenery. Doug is practicing with a bow and arrow, preparatory to beginning the production of "Robin Hood." His enthusiasm is better than his aim at the present time. Anything in Hollywood is a bad insurance risk in consequence.

Unless all the actors perish by the William Tell route before the cameras get started, it will probably be Doug's greatest picture. I understand he has appropriated one million dollars for the production. His intention is to preserve something of the fantastic quality of the fairy tale thruout this charming old legend. He is building wonderful sets which have a little the flavor of the Futurist school of art. Douglas, of course, will be Robin Hood; Wallace Beery, King Richard; Enid Bennett, Maid Marion; Paul Dickey, Guy of Gisborn.

Charlie Chaplin gave the first party of his life the other night in his new house in Hollywood. The guests were Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Harry Tate, the English comedian, who happened to be playing a theatrical engagement in Los Angeles.

Mr. Tate speaks a very broad cockney and the other guests could only understand the high spots. As he was always telling jokes, it became embarrassing. Mary and Douglas finally adopted the system of laughing every time they saw Chaplin laugh. They got off wrong once when they thought Chaplin was beginning to laugh and they joined in uproarious glee; and it turned out that Charlie was only choking on an olive.

Chaplin is getting frisky as he grows older. The other night he gave a burlesque interpretative dance with Maurice at the famous Cocoanut Grove. If you know how shy Chaplin is, you know what an important event this was.



Wallace Reid, in the kitchen, would do a great deal toward solving your servant problem. Bridget would, under such circumstances, doubtless refuse even her Thursday afternoons off. At the left, Elinor Glyn finds Rodolph Valentino's views of great interest. And below, Mary discovers Enid Bennett and Douglas Fairbanks romancing after the manner of bygone centuries, for the benefit of "Robin Hood"





Mary Miles Minter, as seen above, erects a trespassing sign on the site of her new home and remain to see that her orders are obeyed. At the right, Irene Rich and her collie, on the California coast. Below, Helen Ferguson and E. A. Warren, applying Hebraic make-up for "Hungry Hearts"



W. G. McAdoo has arrived with his family to make their home in Los Angeles. The former Secretary of the Treasury and the world's most famous son-in-law says he has come for his health; but there is a general suspicion that some movie project is in view. He was formerly general counsel for the United Artists.

Eric von Stroheim views with gloomy and terrible scorn the next story that Universal has waiting for him to direct. He says it has an ice cream soda plot. After "Foolish Wives," he wanted to do one of three stories—a Viennese play with a novel and tragic plot; a French story whose name and nature he will not divulge; or Frank Norris' "McTeague." He says he has had "McTeague" in mind for a long time. It is a terrific but horrible story. In any case, he will not act in his next picture.

Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley and Conrad Nagel will be among those of the cast for William de Mille's production of "Nice People."

Universal's scenario department is working overtime these days, preparing scripts for Gladys Walton, Priscilla Dean, Frank Mayo, Herbert Rawlinson, and Hoot Gibson.

Rawlinson is going to do Louis Joseph Vance's story, "The Black Bag," with Stuart Paton directing. Priscilla Dean will flash her dynamic personality in Ouida's "Under Two Flags," in which Theda Bara played Cigaret some years ago. Gladys Walton's first story casts her for the rôle of a wardrobe girl in a road show. "The Trouper" is the name of the story. Following that, she will play M'liss in Bret Harte's story, the same part that was once taken by Mary Pickford. Marie Prevost will soon begin work on a very flappy flapper story called, "The Night of Nights." Mayo's first feature on his return from his vaudeville tour with his wife, Dagmar Godowsky, will be "Out of the Silent North."

The trip-abroad microbe has infected several stars and directors. After she has finished two more pictures in this country, Nazimova is going abroad; Emmet Flynn, director of "The Connecticut Yankee," is anxious to do the popular novel "If Winter Comes" in England; Rex Ingram would like to make pictures in France or Ireland or Italy as soon as he finishes "The Black Orchid" upon which he has just started work. Maurice Tourneur is going to

(Continued on page 101)

The Prince of Whales

By
GLADYS HALL

ELMER CLIFTON will simply have to forgive me for the title. Still, after all, I dont know that it is a matter for forgiveness. Who wouldn't want to be called the Prince of Whales . . . what's in an aitch? And forgiveness or no forgiveness, before De Mille I cannot help it! I have been assailed by temptation after temptation, and to only one have I succumbed . . . the Prince of Whales! And you know how it is! You go along year after year after year interviewing blonde cuties with syndicated philosophies, and Apolloesque youths with the cosmic urge, and you wear your sad little brain away trying to invent new superlatives in order to cover the requisite four and one half pages of double spaced printed matter. All the time you're writing you have the sickening conviction that you've

All photographs by Abbe



Mr. Clifton ought to make a tremendous go of his picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships." It is strong with the flavor of adventure—so is he. It will be . . . clean, tonic, . . . wholesome, the sturdy story of the whalemen, coming like a fresh, salt wind

written the same thing before, with merely a substitute adjective or so, and you wonder drearly how much further you have to go before they

find you out and replace you with another adjective gymnast.

Then along comes Elmer Clifton, late of the Griffith forces, tangy, hearty and breezy, who tells you that he is just about to sail for the Caribbean to take the whaling scenes of his first big production to be called "Down to the Sea in Ships." Well, there you are. It occurs to you to say "a whale of a picture"—you fancy yourself making cracks on Jonah, and you conjure up the fascinating bits you could ring in about employing whales for extras in lieu of the customary bipeds for whom, Goodness knows, you dont have to go to the Caribbean, thus risking life and limb. They are, however, more of the nature of porpoises, running in schools!

And then you get into the thing with Mr. Clifton, and you realize that

(Continued on page 106)

Robinson Crusoe Myers

was at last strangely delivered by Pirates. Written by Himself."

Two hundred and two years, and two hundred and ninety-six days elapse. The scene is Universal City, California, on the fifteenth of February, in the year of our Lord, 1922. It rains all morning. The sky is a vast opaque grey. Not one human being is in evidence. The half-completed sets and the ruins of old stages incline me to wonder if I have unknowingly stepped off the rim of the world into some monstrous lost city.

But what are those large square buildings resembling mammoth tombs—behind the drizzly curtain of the rain? I walk towards them, arriving before an unpainted wooden door. Should I enter?

I step from a wet, blurry Cosmos into the ghostly light of Cooper-Hewitts, the eerie brilliancy of which turns everything to a greyish violet; from a sea of rain into a sea of human activity, revolving around a darkly bearded and bewigged gentleman, clad in goat-skins and holding aloft a goat-skin umbrella. At first glance, I thought this must be Eva Tanguay disguised as Sir Gilbert Parker. But on second glance, consider my astonishment when I discovered that it was none other than my



Photograph by Freulich

At the Universal Studios a sea of human activity revolved around a darkly bearded and bewigged gentleman, clad in goat-skins and holding aloft a goat-skin umbrella. I thought this must be Eva Tanguay disguised as Sir Gilbert Parker. But, on second glance, I recognized my boyhood hero, Robinson Crusoe, in the person of Harry Myers

AND it was on the twenty-fifth of April, 1719, as day was breaking, that Daniel Defoe completed the work which he styled "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner; who lived eight and twenty years all alone, on an Island on the coast of America,

near the mouth of the great river of the Oroonoke; having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an account of how he

boyhood hero, Robinson Crusoe!

He was completely surrounded by grotesque beings, whom at first I mistook for the good man Friday's cannibal confrères; but my practised eye soon discerned that most of these gaudy brownettes were in reality adherents of Pancho Villa, who had succumbed to the lure of the eighth art and its lambent pesos. These ex-section hands were garbed like the loose gals who shimmy at Moose socials—draped in three-quarters nudity and one-quarter Woolworth jewelry, pampas-grass and Plymouth Rock feathers. Each carried a long, hungry-looking spear.

Now the attitude of discernment is one that is most becoming to me; in fact, my perspicacity is astounding. In a trice I had penetrated the Crusoe disguise, visually exorcising the goat-skins and discovering beneath the guise

By
TED LeBERTHON

of the ascetic islander the sybaritic Harry Myers!

At the end of the scene they were *cinema-shooting*, he loped over to me and ventured the suspicion that I was hovering about to hold profound and lordly speech with him. My silence betrayed my guilt.

"Well," he began, "as long as the world has signified its curiosity by sending an envoy, I will inform the peoples of all quarters of this absurd planet, that I am the hardest worked 'artist' in our magnificent Hollywood film colony."

Said Harry Myers: "I am the hardest worked 'artist' in our magnificent Hollywood film colony. I'm in every scene but seven, and I'll say there's three thousand scenes before the final flicker in the thirty-sixth reel!"

"How and why?" I hazarded, shifting slightly away from the goat-skin's windward.

He thrust upon me a look of



Photograph by
C. Heighton Monroe



superb contempt and pity.

"Dont you know that the story of Robinson Crusoe is based on the contention that a man can live without human aid?"

I nodded affirmatively, in my usual dissimulative manner.

"Well, Robinson Crusoe, or anybody else, can live better without than with human aid. He was far better off than his twentieth-century incarnation, yours truly. Why, he didn't have to keep an eye on a realistic director, a studio menagerie, poniard-hurling descendants of the Aztecs, and indiscriminating cactus," exclaimed the disguised Myers, in sonorous tones that seemed to issue from the very innermost recesses of his goat-skins.

Having nothing to say, my silence was profound and ubiquitous.

He continued, "This naïve Universal bunch went down and earnestly looked me over in 'The Connecticut Yankee.' They saw how hectic an existence was mine in those dozen, nerve-racking, neck-breaking reels; and said to themselves: here's the hard-working peasant for us."

I smiled a nondescript smile. He bent over and looked into my eyes searchingly, as tho hoping for a minute sign of intelligence

(Continued on page 117)

Greenroom Jottings

Alice Calhoun and her mother were seriously ill with the flu a few weeks ago, when the following came in the morning's mail:

"You and Yours

Experience indicates that we should choose a final resting place for our loved ones before necessity compels.

Postponement means untold later suffering.

Learn *now* why you should select your lot in the great Modern Burial Park."

Needless to say, it did not have a brightening effect upon the patients. **Alice Calhoun** says that when it arrived, both she and her mother looked like good business.

Now, however, she is back at the Vitagraph studios.

Antonio Moreno is suing the **Vitagraph Company** for thousands and thousands of dollars. He claims that they broke their contract with him when they insisted that he co-star. At present, Tony is playing in the **Rupert Hughes-Goldwyn** picture, "The Bitterness of Sweets," with **Colleen Moore**.

The **Thomas Moore** family is busy, indeed, these days. Tom is playing opposite **Betty Compson** in "Across the Border," and **Renee Adoree Moore** is playing opposite **Jack Gilbert** in his new Fox production.

Maurice Tourneur has been chosen as the director to film—or re-film, we should say, remembering the early Vitagraph production—Hall Cain's "The Christian." The **Goldwyn Company** have not yet announced the cast, but it has been definitely decided to film it abroad. Sir Hall, who made his own scenario from the novel, will assist in the production.

Jackie Coogan will be starred in a film version of the internationally beloved "Oliver Twist." **Frank Lloyd** will direct the picture; **Lon Chaney** is to be **Fagin**, and **Gladys Brockwell** will be **Nancy Sykes**. While Jackie is a few years younger than Dickens' **Oliver Twist**, those who know his capabilities have

little fear that he won't create a portrayal which will be foremost among the screen portraits.

The influenza epidemic in Hollywood laid low the three prominent fun-makers; first **Larry Semon**, then **Harold Lloyd**, and then **Charlie Chaplin**.

It is almost impossible to learn definitely whether or not **Harold Lloyd** and **Mildred Davis** are engaged. There are rumors galore, and Mildred admits that Harold is her first beau. However, we have learned from previous experience that rumors are generally based on fact when they deal with such affairs of the heart, denials to the contrary.

The friends of **Kathlyn Williams** are sympathizing with her in the death of her sixteen-year-old son, **Victor Eyton**. Miss Williams is the wife of **Charles Eyton**, general manager of the Lasky studio.

W. T. Benda, the noted Polish artist, is at work on a mask of **Mabel Ballin**, which will be used in connection with her latest picture,

"Other Women's Clothes." Mr. Benda characterized Mrs. Ballin as "the loveliest girl on the screen," because of her simple loveliness, entirely undimmed by artifice.

Alice Brady is a mother. Her baby was born after she brought a suit for a divorce against her husband, **James Crane**, the son of **Doctor Frank Crane**. It is believed that Miss Brady will soon be seen in a new Realart production, the first picture she has made in several months.

Everyone who reaches Paris before the theatrical season is closed will, of course, rush to see **Pearl White**. Miss White is playing at the **Follies Bergere**, where she is a headliner, vivacious in all the glory of her new rôle.

Mary Miles Minter sailed for an extended trip in the Orient. Her trip is for the purpose of a long rest, for she has been on the verge of a nervous breakdown since the unfortunate Taylor murder. She hoped to get away without any publicity, but the reporters



Photograph by Arthur C. Davies, Brooklyn, N. Y.
It was a gala occasion for Wesley Barry when he met his hero, Babe Ruth . . . talked with him on the players' bench, 'n'everything!



The right and the wrong way to manicure

JUST as many people spoil their nails by mistakes as by neglect. No matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without causing it to look ragged and unsightly.

For this thin fold of skin at the base of the nails forms the only protection of the delicate nail root which lies less than 1-12 of an inch beneath. When you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to this sensitive living part. Then Nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin and thus gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look that you are especially anxious to avoid.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and forms hang-nails, it must in some way be removed.

Never cut the cuticle

You can remove it easily, quickly, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the nails with an orange stick, and then rinse the finger tips. When drying them, push back the cuticle with a towel. All the hard dry edges will simply wipe away.

There are two wonderful new Cutex polishes that come in the two most

popular forms of the moment—powder and liquid. The new Powder Polish gives a brilliant luster instantaneously—just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine—and it lasts better than any you have ever had before.

The new Liquid Polish is practically instantaneous. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness. It dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster which will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. Used as a finishing touch it will make a manicure last just twice as long.

Cutex Sets come at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or any Cutex article may be bought separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Begin today to see what this way of manicuring will do.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 806, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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Try a Cutex Manicure today. A few minutes once or twice a week will keep the nail rims smooth and even and the nails polished and pink.

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Greenroom Jottings

discovered her purpose and were at the dock in great numbers. Her grandmother accompanied her.

John Emerson and his tiny wife, Anita Loos, have sailed for Europe where they will study film conditions and absorb atmosphere for the motion pictures they will write upon their return.

Charlie Chaplin has always been known to be a very serious young man who did not go in for the gay and frivolous pleasures and who did not give parties. Recently, Charlie has changed his tactics, and there has been a goodly portion of play interspersed with his work. Recently, he entertained the members of the Pavlova dancing organization in his Hollywood studios. He has also been dancing with Maurice at the famous Coconut Grove in Los Angeles.

While scores of cinema celebrities have been journeying to Europe, Gloria Swanson has been busy in the studios. However, she is shortly to enjoy a vacation which she plans to spend on foreign shores.

The stork is expected to visit the home of Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton sometime in May. Mrs. Keaton is Natalie Talmadge, you know. The event will crown Norma and Constance with the title of aunt. Lucky infant, we'll say.

Anna Q. Nilsson has returned from the foreign shores, where she has spent the last several months. She will go to Hollywood, where she will appear in one of the special productions being made at the Lasky studios. While abroad, Miss Nilsson spent a considerable time with her parents in Sweden.

There have been all sorts of rumors as to who would direct Mary Pickford in her revival of "Tess of the

Storm Country." Now an announcement comes from Miss Pickford stating that John Robertson will accept the directorial responsibilities.

The new Harold Lloyd comedy will be known as "Grandma's Boy."

Estelle Taylor has been chosen by the Fox Company to play the vampire rôle in "A Fool There Was," which was originally played by Theda Bara. Apparently, the vampire vogue is returning—

There is a comedian who calls himself Charles Aplin and who dresses similar to Chaplin on the screen. The original Charlie has brought suit against him. You can hardly blame him.

Everyone who has read the Kathleen Norris' "Sisters" will be interested in seeing the Albert Capellani production, based on the novel in which Seena Owen, Gladys Leslie and Matt Moore are featured.

Ethel Barrymore, the fond mother of three children, was recently filling a theatrical engagement in Los Angeles, and she expressed a desire to meet Jackie Coogan.

"Are you the only child, Jackie," asked Miss Barrymore.

Jackie stepped forward.

"I'm all there is—there isn't any more," he declared.

Pauline Frederick has signed a long-term contract with A. H. Woods, the theatrical manager. She will appear in

the first play in London before making her New York appearance.

"Snub" Pollard has joined the benedicts. He married Elizabeth Bowen, a non-professional girl. This

(Continued on page 104)



If all between-scene conferences were as pleasant as the one above, it would take infinitely longer to film productions. The gentlemen, in case you fail to recognize them, are Rex Ingram and Louis Stone. The occasion is the filming of "The Prisoner of Zenda"



Powder will stay on for hours with the right vanishing cream as a base

A cream that really holds the powder

It will not reappear in a shine

HOW many times, especially in summer, you have wished your nose would not get shiny and that the powder would stay on.

You need never permit this shine. The way to make powder stay on is to provide a base for it to cling to. Powder put directly on the skin catches on little rough places and then flecks off leaving your face as shiny as if it had never been powdered. These little rough places may not be apparent but they prevent the powder from going on smoothly.

The ideal powder base is absorbed instantly, giving your skin a velvety surface to which the powder will hold. Try Pond's *Vanishing Cream* for this. Smooth on a little. Now powder. The powder will go on smoothly and evenly, giving your skin a lovely transparent tone. You need not worry about your face getting shiny—the cream cannot reappear because it contains no oil. And the powder will stay on for hours.

More than that, Pond's *Vanishing Cream* is the best possible protection against exposure to sun and wind. Always smooth it on before you go out. It is made of

ingredients famous for their soothing effect. You will notice, the moment you apply it to your cheeks, what a freshened feeling it gives you.

A very different cream just as necessary

No one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils you need for cleansing and stimulating the skin.

FOR cleansing a different cream—Pond's *Cold Cream*—must be used. It contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, and to lubricate the skin.

Every night and whenever you come in from a dusty railroad or automobile trip, smooth this delicate oil cream into your face. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth.

Use both these creams every day. Both are too delicate to clog the pores. They cannot promote the growth of hair. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

SOCRATES.—So you are a thinker, and hence like this department. Thinking is a good habit to get into, but right thinking is a better habit. As Dow says, "We cannot prevent our thoughts coming any more than we can keep birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep birds from building nests in our hair." Thinking is easy, but to prevent bad thoughts camping out in our cerebrums—that is bad. We don't hear much of Earle Williams nowadays.

G. T. R., New York.—As I remember it, Alice Brady first appeared on the stage in "The Balkan Princess." Your letters are always of interest. Keep up the good work.

KATY AND JOE.—For the benefit of all who ask—Rodolph Valentino was born in Italy. He was married to Jean Aker, but they have separated. You can address him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. *Selah!*

POETIC ROSE.—You say, "Prithee, tell me, O thou of the milky-white curtains, will I e're a poet be?" I reserve decision after reading, "If thy spotlessly white chin-warmer weighs two pounds, what does Broadweigh (Broadway)." Give'r her gas. I'll be waiting for you.

BLUE EYES.—Giddap, Cicero! You've got the right idea. Charlie Ray is playing in a Western comedy called "The Deuce of Spades." After "Trouble," Jackie Coogan will play in "Oliver Twist." Yes, and he is one of my favorites.

MARGARET.—Of course, our opinions differ. I rather thought "The Four Horsemen" was Valentino's best picture, and then "Camille" in preference to "The Sheik." He will be quite picturesque in "Blood and Sand," in which he plays the part of the bull-fighter. Ruth Patsy Miller is playing opposite Tom Mix, instead of Eva Novak. You're very welcome. Come again.

GRACE B.—You say I was throwing bouquets last month at my readers. I was only saying it with flowers. So you fell in love with the Bushmans, whom you saw personally recently. Yes, we are all hoping for them to return to pictures. Octavia Handworth is not appearing in pictures at present. She played in Elsie Ferguson's "Footlights" and in "Love's Redemption," by Eugene V. Brewster.

TED.—Well, I don't do as the Turk does. When a Turk combs his beard, he spreads a cloth to catch any hairs that fall. These are carefully collected, and when sufficient have been accumulated, they are wrapped up and taken as an offering to the dead. Now, I ask you, what does a—oh, what's the use? Yes, Anita Stewart and Dorothy Phillips have bobbed their hair. Next, I'll be bobbing my whiskers. No, it's too late; I'd never look like a *finale*-hopper.

EDDIE W.—So you don't think I am over eighty. Not much. Perhaps you forget that the players are kept busy studying their parts, purchasing their wardrobe, etc., etc., and they certainly have very little time to answer letters personally. Alice Calhoun is playing in "Locked Out."

JIMMIE L.—Your ambition is commendable. Napoleon says, "Great ambition is the passion of a great character. He who is endowed with it may perform very great or very bad things; all depends upon the principles which direct him." So you think Glenn Hunter is handsome. I also heard that Lillian Gish was going to marry, but the report has not yet been confirmed.

MRS. W. P. DE.—Always glad to hear from the mamas. There are very, very few companies buying stories these days. Most companies are purchasing stage plays, novels, etc. Bryant Washburn is playing in Katherine MacDonald's "The Woman Conquers." June Elvidge is also in the cast. Come in again.

C. C. B.—You look like an Australian Romeo. Katherine MacDonald is of Scotch descent; born in America. No, Blanche Sweet is not married. Why, Martha Groves McKelvie is in Nebraska, you know. Her husband is Governor of Nebraska. Thanks for the picture.

LULA W. W., Cincinnati.—Again, I wish you luck. So you are rooting for Claire Windsor. Keep it up! No, your description of me is all wrong. I'm not like that. Let me hear from you soon again.

CANADIAN BOY.—No, I have never seen a blue rose. A French scientist spent forty-five years and a fortune of nearly fifty thousand dollars in an attempt to produce a blue rose. Dorothy Dalton's "The Cat That Walked Alone" has been changed to "The Woman Who Walked Alone." Some people would say, "What's the difference?" I don't recommend any.

YRGGYNYA.—You want to know if your J. Warren Kerrigan will ever return. Sure; they all come back. Even the cat came back. Well, now, that's rather a starchy question: "Does Rodolph Valentino eat spaghetti?" I consider the matter so important that I will wire him at once. Try and be patient till you hear the real truth. Run in again.

CUTEY R. R. C.—*Quien sabe?* Never heard of the concern. Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Wanda Hawley, in "Nice People." It's a good story, too.

EDWIN Z.—Well, well; thanks for the picture. At last, I know what you look like. Yes, but I think I understand you. So you didn't care so much for "Dr. Caligari," but you did like "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." I haven't seen the latter as yet. Better send me the date and month you were born.

FLORENCE.—So this is your *coup d'essai*. No, indeed, Jackie Coogan does not smoke. He has a very watchful mother. So you don't fancy Douglas Fairbanks' mustache. Mary must like it, or he wouldn't have it. Yes, Jackie Coogan is going to do "Oliver Twist," which will probably be filmed in Europe. You're welcome. Come again.

ESTELLE.—That was quite a little letter. No, the Costello children are not playing now. I saw them recently, and they have grown to be young ladies. Eric von Stroheim has signed with Universal again, and will start a new production very soon. Yes, "Foolish Wives" was wonderfully done; beautiful photography

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Gentlemen:

Six of our most popular designs in gingham were tested with Lux. Each design was given the average number of launderings for a tub dress.

The chief charm of a gingham, to most women, is its coloring. We were, therefore, much pleased to see how the various designs kept their colors. Even at the end of the launderings, the fading was slight. In some designs, six or eight colors were used, but in no case did the colors run into each other.

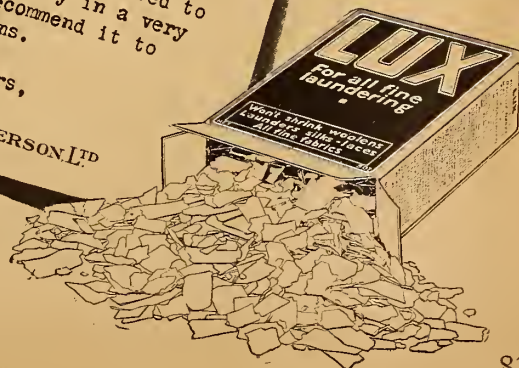
This is a real testimonial for Lux, as a harsh soap and rubbing would undoubtedly have faded and streaked the colors. The results of the tests with Lux have proved to us its entire mildness and purity in a very conclusive way. We shall recommend it to the women who buy our gingham.

Very truly yours,

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON, LTD.



LUX



and art prevailed thruout the picture. But is it the kind of picture that will help conditions? We will talk it over some time.

SCOTTY.—You want to know if a May bride is unlucky. Yes, if she marries a man without an earning capacity. The other unlucky months are June, October, July, January, August, February, September, March, April and December. Mabel Ballin is playing in "Other Women's Clothes." Sounds odd, but I happen to know that the clothes she wears are her own. Wallace Reid has light hair and blue eyes. Robert Ellis played in "Ladies Must Live."

PAULINE FREDERICK FAN.—You want to know: How many automobiles in this country? One to every fourteen persons; but a Ford is the only car we ever see with fourteen persons in it. Kathlyn Williams is married to Charles Eyton, and they recently lost their sixteen-year-old son. Yes, Pauline Frederick is playing in "The Glory of Clementina."

CHERRY.—Well, now you just get that out of your little head. I am an old, bald-headed, bewhiskered, shiny-faced old man, and I live all by myself. You bet, my whiskers were used as a muffler this winter, and I didn't look like a cake-eater, either. Speaking of barbers: they could pull off a barbers' strike in Russia and nobody would ever find it out. Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and Larry Semon seem to head the list. Run in again some time.

L. P.—Dont run down dyed hair and painted faces. There is an extraordinary charm in them sometimes. Read BEAUTY and learn all about it. Nazimova is out West at this writing. Glad you like our covers. That's right, you just tell us what you like and what you dont like; we're here to please you.

INQUISITIVE.—We are just as anxious as anybody to clean up the movies, but we must begin cleaning up literature. The appreciation of literature is a question of temperament, not of teaching. As Oscar Wilde says, "The books that the world calls immoral are books that show the world its own shame." T. Roy Barnes played in "The Red Canary," and in "See My Lawyer" on the stage. Guy Empey, in "Over the Top." Always glad to hear from you. Run in again.

A. Mc.—You're too far from me. Here is a bit of our American slang: Flattery, apple sauce; old fellow, old flicker; a drink, a ball; policeman's nightstick, nut-cracker; the gate, the raspberry; an unsophisticated, an oil can. I'm sure you dont hear this in Australia. Conway Tearle is playing in "Love's Masquerade." Corliss Palmer has not yet started on her next picture. She's too busy with her writing, cosmetics, etc., etc.

CLARA J. D.—You say, "The man who marries once is an idealist; the man who marries twice is an optimist, or a fatalist; but the man who marries three times is a 'glutton' for punishment." What's a man who never marries—a coward? Richard Barthelmess is twenty-eight, and he is married to Mary Hay. She is playing in "Marjolaine," a musical comedy on Broadway.

MILDRED.—Nazimova has been in this country about fifteen years. She played in "War Brides" on the stage. She just finished "Salome." Oh, yes; Earle Williams and Francelia Billington are playing in "Playing Dead," a Richard Harding Davis story. Douglas Fairbanks in "The Spirit of Chivalry," next.

CHERE.—Your letter was a *chef d'œuvre*. I hope you have fully recovered. So you want to see more of Rodolph Valentino. No, Mount Vernon was built by Lawrence Washington, elder brother of George Washington, who named the estate in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the British Navy. Always here.

ODETTE.—*Cela est bon*; you want an interview with Herb Howe. I shall tell Adele Fletcher.

MAGGIE.—There are very few companies buying scripts these days. As a matter of fact, very few companies are producing. A great many players are not playing. A great many second-hand cars are for sale.

MILDRED L.—Giddap, Cicero! You say you are a young writer, full of imagination, and you

want to come to New York. You want to leave your imagination at home; you wont need it. George Persons was Loot in "Shanghai Is the Way," and J. Frank Glendon was Jack. Let me hear how you make out.

DWYER.—Yes, I read about the Kaiser going to marry. One wife and one war doesn't seem to be enough for him. Rodolph Valentino and Mae Murray played in "The Big Little Person" and "Delicious Little Devil."

KATHERINE J.—Geography class has begun. Borneo is an island in the East Indies. Seattle is to have a school of criminology, the first, it is said, in America. Keep the change. Not by a long shot; Dolores Cassinelli is to have her own company, and she will play in "The Challenge." She is a busy lady. That little girl was not in the cast. Sorry.

EVELYN M.—You will have to write to Florenz Ziegfeld, New Amsterdam Theater Building, New York City.

DAN.—Your verse is wonderful—

"Oh, spring is drawing nigh, the winter almost gone,
And soon the shivering girls their summer furs will don."

Why, Shirley Mason is playing in "Cinderella With a Difference." Allan Forrest, opposite her.

IMA FATTY.—Ever try going without anything to eat but orange juice for a week? Try it; it's lots of fun. I'm doing it. Yes, Eileen Ray was one of the winners in our 1920 Contest. Lila Lee, instead of May McAvoy, is to play in "Blood and Sand," opposite Rodolph Valentino. Zena Keefe, in "Love and the Law," an Oliver Curwood story.

JUST ONCE.—Yes, Lenore Ulric used to play for Essanay many years ago. You wouldn't know her now. You say you would like to be a designer and design Betty Blythe's clothes. Why dont you try it? Do I approve of the bobbed hair, cigaret smoking, rolled socks, etc., girls of today? As flappers, they are probably all right, but as wives and mothers—they'll never do.

MELA.—I shall have to forgive you. As Napoleon said: "Is there anyone who has not, at some given moment, recognized in himself a hive of contradictions between his word and his deed, his will and his work, his life and his principles?" Consistency, thou art a rare and impossible jewel. Thomas Holding, opposite Carmel Myers, in "In Folly's Trail."

LOUISE.—Moderation is a citizen's first virtue. Eddie Polo is to make six serials for the Eddie Polo Corporation, the first to be "Captain Kidd." That was Gloria Swanson in "The Affairs of Anatol."

JEANE G.—Come, Jeane, cheer up; dont be a fault-finder. Some would find fault with the morning-red, if they ever got up early enough. The fault-finder will find faults even in Paradise. Ralph Graves is playing in "Come on Over" now. Mary Anderson is playing in "Bluebeard, Jr.," for American. Doris Kenyon is playing in "On the Ladder," on the stage in New York. Constance Talmadge, in "East Is West." Do write your old Answer Man again.

SALOME.—Back to geography again? All right: The largest body of fresh water in the world is Lake Superior, it being four hundred miles long and one hundred and eighty miles wide, and its area in square miles is 32,000, which is greater than the whole of New England, leaving out Maine. "Over the Border" was taken in Truckee, Calif. The play is from Gilbert Parker's "She of the Triple Chevron." What, going so soon? Well, good-bye; call again.

HARRY J. C.—Elsie Ferguson is not playing now. Yes, there are German serials. "The Mystery of the World" is the first to be shown in this country. Virginia Fox doesn't tell her age.

MRS. K. B. L.—Well, I'm with you when it comes to laughing, and, besides, it aids digestion. In breathing, the diaphragm moves the stomach up and down, and the deeper we breathe or the harder we laugh, the quicker our food is digested. Oh, yes; Henry B. Walthall and Elinor Faire, in "One Clear Call." Joseph Dowling is also in the cast. Evart Overton was the son.

(Continued on page 111)



EDITH ROBERTS, Popular Film Star,
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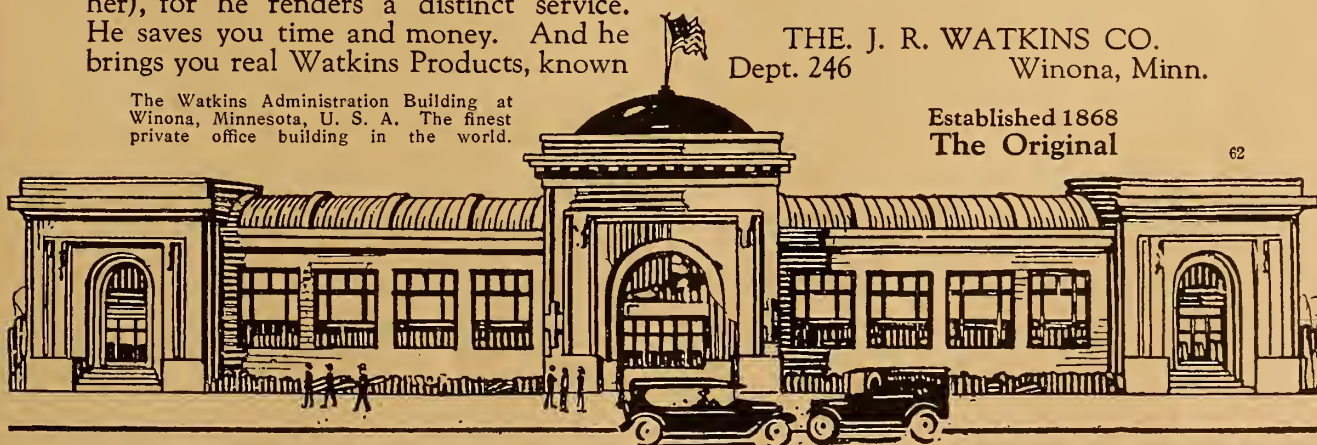
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Confessions of a Bachelor

(Continued from page 39)

He greeted me in true Spanish fashion. "How's your health? Meet every member of the company and sit down—be comfortable." When I explained my mission, he threw both hands in front of his face and motioned me to get away, as if I might have been eating garlic, or something equally offensive. I was persistent, however, and, like our forefathers used to say, I corkscrewed a confession out of him in regard to matrimony and bachelorhood.

He smiled. "You find three bachelors in pictures. How many grass-widows do you find?"

"Several thousand."

"Ah, yes. Grass-widows usually have another pasture in mind when they leave the old one," he mused. "I do not believe that one in this profession can be married and live happily ever after. It is not that marriage conflicts with art, but that art has so molded us that we are not suited to the marriage state. An actor is naturally an egoist, due to the work which he performs. He is continually concentrating on self to bring out what is required for the work at hand."

There was a pause. He shoved his hands down forcefully in his trousers pockets and sighed despairingly. I asked him if he was ever lonely. A smile broke on his face, as if I had asked rather an amusing question.

"Oh, yes; that is the only disadvantage of being a bachelor. I do get lonely, but I'd hate to give up any of my independence. It is hard to find the type of girl suitable for a wife in this country. They are all so frivolous. A man must get a maid, a car, and buy his wife a new dress every day, when he takes on the matrimonial yoke. They are not companions to us. They are nothing but luxuries. Useless luxuries to be toted about on Sundays and Saturday nights, like our gold-headed canes."

His hands twitched in his pockets. He was evidently restraining them from coming forth to accentuate his speech. His eyes snapped. Finally he exploded. "If I ever get married, you'll know that my good reason has left me, and I am ready for the padded cell."

I explained that not so very long ago Bill Hart said the same thing. I then assured him that they all fall sooner or later. He admitted that he was not impregnable.

"I prefer one of the foreign women—either French or Spanish. They are real companions to a man—willing to help him in his work in the way that a woman should help. They will make a home for him. Man is naturally the one who must go out and forage, and bring home the food and necessities of life, while the wife should make use of these discreetly. Such women will not desert their husbands in case his fortune is reversed, and he loses what little he has saved."

"You have been reading Elinor Glyn's articles," I ventured.

"Yes, I did read them, and all she said was very true, but the acquaintances she made while in this country were entirely with the wealthy class, or the upper crust. I do not believe that there is so much hypocrisy among the people of the lower classes in this country. I do not want to be too hard on the American girl. There are many who would make good wives, but as Elinor Glyn says, we place them all on

a pedestal, and they feel that they should be looked up to. Consequently, they are all looking for the best business opportunities in husbands—one who can place them on the highest pedestal."

One of the cameramen interrupted and asked for a light. Tony provided the necessary match. The cameraman moved on.

"Have you seen my new leading lady? Another blonde," he sighed. "You know, I like to have blondes; they form a contrast with me. But outside of pictures I much prefer a brunette. That is another thing that the bachelor knows—the different types of women. Blondes are so often shallow, uninteresting. They are just Bla—nothing to them. You know what I mean?" His brow puckered as if he was finding it hard to explain. "Brunettes are not so cold. They are usually fiery, full of emotion and exhibit some charm. The type of beauty I would choose would be a big, blue-eyed Spanish girl, with plenty of life."

"Blue eyes!" I exclaimed. "Spanish girl!" The two seemed to be incongruous.

"Yes," he smiled and shook his head knowingly. "You did not know there were blue-eyed Spanish girls, did you? Ah! but there is where you are mistaken. There are beautiful blue-eyed Spanish girls."

I left the lot. Tony Moreno—blue-eyed Spanish girls. Eugene O'Brien—an Irish girl with aquiline nose.

Kid Lardner, you lose this round.

THE MOVIE CENSOR

By MAX LIEF

I'd like to be a movie censor—
No job is better, by and large.
I could not wish a joy immenser
Than seeing movies free of charge!

I'd censor scenes that showed stilettos,
And nasty weapons of that kind.
I'd cut out jails, saloons, and ghettos;
In fact, all places not refined.

And if they showed an actor kissing
His neighbor's wife upon the screen,
Please rest assured that there'd be missing
A most immoral, wicked scene!

Fame would be mine, and crowned with
laurels,
I would be known from coast to coast
As Guardian of the Public Morals,
A title that I like the most.

Not least among my many duties
Is one I'd like to tell about:
I'd see all the bathing beauties
Before I'd cut the bad parts out!

FANTASY

By HELEN S. BROWN

A single silver star in a deep purple night.
Crushed hyacinths—tender, gentle fragrances.

Moonlight—pale, white moonlight.
A slender, quivering, fairy flame.
Exquisite poignancy.
Ethereal loveliness.
Lillian Gish.

Hollywood Girls

(Continued from page 53)

"The same things happen in society that happen among movie people," she said. "The only difference is that some of the girls in pictures are not discreet; some of them are loud, a little common."

We agreed that discretion was the better part of morals.

"But, honestly, don't you like us?" she demanded, fixing me in an optic dazzle. "Really, I mean—don't you think most of the girls are nice——?"

She broke off to wave again at the accusing friend who was departing.

She reminded me of Anita Stewart; her manner of speaking, spontaneous, thoughts and eyes flitting here and there, words coming in quick little rushes, with a rising inflection at the end and an accent unmistakably Manhattan.

As if in psychic touch, she came back with:

"Anita Stewart, for instance. I think she's lovely. Do you know her husband? Raoul does. He likes him very much.

"I've been seeing a lot of Mae Marsh since I came to New York," she rippled on. "Raoul and I want her to join us. But she says Mr. Griffith is going to put her in his next picture. Didn't you like 'Orphans of the Storm'? And Joseph Schildkraut—he looks just like Priscilla Dean. I love Mr. Griffith. Oh, gracious"—she grimaced at some one thru the French window behind me—"there's Roy Aikens. He's threatening to tell my husband that I'm having tea with a strange man." She threatened right back, with a finger on her lips.

Again I hoped the hotel clerk knew enough to keep his mouth shut.

"Yes, I love Mr. Griffith," she continued, this time adding that "Next to my husband, I love him more than any man in the world. He's so generous and sympathetic—so understanding—he knows everything—is always helping people—is so kind to old ladies——"

I thought she was referring to the Dowager-Queen Alexandra and Mrs. Warren Harding, whom he recently called the most beautiful women in the world.

Miss Cooper laughed, proving that she has a sense of humor even where her idol is concerned. She recalled those happy days, when she worked in "The Birth of a Nation," with Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish.

Indeed, Miriam belongs to the leading sorority of the film campus, that set of debs which includes the Talmadges, the Gishes, Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce, Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart. "The Girls," they call themselves. The remarkable thing is that they really are girls, tho I believe two or three of them have attained the ripe old age of twenty-eight. But what matters that, since they have not attained the dignity becoming to rich dowagers. On the contrary, they seem to get a tremendous kick out of a box of chocolates at a matinée, and can so far forget themselves as to go into tittering paroxysms with slight provocation. They have a robust feminine interest in one another's affairs and a fund of enthusiasm that is strikingly naïve.

Miriam was all excited because she believed she had detected Marguerite Clark at a table in the tea-room.

"The girl in the blue tam"—she kept saying excitedly—"the girl in the blue tam. Look! I'm sure that's Marguerite Clark. I'm positive it's Marguerite Clark. Let's



They Fight Film— They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germes breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, nearly

all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

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Every Woman's Depilatory



Hair-free Underarms

WHETHER your costume be athletic or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth. The only common-sense way to remove hair from face and neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to devitalize it. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, alone works on this principle.

Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user. DeMiracle is just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is the quickest, most cleanly and easiest to apply. Simply wet the hair and it is gone.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists and Medical Journals, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. Try DeMiracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00
At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

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New York City

Golden Glint Shampoo

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—a "tiny tint"—that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary. Would you really like to have beautiful hair? Just buy a package of Golden Glint Shampoo. At your dealer's, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI COMPANY, 119 Spring St., Seattle.

turn around and walk past her. Yes, I think that's Marguerite Clark."

For a fan to act so is believable, but for a veteran star—well, you will not believe me, nor would I believe same from you.

Of course, these girls now have the more serious problems of life to face, and they face them bravely. Miss Cooper, for instance, had to make a decision as to whether the Palais Royal or the Club Royal was the best place for dancing.

In all matters she is frank. She admits she adored that novel called "The Sheik," even tho Raoul thought it fearful trash.

"And you'll die when I tell you what I'm reading now—'Desert Love.'" She gave another of those sparkling demi-laughs that's somewhere between a giggle and a gurgle.

Yet, don't think that she's devoid of ideas or of the spirit with which to support them. Once a producer was holding solemn conclave in the projection room, conferring over a film which Raoul Walsh had produced. Miss Cooper, who played the leading rôle, was the only woman present in the sacred session. The producer was ordering ruthless alterations calculated to heighten the sensational character of the story. Not a man said a word. But suddenly the fair Miriam, unable to contain herself longer, arose like a flame and scorched the gentleman with a holy wrath. Everyone present was awestricken, for it was the first time such a thing had been done. When Husband Raoul sought to calm her, she accused him of being spineless!

Miss Cooper laughed when I told her that the anecdote had always pleased me.

And They Live Happily

(Continued from page 37)

dropped the phone. Well, we were together every day during his stay in New York, we saw all the shows, dined, danced and explored the city, which he knows well. We used to take long walks, holding hands, and talked of everything, renewing the sweet old comradeship of New Orleans. It was all very wonderful until he left, then how I hated New York; it had grown drear, dead.

"I was just about to sign a five-year contract with Selznick when I received a wire saying to sign no contract until I received his letter. I thought perhaps he wanted me to play in his next picture, but when the letter came—it was his *proposal*!"

For a few minutes Winifred looked into the fire—smiling.

"I was very, very, *very* happy. I wired my acceptance, all nicely camouflaged, and then started in to get my trousseau. Six days later mother and I started West. We arrived in Los Angeles Monday afternoon and Wednesday evening at six o'clock we were married and went to San Francisco on our honeymoon, tho the real honeymoon will be a trip to New Orleans some day."

We went upstairs presently, and the little bride showed me her lovely trousseau. The wedding gown is an exquisite white chiffon, heavily embroidered in crystal beads, the sash having long fringe.

"Oh, I looked bridi all right," gaily commented Winifred. "I wore a veil, carried a huge bouquet and they threw pounds of rice at us."

She showed me a few of the gifts with which her husband is showering her: a gorgeous platinum and diamond wrist-watch, the engagement ring of two splen-

"Why, I never knew anyone had heard about it," said she. "Oh, I was terrible. And, really, I always liked that producer very much, but I stalked out of that projection room, declaring I'd never play in another one of his pictures."

It seems that the picture was based on an actual criminal occurrence in New York. Miriam did not want to play the part in the first place, but it had been urged upon her with touching pleas. And then to have given it a more lurid aspect than she had anticipated—that was too much. On top of it all, a priest had reproved her for participating.

"I'm a Catholic," she confided. "And this priest, who is very high in the Church, is a wonderful man. I'm very fond of him. In church one Sunday, he said he had always watched the careers of his girls with great interest, and he was always happy to know of their success. But he said he hoped he had not led any one of them to believe it was right to trade on the sorrows of others. Oh, I was so ashamed and angry with myself I almost died!"

Miriam and Raoul Walsh are planning to go to France to make some pictures. When I divulged that I also had European plans, Miriam expressed delight.

"Look us up at Nice," she urged. "Raoul will be working all the time, and I'll want to run around."

One of her omnipresent friends must have shaken a finger at her just then, for she added with sudden patriotism, that she would welcome any American.

If that wouldn't make a man one hundred per cent, he's a Hun.

did diamonds set in platinum, and a stunning long coat of perfectly matched mink skins.

"Best of all," said Mrs. Hart, quietly, "I have the love and tender devotion of the best man in the whole wide world. We're so in love with each other and so happy that it seems almost too beautiful to be true."

The dainty fripperies of the little wife have snuggled into their place among Big Bill's in masculine treasures as if they had always been there.

"Those frivolous make-believe pillows here in this room almost make me laugh," I remarked, pointing to the lacy and be-ribboned boudoir pillows heaped upon the bed.

Winifred giggled. "You should see him carefully lifting them off at night as if he thought they might break, but when I tease him, he pelts me with one, and, presto! there's a pillow fight on."

Winifred doesn't intend retiring from the screen; in fact, she will probably play a part in William Hart's new picture, which he will start soon, and when she does appear again it will be as *Winifred Hart*.

Mr. Hart has expressed this wish, and she says she is very proud to use the name. He believes she should develop a definite screen character, and they have one in mind which suits her perfectly, and would offer an exceptional opportunity for strong stories.

At present her days are full. She discovered that Mr. Hart's favorite instrument is the harp, and having studied it for several years while attending the Dominican convent at San Rafael, across the bay

from her native San Francisco, she is taking it up again, with much enthusiasm. Her own harp will arrive within the week, and each day she takes a lesson from a famous harpist.

We walked in the garden and gathered pansies and breath-of-heaven, and she told me of their plans for a fountain here, a rose garden there, and a tea house against the north wall. The Wallace Reids are their neighbors to the east, the William Desmonds live across the street, where little Joan watches for the daily visit from her Daddy Hart, the two being devoted sweethearts.

"She's adorable," said Winifred. "We both love children, and mean to have a large family," and before I left she shared their sweetest secret. The stork will page the William Harts in the early autumn!

Human Stuff

(Continued from page 45)

main points were that she was going to do only four pictures a year and that her first picture would be a costume affair, to be made, so far as she knew then, in the East, probably in Florida. No, she was not deserting Hollywood. She would come back when she had effected permanent arrangements.

"The thing is," she said, "that I have come to the point in my career where, so far as money is concerned, I have no further need to go on. I may not be rich. One of the motion picture magazines in a pretended exposé of what the stars do with their money, declared that I was not, and made the astonishing statement in addition that I maintained a lavish home, not because I could afford to, but because I had to to keep up my position! No, perhaps I am not rich, but I am exceptionally comfortable, so comfortable that I shall do no more pictures unless they are to be big pictures. Art is what I am going to turn to now, not money. I am tired of turning out pictures to pattern, like so many suits."

Anita, then, is reaching out her slim hands toward the ultimate. Hers is like a voice in the wilderness. She wants to do something now that will fill the evident desires of the people; desires which she believes demand a vastly higher grade of pictures than have been the rule heretofore. People used to go to pictures just because they were pictures. They didn't pause to question the relative merits of the players and the producing companies and the directors, as they do today. Now, they have ceased to accept. And at the first criticism, the movies have rocked like a house of cards. But I think that stabilization is rapidly being accomplished, that in a few months there will come a boom.

Certainly, she is going to add her weight to the cause, and, tho in arms, I imagine the weight is just precisely what it should be, in pictures, and the picture-world it is staggering.

Sanity, sanity. That is the basis of the Stewart success; sanity and the belief that nothing is gained that is not worked for.

"But do come around when my husband is not here," said Anita, giving me her hand. "I have never heard him talk so much."

"No," said Rudolph, in his best just-you-wait manner, handing me into the big maroon town-car.

At one window, Anita; at the other, Rudolph. I beamed at each and was whirled off.



"And I thought above all things, my skin was clean!"

Occlusia—Banished now, in sixty minutes!

Discovery of a Skin Physic Gives Adults the Clear, Clean Complexion of a Child

SIXTY women in 100 have occlusia (occluded or clogged skin pores). People of scrupulous bodily cleanliness with facial pores swollen with waste matter. Not a pleasant condition to contemplate! Thanks to science it need no longer be tolerated. An element that purges every pore it touches has been found. An English scientist, M. J. McGowan, discovered it.

A magnified view of the human skin before and after a thorough movement of the pores would cause any dainty woman to write this specialist posthaste. If you saw just one of the fifty or more demonstrations I witnessed, you would realize the folly of any effort towards smooth skin texture and colorful complexion without first attending to this thorough cleansing underneath. It all happens in an hour. The newly-found skin laxative acts swiftly. The scientific term for it is Terradermalax. Its action is almost immediate; evacuation of every tiny opening in the skin structure is complete. Indescribable Impurities are expelled—all matters—soft or hard—is passed by the pores. Skin is left relieved, relaxed, and glowing pink. The resultant natural color lasts for days.

Any skin specialist will tell you why every youngster's skin is downy-soft and fair—the pores do not become irregular except with years. Occlusia rarely sets in until one is of age. In other words, complexion at 50 can be as perfect as it was at 16 or 18 now that an unfailing aid to evacuation of pores is known.

Another important result from Terradermalax; it makes powdering per-

fectly harmless. The fine particles which work down into delicate facial pores are carried away with the rest.

Terradermalax is compounded in a clay of exquisite smoothness. Spreading it starts laxation. Put it on face and neck—in a short hour wipe off—and behold a skin and complexion *transformed*. Clear and colorful to the eye; clean and wholesome beneath. Not a trace of occlusia remains not a black-head, pimple, or other unclean accumulation. I have seen positive proof of this at the laboratory where McGowan made his amazing discovery.

Stores cannot handle Terradermalax because the active ingredient is of limited life. The laboratory supplies enough for two months, shipped the day compounded, the label dated. The laboratory fee is only \$2.50, paid on delivery. Or, if you expect to be out when postman calls, you may send \$2.50 with order. Either way, you may have this small fee back if not delighted and astonished with results. Use the handy form printed here:

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(Write your name very plainly on this line)

(Complete mail address here or in margin)



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C. & K. Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. M, New Haven, Ct.

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Maybelline Co., 4750-54 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Criticisms regarding "The Affairs of Anatol."

DEAR EDITOR: I have viewed the wonderful "Affairs of Anatol," and as we, the public, are the critics, I have found space for my criticism in the above mentioned drama.

1. The stupidity of Wallace Reid.
2. The silliness of Bebe Daniels.
3. Wanda Hawley and frivolity.
4. All summed together—a very uninteresting and disgusting picture.

If Wallace Reid proved to be as stupid in all of his pictures as in this one, he would find himself at the bottom of the list of "the most popular stars."

In this same picture, Agnes Ayres jumped from a bridge, trying to commit suicide. She was coming up out of the water the second time when Anatol and his wife rescued her. They rowed to shore and tried first aid, which neither of them knew. In a few minutes, Mrs. Anatol saw the drowned "mermaid" fixing her hair.

Anyone not knowing how to swim, as in the victim's case, cannot dive from a bridge, flounder around, be rescued, and be able to fix her hair without more efficient aid than Anatol and his wife gave.

In friendly criticism, F. E.,
South Dakota.

Anent "Peter Ibbetson."

DEAR SIR: Why is it that all the screen reviewers insist that Peter Ibbetson was an ethereal and poetic character? Haven't any of them read the book? Of course, it may be they only know the stage version, and, while John Barrymore was wonderful as Peter, his delicate physique made it rather necessary to stress the spiritual aspect of the rôle. But DuMaurier's Peter was a particularly healthy and athletic young Englishman, unhappy because of unfortunate external conditions, but essentially with "the tastes of an every-day young man at that particular period—one much given to cold tubs and athletics, light reading and cheap tobacco, and endowed with the usual discontent—the last person for whom or from whom or by whom to expect anything out of the common." It seemed to me that he emphasized Peter's physical qualities, since he thereby made his wonderful dream-life the more remarkable.

F. C. K.,
Washington, D. C.

With praise for "The Three Musketeers," and deploring the screen's "Liliom."

DEAR EDITOR: May I add my small mete of approbation to the latest Fairbanks picture, "The Three Musketeers"? I thought it superb. Seems to me that these favorite French tales of mine bear their telling thru the medium of the screen right nobly. Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet," in its pictured form, "The Conquering Power," was more than a joy. Dumas's story is a delight to behold, and it is with suppressed eagerness that I await the release of the much-heralded "Duchess de Langeais," in which Miss Talmadge is to have the title rôle.

With the exception of a few trifling changes, which Fairbanks made in the picture, undoubtedly, to satisfy the censors

(wretches), it might have been Dumas's book which was being unfolded before the eyes of the enraptured spectator.

The choice of Thomas Holding to portray the part of the much-enamored Duke of Buckingham, was a happy one and is to be commended. Holding has a most interesting and sensitive face, and I enjoy seeing him on the screen, indeed.

I did so enjoy "Theodora"! I think the beautiful Rita Jolivet superb! What a picture that was! What rapture one's only too-starved sense of beauty felt at the sight of the gardens, the walks, the statuary, of beautiful, wonderful Italy.

I rather liked "The Sheik." Agnes Ayres is always interesting, and Rodolph! *Eh, bien, monsieur*, he is—oh, you know; you've seen him.

Years and years ago, when I was about sixteen, I vowed, after seeing William Faversham in person, that never again would I rave over a matinée idol. But Rodolph throws all my vows to the winds. He is so different! The scoffers tell me that his eyes are sensuous, that his forehead does not show an overabundance of intelligence, etc. But still we girls rave, and rave. I think his air of being a habitue of very very places, his manner of using his eyes is fatal among the feminine.

Most all the films I saw lately were good, and I have only one grievance. That is the caricature that Metro made of "Liliom." Oh, ignominy! "Liliom," with Schildkraut was sublime, with Lytell ridiculous! All the delicate, half-whimsy, half-cynical point of view so deftly handled by Mr. Geer on the stage, was lost under the clumsy fingers of the Metro director. For pity's sake, I beg of the producers, barring a few, to let perfect things alone. They endeavor to paint the lily, and create—a cowslip! Le Gallienne was so wonderful as Julie, and they entrusted her rôle to a veritable bathing beauty! Horrors!

What has happened, pray, to the incomparable Betty Blythe? This beautiful young woman hasn't had a thing to comment about since "Sheba." What a superb Theodora she would have made; but perhaps someone may yet give her a Delilah rôle to Fritz Lieber's Samson. I'll warrant I'd be there, 'way down front, on the opening night.

Could you do anything about it, Mam'selle Editor?

Consider me, as ever cordially yours, for better motion pictures.

JULE D. STOLZ,
409 Murphy Pl., West New York, N. J.

Praise for Lillian Gish, Alice Calhoun and Richard Dix.

DEAR EDITOR: So many people write to you, giving their opinions on movie matters, that I thought that I would do the same.

In the first place, I want to praise Lillian Gish for her marvelous acting. I saw "Orphans of the Storm," and I think that her acting was immense. She improves with every picture, and her technique is well-nigh perfect. I believe that she should be starred, but only in pictures that have strong dramatic themes. I would rather

(Continued on page 116)

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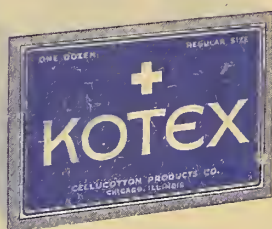
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INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

With a Dash of Green

(Continued from page 41)

becoming-flapper mad—male and female,” I returned, taking a seat at the other end of the big divan. A large box of chocolates was between us. No interview these days is complete without a divan, a chaise longue or a box of chocolates. “And it is hinted in movie circles that the flapper on the screen is getting a little on the nerves of the critics. The old-fashioned girl is coming back, they say.”

“That’s good!” ejaculated Colleen, with some satisfaction. “I don’t get very flappy parts in the pictures, and my success depends on the kind of parts I play. I’ve left the flapping to other and more successful flappers.”

The glow of the fire played a soft tattoo on the creamy pink and whiteness of her cheeks, and hide and seek in the mass of her red-brown hair. Her large eyes go into pensive moods. That is the only indication of the passing years. When first we met, on the occasion of her earlier interview, she was too volatile, too young to be pensive. But she still dreams dreams—and plays with paper dolls.

Colleen comes by her brogue naturally. Her grandmother, one of the very dearest little Mrs. Kellys in the world, came over on whatever was the Irish equivalent for the *Mayflower*, and so when D. W. Griffith, who has the distinction of discovering Colleen for the movies, changed her name from Kathleen to Colleen he did not choose amiss. In keeping with her descent, she has created a green aura about her which rivals that of Micky Neilan. As a matter of fact, I think Micky put her up to it. At present she owns a little Irish terrier called Mike, with a green collar and a green leash. Her personal notepaper is monogrammed in green and the shamrock is her coat-of-arms. For a time there was much rivalry between Mr. Neilan, who directed her with John Barrymore in “The Lotus Eater,” and Colleen, to see who could have the greenest aura. Colleen admits she nearly had the colic when she found out one morning that Micky had painted his town car entirely and brightly green. It was at that time she retaliated by adopting the shamrock for her battle flag, and gave the Neilan a terrible setback.

“What are you doing now,” I asked; “plumping up or thinning down?” Whenever we have met, on recent dates, Colleen is always in the throes of just getting fat for a part, or conscientiously losing ten or fifteen pounds. She hovers about the century mark.

“Let me see—oh, I know; I’m staying just as I am, now. My next picture is with Rupert Hughes, and I have to play a rough little French girl, who becomes a great toe dancer. So I can’t be very thin, nor very fat. Fatter than thinner, if anything!”

And Colleen has been assiduously studying toe dancing under Theodore Kosloff. She will, as likely as not, at the most unexpected moments, right in the middle of a fox-trot, go soaring toward and leave her partner to follow as best he may. That is one thing about Colleen, since we are telling all the family secrets. She doesn’t do things by halves. If she is to play the part of a toe dancer, then a toe dancer she becomes, tho she breaks every bone in her foot. Perhaps the director will insist on having a double for her—it doesn’t deter Colleen from getting into the part. I’ve seen her worry fifteen pounds off her frame in eight days! And put as much back on in another eight.

She is a very intense young person. Like all very intense young people, she lives for her art—and occasionally spells it with a capital A.

In writing of Colleen, one feels urged to page the dictionary for superlatives. Along with her green aura, she has achieved another—of perfection. She is the sort of girl one would choose to have always about the house. And, speaking of such things, I discovered an inner indication that she has grown up a bit in the last four years. She has deducted some rather mature matrimonial deductions. For instance, she states that when she marries she is going to quit the screen. But not for three or four years yet. She does not believe that the screen and marriage mix. One is oil, she claims, and one is water; but she won’t say which is which.

Colleen is bird-like, and I think she was kissed by the pixies at birth. To put her on paper is like catching a bit of thistle-down between your thumb and forefinger as it floats on a summer breeze. Physically she is not elfin, but her personality is a thing apart from her body. I have known quite large girls to have pixie souls, and, altho Colleen is not large, she is certainly not tiny. But she prefers tall men, and so you may judge for yourself.

She is impulsive. At a moment in our conversation I remarked that makers of candy put letters on the top of chocolates so little girls could tell what kind of goo was inside. I pointed out the letters on the chocolates in her box.

“O-o-o!” she chirped. “I’m going to see!” And immediately she bit into half a dozen bon-bons to see if what I said were true. It was an impulse, and she would have ruined an entire box of expensive candy to satisfy it.

Just then Mike entered. Mike, you know, is the dog. He came in with a rush, dragging his green leash behind him, and planted a grimy pair of paws first on Colleen and then on me.

“He’s pedigreed,” volunteered his mistress, “and if you mention him, please say that his entire name is ‘Milbrae Mike, II.’”

She knew that interviewers usually can’t get along without mentioning a dog, if there is one about the house. She was right. I have to mention him, and give him full credit for the pedigree. If he ever chews up that green leash, he’ll get more mention, but it will be in Heaven, where little doggies go if they’re good. Mike nipped a couple of chocolates in passing, and burst out of the room as he had burst in. It was time I left, too. The fire had burned low, and even old friends can’t impose, even when interviewing. Perhaps—some other day—who knows?

AN ODE TO OWEN

By REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

‘Tother day when I was mowin’,
Sal, my wife, came out the door
An’ she called, “Come on, we’re goin’
To the movies, for they’re showin’
Quite a fillum featurin’ Owen—
Owen Moore.”

Well, I went—and now I’m blowin’
Dimes and nickles by the score!
Tho my debts are daily growin’
I just keep the money flowin’
And comes back from seein’ Owen—
Owin’ more!



Betty Blythe, radiant star of “The Queen of Sheba,” keeps her underarms daintily smooth and her skin like living satin with Neet, velvety and fragrant cream hair-remover. She says she likes it “best of all” because it requires no mussy mixing and is so swift and soothing to utterly banish every trace of annoying hair-growth. Neet is delightful too because, by freeing the underarm of hair, it thus healthily reduces the distressing arm pit perspiration chiefly due to hair-growth there. Comes all ready to use; never fails; wonderful in its charm-giving effect. Regular size 50c, 60c in Canada, at all drug and department stores, or if you wish first to prove its wonderful results, send 20c for a liberal trial size to Hannibal Pharmacal Co., 625 Olive St., St. Louis.

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Mary . . .

(Continued from page 23)

that, how fleeting and futile life must always be.

"But there is always something—there is the bright gold of the first crocus and there is the scarlet of the autumn leaves."

"You think, then," we said, "that happiness lies in little things?"

And while we said it we remembered the wise man who said we were prone to call great things little—and little things great.

Mary Pickford nodded her head.

"I am much happier now than when I was poor. I hated being poor. Everyone does. We are, all of us, children, and we love to ride in a beautiful automobile. Trouble teaches us things, and is necessary in our lives. It is part of the great pattern. It was the responsibility I felt when my father died and I was only a little girl, but, nevertheless, oldest of the family, which helped me above everything else."

We heard Mrs. Pickford's voice in another room, as she entered the Fairbanks' suite.

"Goodness, what a smoke that fire makes," she was saying to someone. "I could smell it in a rose Mary sent to me."

Then the door closed.

There had been talk of Mary's playing sophisticated rôles. We asked her about it.

She shook her head.

And the sunshine caught the gold of her hair and made it an aureole above her lovely pale face.

"There are plenty of other actresses to play those rôles," she said. "I would rather give childhood—it is always lovely—like the springtime. Perhaps in the very last picture I make I'll do something different. Perhaps! If I find a story which I feel will help girls who have made a mistake because they were weak—or because they knew a great emotion! If I find such a story, it is likely that I will use it as my last picture."

"It might teach ten girls in the whole world that one mistake doesn't mean there is nothing left for them but repetition. That, in itself, would make it infinitely worth while."

"When you return to California, what then?"

"First of all, there is Jack. I am going to get him started on his first picture. Then I'm going to do 'Tess of the Storm Country' over again."

At this time, Douglas Fairbanks returned with the great dog he had taken for a walk. The dog barked loudly and rushed at Mary. She laughed at him, and stroked his poised head with her hand. In the action we saw the essence of ministry. Her hands are pale and delicately sensitive.

Lawyers came in with the legal papers Mary wished to look over.

We made our adieus—

When life bears in upon us, we will remember Mary Pickford as we saw her on that spring day—the woman in whom there is much of the girl, and the girl in whom there is so very much of the woman—seeking her happiness in the gold of the first crocus and the scarlet of the autumn leaf.

What infinite wisdom!

We will remember her stopping in the rush of her brimming days to send her mother a rose—

We will remember her with the sun making an aureole of the gold of her hair—

Mary—

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks;" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

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Fair Lady

(Continued from page 31)

waiting a long time—for what?" And then something answered me, "For justification"—and I came back at myself. "But how can you give him justification?" And I answered myself, "You, and you only, are able . . ." Still visionary, you see, Louisa, despite my deep draught of—deeds.

He told me a little of himself. He is wealthy, but he does not stop there. For, apart from charities and one thing and another, he has been called upon to assist in suppressing the foreign lawlessness existent in the city. Of which, Louisa, my poor, foolish Sicilians are, at least, the leaders. We talked at great length about foreign elements and their menaces, and how best to handle them, and I found him a most charming, informed and informative companion. I think he found me—not entirely stupid.

I shall write you more very, very soon.

M

New Orleans, La., a month later.

DEAREST LOUISA: So much has happened that this will doubtless sound like the front page of a daily paper. But it has happened, and it is over, and now I dare to write you what I have been silent about for the past month.

How things *do* develop, once they are germinated! Well, after my first talk with Norvin Blake, I had a second and a third. I knew that he knew my actual identity—and he knew that I knew, if you can follow me. But I maintained a reticence on the subject, and he, delicately, respected that reserve. We talked abstractly of ourselves and concretely of urban matters. Between us, there arose an understanding that I should endeavor to find, if I could, the tangible clue to the criminals, beginning, immediately after our talk, to operate with absolutely no respect for life or limb. The Chief of Police was assassinated in cold blood. Murders and assaults were taking place all over the foreign section of the city. I spent my nights staunching bad blood and my days keeping my weary eyes awake and my ears open. I agreed with Norvin Blake that to shield one's fellow men was not the thing to do when bad blood was in sway.

Finally, I suspected Gian Narcone, a laborer of the most tremendous girth and the most crafty eyes. I thought, somehow or other, that I had seen the man before. Perhaps in Sicily. Under malicious circumstances. But I could not be sure. I communicated my suspicions to the Acting Chief, signing my messages "One Who Knows." My life and my services would have been in dire jeopardy if the Sicilians had suspected me for one moment.

Finally, I was able to bring about a meeting between Gian Narcone and Norvin Blake. We 'phoned one night, summoning Narcone to his house on a pretext. Immediately, sensationally, Blake recognized the laborer as the ring-leader of the band that assassinated Count Martinello. Immediately, Norvin Blake went for the giant, Narcone. A terrific hand-to-hand fight took place between them. In every respect save one, Gian Narcone was really and absurdly the better man. The one respect was Norvin Blake's impassioned desire for some sort of justification. Always I felt that desire beating its wings against the cage of his limitations. Now was an opportunity—and he took it—and he conquered it. Gian Narcone was incarcerated.

My doubts as to his part in the assassination of Martinello fled while I watched

his struggle with Narcone. A man who had it in him to fight like that could not fight less for a greater cause. A man who could fight like that had in him sterner blood than would run crookedly thru his veins for love of a woman . . . I promised him my every help in straightening out the lawlessness in the city . . .

And now, Louisa, my dear friend, the thing is done! What Norvin Blake and I set out to accomplish is accomplished—at least for the present. Almost at once after the imprisonment of Gian Narcone, it became evident that the ringleader *ipse facto* of the gang of desperadoes was Cardi, still working his crimes thru the sinister meshes of a secret society . . .

I made it my main "job" to talk to the Italians and Sicilians of the disgrace that threatened the land of their birth. "It is the Sicilians," I would say, sadly, "who are getting the blame for all this. Ah, what a pity—what a pity . . .!" And finally, the better element among them rose up and demanded that the identity of the leader of all this lawlessness be exposed.

It was Cardi.

Alone and single-handed, Norvin Blake came upon him. Alone and single-handed, at the possible loss of his very life, he fought the arch-criminal, and when he had done with him, the enraged band of his fellow men took him over and gave him, alas, Louisa, summary justice . . .

Your weary M.

New Orleans, —

LOUISA, MY DEAR: I have just come in from a garden. A garden. What a place! The first garden. The first man. The first woman. The first ineffable whisper of the first love.

We have come a long distance, Norvin Blake and I; we have traveled a great, great way to reach that garden at last! Thru tears, thru blood, thru hot anger and hot pain—to a garden, where, cheek to cheek, and heart to heart, we heard, surely and unmistakably, the voice that breathed o'er Eden . . .

I await your love and congratulations. Louisa—and when the honeymoon begins I shall write you . . .

Your perfectly happy

MARGHERITA.

That's Out

(Continued from page 58)

You can always find a good audience when a collection for charity is wanted.

A touch of originality was presented in a picture this month when the hero presented the vampire with a diamond ring instead of a pearl necklace.

It is getting so now that an author can only take it as an insult to his talents if a producer films his story just as it was written.

If the law forbidding drunk scenes on the screen goes thru, it will be a hard blow to the concern which is filming the Bible. The last Supper of the Lord is one event that would have to be completely eliminated.

WE OFTEN WONDER

How the bathing girls can wear so little without contracting pneumonia. Why the heroine dresses herself up as tho for the opera house when she takes to her bed.



How was she to know?

FINALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

* * *

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

Fastidious people prefer to be on the safe and polite side. They make Listerine a systematic part of their daily toilet routine—as a gargle and mouth-wash.

It is so much easier to be comfortably assured your breath is sweet, fresh and clean; to know you are not offending your friends or those about you.

Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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use
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Buster Keaton

who is making a series of two reel comedies that are the funniest you ever saw. The first four are:

"The Boat" "The Paleface"
"The Cops" "The Playhouse"

IF you haven't seen these, you have missed the biggest laughs of your life. Newspaper reviewers all over the country are playing up Keaton comedies over the program feature. He heads the bill.

Buster Keaton is one of the independent artists making pictures in his own studios and releasing through First National. This is a guarantee to you that he puts his best effort in his work, which means fascinating entertainment for you.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of finer photoplays, and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the pictures of independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.



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See that your daughter develops this charming accomplishment. The little dancer will take her place at receptions, school entertainments, festivals, kiddies' parties, etc. You'll be proud. She will be grateful in later years. For Fancy Dancing gives her charm, the one thing we all seek in womanhood.

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You teach your child at home, from our easily followed instructions. Everything made simple. Any mother can teach and any child can learn the beautiful dances of the seasons, flowers, allegorical fantasies, stately minuets, etc., in her own home—under the proper environment. Instructions by noted teacher-danseuse. Wide repertoire, from simple compositions to classics and advanced toe dancing. Students prepared in short time for public appearance—at clubs, social functions, etc. Very small cost. Write at once for handsomely illustrated booklet, low tuition fee, etc. No obligation. Address

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Fashion's favorite, because pure, safe, economical, and sensitively fragrant.

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

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French Perfumers, Dept. 56
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Pig Latin

(Continued from page 33)

thinks out an original "stunt" in any scene, he is given fifty cents as the inspiration for more brain work. If he says anything that can be used as sub-title material, he receives thirty cents. And, strange enough, he saves his money by hiding it in out-of-the-way places around the studio.

Out of his rags-and-cap character, he is a somewhat frail child who cares little about playing in the mud puddles.

He regards his work in pictures as a "lot of fun." Yet, to him, his work is not his play. He seems to realize the significance of his presence in a scene, and his director, told me that he doesn't have to wheedle or coax Jackie to act.

Show business, in him, is an apparently inborn trait. Both his parents are professionals. Jack Coogan, the father, stands as one of the leading eccentric dancers in the country. The mother, as Lillian Dolliver, has played in vaudeville for years.

And it was while he was reciting a Robert Service poem, taught him by his parents, that he first attracted attention. The child had accompanied his father one evening to a Los Angeles hotel. Some friends of Coogan senior were gathered in the lobby. Finally, to please them, Jackie was prevailed upon to recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." The owner of a Los Angeles theater saw The Kid standing in a chair addressing his audience. He was amazed at the way in which the youngster could "put over" the dramatic possibilities of the poem, and after a conversation with Dad Coogan, engaged Jackie to appear in a prolog at his playhouse.

Thus it was that Charlie Chaplin saw Jackie at Grauman's theater. Thus it was that, after Chaplin had met him, Jackie became the inspiration for "The Kid."

For Jackie leaped into the front ranks of success by his performance of that one rôle. Irving Lesser signed him as a star to play "Peck's Bad Boy," "My Boy," and pictures thereafter. And thus it is that this seven-year-old with the physique of a baby and the mind of a master, has become as famous as Eddie Foy or President Harding.

And behind all of Jackie's screen impishness there lies a grave seriousness. He brings tears when he recites "Little Boy Blue," and frequently he cries himself. It was his mother who told me about his strange little philosophy.

"One morning," she said, "when I went to awaken him he opened his eyes.

"Mummy," he said, 'what's life all about, anyway? I've been dreaming a beautiful dream. You woke me up and spoiled it. I just wish I could dream pretty dreams all the time when I'm awake—because, what's the use of having 'em come to you when you're asleep and can't act 'em out to suit yourself?'"

But the philosophy was cut short when Jackie and his father came again into sight. They were talking pig Latin to each other—that funny lingo wherein all the words are turned backwards. It is the universal tongue for the Coogan father and son, and I was out of luck, because I couldn't understand it.

Coogan senior laughed. "Oh," he explained, "Jackie is getting peevish because he wants to put on his own make-up this morning. He said (and hereupon tweaked the youngster's nose) that you (meaning ye scribe) will think he doesn't know how to get himself ready for work."

"That's it," piped Jackie, significantly. "I like to put make-up on my face—an' I thought daddy'd let me do it this morning, seeing as you're here."

Symbols

(Continued from page 56)

business by the presence of his valet. What does the valet do? That's just it! He does entirely too much. He hands messages. He puts coats off and on. I have known, personally, several young men with valets. Presumably, they were good valets. Yet, the young men they served were physically able to pick up a walking stick or a letter without the help of their valet. Not on the screen. Valets, on the screen, treat their "young gentlemen" as if they were congenitally helpless idiots. Why fight about it? It's just one symbol of showing service on the screen.

You know a wealthy home on the screen, of course? Do you know how to tell it? By symbols. Three pieces of over-stuffed furniture, a couple of parlor lamps with elaborate silk shades and a piece of machine-made tapestry, and you have a wealthy home. That may not be your idea of wealth, off screen. But you accept it, as a symbol, at the movies. And a poor home? You know the symbols for that too? Poverty, in the home, is indicated by a kitchen table, torn wall-paper and, if possible, someone asleep on a low cot in a corner. The torn wall-paper may not always be present in real poverty.

In dances, in real life, folks sometimes actually look as if they were enjoying themselves. But extras in the movies do not go that far in realism. When a dance is in progress, a number of couples are flashed on. They are always doing impossible dance steps, in impossible ways; wearing the oddest sorts of clothes and with expressions of absolute torture on their faces. Do you think that something terrible has occurred? You might, if you were to see them act thus, really. In the movies you nod in satisfaction. You are seeing a "society ball." The dances are the symbols you expected to see and you accept them without question.

A watch may mean anything in real life. It means a definite reference to time passing rapidly, when shown on the screen. A young club-man, on the screen, is known by the spats he wears. A rich young woman is usually depicted in furs, even tho a number of prominent young women happen to be going in for tailored things, instead. Furs are a symbol of wealth—and, on the screen, rich young women wear them. A business man, in the movies, is always facing the camera and seated at a flat topped desk. The size of his office is governed by the stage set and not by reality. A business office always contains a couple of extra girls acting like stenographers, only they hide their knowledge of stenography, if they ever had any, by hitting the keys at the wrong times and turning the cylinder at the end of every word—or not turning it at all. A "simple cottage" has roses at the door if the ingénue lives in it; but not a blade of grass nor one mulberry bush if it is the home of the hero's poor old mother. Symbols, again.

Why go on? Tho I seem to have gone on at some length. If you haven't noticed the movie symbols before, you probably will notice them, after this. For you see, now, how a whole net-work, a completely understood language has grown up, since the pictures have come into being. Certain things mean—certain things—if you are a regular visitor at the motion picture theater. If you aren't, you'll probably have to ask the man next to you how he knows so much more about the plot than you do. Or, if the thing keeps up, someone may even issue a "guide to the movies," with the symbolism explained.

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That, in brief, is the situation in the studios today.

It explains why the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the world's largest clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers, has undertaken its nation-wide search for *new screen writers*; why the Corporation invites you to clip the coupon below and receive the free questionnaire test which will indicate whether you are among the men and women whom the re-awakened motion picture industry so desperately needs.

The Kind of Ability Required

Everybody cannot write and sell photoplays. But actual test and experience have shown that adult men and women of *imagination* and fair education (not necessarily writers), who possess natural creative ability and the *feel* of the drama, can easily be trained in the technique of screen writing; and that persons so gifted, and adequately trained, can sell, and *are selling* stories to producers.

Through the Palmer Course and Service men and women heretofore unknown to the screen have been started on the path to fame and fortune. The course equips them, in every detail, to turn real talent to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct the vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its effects are immediate. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

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To man, the Spring brings new life, too. But man must sometimes aid Nature in the work of rejuvenation.

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DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors

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Bathing Girls, Comedy Cops and Romance

(Continued from page 21)

now. Down in its once romantic depths I saw a sorrowful and meditative bullfrog loafing around in the dampness contemplating the changes that life brings. The Sennett bathing girls are no more. As the Ziegfeld of the films, Sennett bowed himself gracefully out some months ago and retired.

There was brought back to my mind some of the funny things I had seen out on the Sennett lot when the place was a bower of girlish beauty. I recall one never-to-be-forgotten day when one of the girls brought a Ouija board out to the dressing-rooms.

I have seen lots of Ouija boards at work, but the spirit who looked down upon that one was a cat.

"Will Helen ever marry Mr. So and So?" asked one of the Ouija board operators sweetly; Helen meanwhile standing pensively in the doorway with Mr. So and So.

"She is trying to hard enough," said the Ouija board vindictively, "but Mr. So and So is just stalling her." As Mr. So and So was the star director and Helen was the star beauty, the session closed with tears and agony.

In those days there used to be a fat publicity man of reliable age and assured domestic habits. His office was the official crying station. Every young lady wishing to weep came down and draped her woe over the typewriter table. The most poignant tragedies took place when two girls wanted to wear the same bathing suit.

Sennett was the arbitrator, the father confessor, the sympathetic friend and the Boss.

"Now, Marvel," he would say, "if you will just kindly take off that expression of pained innocence and cut out that mother-I-am-dying stuff, I would like to know why you have come in late for the last four mornings."

Sennett was most delightfully Sennetty out on the lot. He seemed to have some kind of an instinct which told him when a director was falling down on a scene. Whenever things were going badly in a picture, Sennett was sure to come around a corner chewing the end of a cigar. He would look on for a moment in baleful disapproval; then you would see him come pushing in past the camera, waving the panic-stricken director out of the way—and that comedy would straightway begin to move. I dare say that no other person in modern times has had Sennett's extraordinary instinct for humor. There are plenty of other comedians putting funny stories on the screen now; but every one of them is treading the paths that were broken by this stocky keen-eyed Irishman who started picture making in a little shanty on a vacant lot and saw his fortune grow into millions.

Any big man is interesting seen behind the scenes. The very essence of Mack-sennettism came out when he was cutting and titling his pictures. The actual scenes taken in any Sennett comedy are only raw material. The product is molded and finished in the projecting-room.

Many were the little dramas that were enacted there—in the dark. I remember one day one of the directors came to Sennett complaining that he couldn't do anything with the leading man. "Somebody told that guy that he has beautiful teeth, and I can't get him to be funny any more. All he wants to do is to make close-ups showing off his gleaming tusks."

Sennett took a big bite out of his cigar and considered.

"Well, I'll tell you how we'll fix him," he said. "You get him into the projecting-room first and sit him back there in the dark. I will come in late as tho I did not know that he was there. The first time one of his close-ups comes on the screen I will say to you, 'For heaven's sake tell that man to grow a mustache; I can't stand those awful buck teeth.'"

It "fixed" him. A very much subdued comedian with an enhumbed and contrite heart oozed sadly out of the studio that night. He was cured.

I remember another time that a very beautiful and talented young lady got "up stage" in the very middle of the picture.

Sennett bit into the inevitable cigar and said to her quietly but grimly, "Alice, do you see that big thing down there! That's the front gate. Be kind enough to see how quickly you can cover the distance between here and there, and you needn't practice coming back thru it."

They didn't always like it at the time, but nearly every big comedian who has made his mark on the screen had his training out on the Sennett lot, and many dramatic stars like Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, and Mary Thurman owe their absolute mastery of technique to the training they got from Sennett.

I well remember seeing one girl, who is now an emotional queen, standing in the middle of one of the sets dripping custard pie from her classic countenance—trying not to cry and trying not to dodge; for every time she flinched when she saw the pie coming, they hit her with another pie. Before she finally conquered herself, she had been the target for a good sized bakery. But that girl today knows how to act. She knows how to act with every finger and every eyelash. And she learned it by getting hit with pies.

Sennett and I had a long talk down there in his Turkish bath. I sat cross-legged on the rubbing table surrounded by two sweaters, a pair of pants, a Turkish towel, a gymnasium shoe and a lot of bank checks that were spread out in a row. Sennett sat on a three-legged stool.

One of his extraordinary traits of mind is the rare ability to instantly concentrate his attention. When he is writing subtitles, curled up in a big leather chair with his coat off and his checkered Celtic suspenders screaming out to the breeze, the superintendent of construction will come dashing in to ask him how many feet of lumber he wants put in the big set of the next Mabel Normand picture; and the superintendent of the poultry farm, that Sennett has on the back of his studio lot, will be shouting up the stairs to know how much he wants to charge for the young turkeys. Sennett turns from one to the other, apparently without the slightest effort, his attention switching off and on like an electric dynamo. Therefore, we could talk art and philosophy, swimming girls and gold mines without even wondering what had become of the other gymnasium shoe.

I asked him why he had given up the Mack Sennett bathing girls in the very hour of their greatest triumph.

Sennett bit into his cigar and said, "I always make it a rule to get tired of everything first—before the public does. I invented the Keystone Cops. They were, perhaps, the most famous gag ever introduced into motion picture comedies. I took them off at the very minute when

they were going strongest. Other companies were beginning to copy them, and I knew that sooner or later they would become merely silly instead of funny, and the public would get tired of them. Therefore, I threw them out at the very minute when the public seemed to want them the most.

"Exactly the same thing happened with the bathing girls. I created the Sennett bathing girl comedies because I know that the public—particularly the American public—worships youth. These girls were sweet and cute and adorably young. They made a terrific hit.

"I knew just what was going to happen; and it did happen. All the one-horse comedy companies in the country started to imitate our bathing girls.

"They grabbed up one or two cheap comedians, put them in big sloppy shoes, tore off all the clothes that the law allowed from a few chorus girls and were off in a cloud of dust. Very few of them succeeded with their comedies, because they did not know that comedies must be absolutely logical, and that they must be built upon strong virile and convincing stories. I felt, if they did not actually make the public tired of bathing girls, they would at any rate vulgarize them to a point that was below commercial good sense. Therefore, before they were planted in the public mind as being cheap and nasty, I dismissed all the bathing girls and bowed myself out."

I asked Sennett if he had noticed any change in humor since the war; if the public wanted a different kind of fun since this wholesale agony.

"I don't think the war had anything to do with it," said Mr. Sennett. "But I do notice a change. Audiences are not so easily pleased; they would be bored to tears now by gags they laughed themselves into hysterics over five years ago. This is partly due to the fact that no fads have changed more swiftly and completely than fashions in humor. If you don't believe this, go to see some of the comic opera revivals and see how deadly flat all the jokes fall. Many of the most famous humorists of a generation back could not hold a job for a single day as a columnist in a daily paper. Funny-bones seem to shed like a snake's skin every season.

"In fact, it is mighty hard to tell what makes people laugh. They have an almost pathetic eagerness to laugh, but they won't do it. They don't want to cry, but they will cry at the slightest excuse; at the most maudlin play.

"For instance, it would tax the analytical powers of the most expert critic to have anticipated the fact that two of the most popular comedians of the day should be Ben Turpin and Mabel Normand.

"It would be difficult to find two actors more widely separated in every particular of method and personality. Ben is a human cartoon with his long scrawny neck, his funny legs, his little bullet head and his cock eyes. Everything he does is funny. People shriek whenever he comes on the screen. Mabel Normand on the other hand is beautiful, impetuous and a marvelous technician. Ben just ambles around and exudes himself. Ben doesn't know why he does anything. Miss Normand, on the other hand, is a girl of brilliant, penetrating mind; she has a reason for everything she does.

"On the whole, I should say that the comedy note of the day is personality. They don't seem to want 'situation comedies' any more. They are tired of complications. Every possible gag and device of drama has been worn out. What we try to give them now is an interesting personality and the simplest kind of a plot

designed like a show window to display this personality.

"And only a kind heaven knows what this personality consists of. We have a little, chubby, cutey girl named Mildred June who has become one of our comedy stars. It is impossible for me to say why. That child has that mysterious something. You could put her in a mob of a thousand people, but you couldn't lose her. She doesn't do anything in particular, but her personality is so vivid and electrical that she instantly attracts every spectator in the audience. If you have that mysterious 'something' it doesn't matter much what you do in front of the camera. If you haven't that mysterious 'something'—well it doesn't matter much what you do in front of the camera, either.

"There is one fundamental fact, however, that is always true in comedy and in drama and in literature and in everything else.

"We found this out when we made 'A Small Town Idol,' with Ben Turpin poking fun at the typical movie hero. That play was hailed by the critics as one of the greatest comedies ever put on the screen. Nevertheless, it failed. It failed because boys and girls, between thirteen and twenty, resent having their romantic dreams jarred. We are all that way. I remember when I was a little boy in Canada. I used to lie out under the trees imagining myself all kinds of a hero. When I heard a bird sing, it was an orchestra with myself as conductor in white kid gloves and a spike hammer coat, the idol of cheering thousands. I was a knight in shiny armor, a cowboy in hairy pants, a railway brakeman and a circus rider. Just so with all flappers of both sexes.

"When they go to the movies, it is themselves that they see on the screen. Every little girl imagines that she is the downtrodden Cinderella whose true worth is recognized by the young prince; she can almost feel his kisses when she sees him on the screen. When you satirize heroism, you have stepped thru golden, perfumed dreams with brutal muddy boots. They resent it and won't have it."

I asked Mr. Sennett if he thought the day would ever come when the public will get tired of Molly-O's, and "glad girls," and Pollyantics and want real grown-up stories "about something." I reminded him that Napoleon had issued an order to the Theater Francais in these words: "Let us have no more plays about love, of which everyone is tired; but something of the business of men."

"I am afraid that I cannot string with Napoleon," replied Sennett. "When there are no more flappers to dream dreams, and when there is no more love, courtship and marriage and babies and school girls and engagement rings and wedding cakes and bridesmaids, then the world will be ready for what you call grown-up stories. Until then, I am going to steer a wide circle around any more attempts to get gay with the romantic rosy dreams of sweet sixteen."

HAD BEN JONSON SEEN BEN TURPIN

By REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

Gaze on me only with thine eyes,
And I will laugh with mine;
Or leave a glance but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.

The mirth that from the soul doth rise
Doth not on beauty dine;
A Talmadge-Hammerstein-Gish "close-up"
I would not change for thine.



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Impressions

(Continued from page 69)

demonstrated that a romantic hero can still be a human being, for his lovers are invariably real men.

"The world loves a comedy-drama with a touch of melodrama," declared Mr. Williams, "and most of the big film successes have been along this line. Melodrama reaches all the emotions—suspense, romance, and thrilling climax—it brings the tear and the smile.

"I enjoyed the comedy in 'The Fortune Hunter'; it was human, bubbling, clean. Of course, being actors, we must play any part assigned us, but there is a supreme satisfaction in playing a part you can especially feel.

"The success of an actor is something apart from education. There was Lawrence Barrett, a brilliant man of the highest attainments, yet Edwin Booth, natural-born actor that he was, far out-ranked him.

"The art of simulating emotions, understanding the psychology that can carry your audience along with you, can never be learned at college, it comes thru developing your own emotional values."

Mrs. Williams tells how she first saw her future husband in a film entitled, "The Lovesick Maidens of Cuddleton," and gaily remarked to her friends that he looked so attractive that she wished she knew him. Shortly after this, Earle, returning from California where he had been making pictures, happened to go to the same hotel in Brooklyn where little Florine Walsh and her mother were living. Of course, it didn't take them long to become acquainted, and they were soon good

friends. Six years later they were married, this being three and a half years ago.

Mrs. Williams is a very clever girl, and tho gay and pleasure loving, she has written two scenarios for Earle, "The Man From Downing Street," and "When a Man Loves," and he says they offered him exceptionally good parts. She insists that she has many plots in mind, but finds it hard to settle down to the tedious work of developing. She promises herself that someday she will write something really worth while, and her husband is fully convinced that she will.

Earle, also, has talent in this line, and has written several of his own scenarios, as well as collaborating in many others.

Mr. Williams hopes to take a year's rest at the completion of his contract with Vitagraph, and he and Mrs. Williams are planning an automobile trip thru Europe, leisurely visiting the by-ways and keeping far from the beaten paths. As he is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, he will, of course, take his camera along.

"I've been in the harness continuously ever since I started, and I feel I am getting into a mental rut," he confided. "A year's absence from the camera amid new environment will give me a fresh outlook and I shall return to give new vigor to my work."

Recalling Earle Williams' long list of rôles, which are dear to us, we hope he will never be tempted to leave the screen. We would miss his débonair heroes with their dash and finesse and his high powered romances, they have raised us out of the prosaic during many a happy hour!

Restoration

(Continued from page 63)

possible, sit back in a chair in a reclining attitude. You may read, but should not talk, as the movement of the muscles of the mouth breaks up the pack. At the end of thirty minutes, if the application is not thoroly dry, wait a little longer. Then rinse off the pack with clear lukewarm water, laving the face gently and repeatedly until the paste is entirely removed. Do not rub. Now dash cold water over the face and neck and dry gently, and it is all over.

Apply your cosmetics as usual and look at yourself in the mirror. Has it not worked a magic change? Are the wrinkles gone and the lines lifted? Is the contour of the face soft, youthful, fresh? That is what the face pack does if applied according to directions.

Tho some beauty specialists recommend the daily use of these packs, I believe they are too strong in their effects for daily use and should be applied not oftener than once or twice a week, according to their reaction on the individual.

It is not necessary to go to a beauty shop for these treatments. If you wish to save time and money, you can do it yourself. The second application will naturally be more successful than the first, as a beginner sometimes finds it difficult to get the paste to just the right thickness and to spread it evenly.

You will notice that as the paste dries on the skin it contracts, drawing on and tightening the muscles, and causing an increased flow of blood to these parts, and the blood brings with it new strength and nourishment. It is wonderfully refresh-

ing, and leaves one feeling revived, rested, and ready for work or play.

If the pack does not have the satisfactory result the first time, you may steam the face with hot towels before the second application. But I do not recommend this for everybody, as most skins are too sensitive for such severe treatment. And while some people can get the best effects by leaving the paste on for three-quarters of an hour, there are others who find that too long an application tires instead of resting and causes the muscles to sag instead of lifting.

By making the first application moderate, and closely observing its effects, you will soon see just how far you can go with the treatment.

MAN'S SCREEN

By STELLA GEORGE STERN PERRY

Life is a cinema picture, a reflection,
That flickers o'er the senses, brief and
moving.
Here is a strong impression flashing clearly
And there a myriad vagueness, fair and
proving
The pain of transient promise, or else crude
And full of little blunders, quite destroy-
ing
The harmony that almost blessed the eye.
Here sweetness pleases; here is sweet-
ness cloying;
And tragedy explodes her sudden blow;
And heroism mocks itself and friend
Or stirs the cynic pulses to new purposes.
It matters not. It has one goal. The End.

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 74)

England, to direct "The Christian" on its native heath, with the coöperation of the author, Sir Hall Caine. He has just finished "Lorna Doone."

Clara Kimball Young's papa, Edward M. Kimball, was recently married to Elsie Whitaker, scenario writer, at one time attached to the Goldwyn staff. The first Mrs. Kimball, mother of Clara, died about a year and a half ago. Mr. Kimball has just finished playing a butler part in Richard Walton Tully's picture, "The Masquerader," directed by James Young, his daughter's divorced husband.

No definite date has been fixed for the reopening of the Metro Studios, but it is anticipated that this event will take place about May 1. Bert Lytell's contract with Metro has expired and is not likely to be renewed. Alice Lake is busy with other productions, and Viola Dana is probably the last of the old Metro stars who will return. It is rumored that Clara Kimball Young and Mae Murray will release in future thru Metro.

Things are stirring down at Goldwyn's once more, with Rupert Hughes at work on his story, "The Bitterness of Sweets," starring Colleen Moore. Colleen made such an impression in two of the Hughes pictures that she will be retained as the featured player in all of his productions into which she can possibly be fitted.

Having completed "School Days," starring Wesley Barry, whom Marshall Neilan loaned to Warner Brothers for three pictures, that organization will transfer the bulk of their operations to Hollywood and immediately commence work on the second Wesley Barry picture, "Little Heroes of the Street." The third picture will be "From Rags to Riches." Warner Brothers have also closed a deal to film Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street," as well as Charles Norris' novel, "Brass." They also contemplate doing some of the old melodramas, like "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," and "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl." They recently released "Why Girls Leave Home."

Estelle Taylor, in the old Theda Bara vamp play, "A Fool There Was," is to show a revised version of the lady who pursues men to their ruin. The picture, as now being made by Emmet Flynn, is an interesting contrast from the motion picture ideas of six or seven years ago.

Agnes Ayres has a baby by proxy. While in the army, her brother married a French girl, and the marriage was unhappy. Agnes has adopted the child.

Lila Lee will take the part of the beautiful Spanish girl, at first intended for May McAvoy, in Rodolph Valentino's version of "Blood and Sand." Anna Q. Nilsson, who recently returned from a visit to her old home in Sweden, where she bought a home for her father and mother, will play opposite Valentino.

MARY PICKFORD

By ANNIE E. JUNKIN

America is at your feet,
Dear Mary—held in thralldom sweet.
You are in truth a fairy queen—
None such is known upon the screen.
And tho sometimes you change your name,
Our love for you remains the same.
And be it Pickford, Moore, Fairbanks,
You'll find us ever in the ranks
Of those who know you as you are—
The silver screen's transcendent star.

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Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send One Dollar or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps, and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesla carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dresses and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."



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The Rosary

(Continued from page 62)

man by the arm, "there's a time fuse set to blow up the cannery and it's just about due."

The two men ran swiftly down the stairs, and Father Kelly explained between gasps for breath, "Ran into two men outside, about half a block away—caught them with a stick of dynamite—they lost their nerve and confessed—didn't have the courage to kill a priest of their church, I guess. Tried to stop me from going in, but I knew you were here—Wright hired them, of course."

Bruce stiffened at the mention of that name, but hurried on, dragging the panting priest with him. Just in time they were, too—a terrific roar shattered the silence. A cloud of smoke and dust, bricks and mortar, debris of every description suddenly filled the air. Flying mud spattered their coats, dust filled their eyes, fragments of wood obstructed their path, but they were safe!

A posse was soon sent out after Wright. The indignation of the villagers had reached white heat. For once, Father Kelly was unable to control them. A breathless figure had dashed up the church steps claiming sanctuary after an ancient and inviolable custom. It stood hatless and coatless behind Father Kelly with blood-shot eyes and terror-struck heart, begging the holy father to save him from the mob. But the angry villagers could not be appeased. They surged forward in a resistless tide toward Father Kelly and the disheveled Wright, who were backed up against the altar.

"Stop," cried the priest, raising his hand, the two first fingers together, and the sacerdotal ring gleaming strangely in the dim light of the altar candles.

The crowd fell back silent for the moment, but a high, thin cackle ended the pause.

"'Taint right, 'taint right," croaked the voice of the village half-wit, "you be a shieldin' a fugitive from justice. Priest er no priest, I'm a gonna see justice done. Thorny McNabb ain't so dumb as people thinks. He knows what's right, and you're gonna die for the crime you've committin' in the Lord's House!"

A pistol shot rang its sharp tocsin thru the House of God. Father Kelly staggered back—unhurt. Bruce Wilton's mother had seen the fanatic draw his gun, and throwing herself before the beloved father received the bullet full in her loyal breast. In the consternation that followed, Wright made his escape. Mrs. Wilton was tenderly lifted from the floor and borne with willing hands to her home. But the pure spirit had been snuffed out like a candle that sheds its little light for some good purpose and then—no more.

Bruce Wilton's grief was pitiful to see. His was the silent and stony gaze of the soul hurt beyond curing. His brain was numb. For the moment, his heart was purged of its bitter hatred. He felt no anger toward anyone, nor any feeling at all, did he have. But the mob rushing by his house in pursuit of the escaping Wright roused him from the distressing stupor into which he had sunk. After all, Wright was responsible for all his trouble. One could not justly blame the feeble-minded McNabb. It was Wright, Wright, Wright! By the Lord God! He should not escape. He joined the fleeing villagers. Someone helped him into a car, and the throng moved on.

At last they sighted their prey. He was in his own sporting roadster and fast out-

distancing the mob of cars, motorcycles, horses and carriages, bicycles, and all the motley assortment of vehicles which were pursuing him. He drove jerkily, at an incredible rate of speed, his car making "snake tracks" in the dust of the road behind him, soon to be obliterated by the avalanche of pursuit.

At the far end of the town was a peaceful river girding the tiny village. It was crossed at many points by well-constructed bridges, but the one toward which Wright was speeding in his mad flight was an old rotting timber structure which had long since been condemned by the village board as unsafe. A warning was posted on the bridge and all roads leading to it, but these Wright ignored. He knew the situation as well as any one in the town, but he had to take a chance. There was no time to detour. On and on he sped, straight toward the river, his car bounding into the air at every bump in the road, a reckless death defying ride—a desperate gamble for life.

But it was in vain.

The roadster shot out on the bridge as tho driven by a catapult. The boards sent out a protesting creak, sagged perilously in the middle, cracked and split under the strain, and the car went down into a swollen stream, with a horrible tearing, splintering sound that stayed in the minds of the watchers for days afterward.

The nearest cars stopped short. They could plainly see that Wright was pinned under the wheel. It was impossible to save him. Vengeance was in the hands of the Lord!

Some time later a chastened and heart-broken man sat in Father Kelly's study and told him all the story of his love for Vera Mather and his suspicion, and the return of his rosary and the wish he had to give it back and win Vera's forgiveness. And, as always, the old priest came to the rescue and offered to be the intermediary.

He went straight to Vera's house. She sat at the piano running her fingers mournfully over the keys.

"I have something for you, my daughter," Father Kelly began, "it is a gift from someone who loves you deeply. See—" and he held out a slender, beautifully wrought silver rosary, beaded with small translucent pearls.

"Oh, dear Father," Vera cried, "it is Bruce! Where is he?"

But he was not far away, and love came into its own, and peace came to a sore-tried heart.

JACKIE COOGAN

By SOPHIE E. REDFORD

Sweet child, on whom the gods bestowed
The magic gift of make-believe,
You did not seek Fame's dazzling road
The crown of laurel to receive!
You play your clever childish part
In such a simple, human way,
You captivate the old world's heart.
The young, the old, the grave, the gay!
From toil and care, the worldly wise
Join merry little folks to see
The laughter in your lustrous eyes—
The charm of your quaint mimicry!
And tho we cannot understand
The silent arts that you employ,
You hold us in your chubby hand,
Your loving devotees, "My Boy"!

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The Juvenile Critic

(Continued from page 66)

police they stumble into the boys' club-room, or a part of it that is really an old well, and there they are, and they cant get out, and Penrod and the rest of the boys keep them there until help comes, and then they are arrested, and all the boys are heroes, and their families realize that they are not just children, and listen to what they have to say.

At the very end, Penrod's mother gives him a party, and everybody comes, and there's a French girl that teaches them to do the shimmy, and all the mothers are horrified; but it was all right, because the little girl that Penrod liked got, oh, terribly jealous and made up with Penrod, and at the very end she let him kiss her. So that was all right.

But, goodness me! I've forgotten the very most important character—Duke, Penrod's dog—such a darling, shaggy little pup, and he went everywhere with Penrod and did everything but talk.

I really think Freckles Barry must be awfully nice, because all dogs seem to like him, and that's a sure as sure test; even Uncle Roddy says so.

I haven't told you a half of the picture, but I am much too tired to write any more, and besides, I wanted to leave some for surprises.

Your affectionate sister,

JUDY.

is his mother's private secretary, so that is very nice. Of course, his old father thinks he has come back for some money, and when he finds out that he is a prize-fighter—oh, dear, he is so furious, and even the girl is silly about it, and the two brothers make no end of a fuss; but—but—but—just as he is going back to America, heart-broken, and he did look so sad, why, all the people in the neighborhood that never would speak to the old father before, come in and demand to see Wally, who they think, and of course, they are just exactly right, that he is a hero, and then the old father turns right around, and so do the silly brothers.

And then the very best thing in the whole play happens. The girl's cousin comes to command her to marry him, and Wally takes him out in the garden, and, oh dear, they bring him back on a door, and his eyes all black, and I was so glad, because he was such a silly, fat thing, and then—and then—but I really cant tell you any more.

Go and see it, and see what happens. You will really love it, I know you will. Uncle Roddy did.

Your affectionate sister,

JUDY.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 80)

cancels the announcement which was made sometime ago that Mr. Pollard and his leading-lady Marie Mosquini would wed.

There was a luncheon party at the White House the other day. D. W. Griffith and Lillian and Dorothy Gish were the guests of the President and Mrs. Harding. They were in Washington to attend the opening there of "Orphans of the Storm."

George Arliss has had a busy season. He appeared on Broadway in "The Green Goddess," which was extremely popular, and made motion pictures in between times. Now he is planning a trip abroad and it is possible that he will make another production while on the other side.

James Kirkwood returned from Europe and hurried right out to Universal City where he will play opposite Priscilla Dean in "Under Two Flags."

It is rumored that Theda Bara will return to the films in her own company with her husband, Charles Brabin, directing her. Her rôles will be of the vampire variety.

THE PICTURE PLAY

By IDA M. THOMAS

When bothersome worries surround and perplex,
And problems are constantly rising to vex,
Then take my advice: for an hour or two go
And forget yourself at a picture show.
I've tried this remedy, and I find
Nothing so surely will drive from the mind
The little troubles of every day
As an afternoon at a picture play.
You'll even forget who you are, for a fact,
Till the curtain falls upon the last act.

A PSALM OF THE MOVIES

(With all due apologies.)

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

Tell me not in sturdy measure
What it says upon the screen.
It does damage to my pleasure,
And the words are plainly seen.

I am really in earnest,
As the titles onward roll;
And so, when to me thou turnest,
Do not read aloud their scroll.

Many peevish eyes remind us,
Tho each passage be sublime,
Folks before and folks behind us
All can read both prose and rhyme.

In the scene of love and battle,
As the swift film pictures life,
If you do not cease your prattle,
There most surely will be strife.

Let us watch and see what's doing
Till the hast'ning drama ends,
And not work the play's undoing,
Reading titles to our friends.

My wife see fel-low
At mova da pitch
What shaka da shim
Like hee's gota da itch.
Hee's gota biga feet
And funny da map,
Hee's name, what you call,
Was Charley da Chap.

So she say to me, "Angelo,
Why for donta you
Get nica da job
In mova pitch, too?
You gota nice shape,
Look good on da screen,
And sweeta face,
Like Tony Moreen."

"Dis Charley da Chap,
Hee's look lika freak;
Hee's shaka da feet,
Get two thousand a week,"
She say, "you gota
Da biga feet, too;
You maka heem look
Like biga beef stew."

So she's wantsa me now
To sella da stan
Where I hava nica da orange
And a juicy banan.
"Hard worka," she's say,
"Hee's now alla done;
Go into da pitch,
Maka lotsa da mon."

But she's change da mind
When I say, "Oh, Marie,
Dis mova pitch vamp
Will geta sweet ona me;
I get alla excite
If she pincha my cheek;
My head hee's go craze,
You know I'ma weak."

So now she say, "Angelo,
You keepa da stan,
Sella lots a da fruit
And a nica banan.
No mova da pitch,
Donta you forget;
You stay ata home,
Get fina spaghetti!"

—FRANCIS C. RUSH.



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"Sis"



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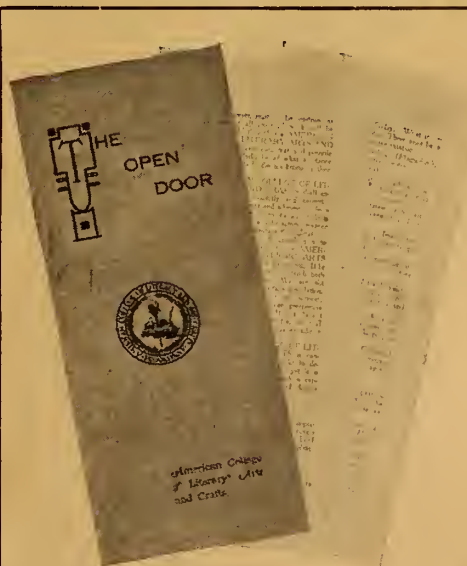
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The Prince of Whales

(Continued from page 75)

once again your Falstaffian humor must be relegated to the discard. "Down to the Sea in Ships" is a serious thing, will be a big thing, and there is no room in it for your ten-twenty-thirty "funny paper" wheezes. So you head it "The Prince of Whales"; might being stronger than right, you abandon Jonah to his antediluvian fate—and call it a day.

Mr. Clifton ought to make a tremendous go of this picture. It is strong with the flavor of adventure—so is he. Training such as he has had, experience such as he has had, have given him the technical requisites, and, added to these, he has the sea-thirsty, blood-thirsty, pirate-thirsty spirit of a small boy to whom the *Hispaniola* is the apotheosis of earthly attainment. If some one had asked me what type of a picture I thought Elmer Clifton might direct, I might not have thought specifically of whalemén, but I should have said, "Oh, something adventurous—perhaps pirates—something with just a dash of romance, dont you know!"

And, as he outlined it to me, so it will be—clean, tonic, wholesome. Into the vitiated air of bedroom-and-bath bathos, the fine old sturdy story of the whalemén will come like a fresh, salt wind.

The picture is to be in twelve reels and the title, "Down to the Sea in Ships," which in itself is flavorful, is taken from the 107th Psalm. The majority of the scenes will be shot at New Bedford, Mass., early haunt of the first whalemén, when whaling was a foremost industry, with a literature, so to speak, all its own. Mr. Clifton told me that some of the most interesting, and certainly the most unique, reading he has ever done was the log-books of the early whalemén, in which are recorded marvelous tales of the sea, of brave and blustery triumphs, of women stowaways, of romances born and bred in the very maw of the waves. All of the atmosphere of those New Bedford days of 1850 will be preserved. Mr. Clifton hinted at wonderful old relics he has discovered, to give the period of his picture authenticity as well as atmosphere. He has gone into the history of the time and the lives and habits of the old whalemén thoroly and exhaustively, living for some months right in New Bedford, talking to the weather-beaten survivors, imbibing their point of view, their reminiscences, their briny, quaint old legends, their vernacular . . .

For the actual scenes of whaling, Mr. Clifton and a party of men, actors and the actual whalemén, were sailing the day after our talk for the Caribbean on a whaling schooner. They expected to be gone two months, more or less, according to the whales. The entire filming of the picture Mr. Clifton expects to do in about six months.

I asked him whether he thought Mr. Griffith's methods would influence him.

"It isn't a question of influence," he said. "I simply believe in Mr. Griffith's methods, because they are truths. His great points are young love and the 'run to the rescue.' They will be mine. Young love and the romance of youth, whether it be love or adventure, is the primary, the all-important thing. Who wants to see age depicted? We all know that it exists, and that it is coming to us, but it is youth we wish to watch, youth we wish to recapture, if only in a vision.

"This picture of mine is going to be clean, in the first place. It is going to be real—no hokum. And it is going to pre-

sent a phase of American history in the early days as yet untouched on the screen. The whalemén are little known in fiction or drama or any other place outside of New Bedford, and even there they are becoming largely a matter of history, and yet they represented an important phase of our country's early history. They were a viking, splendid, pioneering and courageous lot, entirely apart from their industrial value. They were the first men to carry our flag on to foreign soil. "You know"—a grin here—"the flapper and the flapper's mother are more or less responsible for the decline of the whalemén."

Personally, I could see no possible connection, and I said so.

"Well," he said, "women nowadays dont believe in being all harnessed up. You know, *whalebone* . . ."

"I see," I said, enlightened. E'en the whalemén lay now at the beleaguered door of the flapper!

"Apart from whales and flappers," I said, "what about your cast?"

"I haven't selected my leading woman," he said. "My leading man is — — — — — I'm going to wait for the girl until I come back from the Caribbean. I want to be sure to get someone who is in no wise connected with all the newspaper headlines going on. I'm going to steer clear of the notoriety. It seems to me that a new era is dawning in pictures, or *should* dawn. If it doesn't—well," he laughed, his outringing, hearty laugh, "well, you and I, I guess, will be looking for another job. As a matter of fact, a new generation of film players is knocking at the door. They should be given the stage, or the screen, I should say. There are a great many today who have made too much money, had too much fame—they dont care any longer. The only way to clear up this fetid atmosphere is for every director to do the cleanest, most wholesome, most bracing stories he can find, and see to it that his players come thru straight, and then it is up to the fan magazines to back those productions and those endeavors up. As a matter of fact, it seems to me that there is too much knocking done and too little boosting. We are always ready to read and write columns about some scandalous doings here and there, but not half so ready to read and write about a constructive, solid thing.

"That is one reason for doing 'Down to the Sea in Ships' in twelve reels. Frankly, I want to get it over in a big way; I want it to justify being got over in a big way. I want to present it in my own theater, so to speak, with my own music. I want it to attract attention. I'm putting all the sincerity I've got into this thing, heart and soul, too . . ."

Well, I'm for the Prince of Whales. His blood may not be blue, but it's good and red. He may not be royalty, but he's four-square democracy. Here's to Elmer, to the whalemén, to the whales, to "Down to the Sea in Ships" . . . !

IF STARS TURNED NOVELISTS

By M. POWELL FOHN

We may expect to read:

"Dick, the Dare-Devil Racer," by *Wallace Reid*.

"Confessions of a Contorted Cigar," by *Theodore Roberts*.

"To the Farm for Fame," by *Charles Ray*.

"The Fine Art of Eloping," by *C. Talmadge* and *D. Gish*.

"Sentenced," by *Bebe Daniels*.

Gas, Oil and Water

(Continued from page 50)

Mexican, whose costume would have aroused wonder and amaze anywhere south of the Rio Grande.

"Li'l more gas!" Rust commanded. He addressed his companion carelessly. "Going far, Strang? No? Well, you might give me a lift as far as Les Voges."

"Sure thing!" grunted the other. The two men got into the car, while George Oliver Watson turned the handle of the gasoline pump, doing some rapid thinking. This afternoon he had filled the tank to overflowing. It was absolutely impossible that in the few hours intervening it could have been emptied—unless the gasoline chamber was only a part of the immense tank on the rear of the car.

Out of the corner of his mouth he shot swift words to Sanchez. "Phone the border. They're headed toward it! Probably change the license number on the way!"

When the white car rolled out of the gasoline station, it carried one passenger more than those in the front seat suspected, curled in the circle of the extra tire behind. Choked in the dust of their rapid flight, cramped and clutching the braces of the mud-guards with desperate fingers, the gas, oil and water dispenser thought with retrospective longing of the comparative safety and comfort of a trench in the Argonne which he had occupied during a severe bombardment. He held on until he couldn't hold on any longer, and then he kept on holding on with fingers that seemed to belong to someone else. It was impossible to think or make any plans, for every jog in the road seemed to jumble his ideas into hopeless confusion, like a lot of pied type. There was just one thing clear in the whirling of the world, and that was the necessity for holding on. And George Oliver Watson held on.

The lights of the street lamps streamed by him like a ribbon of gold being unrolled—then they were gone, and the car was pitching thru the darkness of a country lane, the scent of wet crushed grass and bruised pennyroyal coming piercingly to his nostrils. A final bump, and the car had stopped. The unsuspected passenger had just time to drop from his perch and roll into a patch of shadow, when the two men were down, flinging off their coats and doing sundry things to the car with wrenches and screwdrivers. Huddled in the shadows, George Watson watched them change the license plates, put on a false hood, remove the fenders and otherwise change the appearance of the car with the ease of long practice.

Their work done, they flung on their coats and leaped into the car with such haste that the watcher had barely time to affix himself to his perch behind, before they were off again, back into a main road, speeding thru the night in the direction of the Mexican border. "I wish," thought George, setting his teeth with the pain of his wrenched fingers, "that I had kissed that little girl back there! I'll probably never get the chance again."

Æons passed. Then, with a jerk that almost tore his arms from their sockets, the car stopped again, and the horn sent long blasts into the darkness. Peering cautiously about the mud-guard, George saw that they had stopped before a small white house, set among dense bushes. A cry burst from his lips, luckily drowned by the braying of the horn. The front of the house was swinging back on invisible hinges, like the lid of a box, revealing a black tunnel behind!

The disguised automobile went into the

How I Earn \$15 to \$25 a Week at Home in my Spare Time

By Wm. S. Coulthard



To begin with, I had a good job—I have it yet. But I had a lot of time on my hands in the evenings, Saturday afternoons, etc.—for I had no hobby—and besides my expenses had been mounting fast—so you will see the receptive mood I was in when I saw your little ad, "MAKE MONEY AT HOME."

I sent for your free booklet. I read it.

Your plan looked good to me—your guarantee so liberal—and on investigation I found you were reliable, so I accepted your offer. If others could make money by your plan, I could.

That was less than a year ago.

Now I am earning \$15.00 to \$25.00 a week, each week, writing show cards in my spare time. In addition to this, I still hold my regular job, and my salary has been increased there, too. I believe my spare time work has made me better satisfied with life, and so I'm doing my regular work better.

I have been offered positions writing show cards, but I am not interested, as my present position is perfectly satisfactory, but I certainly am glad I enrolled in your school—my spare time money is exceedingly attractive. Besides, I find show card writing an interesting occupation that fills in those evening hours that used to drag so. In fact, it is really a hobby now with me—and a profitable one, as you can well imagine. Only last week I received a check from your school for \$70.00 for work done over the last three weeks. Of course, you'd have paid me regularly each week if I'd bothered about it, but I was too busy to tell you the amount of work I'd finished.

There are times, however, that I feel show card writing by your simple method is almost too good a thing—that's when I have so many orders ahead that I cannot see my clear to finish them—and have to turn down work.

Your system of supplying work to your students has certainly helped me, but sometimes you send too much—I'm now working at it in my spare time, you know. Please note this, and don't try to overload me too much.

By the way, I think you'll be interested to know that previous to enrolling in your

school I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—and you can certainly use my name and tell prospective students, for I feel I'll be doing anyone a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work.

Yours sincerely,
WM. S. COULTHARD.

NOTE:—The above is the story of Mr. Coulthard. It tells of facts, for Show Card Writing offers a marvellous opportunity to both men and women, either for spare time or full time work. What Mr. Coulthard has done and is doing, you can do. Colbran, Dusenberry, Wendt, Blade, Poulson, Charles, Wright, Babineau and many other men have proved it. Mrs. Litherdale, Mrs. Lush, Mrs. Le Moine and dozens of housewives have added to the family income in this way. Girls like Misses MacDonald, Clegg, Bordreau and Hoyle are but a few of those who have bettered their positions in this pleasant way. All these owe their success to the American Show Card School method of training—the old established school which has trained hundreds to make money in SHOW CARDS. The American Show Card School will gladly send you full particulars if you but send your name and address to them. Use this Coupon

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Swiftly and surely effacing every trace of unsightly hair, it leaves the skin as white and smooth as the outer arm. And it is as harmless as soap suds, giving never a twinge of after irritation.

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Send for a dainty sample

For 6c in stamps we will send you a sample of the Odorono Company's Depilatory—enough for one thorough underarm application. Mail the coupon below now to Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 1006-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed find 6c in stamps, for which please send me your sample package of the Odorono Company's Depilatory.

Name.....

Address.....
Mail today and we will include a sample of After Cream free.

tunnel, but its uninvited passenger was not on it. As the front of the house swung noiselessly back into place, George Watson ran thru the bushes, following the muffled rumble that came to his ears from the car beneath his feet. Wet whips of alder lashed his face spitefully, tangled branches tripped him, as the nature itself were on the side of the fugitives; but he panted on, each breath burning his weary lungs as if it were so much flame. And then, without warning, the sound of the engine grew clear and distinct. With an effort, he checked himself and peered out of the bushes, thru which now the red light of lanterns sifted, and the sound of voices and laughter was so close that it seemed he would surely be discovered.

After a long while spent in listening and looking, George Watson began a retreat, choosing the moments of noise from the men in the clearing for his progress. The moon, partly hidden behind filmy clouds, shed a mist of light over the world as he emerged from covert, and he lost no time in putting as much distance as possible between himself and the blind windows of the sinister cottage.

Nevertheless, early the next morning the proprietor of the gas, oil and water station had opened up his place of business, and was filling the atmosphere roundabout with the cheerily whistled strains of "Second-hand Rose." Yet his methods lacked something of the efficiency and system spoken of by all modern correspondence-school business courses. He turned the handle of the gas pump dreamily, watching the portals of the Hotel Intermedierio instead of the garage, and dispensed oil with a ruinously lavish hand.

When the sight-seeing bus, with its load of bedecked and Baedekered tourists rolled up the hotel drive, George Oliver Watson left his post of duty, oblivious to the indignant cries of a Ford owner who had just halted by the pump.

"Hey! Come back! I got a date at a funeral!" the autoist shouted after his flying back.

"Well, as long as you aren't the corpse, you won't keep the performance waiting!" George called. "Help yourself to gas, oil and water—anything."

The spieler, a burly man with an unconstitutional redness of nose, clambered down over the side of the bus as George halted in the lee of the rear end, watching him closely. With one hand, he wielded his megaphone, pouring out a glib description of the wonders of the Mission and the "former hacienda of Don Pedro Gonzales, who in the early days of the land of the bear and the golden poppy—"

With the other hand, the spieler very quietly dropped a bit of crumpled paper.

Amid the cackle of the tourists, hot on the scent of picture post-cards and souvenir paper-weights, George Oliver Watson obtained possession of the paper and, thrusting it into his pocket, retreated to his gas pump. Chuckling, he watched thru his glasses the efforts, at first nonchalant, then increasingly frenzied, of Messrs. Rush and Ashton to discover the bit of paper which should have been there, and wasn't; saw them approach the driver of the sight-seeing bus and engage in argument which, if gesture was to be believed, was decidedly profane. If ever three men looked a "damn," it was these three.

Laying aside his glasses, George opened the paper eagerly, and then, with the feeling a balloon must have when it has had a pin thrust into its inflated sides, discovered that he was gazing down upon a blank sheet. His discomfiture lasted only a minute. The next, he was holding a lighted match close to the paper, and watching

words spring out as if by magic under the touch of the heat.

"Secret service raided cottage early this morning. All there taken prisoners. Warn Strang and have him take you and Ashton across the border immediately—leak somewhere. You are undoubtedly known."

With a hurried glance, to be sure that he was not watched, the proprietor of the gasoline station went to an air-pump in the back of the garage, opened a hidden door at the back and called up a number on the phone concealed within. He had barely finished delivering his message, when a motor roared to a stop outside, and he felt his pulses quicken as he strolled out to answer its driver's hail. It was the white car again, and the man within was undoubtedly the Strang of the warning message!

"As long as they don't know what the message said," George reflected with a mental chuckle as he turned the gas crank, "they'll hang around the hotel, fighting over what's the best thing to do. And in another fifteen minutes the revenue officers will be here. They'll eat dinner tonight at the expense of Uncle Sam; and as soon as they're safely nabbed, I'll find Susie and tell her the whole story." If he reflected, too, that in that story he did not play a wholly unattractive rôle, it is none of our affair. Always, since time began, it has been the perquisite of the male to strut before the chosen of his affections.

The road of life would be an easy one to travel if it did not happen so often that Fate throws a grain of the unexpected into the gear-box of events. In this case, the grain was Susie, who, all unwitting, elected to show her pique at being neglected by her gas man by flirting with Herbert Rush before his face and eyes. And so it happened that when the two motorcycle officers peppered the air with revolver shots as they pursued Strang and Ashton thru the corridors of the Hotel Intermedierio, some twenty minutes later, Susie was seated in the white car with Rush, lispingly entreating to know what the different pedals and handles were for, which is a very good method of flirting, as all young ladies know.

At the first shot, Rush started up and cast a desperate glance behind him at the hotel. The sight of George Oliver Watson standing guard at the front entrance seemed to carry sudden understanding to his brain. Before Susie could rise in her seat, he pushed her violently away from the wheel, fumbled with his gears and sent the great car leaping down the road, rocking from side to side and sending up a cloud of dust from which trailed back a despairing cry: "Help! George! Help!"

The watcher at the portals spun around, cast a single agonized glance after the disappearing car and dashed into the hotel lobby, almost jerking the telephone in the booth out by the roots. "Give me Midland 543-M, and don't stop to argue!" George roared. "If you don't get it quick, there'll be one less telephone operator at the next census count! Hullo! Hullo! Say, this is Watson. One of the gang has got away and is heading for the border in a white car on the main road. Head him off. Stop him. He must not get across into Mexico!"

Dashing the receiver down, the gas, oil and water dispenser rushed from the hotel, almost bumping into the two deputies, with Rush and Ashton manacled and sullen in tow. "We've got the papers proving there's an organized rum-running traffic between Mexico and the U. S.!" one of the officers began, "and now, is there anywhere else you'd like us to go, Mr. Watson?"

"Yes!" said George savagely, as he

hurled his one hundred and eighty pounds into their machine and stepped upon the starter. And over one shoulder, as the car roared away, he told them where it was that they could go.

And now, as he hurtled down the road, took corners on one wheel, leveled the hills with his speed, George regretted bitterly that he had not had the idea of filling up the gasoline tank of the white car that morning with the third of the commodities he vendcd—water. He was beginning to despair of ever overtaking the fugitive, when he leaped down a hillside amid a shower of loose rocks and saw the white automobile climbing the opposite slope. Muffler cut out to get every ounce of speed possible, George's car raced after it like a rabid creature, snarling, panting, growling and every moment threatening to skid from the pathway on some loose pebble and crash into the cliff at either side.

The wheel struggled like a live thing in George's grip, but with set teeth, he kept his hold firm and strained his eyes for a glimpse of a bright head in the next car. They were very close to the border now, and his heart gave a sick throb as he thought of the thousand rabbit-warrens of mountain passways which he did not know, but which were undoubtedly familiar to the bootlegger ahead. If something did not happen in the next ten minutes to save Susie, she was lost, for he knew now that his car would go very little farther. His trained ear could diagnose the sounds of agony that proceeded from its vitals only too well.

And then he saw that something was going to happen. In his telephone message he had implored the revenue officers to stop the white car, but he had neglected to warn them that it must be stopped gently and with due regard for its contents. His machine was just passing over a hill-top which afforded him a glimpse of the road ahead not possible to the crazed driver of the runaway auto, already descending into the next valley. George gave a great cry and plunged down the hill, sending a shout ahead.

"Susie! Out on the running-board—quick—!"

His gallant little car was in its death-throes as he drew up alongside the other machine and held out a hand to the slight figure, balanced precariously on the mud-guard of the white car. For a sickening instant, it seemed that she would be swept by him or flung to the road; then, somehow, she was in his arms and the plucky little car gave what sounded like an immense sigh of relief, swerved from the road, ran thru a rail fence and stopped short in a charming meadow trimmed with daisies and buttercups, while the white car plunged onward to meet the doom of boulders that waited for its coming about the distant turn of the road.

It was a moment for drama, for romance. Yet the first words of the two in the rescuing car were hardly up to what the occasion demanded.

"Gosh!" said George, with a deep, noisy breath. "Some little ramble!"

And, "Oh, dear!" mourned Susie, feeling, woman-wise, amid the bright tangles of her hair for lost pins and combs. "I suppose I look a fright!"

But their next words were a little better.

"You look pretty good to me!" said George, blushing with the effort. And again Susie had the feeling of being the heroine in a story, and her cheeks caught a gentle fire from his. For she had an intuition that the ending was going to be like the ending of all good tales—

"—And so they lived happy—"

George put out a tentative arm, and Susie snuggled within it contentedly.



"Soap-and-water" clean — of course! —but still are you above reproach?

*One great toilet fact
that two million women now recognize — that cleanliness
does not always mean daintiness*

By RUTH MILLER

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Almost as strong as a woman's instinct for cleanliness is her love of personal daintiness. What many women do not yet understand is that while personal daintiness may *begin* with cleanliness, it does not *end* there.

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The great enemy of personal daintiness is underarm perspiration odor and moisture. The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

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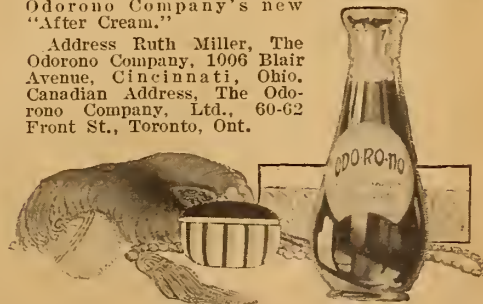
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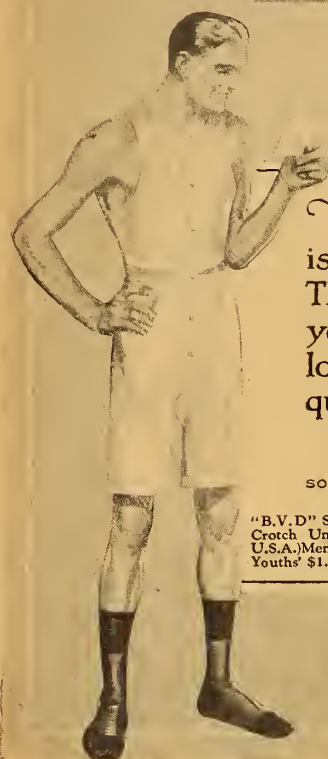
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MOVING PICTURES—WHO INVENTED THE TERM?

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

It is curious how a phrase which you would have sworn was absolutely modern will suddenly leap up from the stained pages of some old book—usually a collection of old plays or gossiping memoirs—and make you sit up with a startled exclamation.

Take Horace Walpole, statesman, traveler, historian, letter writer and chief gossip of the times of the middle of the eighteenth century, and you will be surprised to find that, so far as I know, he was the first to use the two words Moving Picture in conjunction.

Here is what he says:

"I have never seen or heard anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Humes, Lytteltons, Grevilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, are all to me but impostors in their various ways.

"Fame or interest is their object, and after all their parade.

"I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes that the stars are so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honest, than any of them.

"Oh, I am sick of visions and systems that shove one another aside, and come again like figures in a *Moving Picture*."

I wonder if anyone can find an earlier quotation of the two words which have acquired such a vital significance in the swiftly moving life of today, a life which would have left the leisured Horace breathless and stunned.

AS TO PREFERENCES

By MORRIE RYSKIND

Robert raves of Mary P.;
Jim loves Agnes Ayres;
"Billie Burke, O gods, for me!"
So run Peter's prayers.
Zena Keefe makes Ralph rejoice;
Lila Lee wins Paul;
I—I haven't any choice,
For I love 'em all!

ON NIGHT LOCATION WITH "C. B." DE MILLE

By LESLEY BATES

"Hit' em!" a voice cries, and the day is here.

A dozen spot- and Kleig-lights open fire.

Villain and star, music and atmosphere,
Leap into scenes of laughter, love, desire.

Behind a camera—his cap awry—
"C. B." directs with undisputed skill.
His rugged, pleasant face, his eager eye,
Conceal a brave, indomitable will.

The footage multiplies, but overhead
Thin silver stars ride down their ancient way.

Tired actors labor on till night is dead
And sudden dawn skyrockets into day.

Then all go home to dreams of wealth and glory.

All but "C. B."—he dreams another story.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

CURIOS.—You are quite a poet. What is a poem? An airy castle, built by the spirit in the heart of man. What do poets live on? They just live on. Have I answered you fully?

LONE STAR GIRL.—William P. Davidson, in "The Girl from Nowhere." Yes, William S. Hart is producing now. Winifred Westover is to become a mother soon. You say, I am very complimentary. The only pleasant things to pay are compliments. They are the only things I can pay out of my \$10.50 per week. We're all hunting for happiness. We break asunder many bonds to arrive at happiness.

A WOULD-BE.—I'll try not to be sarcastic. I don't mean to be, if I seem to be. I'm sorry, but there is nothing I can do to help you get into pictures. I'd try something else, if I were you.

TYMY FAT.—I can best answer you by saying that one is at fault as much as the other. Remember what Thoreau says? "Man is continually saying to woman, Why will you not be more wise? Woman is continually saying to man, Why will you not be more loving? It is not in their will to be wise or to be loving; but unless each is both wise and loving, there can be neither wisdom nor love." *Quien sabe?* Vivian Rich is to play opposite George Chesebro in a series of two-reel mounted police stories. Yes, come along.

VILLAIN.—I'm sorry. Hope you write again.

PATSY.—So be it. Where there is no exaggeration, there is no love, and where there is no love, there is no understanding. And, after all, what is greater than understanding? Why, goodness gracious! I'm getting to be a Beatrice Fairfax! You can reach Allan Forrest with Fox.

WARRANTED CLOTHESPIN.—So you want to get fat? Ever try Force? Lowell Sherman was Lennox in "Way Down East." He is now playing on the stage in New York. No, I never tried playing a saxophone. They are a weird music. Jack Dempsey has been playing in the Hippodrome. He will probably be playing in pictures when you read this. Yes, Herbert Rawlinson was married to Roberta Arnold, but I understand they are separating.

TEXAS PAT.—Yes, I, too, like Rodolph Valentino. I liked "The Four Horsemen" first, then "Camille," and then "The Sheik." Philip Hubbard was the professor in "The Blot." Rex Ingram is going to produce "Black Orchids" again. He did this picture seven years ago for Universal. You must be a jolly good sport, Pat. Stand Pat!

PAULINE W.—All right, here you are on a silver platter. Wallace Reid has light hair and blue eyes.

VICTIMS OF CURIOSITY.—That's what we all are. Please think kindly of me. I'm just an unfortunate old man.

JOSEPHINE.—You say, "Beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins." But there is so little real beauty these days—most of it is artificial. Read *BEAUTY* and be convinced. E. K. Lincoln is playing in "The Price of Her Ambition." Madge Bellamy, in "Someone to Love." Marguerite Marsh, in "Iron to Gold," opposite Dustin Farnum.

BLUE EYES.—So you think Gloria Swanson is a wonder. No, I don't mind being old. There are worse losses than the loss of youth. Gareth Hughes and Bessie Love are playing opposite. No, I haven't seen Charlie Chaplin in "Pay-Day."

MARTHA.—Yes, there are a number of comedians in films—Harold Lloyd, Charlie

WOMEN are AMAZED!



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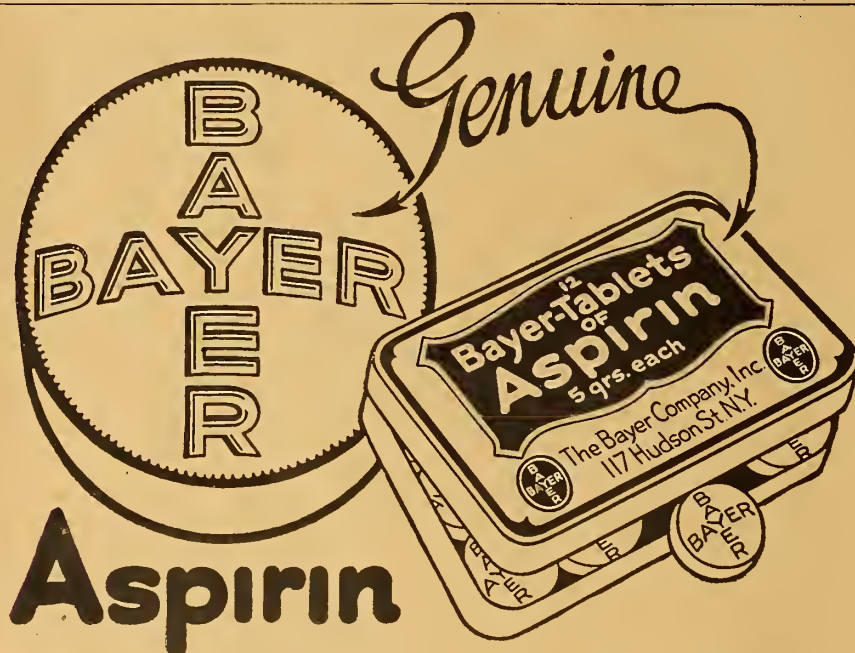
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Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Larry Semon, Ben Turpin, Lloyd Hamilton and several others.

MISS FIT.—You want to get into the right groove, because woman is the mightiest power in the world, and it lies in her hands to lead man whither the Almighty God would have him go—also whither the other fellow demandeth. Conway Tearle is with Selznick.

OLD PAL.—Another victim of Rodolph Valentino! Rodolph, Rodolph, you will have a lot to answer for.

O. U. BABE.—Oh, you! It took eighteen months to produce "The Mistress of the World," and there were over 25,000 people in it. But, with all that, it is quite a mess and very poorly done. Wesley Barry, in "From Rags to Riches," and "Little Heroes of the Street."

OSCAR.—Hurray, Oscar! What do I think of marriage? I don't think of it. No, I have never been married. I wish you luck. Here's my hand.

MARTHA M., PRINCESS TED, STANLEY J., M. B. L., JANE F., JANET, LORRAINE, MARGARET P., M. R. P., JR., GERTRUDE B., MARION L., M. W., RODOLPH'S ADMIRER, DARLING DAZY, ETTER B., MADEMOISELLE, DUMPLING, RUBY LIPS, SUNNY EYES.—Sorry to put you here, but better luck next time. Ask me something new! Start something! Don't let me get stale! Keep this department fresh and snappy! It's up to you!

MILDRED H.—You write a very clever letter. I surely was glad to hear all about the weather in Texas. It has been very mild here this winter. And you, too, have fallen for Rodolph Valentino. On June 12, 1816, snow fell for three days in Maine, and the ground was frozen half an inch deep. The highest temperature on official record in the United States was July 10, 1913, at Greenlands Ranch, Calif., 134 degrees. Write me again, Mildred.

NEWCOMER.—Jackie Coogan will be eight next October. He is now playing in "Trouble." Yes, Kathryn Williams is married to Charles Eyton.

K. F. K.—Seems to me I have seen this verse before, but perhaps my readers have not, so I print it here:

When Adam, in bliss,
Asked Eve for a kiss,
She puckered her lips with a coo;
And with accent emphatic
And with gesture ecstatic,
Said, "I don't care A-dam if I do!"

HORACE M. S.—Thanks; you say I am a sure cure for the blues. No, indeed, you are not too old. I would advise you to go ahead. Viola Dana is making personal appearances. Yes, Charlie Chaplin is working on a three-reel slapstick comedy. I'm sure we will all welcome Charlie back.

OLD NEST.—Sentiment should run thru all business, and business thru all sentiment. So you think the CLASSIC is not in favor of Nazimova. I don't see why you say that. I rather liked her in "The Doll's House," but there were a great many times when she didn't look so good. However, she was always true to type, and she proved that she can do it when she wants to.

GLORIA GREY.—Yes, Harrison Ford. **YONKERSITE.**—Jean Paige is to have the lead in Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons." Lewis Stone is to have the lead in "A Fool There Was." The vamp is to be played by June Eldridge. Why, Katherine MacDonald is playing in "Conquer the Woman."

MARTIN H.—If a lover is a herald who proclaims the merit, the wit, or the beauty of a woman, what does a husband proclaim? Yes, and our whole life is like a play. Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry, expect to do "Ivanhoe" in Europe. Yes, Evelyn Greeley is playing in "A

Pasteboard Clown." Neva Gerber plays opposite Ben Wilson in "The Hand in the Fog."

GERTRUDE W.—But this isn't the canning season. Ketchup or catchup or catsup is a corruption of the Chinese word, *kitjap*, the name given to an inferior kind of soy made in China, and often sold in England in substitution for real soy. Ralph Kellard was playing on the stage last I heard of him.

MASTER WILLARD.—That was a very kind letter of yours. Write me again.

SAPOLIO.—Yes, and men are still children at sixty. Carter DeHaven and his wife, in "Marry the Poor Girl." Marie Prevost and Tom Gallery, in "A Parisian Scandal."

BINK FROM PARIS.—Well, Mississippi was the first State to ratify the Prohibition Amendment. But, you know, they have lots of water there. Owen Moore has dark eyes. Mary Miles Minter is not engaged at present. You know, a woman's tongue can raise more clamor than even Vulcan with his hammer.

IRMA.—Just address Corliss Palmer, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and it will reach her. But she is a busy little girlie these days.

ETHEL W.—The annual tobacco bill of the United States is \$2,110,000,000, of which \$800,000,000 is spent for cigarets. We spend \$200,000,000 more annually for cigarets than for the yearly salaries of all the teachers in the United States. Thurston Hall, in "The Midnight Patrol." Yes, Gloria Swanson had a cover on the July, 1921, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

SHIRLEY MC.—Yes, but women are meant to be loved, not to be understood. Yes, I understand David Warfield intends to do "The Return of Peter Grimm," for the screen. But the charm is in his voice, which will all be lost.

THE DAREDEVIL.—So your favorite player is von Stroheim. You can reach him at Universal Company, Universal City, Calif. Many are "frightened before they are hurt"; but the fright often prevents the hurt.

AUSSIE.—So you are inclined to believe that America is the land of violent extremes. You want to read "Main Street," if you like the small-town stuff. Yes, "The Dark Mirror" has been filmed. Your letter was quite interesting. Write me again.

LOUIS C.—You'll have to give me more information.

OLIVE H.—Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it. You say you want to see more about Rudolph Valentino. Your number is 1,769. That was Claude Gillingwater as the father in "My Boy." Buck (Charles) Jones, in "The Heart of the Range," with Eileen Percy and Mae Busch.

VIVIAN H.—To avoid your carrying out your threat, here I am. Do you mean Cullen Landis? Robert Ellis was playing opposite Priscilla Dean, for Universal, last I heard of him. Are we all made up now?

PAT.—Well, anyone who is honest simply because he considers it "the best policy," will occasionally be dishonest for the same reason. No, I'm still in the same hall-room. Why am I bald? Grass doesn't grow on a busy street. So you thought there were too many sub-titles in "Boomerang Bill." Yes, and that was not the only thing the matter with it. Agnes Ayres and Conrad Nagel, in "The Ordeal."

MARY E. K.—Well, Mary, you have a long ways to go yet. You say you are thirteen and you want to be a movie star. Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills are also playing with Dorothy Dalton in "The Cat That Walked Alone." Frank Keenan, in "The Brotherhood of Hate," for Ince.

Re RUDOLPH VALENTINO.—He is Italian;

(Continued on page 116)

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 72)

But, nevertheless, it was a relief to find her a sympathetic character, even after she had left her country sweetheart for the city, where she hoped to earn enough money to satisfy her crêpe-de-chine soul. She was, as a matter of fact, sympathetic long after she found an "angel" to furnish an apartment for her, luxurious beyond description, and to wield an ever-ready fountain pen on large and frequent checks.

Dramatic history to the contrary, this heroine remains sentimental, even returning to visit her country home for a few hours. And, when the country sweetheart she left behind her, returns from the war, a pitiable wreck with but a few weeks to live, those to be spent in darkness, she is valiant and strong.

Seena Owen and Matt Moore play the principal rôles with understanding, altho Miss Owen is always seen to better advantage when the story calls upon her to do something definite. She is not the type that may simply enter and leave scenes thruout a production, holding the interest.

"Back-Pay" is an average production, based on a threadbare plot, but treated in a slightly different manner.

OTHER WOMEN'S CLOTHES—HODKINSON

The other day, in the Hodkinson projection-room, when they were showing the Ballin production, "Other Women's Clothes," a skeptic next to us remarked, "They all fall sooner or later." He meant that Hugo Ballin had fallen—"Other Women's Clothes" was the fall.

When Hugo Ballin started out to make his own productions with Mabel Ballin in the principal rôle as she has been, he was undoubtedly striving to do different things. He achieved his purpose in a generous measure. At any rate, his results were artistic. There was "Pagan Love," "East Lynne," (modernized), "The Journey's End," and, most recently, his splendid "Jane Eyre." Every one of these pictures had something definite to recommend it—to make it worth the time and effort which was expended in bringing it to the screen. The same cannot be said of "Other Women's Clothes."

To go back to the skeptic, the fall he meant was the fall to making program pictures, cut from practically the same pattern as nine out of every ten productions you see at your theater.

The story tells about a poor girl, who unknowingly becomes the experiment of a wealthy man when he causes a fortune to be invested in her name. She later discovers that he is responsible for her good fortune and runs away. And then he gives years to searching for her—

However, whenever we complain about this sort of thing, we are always told that it is pictures of this nature which make the most money. If this is true, something should be done about it at once, for it is a practical world, and as long as the deadly program pictures make money just that long—but no longer—may we expect to see them upon our screens.

THE SEVENTH DAY—FIRST NATIONAL

Those who do not object to sermons with their entertainment, wont mind the preachy subtitles of "The Seventh Day." Others will take exception to them. There is a sermon tucked away in practically six out of every ten titles. And the moral of this and of that is always flagrant. You are not permitted the pleasure of discovering it for yourself. We mention this

first, because, to us at any rate, it seemed the outstanding point of the production.

This picture, which is the second independent Richard Barthelmess production, is not to be compared to his first, "To'able David." In the first place, it lacks the foundation of any substantial story material, and the opportunity for any particular characterization. Broad comedy, which borders perilously upon slapstick, has been injected intermittently to quicken the tempo of lagging action. Nevertheless—

Those who deplore the younger generation, with upstretched hands, will find an abundance of good material for arguments in "The Seventh Day." And those who contend philosophically that the flappers are better off because of their frank acceptance of life and their indulgence in smoking and drinking will believe, on the other hand, that this picture proves their point. As to the younger generation itself, it will doubtless find the production to its liking, and wish it were part of the very modern yachting party. Too, Dick Barthelmess would compensate most flappers for any absence of plot. In fact, they wouldn't even miss it. And this cannot be counted as, in any way, against them. He is, besides being a capable actor, a very charming young man.

When he is introduced, he is aboard his sloop, riding the high seas. Then and there, you decide that you will not watch his fate for long if he doesn't land. The cameraman went in for an effective bit of realism, and *mal de mer* threatens, even in an orchestra chair.

The tale tells of a yachting party of several young people who are marooned for a week in a little fishing village while the yacht is laid up for repairs. Naturally, there is a contrast between them, and the provincial folk of the village. And, as might be expected, there is an intermingling of the sophisticated youth aboard the yacht and the sheltered youth of the village. And there is a happy ending.

Supporting Mr. Barthelmess are Louise Huff, Anne Cornwall, Frank Losee, George Stewart and Leslie Stowe.

RODOLFO VALENTINO

By D. E. SULLIVAN

Gentle birth yours,
And a restless spirit.
For, when convention palled,
The gods shod you like Mercury,
And on winged feet
Sped you to us,
Bearing a message
Of great things promised.

Their eyes from you a while averted,
Despair engulfed you!
While you nimble feet won bread,
Cinema . . . wept!

But you triumphed over friendlessness
And poverty.
That restless spirit again intrigued the gods.
They made you Julio, Armand,
The Sheik and Charles.
Cinema . . . cheered!

And the promise for the future?

Great, human, thinking Beings
Whom you shall *be* . . . not seem.
I greet you,
Salvini of the Screen!

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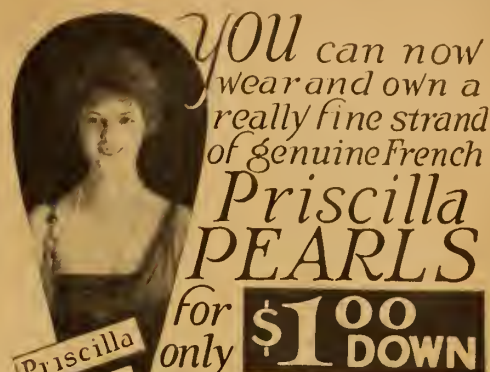
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 90)

see her less often in real good pictures than once a month in some claptrap melodrama.

I like Richard Dix, too. He is different from all the rest. His portrayal of the husband in "Dangerous Curve Ahead" was very good. I hope that he will have more good parts like that of Harley Jones.

Bebe Daniels is a very good dramatic actress, but as she has scored a big hit as a "good-little-bad-girl," she is kept in that kind of rôle. I hope that she will have more chances to show us her ability as a dramatic actress, as she had in "The Affairs of Anatol." I am awaiting with great interest the arrival of "Blood and Sand" to the screen, as I have heard that she has an excellent rôle in it.

Alice Calhoun has a charming personality, and I think she has a wonderful future on the screen. Her work in "The Little Minister" shows that she has unusual dramatic ability. Her pictures have not always had such interesting plots, and so she is not fully appreciated.

Of the comedians, I think that Johnny Hines is the best. The Torchy comedies are all very clever and are clean and contain very little slapstick. Here's hoping that he will give us more of Torchy.

Will close, with best wishes to your magazine. It is the best ever.

Sincerely,
C. O. H.,
Chicago, Ill.

A well-taken argument concerning the mother in "The Old Nest."

DEAR EDITOR: I noticed in the February number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE a letter from Orlean Georgenson, in which she wishes the opinion of other fans regarding "The Old Nest" and "Way Down East." These stories, as are all stories, are written to bring out some single effect, and this effect is usually exaggerated. This exaggeration is true in "The Old Nest." A sensible mother does not sit around with folded hands and grieve for her children who are happily married; neither does she try to keep them from marrying. A real mother expects to give up her children; and her children, if they are loyal to their companions, must forsake the old nest. A sensible mother realizes this, and devotes her thoughts and her time to something wholesome—not to grief.

"Way Down East" was a wonderful picture. But did D. W. Griffith ever turn out a picture that was not wonderful? I am looking forward to "The Two Orphans."

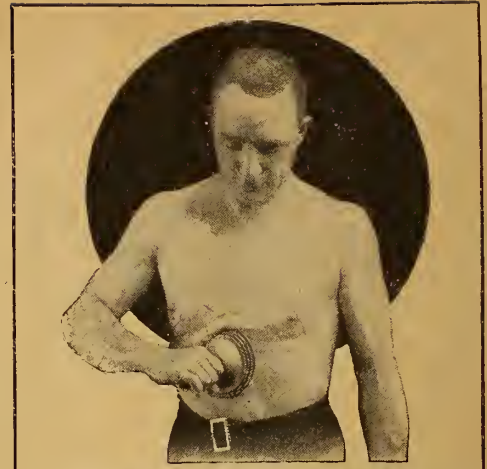
Sincerely,
DOROTHY ANDERSON,
Danville, Ill.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 113)

under contract with Lasky; don't know why you see so few of his pictures, he is working every day; why, he is a star; haven't his age; you think he is the "most wonderful lover" on the screen; yes, he does it pretty nicely. You're welcome. write me again.

VELMA W.—Well, from the drawing, I can't say that you inherit much of your father's talent, but practice makes perfect; so keep at it. Katherine MacDonald, in "The Heart Dealer." Nigel Barrie opposite.



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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Robinson Crusoe Myers

(Continued from page 77)

—then straightened up and assumed an air of nobility—as tho to appeal to my higher and better nature.

"All right, you can smile, m' boy"—he nodded gravely, significantly—"but what about this: I've read the Robinson Crusoe script. I'm in every scene but seven, an' I'll say there's three thousand scenes before the final flicker in the thirty-sixth reel!

"The way they're shooting this picture, I've got to do at least four changes a day. I always wear two mustaches, one over the other, to save time. I'm a young English gentleman, an old English gentleman, a smuggler, and an old duffer in goat-skins, each and every day! Then every couple of episodes, I have to use different grease-paints and alter the lines of my face, as, of course, Crusoe keeps getting older—he's on the darned island for twenty-eight years. I usually carry my wardrobe and make-up in a suitcase. In this picture, an expressman carries a steamer trunk to the studio every day."

I doubled, aye, trebled my stillness. How reply to such sound dialectics? His next remarks were in *soito voce*, as tho we were confederates in a mysterious undertaking, with the Sherlocks close at hand: "I'm only in the seventh episode now, and I've nearly departed this life a half-dozen times"—his voice quavered. "I wouldn't bet a dime that I finish the picture without succumbing to fallen arches, a cracked skull, arteriosclerosis or the higher life"—his voice became sympathetically faint and falsetto . . .

I was at the point of breaking down and sobbing.

"Think of it"—he interrupted my emotional hiatus with tones so earnest that I was again all ears—"I've had to become on social terms with unsocial imported hounds, orang-outangs who are class-conscious, wrestlers, and a democratic poll-parrot, who would just as soon nip the nose off a distinguished leading man as to perform the same operation upon an uncultured extra."

I looked drolly and stupidly approving. He must have thought I was inwardly giggling.

"This isn't a bit funny," he admonished—and again there was the glance of contemptuous pity. "Those imported hounds don't like these goat-skins; they sniff me suspiciously and emit deep, cavernous growls, while their hair bristles. The orang-outang is built like John L. Sullivan and has the temperament of a chorus girl; he wouldn't let go of my hand the other day, and I was afraid for about ten minutes that an amputation would be in order. He has a grip like Bull Montana and the endurance of a press agent."

I was fully convinced by now, but he kept on:

"One of these primitive extras caused pandemonium on the set the other day by leaping and bounding like a Holy Roller who has seen 'the light,' uttering much un-aesthetic and guttural gibberish. Finally, he espied me, and started towards me, eyes gleaming balefully while he muttered Aztec imprecations. I thought he was under the mistaken impression that I was a chamois and he an Alpine huntsman. But, after I had reached the top of a prop cocoanut tree and seven healthy stagehands had thumped him mightily—reducing him to a prostrate condition—he confessed that he had got gloriously lit up on Sterno canned heat! Can you tie that? He said his method was to empty the

Don't Let Blackheads Ruin Your Success



I ONCE knew a girl who lost the position as confidential secretary to the president of a big concern because her face was covered with blackheads.

"I insist on cleanliness in my organization," he told someone later. "A skin like that is an admission of personal carelessness. I would not be annoyed with a spotted face before me when I gave dictation, so I gave the job to a girl with clear skin."

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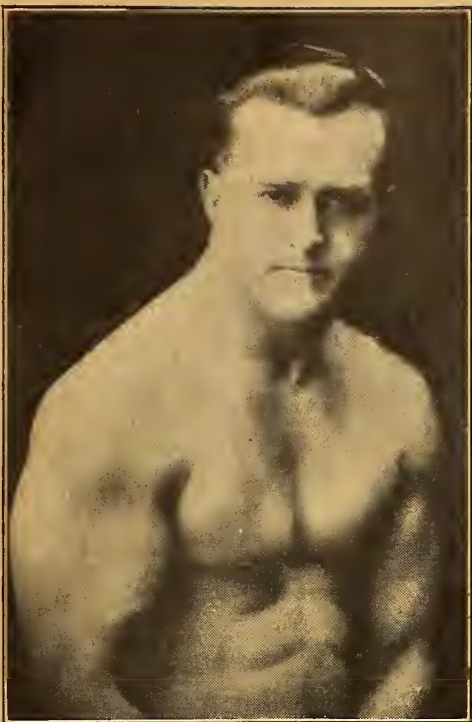
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Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

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How Do You Look In a Bathing Suit?

"Come on, fellows—the water's fine."

If you have a drop of red blood in you, that call is enough. You pull off your clothes and in with a splash. But the keenest joy of all is to step out of the water and hear them say, "Oh boy, some chest."

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It is Not Too Late

Summer has only started, so don't despair. I can still do it, fellows. I can't change you over night, but I do promise to completely change your physical appearance before summer is over. I will fill out your chest, broaden your shoulders and give you arms and legs to be proud of. And with it you will attain the vim and pep of a real live-blooded athlete.

Those who now look at you and smile will envy you for your physical charms. They will look up to you and respect you. Get busy, then, for time flies. Summer will soon be here. What impression are you going to make? Decide right now that this dominant physique will be yours.

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It contains 26 full-page photographs of myself and some of the athletes I have trained. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an inspiration to you. There is not another book like it on the market. I want every man and boy who reads this page to send for a copy. It is absolutely free. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it, so it's yours to keep. All I ask you to cover is the cost of wrapping and postage—ten cents. Now, do not delay one minute. This may be the turning point of your entire life. Tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

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Sterno canned heat into a salt sack and squeeze the sack until all the liquid had been squeezed from it; after which he would drink mighty draughts of the squeezing. This brought on a wild gavotte that was a cross between an incensed leaping tuna and a Denishawn danseuse interpreting Strawinsky."

I agreed that this was a risky business, and was about to tell the aggrieved Myers that I was pleased to have met him, but he continued as tho I were not even present, as tho he addressed the whole wide world of laymen.

"The other day an imported Chihuahua spear-thrower was delegated to hurl a leaden cannon-ball thru the window of a hut I was peacefully residing in. You see, they couldn't have a real cannon volley, hence that leaden pellet. Well, the result convinced me that spear-throwing was the forte unquestionably of that Mexican yokel; the cannon-ball caught me on the side of the head, bounced off and knocked down the camera-man—and nearly upset the camera. For several minutes, I was so dazed that I heard screaming planets splitting asunder with prodigious booms, the Ride of the Valkyries, and, above both, the voice of John Griffith Wray directing a second act."

I put on my hat, buttoned up my overcoat, took a firm grip on my umbrella—but he only smiled at me convincingly and went on:

"Only yesterday, I had to ascend to a masthead at Laguna Beach, while an assortment of Sonoratown cannibals pursued me, letting fly at the same time exquisitely sharp and delicately curved knives. I think I mentioned that Bob Hill, our director, is a stickler for realism. You see, I was supposed to rush up that mast and tear down the jolly roger!—and all the time I'm remembering the leading man at Vitagraph who was in the same kind of a picture once—well, one of those knives struck him, where—I'm not prepared to say—but I just refused to climb up that mast with my back to those cannibals. Gee, it was only this morning that—"

But I was going thru the stage door, utterly weak, dumbfounded, flabbergasted. I glanced back swiftly and timidly, and beheld a grinning Crusoe, white teeth flashing thru the facial foliage. But I didn't go back. I am too old and have suffered too long from neurasthenia to listen indefinitely to such terrific experiences.

Once outside, cool wisps of rain humorously flicking my sad countenance, somewhat restored my sanity. I raced thru a diaphanous curtain of showering leaden raindrops in the general direction of Cahuenga Pass, that proud automobile highway, which in the distance resembled a gleaming vermicular ribbon along which glistening beetles crawled. But I didn't glance back again. Something told me that if I did, I would behold Harry Myers in the doorway, beckoning to me to come back and hear how he had miraculously escaped the ferocious attack of a wild, uncivilized sponge.

THE RULE DOESN'T ALWAYS APPLY

By FRANK V. FAULHABER

INTERVIEWER: I s'pose you movie-people have to be punctual in the mornings, eh?

"EXTRA": That depends who you are. If an "extra" arrives three minutes late she'll find another in her place. A "leading lady," tho, can come three hours late and the director will be waiting for her.

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How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned, as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin-scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

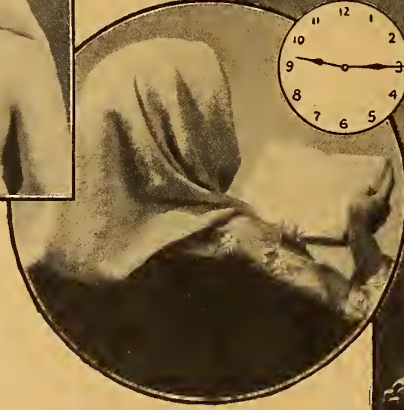
The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragment mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay, and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand-new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because



Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that the Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I would write my story for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days.

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THE Picture Book De Luxe of the movie world—

Is starting a new and interesting series, to be called **A Star in the Making**. This series will consist of a two-page layout of popular stars in their earliest rôles, up to and including their last. Dick Barthelmess starts the series in the June issue. Watch for it.

Another double spread picture page is **Good Night, Ladies!** It is what one might call a **Revue Intime**. Don't miss it. What with the censors and everything—there won't be many more like it.

Pauline Frederick is playing the picturesque rôle of Clementina in "**The Glory of Clementina**," and we are offering a novelization of this well-known Locke story.

"**The Masquerader**" is another absorbing fiction story from the play of the same name, starring **Guy Bates Post**.

"**Fascination**" is **Mae Murray's** next picture, and we offer two pages of gorgeous scenes and costumes from it.

Irene Rich makes a snappy page called **Summer Stuff**.

Nazimova's art director and designer, **Natscha Rambova**, furnishes two pages of daring, bizarre and fascinating creations.

Rex Ingram's newest find, **Ramon Samanaygos**, grants an interview, with stunning portraits.

Other interviews are with **May McAvoy**, **Ann Forrest**, **Conrad Nagel** and many more.

Constance Talmadge and **Maurice** show us some of the steps of their newest dance, **The Talmadge Fox-Trot**.

With this list of only about half of the good things in **CLASSIC**, there is no excuse for not buying—

The Picture Book De Luxe of the movie world.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

For JUNE

THE JUNE SHADOWLAND

ASIDE from being the most beautiful magazine in America, **SHADOWLAND** is doing its best to be the most interesting. The unusual examples of striking art work and photography will grace its pages, reproduced in full colors, tints and rotogravure. And there will also be a number of distinguished contributors.

Frank Harris will present a remarkable first-hand study of **Lloyd George**, one that will set everyone talking.

Benjamin de Casseres will discuss **George Bernard Shaw** in his inimitable way.

Walter Prichard Eaton, **Pitts Sanborn**, **Frederick James Smith**, **Louis Raymond Reid** and other contributors, well known to **SHADOWLAND** readers, will be represented with unusual contributions.

The June number is particularly designed for the beginning of the summer. Lighter and more piquant than ever in tone, **SHADOWLAND** is the ideal magazine for the hot months. Yet you will find it something more than a magazine of gorgeous beauty.

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don't Commit A Crime Against The Woman You Love



LIONEL STRONGFORT
Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

No amount of love will ever atone for the crime you will commit if you make some pure, trusting young girl your wife when you are UNFIT to assume the duties and responsibilities of a husband and a father. Her whole future life, her body and soul, will be in YOUR keeping; no one will be able to help her if YOU prove faithless to her trust in you. Don't put the matter aside, you can't get away from it; you can't make any girl happy. If you are weak, impotent, sickly; grouchy with dyspepsia or biliousness, poisoned by constipation, or suffering from any other devitalizing ailment. Stop and think, right now, for HER sake, if not for your own. What CAN her marriage to you bring her but life-long regret and sorrow, if you are only an apology for a man, with your muscles flabby, your blood like water and your brain woozy as a result of your condition.

She Thinks You Are A Man

She trusts, admires and loves what she THINKS you are—a real MAN, mentally, morally and physically, whom she can respect as well as love. She believes you to be a man who can look any other man in the eye and hold your own with him; who is able to protect her under any circumstances; who can make his way in the world and give her the comforts she has a right to expect from her husband; and finally, who will ultimately make her the mother of healthy, happy children, a blessing to you both. Think of the kind of children you will make her the mother of if you are one of the great UNFIT. Think of the weak, ailing, rickety, defective boys and girls such men bring into the world—pitiable little creatures, with no chance in life, living reproaches to the father who begot them. Don't close your eyes to these things. They are Facts; facts thoroughly understood by every breeder of dogs, cattle and horses; facts recognized by the legislators of several states, who would make it a LEGAL, as well as MORAL, crime to marry when unfit.

Make Yourself Fit For Marriage

Put your past behind you. What if you have led a gay life and sowed a big crop of wild oats? Start NOW to root them out. What if you have burned the candle at both ends and feel now like a human wreck, with your strength of body and mind dissipated and your vitality ebbing away? All the more reason why you should begin now, TODAY, to stop that steady loss, build up your strength again, regain your lost vitality and make a manly, red-blooded man of yourself. It's the ONLY thing to do—the only way to have any more happiness in life—the only way to keep from slipping down into the scrap heap of the hopelessly down-and-out—and you can do it, if you go about it the right way.

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No matter what your work or business or occupation, you can build yourself up in my way without interfering with it in the least. I'll help you strengthen your heart, lungs, stomach and every other vital organ; I'll help you free yourself from dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, catarrh or other chronic ailments; I'll help you steady your nerves and clear your brain and send the rich, red blood of life and vital energy coursing through your arteries again, so that you will be THE man your wife believes and expects you to be.

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| ..Rupture | ..Constipation | ..Heart Weakness |
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| ..Neuritis | ..Torpid Liver | ..Skin Disorders |
| ..Neuralgia | ..Indigestion | ..Despondency |
| ..Flat Chest | ..Nervousness | ..Round Shoulders |
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We have prepared a booklet entitled Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells how to criticise and enjoy the movies. It contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them. Send us a 10-cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Don't wait, do it now. We assure you you won't be sorry. When you have filled the book, you will prize it very highly, and you will send for another. You must have this booklet. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, 10 cents. Think of it, only 10 cents! It will be worth many dollars to you!

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The American Beauty Contest

"Queen Rose of the Rosebud Garden of Girls"

Are you a beauty?

Consult your mirror. It will tell you.

Are you one of the many "flowers born to blush unseen and waste your sweetness on the desert air"?

Consult this page. It will tell you.

Glorious News

The Brewster Publications: **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, and BEAUTY** are going to conduct a great contest. It will *not* be a moving picture contest. We are *not* looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

Is It You?

Send us your picture, and our judges will tell you.

The most competent and comprehensive list of judges for a beauty contest that could be devised is now being selected. They represent every artistic enterprise, and are well known thruout the world. Their names and what they stand for will be announced later.

The Grand Prize!

To the woman who these illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful girl in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous "East Side"; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.

2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.

3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.

4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.

5. She will have her picture on the cover of **BEAUTY** magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be \$1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars! (\$1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what

you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. **ALL** of them will be examined by the contest judges.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND** and *Beauty* at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.
8. The most beautiful pictures received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

Note.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name

Address

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

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Occupation (optional)



Photograph of Miss Garden

© by Matzene, Chicago.

MARY GARDEN

Has Written an Exclusive Article for

Beauty
MAGAZINE

"The woman of character, strength of mind and the will and courage to mold her destiny has the kind of beauty that appeals to me," says this well-known prima donna and impresario who is a famous beauty herself. Her article in the June issue will appeal to every woman.

Other interesting features in the June number are:

THE SCALP AND ITS CARE, a particularly timely article on an important subject by Walter A. Loops, M.D.

The first instalment of Montanye Perry's latest serial called **VIOLETS AND SPICE**, begins in this issue.

YOU CAN BE BEAUTIFUL is the interesting title of an article by Bebe Daniels, the well-known moving picture star.

A new feature, which will be appreciated by our women readers will be the Fashion Articles with illustrations in color entitled **FEMININE FADS, FANCIES AND FRILLS**, by Harriet Hunt.

There will also be the usual special departments and many short, profitable articles written especially for the woman who wishes to be beautiful.

Beauty for June

On sale on all news-stands on and after May 6th—Price 25 cents

Nothing So Beautiful

As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness.

Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn't get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The greatest benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you



get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

Trial bottle free

We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal card request. Just say "Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo" and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-273

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Large size cake 25c
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MAGAZINE

25 CTS



The Latest in Perfumery



Petites

TAKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Petites overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Petites, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

Corliss Palmer

named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, illusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only \$6.00 a box, complete.

Jeanne Jacques

(Sole Distributor)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

What does the summer sun do to your complexion?

VACATION days in the open—burning sun on the water, hot, dusty breezes on shore. Can you swim, can you motor, can you take long hikes without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

You can *protect* your skin from sunburn and freckles—you can guard your complexion from the coarsening effects of sun, dust and wind if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Not only does Ingram's Milkweed Cream *protect* the skin—it *preserves* the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones up"—*revitalizes*—the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin.

Begin the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream today. You will find that it will soon soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its regular use will *protect* your skin from the ravages of hot sun and dusty wind, will *keep* your complexion as soft and clear as you always would like to have it.

Suggestions for promoting skin health

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—you will be delighted with the results.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



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Posed by Constance Talmadge in "Two Weeks," a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many attractive women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

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Ingram's Velveola Souveraine FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXIII

JULY, 1922

No. 6

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Gallery of Players.....	11
Portraits in gravure of Leatrice Joy, William S. Hart, Winifred Westover, Richard Barthelmess, Pauline Frederick, Elaine Hammerstein, Monte Blue, Martha Mansfield and Antonio Moreno.	
We Interview the Boy.....	20
An interview playlet with Harold Lloyd	
Candlelight.....	22
The Talmadges Two.....	24
Mum's the Word.....	25
Eric von Stroheim.....	26
Anzac Enid.....	28
Flappers and the Films.....	30
Beauty and the Bool.....	32
Bull Montana Finds His Stardom	
The Glorious Adventure.....	34
A fictionization of the J. Stuart Blackton Prizma production	
Whose Double Are You?.....	39
One of Us.....	40
About Carol Dempster	
The Quest for Beauty.....	42
Facing Facts.....	43
A story about the colorful personalities in which Hollywood abounds—	
Reputations.....	46
Bryant Washburn talks—	
Angel Face.....	48
Which describes Alice Calhoun	
The Toothless Age.....	50
Featuring the children players—	
Enter Salome!.....	52
Scenes from the forthcoming Nazimova production	
That's Out.....	54
The Perfect Scenario.....	55
Trouble.....	57
The latest Jackie Coogan production as a short story	
Concerning My Husband.....	62
His Mother.....	64
Ye Gentle Tourist.....	65
In Youth.....	66
The Ordeal.....	67
The Famous Players-Lasky production novelized	
The Juvenile Critic.....	72
The Lesson of the Lilies.....	73
With Rome as a Backdrop.....	74
Across the Silversheet.....	75
On the Camera Coast.....	77
The Versatile Lytell.....	79

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DEAR EDITOR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

I've spent years wondering—

Why someone with pull
And money and brains
Doesn't root into these
Small-town exhibitors
Who run in advertisements
For one whole hour
Before the suffering public
Can see what they came to see.
Last night I sat for ages
(Being in truth from seven
Until nine o'clock)
Waiting for Douglas Fairbanks
In the "Three Musketeers."
We had Buick ads.,
And Dodge ads.,
And Ford ads.;
We had clothing ads.,
And food ads.,
And furniture ads.—
It's a crime.

And then the music!!!!

They ought to bind the exhibitors
To play appropriate music,
Or none at all.
To play a fox-trot
When the hero is dying,
Or Massene's "Elegie"
When they are throwing pies,
Is everyday stuff
In our town.
We are waiting anxiously
For Nazimova's "Camille."
I know the orchestra
Will cough their heads off,
Endeavoring, as usual,
To make it realistic.

This is a Cry for Help—

Not meant to be
Blank verse—or worse,
A parody
On K. C. B.

JOY O'HARA.

SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN

By REINHART KLEINER

I think this mortal life of ours,
And daily stress and strife of ours,
These passions that we feel,
Are like the changeful flickerings
That hold both sobs and snickerings,
Of some too fleeting reel!

We play our parts from day to day,
And all that's sad or gay today,
Tomorrow may reverse;
The plot is wholly strange to us
With what it brings of change to us,
For better or for worse!

And all our days of levity,
Or longing, have the brevity
Of moments on the screen;
We can but take the zest of them,
The sorrow and the jest of them,
Nor question what they mean!

But He, whose finger wrote it all,
We think must surely note it all,
And understand as well;
He cast us as tragedians,
Or happily, as comedians—
But why, He will not tell!

And life, so frail and fluttering,
Despite each fall and stuttering,
A nobler plan fulfils;
Still undismayed and dutiful,
It serves the good and beautiful,
As our Director wills!

CAROLYN'S CAREER

By GWENDOLEN CUMNOR

Little Carolyn picked on the movies
When she thought she must have a career.
She had studied always to do nothing,
And had outgrown her home's narrow sphere.

She decided to make it a business,
In self-discipline she was severe.
First, she beaded her shy, drooping lashes,
And so made her eyes starey and queer.

Then she shaped her red lips in a rosebud
To which kisses, like bees, must adhere;
And she gurgled and giggled and pouted
Till men all felt they must interfere.

Then she touched with peroxide and henna
The hair which she thought much too drear,
And in small, fretted waves like the ocean
Fluffed it out over each shell-like ear.

And she studied the ways of the corset
Until they were perfectly clear,
And she molded the lines of her figure
Till no nymph could more sylph-like appear.

Next she worried her head o'er a wardrobe.
In sartorial matters sincere,
She spent much for oh! ever so little!
And that little was ever so sheer.

Then publicity had to be courted.
So she vamped with a mad mountaineer,
Then persuaded his mad wife to shoot him,
And brought all the reporters to hear.

Next she "papered" her boudoir with mirrors,
Where she registered horror and fear.
Here she practiced her walking and dancing,
Learned to simper and snivel and sneer.

At last Carolyn set forth to conquer
All the world at a million a year.
But a much bored and busy director
Turned her down e'en in spite of a tear.

Then 'twas Reginald Algy DePeyster,
The bright star of the screen hemisphere,
Saw the poor little Carolyn weeping,
So he just went and married the dear.
And the wise maiden scarcely protested
Tho by wedding she lost her career.

AT THE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS STUDIO—

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

By LESLEY BATES

I see it all, as in a trance:
A gallant's world, a fairer day,
The Guards, with *fleur-de-lis* of France,
A troubadour's sweet roundelay.

King Louis's Court, gay Paris streets;
The River Seine, the warm, lit inns,
The night-watch tramping lonely beats;
The masts of ships, like silver pins.

Far overhead, an ancient moon
Rides thru this twentieth century sky.
But let's not think of that too soon—
Perhaps D'Artagnan will pass by!

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A PICTURE—

By ARTHUR ANDERSON

I have a little picture that I wish to paint for you. It will take but a very short time. There is motion in this picture—there is also a delicate odor of the smoke of perfumed cigarettes. I cannot, then, use a brush—I must use a pen; I cannot build with colors—I must build with words.

A large, well-furnished drawing-room, in the evening. Dull-finished furniture—heavy, made of dark wood. Soft yellow light reflected from a dull gold ceiling. A rich, handsome fireplace. Clean, languid flames that lick the air lazily.

A correctly dressed young man, with firm-set features and unsmiling eyes, is seated in a commodious davenport before the fireplace. He is smoking the perfumed cigaret slowly, and his eyes are staring dreamily at the fire. Let him dream—in these luxuriant surroundings—for a while—

—His cigaret is smoked thru. He rings for another.

The maid is beautiful. Her coiffure is rich, and almost black. She comes in with an air of eager expectation—oddly mixed with a desire to be prim and neat. Her eyes are a very clear dark-brown, and her skin is a living, health-tinted whiteness. Her form is soft—and rounded; and she walks with the quiet grace of beautiful girls whose bodies are unencumbered by stiff contrivances.

She stands before him, leans forward intimately, and puts the cigaret between his lips; seemingly forgetful of the low-cut V at her throat. The lighted match trembles in her fingers. He holds her hand—to steady it.

About her there is the fragrance of flowers. His eyes are intent on hers, and the end of the cigaret burns a fiery red.

Then the director puts aside his megaphone, the photographer ceases grinding, and the huge blue lights are turned off. It is three A. M. and everybody has been on the job since eight-thirty A. M. of the day before. The last scene has been worked over for the last five hours, and when the picture is completed and released, a thousand girls all over the country will resolve to run away to Hollywood to get a soft job as a screen star.

AFTER-IMAGES

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

The lights go low, the organ swells,
And pours its rhythm everywhere—
Now thunder, now the ring of bells,
Sounding at twilight o'er the dells,
Now but a whisper in the air.
The whisper and the thunder loud
Are both reflected on the crowd.

The pictures come, and pass away,
As morn departs or evening stills.
Ambition fights its fevered fray.
The wrong and right have each their day.
Love walks with love upon the hills.
Life's long procession there appears.
And hurries onward thru the years.

The music dies. The crowds depart.
Each goes his way, pursues his aim;
But something in the thing of art
Has left a mark upon his heart.
Somehow the world is not the same.
The music and the scenes so fair
Have left their after-image there.

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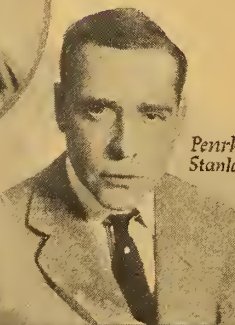
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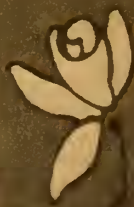




Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

WINIFRED WESTOVER

At present Winifred finds domesticity occupying her days. She is presiding over the Hart home and stitching tiny garments. But, in the not distant future, she will again take up her screen work, playing opposite her husband. Nor is she a member of the Lucy Stone League, which sponsors the maintenance of maiden names, even after marriage. Winifred will be known as
Winifred Hart





Photograph by Victor Georg

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Richard Barthelmess is one of the most promising of the younger order of stars. Building his career upon worthy and artistic screen portraits, he has come into his own. His next production will be "The Bond Boy," the George Washington Ogden story



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

PAULINE FREDERICK

Pauline Frederick will return to the stage, appearing for the first time in England. She has signed a contract with A. H. Woods for a term of five years. However, it is not unlikely that she will do pictures intermittingly during that time



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Elaine is the daughter of a long line of theatrical folk. However, to Elaine her screen work means first of all a pleasant way of earning her living. Always she has been with the Selznick Company. And she is now in California at work on her forthcoming production.



Photograph by Floyd, N. Y.

MONTE BLUE

Perhaps the finest of Monte Blue's portrayals is his valiant and fiery Danton in Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm." At present he is under contract with Pyramid Pictures and is playing in "My Old Kentucky Home"



Photograph by Raymor, Chicago

MARTHA MANSFIELD

"The Queen of Moulin Rouge" will find Martha Mansfield as one of the featured players of the cast. Martha has been free-lancing during the last few months, accepting an engagement here—an engagement there, when the rôle pleased her fancy





ANTONIO MORENO

For years Antonio Moreno has been seen under the Vitagraph banner. Now all is changed. The handsome Tony decided to take advantage of their breach of contract and moved his make-up box to the Goldwyn lot where he is playing opposite Colleen Moore in the Rupert Hughes story, "The Bitterness of Sweets"

(Continue)

We Interview "The Boy"

Harold Lloyd is "THE BOY"
 WE are ... Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher
 The Time is, fortunately Luncheon Time
 The Place Doesn't Matter



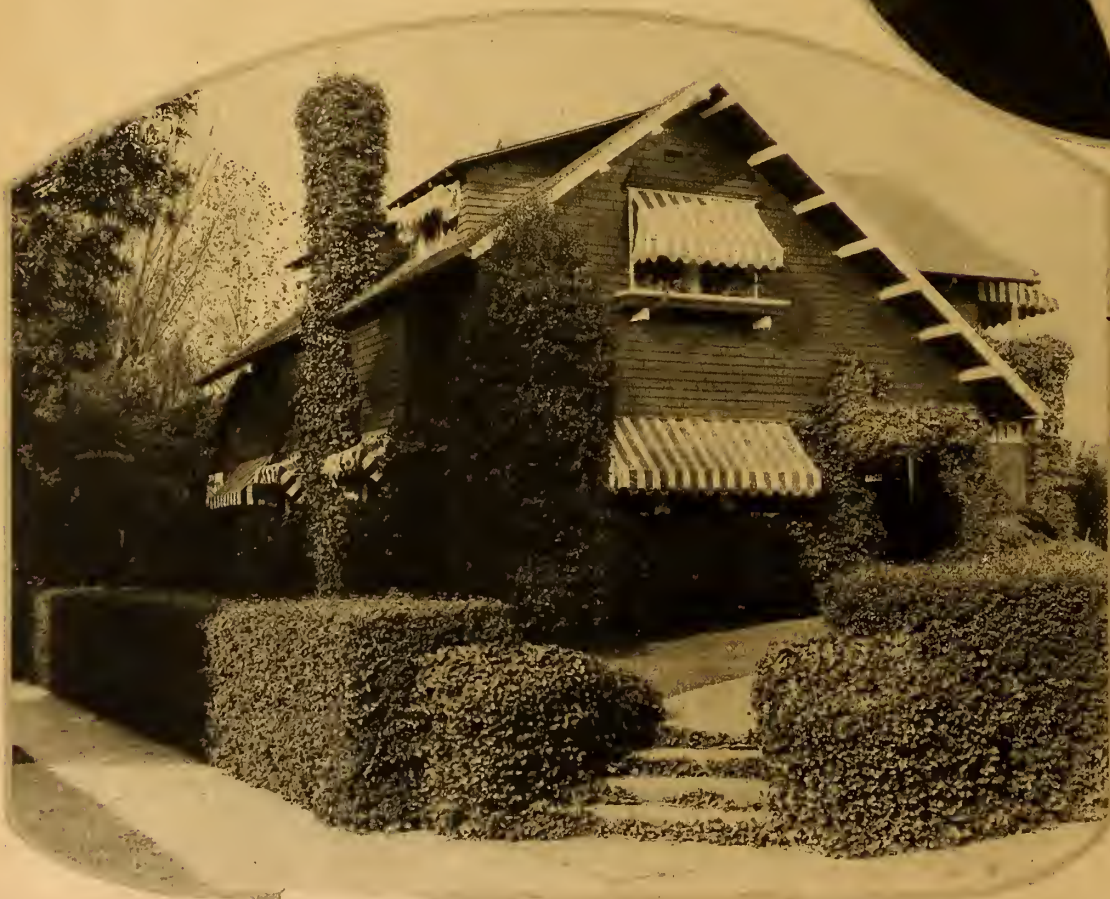
Photographs (above and below) by
 Gene Kornman

SCENE I.—An anteroom, furnished in rose and gold, with ferns. The interviewers mentioned above are waiting with Joseph Reddy, the publicity factotum of Pathé, which is the fortunate company of Harold Lloyd. They are, all of them, awaiting the Lloydian arrival. He is doing quite the proper thing. He is telling the interviewers what an exemplary, regular like-unto-no-other-film-idol-ever-born is the fifteen-minutes-late Mr. Lloyd. They nod at irregular intervals, and act in the manner of those who have heard this before. Every time anyone passes, wearing horn-rim spectacles, they look up eagerly and expectantly.

G. H.: I hope he's funny. I practically arose from my death-bed today in order to be here. (*Gloomily.*) If he gets a laugh from *me* he's good.



Photograph (above)
 by Abbe



"As a matter of fact," said Harold Lloyd, "a comedian is seldom a comedian off the set, so to speak. Comedy is a serious business, you know, and it takes us most of our time watching the other fellow being funny." At the top of the page, an informal picture on the lawn of his home. Just above, a new camera study, and at the left, the Lloyd Hollywood home

A. W. F. (*sweetly*): It would be charming of you to admit Harold Lloyd's comedic ability. He needs recommendation! There is no company that is not striving to get his name to a contract. He is being offered small fortunes, here, there and everywhere. Still——

MR. REDDY (*anxiously*): You know, ladies, he doesn't act like "The Boy" in hotel dining-rooms. I hope you're not expecting him to. He's awfully nice as I say but don't expect him to pull any stunts. And he doesn't wear the glasses. But he's awfully nice, as I've told——

G. H. and A. W. F. (*in unison*): He doesn't wear glasses!

(A tall youth with kind brown eyes approaches. The Interviewers ignore him. They are here to meet the Great. The youth smiles broadly as Mr. Reddy steps forward. G. H. and A. W. F. now hastily endeavor to convey to one another by expressive glances that

"Of course, I don't believe in artistic temperament," Harold Lloyd told us. "It's credited to stars, too; the very people who have the least claim to it. It's the chap on the way up—the fellow who is struggling, with the outcome still uncertain, who has the right to hit the sky if he wants to." At the left, a portrait study, and below, a scene from "Grandma's Boy"



Photograph by Abbe

Photograph by
Gene Kornman



they knew him immediately. The introductions are effected and the quartet turn in the direction of the dining-room. G. H. is always several paces in advance.)

SCENE II.—The dining-room. Harold Lloyd's party is seated at one of the centrally located tables. All study the menu. G. H. gives it all her attention, and halts indecisively between mushrooms and alligator pears. It should be remembered that she has arisen from a sick-bed.

HAROLD LLOYD (*with a pleasant solicitude*): I had a late breakfast, having seen another midnight show, so I'm going to confine my choice to orange ice and *petites fours*. However, please order whatever you wish—— How about some chicken—or let me see—would you rather——

A. W. F. (*with her efficient promptitude—on such matters*): I'll have those sausages, Gastronne.

G. H. (*obviously to H. L.*): Evidently Miss Fletcher has not yet breakfasted——

(Eventually the orders are given and served. One by one the waiters place covered dishes before G. H.)

A. W. F. (*also obviously to H. L.*): Miss Hall has been—er—ill.

(Continued on page 92)

Candlelight

different that she's like a church organ in a jazz band, an Easter lily in a cabbage patch.

This interview was done to candlelight. Marguerite is very much like one of those dainty paschals that we sometimes see on the church altar. She has that same pale exterior, that same bright, flickering flame, that same expressiveness of a soul within. She is neither actressy nor starrish. She does not pose or strut. She admits that she doesn't quite know what Life is all about; long ago she stopped wondering.

She had lighted all the candles in her apartment because she said she felt introspective. Two candles in tall sticks light the music-rack of her baby-grand piano. There are mural candles shedding their mellow radiance thruout another corner of the room where a Buddha squats

All photographs
by Edwin Bower Hesser

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HEREUPON do I give vent to the first thrill I have registered since the canned drama emerged from its w. k. *infancy*!

I am used to interviewing leading lights of ye cinema who pave the way for my literary outbursts, as it were, by an adornment of the body with all the crown jewels at their command. Who make utterance of their fine feelings toward art and the motion pictures. Who pose and strut and all that. Who forget to be themselves until—usually toward the *end* of my conversation with them—we strike some sympathetic chord like how-awful-Prohibition-is, or the justly celebrated hard-times-in-the-flicker-colony, or like topic of melancholy confab. Whereupon we most frequently mingle our tears, part friends, and go our respective ways—I to write a lofty effusion about the interviewed one's glory on the silverscreen.

This is, I admit, a confession. But I am forced to accept the sackcloth-and-ashes penance because I have encountered a slip of a girl whose personality combines the traits of Peter Pan, Theda Bara, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Elinor Glyn and Judy O'Grady. Not that Marguerite de la Motte is all of these venerable ladies rolled into one. Not at all! But Miss de la Motte is different from any of the grand dames of the cinema caravansary—so

serenely on a colonial console against the wall. A dozen more tallows blink alternately — peacefully — in a Roman candelabrum on the mantelpiece.

There are a harp and a low-built *escritoire*; a t. b. m. davenport resplendent with various fancy pillows; a bookcase containing real books of the oft-read variety; a couple of standing lamps. The whole atmosphere is one of repose.

It has been said that you can tell a person's character by his house furnishings. If so, Miss de la Motte is a conventionalist with a dash of ultraism.

This isn't an interview. It started out to be one, but it jelled into an impression. A genial publicity purveyor piloted me to the De la Motte domicile. As press agents generally do, he told me of the various side-lines to his client's career. I must hear her *own* piano composition, he said. Inwardly I groaned; I have before been an ear witness to other people's original piano compositions. I must also see Miss de la Motte dance. Likewise I would be invited to view her artistic prowess as evidenced by several of her paintings. In other words, I was being given the keys to the interviewal city.

But, shortly after our arrival, I was made aware that all is not fibbing that is publicity. Miss de la Motte *has* composed a piano work, which she calls "Shattered Idols." It is a delicate, well-constructed piece, redolent with the mystery of Burma. She played it for us simply, unaffectedly. She radiated smiles when we told her we really liked it. The piece will be published—and Marguerite de la Motte will gain new laurels.

"I have always," she said, "wanted to compose something for the piano. I was wakeful the other night. A strange melody kept running thru my head. Regardless of the neighbors, I sat down at the piano—and I finally got 'Shattered Idols.'"

"When I was a child I was put in a ballet school and taught to dance on my toes. I thought that some day I would be able to go on the stage. I had visions of tarlatans and Pierrots and ballet girls. Then one day I was walking past the Lasky studio with a friend. Douglas Fairbanks stood on the curb talking to some men. My friend knew Mr. Fairbanks and asked me if I wanted to meet him.

"I happened to be dancing at a Los Angeles theater

that week. My career, I felt assured, had commenced. Besides, I didn't care particularly for pictures—but I *did* like Doug. What girl doesn't?

"As soon as I found myself actually introduced to him, I began to feel flustered. Evidently he got the impression I was just another girl coming to him for work in his picture, for he promptly said to me, after he had looked me well over.

"I regret that I cant give you the lead, which Miss Daw is going to play. But, if you will come to the studio tomorrow, I think I can arrange for you to have the *second lead*!"

"I was thunderstruck! Flabbergasted! To the studio I went the next day and had tests made. My hair was

(Continued on page 90)



Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser

"When I was a child," said Marguerite de la Motte, "I was put in a ballet school and taught to dance on my toes. I thought that some day I would be able to go on the stage. I had visions of tarlatans and Pierrots and ballet girls——"



The Talmadges Two

A New and Charming Camera Study of Constance
and Norma Talmadge by Abbe

Mum's the Word

By
ROBERT DREW

"PSSST! There'll be something I want to tell you—over here in the corner."

That's Tom Moore, sprung from the sod of auld Erin. Oh, he can blarney, no question, but he'd rather do it *sub rosa*, just betwain the two of us, shure, and no printed page interfering. Why? Echo answers, "Only he can tell." The sum of it is: interviews are pesthtiferous, in spite of the bright bhyes who write them.

He'd just come back from Truckee. —Tom Moore—a resort way up in the mountains of northern California, with the snow to your waist and the feet freezing off you at night, and the pamphlets telling how Donner's party way back in 'Forty-five got lost in the storm and all, and how the cattle wandering off left them to starve till they ate each other. A great life surely, this picture making.

But Tom was making "Over the Border" with Betty Compson, which makes the freezing more pleasant. "Over the Border" is a Penrhyn Stanlaws production; Penrhyn two years ago was painting Phœbe White upon the Road of Anthracite for the Rapid



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

"If I had a million dollars and a fine home and lots of grand furniture, and a butler making a fine show at the door, maybe I'd like publicity," Tom Moore said, "but I haven't and I don't."

Above, a new portrait, and the left, with Betty Compson in "Over the Border"



Transit ads. The Lasky octopus surely is making a bid for the subway trade.

In the garb of the Royal Mounted Police, or the lower half of it, Tom Moore was plastering make-up with an indolent hand upon his w. k. Hibernian map, remarking between times and between teeth upon the vicious fate that had thrown him together with an interview two days



Photograph by Evans, L. A

Tom Moore said, "I have never attempted to produce on my own. For myself, I have no plans. I shall tie up immediately with no one concern. I personally would prefer to remain free. There is a lot in being able to come and go as you wish"

"If I had a million dollars and a fine home and lots of grand furniture, and the butler making a fine show at the door, maybe I'd like it," he said. "But I haven't and—I dont."

Tom Moore and his bride of a year made of the trip to Truckee a sort of second honeymoon. Little Renee Adoree she was a year ago, pretty, vivacious and smart. Little Renee Moore she is today, still pretty, still vivacious, still smart.

after his return to civilization. His remarks were the height of tact, to be sure, and his brogue made the flavor last. Any girl would have gone daft at the likes of it.

Tom Moore's attitude toward publicity is a peculiar one, a different one.

when Tom Moore, beholding her at a party given by Rubye de Remer in New York on a New Year's Eve, shouted, "You for me, kid!" or something more dignifiedly to the same effect. Renee sweetly echoed it and a few weeks later they were one. It's hard not to grin a little at the news that Renee's one lapse into pictures since her marriage was during Tom Moore's absence in New York. Renee apparently has some of the so dear France still in her.

"Over the Border," is Tom Moore's first picture since he left the Goldwyn lot, several months ago, where he was the last star to survive the sepulchral fumes of Sammy's beautiful studio—beautiful and tomb-like.

Speaking generally, with malice toward none, Tom Moore explained his views on the production of pictures. It hangs largely, he thinks, upon the selection of the story, and, where there is a star, upon the fitness of the story for the star and the star for the story. He pleads,

(Continued on page 90)

"All the bhyes ran over to Reno," said Tom. "It was only a few miles away, and the widows there by the thousands. But I, on account of my wife, d'ye see, didn't get over."

Between Reno and Renee, Renee won out. Having seen Renee, we are not surprised.

Last year it was Hawaii, Honolulu, the hiss of the waves on the warm beach at Waikiki. This year the deep snows of Truckee.

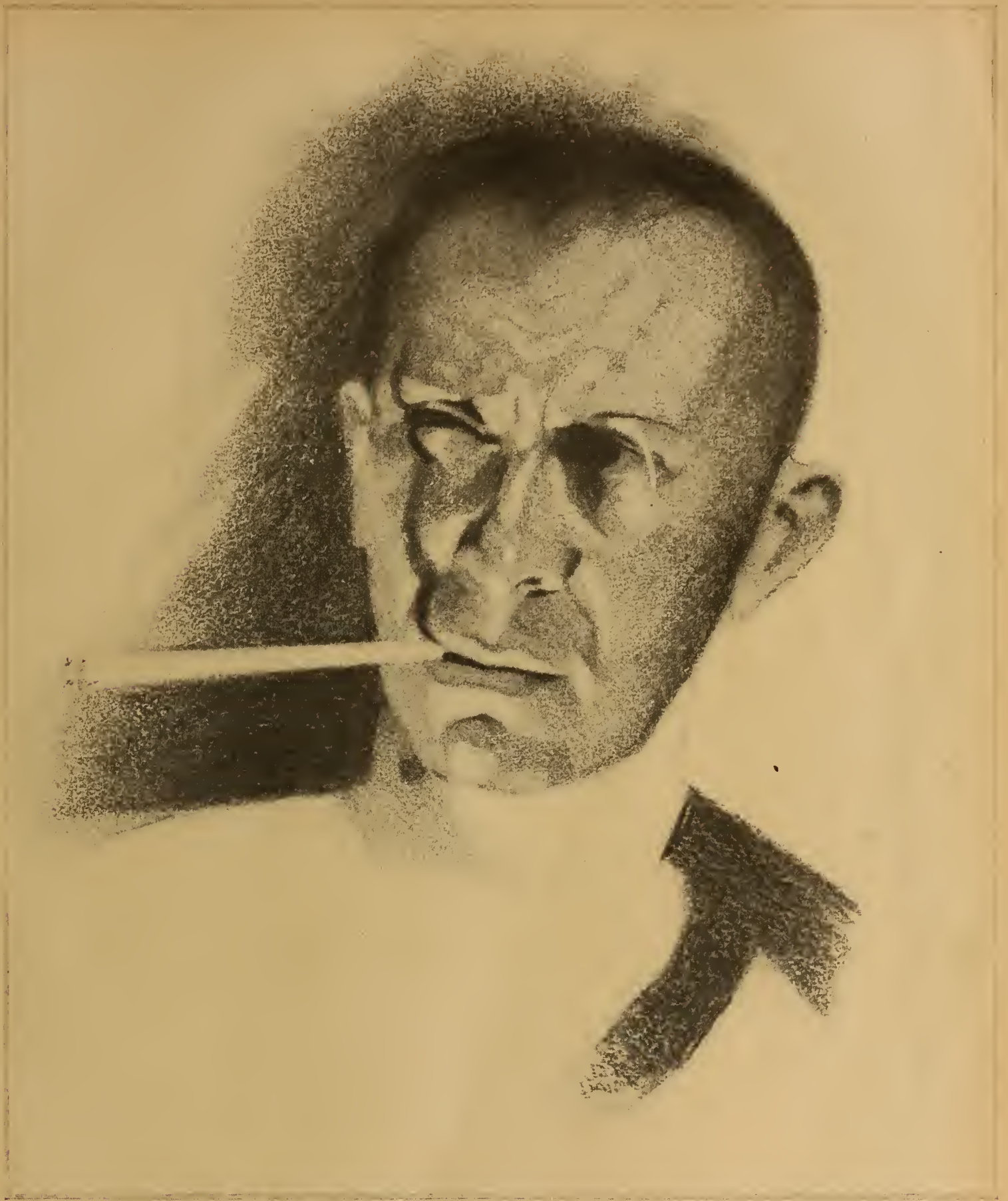
They live now out in Beverly Hills, in the big hotel where Gloria Swanson passed the brief span of her married life.

Tom balked at any outspoken declaration, especially about Renee.

"I believe," he said, "that a man has a right to a personal and private life."

Of the moot question, can two artists live happily together, he would only say: "You can see how often Renee has worked since we were married—only once. 'Twill be better surely to judge for yourself, with so many cases of unhappiness before your eyes, where husband and wife have both tried to work."

It will be recalled that Madame Moore, as Renee Adoree, had before her marriage been tripping lightly along on the road to fame as a dancer and cinematiste,



Eric von Stroheim

Sketched by Cerline Boll from a photograph by Freulich



Photograph © by Nelson Evans, L. A.

Enid Bennett is about to return to the screen as leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks in his version of Robin Hood, titled now "The Spirit of Chivalry." It is to be her first appearance in motion pictures in other than a stellar rôle. It is in keeping with the times

Anzac Enid

By
KENNETH CURLY

IF you have never lunched in the company of two young ladies from Australia—you have never lunched.

Actually, tho before I would have as soon accredited the resurrection of the pterodactyl, I cultivated in that one hour at table an appalling passion for spiced figs. It can be laid directly to the nepenthic charm of those fair Anzacs, Enid Bennett and her sister Katherine. Complete distraction is the only thing that could have done it. I sat between them one afternoon in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, in the low-ceilinged, brick-lined room where they make a specialty of fodder for the fair.

There were little oh's and ah's and Good Lords! and Do Have Some More's—all delivered in that different delightful depth of



All photographs
by Edwin Bower Hesser



"They say," Enid murmured, "that happiness, too much of it, is fatal to one's work. If that's the case, mine will be most awful. I am completely and wonderfully happy"

the Anzac patois. To complete the picture we should have had marmalade and toast, which we should have consumed in perfect quantities. Why is it that Anglicans and Antipodians always consume things? And in perfect quantities? It is one of the fascinating mysteries.

Reserving sister Katherine for my own intoxication, I would point out that in Enid Bennett there is a resurgent freshness, a blossoming and a fulfilment, a clarity of mind and heart that surely one must adore.

I recall a little anecdote, told to me, about Enid and her husband, Fred Niblo, the man who directed "The Three Musketeers." The incident was staged on the Lasky lot. Some immaterial male had been chatting with Enid when Fred Niblo came up to them.

"Fred," said the Immaterial Male, "I'm going to steal your wife."

Fred slipped a protective arm about her, smiling quizzically down.

"Aw," he said, "dont do that. She's the only one I've got."

Enid beamed.

She is astonishingly little. I had not realized it at a former meeting. The sweet dignity of her chin, I suppose, deceived me. Or perhaps

(Continued on page 99)

Flappers and the Films



Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe

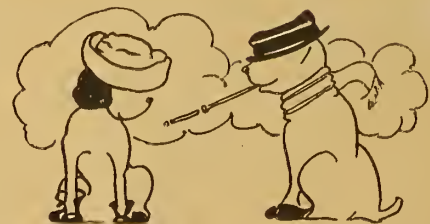
Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe



Just above, May Mc-
Avoy. At the right is
Shirley Mason. And
below, Lila Lee. In
years, you find all
three eligible for the
flapper brigade



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr



Stellar careers must, forsooth, force growths—

There are scores of girls enjoying stardom in the films who are as young or younger than the little flappers who make your neighborhood gay.

Their work has taught them many things, bringing with it a sophistication and understanding that usually comes with fuller years. It has brought them weekly checks of three and four figures.

Young girls and boys in the cinema world are legion—
Flappers in the cinema world are rare—

Illustrations by
Donald Couper

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photograph by
W. F. Seely



Above, Marie Prevost. At
the left, Betty Compson.
Below, Gladys Walton.
Three others who might
have been among the flap-
pers of their home towns if
stardom hadn't claimed them

Photograph by Freulich



Flap, flap, flap! The finale-
hoppers come marching—
A new vogue has swept
across the country!

Bobbed hair, low heels,
pheasant quills, tweed suits
and coats, rainbow hats and
drop earrings are in or-
der—

There is a new language,
too—flapper slang. It pos-
sesses menagerial tendencies.
For instance: "The cat's—
the dog's nightshirt and the
cat's whiskers."

Verily, it is the day of the
flapper.



Beauty and the Bool

A STAR in his own right, that's him—Bool Montana from sunny Italee. And by public demand.

Bull Montana, handsome idol of the mat and screen, hero or heavy of a hundred battles, boasting ears to shame the festive cauliflower and a jaw stupendously prognathous, is to shine henceforth in three-reel comedies, his first to be entitled "A Lady's Man."

Rex Ingram, film director, must have had the Bool in mind when he recently threw the American business man on his haunches by the announcement that as a lover he, the business man, made a fine doormat. "It is the heyday of the Latin lover," proclaimed Rex Ingram. "The bright young business man is obsolete."

I put the question to Bull. He hitched up his pants—Bull's stardom hasn't gone to his head. Pants is pants with him, and always will be—and smiled toothfully: "The wimmin, they call me 'Swe-e-e-et Poppa!'" Meaning apparently that the Bull agrees.

That Bull is a personality and hence fully entitled to his new twinkle is proved by the fact that he is the only man in Los Angeles or Hollywood who can run down a cop and get away with it. It happened shortly after the purchase of a new car, a Cadillac; Bull has nothing but the best. Anyway, he was driving along Broadway one

evening during the rush hour, wending his way thru traffic with all the pleasant abandon of his traditional namesake in a china shop. The automatic signal flashed to a Stop!—

but the Bool, he kept on going. An outraged cop, bellowing mightily, raised his

Bull spoke seriously for a moment of his new honor and how it felt: "It mean nothing to get swell head about. Peepul they start to call me Meester Montana. I smasha them hard. I Bool Montan before, I Bull Montan now. Tha's all. No beeg chest, lika dat. More money; tha's all. Then I go to Italee for a long visit." Above, a camera study, and below, a playful moment on the studio lot



By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

hand—then turned and fled ignominiously, his choicest oath unuttered, and the Bool hard on his trail. Bull, not intending murder, tried his emergency brake, but that failing him, he resorted, with his usual eye to the dramatic, to a lamp post. It worked.

Bull himself told me all this, one afternoon when I had gone out to the Hollywood Studios to see him in his new quarters. He sat astride a mahogany chair, his mighty chest heaving with the emotion of his tale, while Spike Robinson, his pard these many moons, sat hard by, ready with a towel and an ammonia bottle.

"The cop, he not know me. Swear joos' lika hell. I scowl. 'I am the Bool Montan!' I say. 'You no arrest.' But the cop, he no know Bool Montan. He say so. He say it loud. 'Faker,' he say."

"That's what you handsome screen idols have to pay for your popularity," I murmured. "Someone's always trying to look like you."

"Yas," said Bull fiercely.

"But no chance. I smack heem wid dissa feest, so." He doubled a Gargantuan ham. "But another cop, he come. He know me. 'Dissa guy all right,' he say. 'Dissa Bool Montan.' So——" the Bull spread out his hands delightedly. "I no pay!"

Bull Montana, since Doug Fairbanks discovered and brought him to the fore, has enjoyed a remarkable

Bull hitched up his pants again and smiled his Pebeco best. "If I find girl, maybe I marry. American girl swell. I marry I-talian girl." At the right, Bull in his first starring picture, "A Lady's Man," and below, "Spike" Robinson, Bull's secretary-de-tough, is on hand to administer all the comforts of home



share of public favor and attention. A throwback in his appearance to such an extent that he was able with little trouble to play the part of the missing link in Marshall Neilan's "Go and Get It," he yet carries in his big wrestler's heart a loyalty and a rugged honesty that I think it would be difficult to find in many of our more gentle seeming stars. His long friendship with Spike Robinson, his side-kick, speaks worlds. Spike, too, has all kinds of dramatic ability. He says so himself; but Bull doesn't mind. No professional jealousy in Bull. And his careful remittances to the old folks in Italy prove that a rough map doesn't always mean a tough man. In

(Continued on page 91)

The Glorious Adventure

By
SUSAN ELIZABETH
BRADY



"Oh, my liege lord," the terrified girl replied, "ask me not to do this thing. I am thy most loyal subject, but I—I—I—" She stopped, choked by frightened tears

beauty. Odd's life, man! should a king be bored to death with women?"

Samuel Pepys looked around the famous Tapestry Room at Whitehall. It seemed to him that it had never been gayer, brighter, more gorgeously kaleidoscopic. He shrugged his shoulders a little anxiously. The King *was* hard to please but he knew a glorious golden girl, fit playmate for a king indeed, but whose virtue, unfortunately for the dissolute monarch, was as much talked of as her beauty. Pepys shook the lace back from a fat wrist and laying his hand to his heart bowed gallantly and delivered himself of this aphorism:

"Ah, Sire, the chiefest cause of man's ennui is women in general. The cure is woman in particular. Knowest thou the Lady Beatrice Fair, only daughter of the widowed Duchess of Moreland?"

"Nay," replied the King. "Hath she so great a charm?"

"Aye, marry and forsooth," said the fat secretary warming to his subject, "the loveliest woman in your Majesty's kingdom! Of a youth and sweetness, and beauty like wine! She is virtuous," he added in dour anticlimax.

The king laughed and shook his rich dark curls and Pepys marveled no longer at the charm this reckless debonair Charles had for women. "We shall make a royal pilgrimage to the shrine, eh Sam'l. Notify my Lady the Duchess of Moreland that the King and his Queen—oh yes, the Queen, God bless her! and his court will honor her humble estate with a visit. We shall—ah—examine in person the rare virtue of the little Fair."

And so it came to pass that a royal fête was in progress at the beautiful

castle of the Duchess of Moreland. My Lady had been hard put to present so brave a showing. Her husband had left her practically destitute, and she and her daughter had lived quietly alone, yielding up the family jewels one by one, dismissing one servant after another and closing up the various wings of the castle until only the great hall and a few rooms opening off it were habitable. But when it became noised abroad that she was to entertain the King and his court, tradespeople besieged her with offers of credit, and the poor bewildered woman needs must take advantage of that. And so nothing was lacking for the royal pleasure. The King was charmed with everything, including the daughter of the house, as that old gossip Pepys had foreseen. It was gay, brilliant and satisfactory and the Duchess sighed with relief.

But a death's-head stalked at the feast. In the midst of the festivities, Lady Beatrice's companion Rosemary, quietly announced the arrival of Mr. Unwin, their solicitor. She received him in a small arbor a little way from the castle. Unwelcome news he brought and Beatrice listened in despair to the tale of creditors pressing for settlements of their inheritance of debts. Debt was a serious matter in those days and woman's rights undreamed of. Beatrice scarcely knew what to do, but Unwin was a wily rascal and under cover of an aggres-

sively protested friendship advanced her a loan to cover the expenses of the King's fête, and she promised to meet him in London a few days later and repay him. This much satisfactorily concluded, the man brought forward Sir Hugh Argyle, her childhood sweetheart, who had spent his young manhood adventuring in foreign lands and was now returned to establish himself as the Earl of Hillsdale. Beatrice was delighted to see him again, altho she was amazed at the change and a trifle repelled by his swaggering manner. She asked him courteously to remain for the fête but he withdrew with Unwin as tho not quite sure of his ground, which seemed curious to Beatrice, but she was so concerned over the pressing matter of her debts that she gave it no second thought.

The royal holiday drew to its close and, true to her promise, Beatrice started for London in the last relic of their former splendor, an ancient coach-and-four. At the Inn of the White Swan, she and Rosemary tarried for the night while on their way, and there also was Hugh Argyle and some of his followers. They were all, unfortunately, quite drunk and Beatrice, grieving for the sorry state to which her childhood friend had come, commanded him to stand aside when, with drunken insistence, he had tried to detain her.

That night while Rosemary let down her mistress' fine soft hair and began to comb it gently trying to soothe her distraction, a man broke into their room, rudely interrupting this gentle nightly duty.

"How now, Hugh!" cried Beatrice jumping angrily to her feet, the loosened hair mantling her with gold. "How dar'st thou break into my chamber in this unseemly fashion? Take thyself hence—at once!"

But the man advanced unsteadily toward her and she stood still trembling. The door opened quietly again and the marauder wheeled suddenly and stopped, frozen with horror. Great beads of sweat stood out on his livid face; his hands shook as if with an ague; his eyes dilated; he looked as tho he had seen a ghost. A stranger advanced into the room.

"Thou knave!" he cried to the shrinking figure before him, "thou base-born knave! Get thee gone before I split thy craven skull!"

The man suddenly recovered the use of his legs and making a sudden leap sprang past the threatening stranger and made for the stairs calling wildly for help

from his followers. In the courtyard below, Beatrice's protector fought valiantly in her behalf while the two women watched in the casement above, now glimpsing, now losing the combatants in the moonlight and shadow. One by one he wounded or disarmed them until the cowardly Argyle finding himself alone fled incontinently out into the darkness.

In the morning this gallant gentleman rode along beside their coach all the way to London and Beatrice found herself wishing that Hugh Argyle had come back such a one as this one, bonny and brave and so gentle spoken.

Before the city gate he bade them farewell, kissing Beatrice's small white hand with just a shade more fervor than the strict etiquette of the day demanded, and a little less, be it confessed, than the modest Lady Beatrice would have liked.

"For the present I must remain nameless," he said in parting, "but shouldst thou need me ever, hesitate not to send thy lackey with a white rose to the Boar's Head Inn. Thou shalt not want for aid

The royal holiday drew to its close and, true to her promise, Beatrice started for London in the last relic of her former splendor, an ancient coach-and-four





When Samuel Pepys presented himself the following day, as he had promised, the wretched girl accompanied him to Whitehall. He was appalled at her haggard pallor

while Hu—while the man before thee may yet draw his sword." And he was gone.

In a miserable tap-room in an unspeakable inn in Canty's Court, a group of men were talking excitedly. "T was no

other I tell thee," one of them was saying in a high-pitched angry voice, "He claimed it not, but it was Hugh Argyle, the same we threw overboard from the deck of the *Golden Swan* out in Maidstone Harbor. By my halidome will I swear it. The wretch must have swum till someone picked him up. Bulfinch, clumsy varlet, bungled the matter right well. He should have killed him first, God wot! Sooth, 't is well he's now cooling his ardor in Newgate gaol. But what's to be done wi' 't other one?"

"Thou'lt not be Earl of Hillsdale after all, Roderick?" asked a woman's voice anxiously.

"Yea, I will that, somehow i' faith! For thee, Stephanie Dangerfield, I would be Pope!"

"Thou hast all the documents and the locket we filched from him on ship-board, hast thou not?" she asked still anxious.

"Right here," Walter Roderick answered, patting his doublet.

"The man can do naught without these proofs," interposed a suave voice at this juncture—Thomas Unwin's solicitor for the Lady Beatrice Fair. "Fear not Roderick, we will establish thee in his inheritance. Hugh Argyle is a nameless wanderer at best. Marry! 'tis simple enough to throw the fellow in gaol as an impostor if he attempts anything. And now for the other matter. The Lady Beatrice comes to me today. She will not have the monies to pay me. Thou, Stephanie, shall take her to the gaming houses and stake her with gold enough to play. That, she shall also lose. Then thou must, out of thy sweet friendship—" the old rascal winked villainously at this point and went on, "give her thy personal note to cover

her losses. These shall be held by Roderick. Humpty, our little half-wit, can get Argyle out of the way, the little Fair will be in our power and all's well."

"I relish not my part of it," said Stephanie, pouting her painted lips, "why need we this maid?"

"'Tis none of thy concern, wench," said Unwin, answering her sharply. "Thou'lt do as we say or some of thy pretty tricks will be exposed to view. How wouldst like the pillory, sweet coz?"

Thus was Stephanie silenced and thus was the innocent Beatrice beguiled into gambling the hope-

THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE

Novelized, by permission, from the J. Stuart Blackton production, based on the Felix Orman scenario of the story by Felix Orman, which is photographed by the Prizma natural-color process. Featuring Lady Diana Manners. The cast:

Lady Beatrice Fair.....	Lady Diana Manners
Hugh Argyle.....	Mr. Gerald Lawrence
Stephanie Dangerfield.....	Miss Alice Crawford
Walter Roderick.....	Mr. Cecil Humphreys
King Charles II.	Mr. William Luff
Queen Catharine of Braganza.....	Miss Rosalie Heath
Samuel Pepys, the diarist.....	Mr. Lennox Pawle
Mistress Nell Gwyne.....	The Hon Lois Sturt
Barbara Castlemain.....	Miss Elizabeth Beerbohm
Rosemary.....	Miss Flora Le Breton
Bulfinch.....	Mr. Victor McLaglan
A Strange Woman.....	Miss Haidee Wright
The Duchess of Moreland.....	Miss Gertrude Sterroll
Humpty.....	Mr. Rudolph De Cordova
Lady Beatrice as a Child.....	Miss Violet Virginia Blackton
Solomon Eagle.....	Mr. Tom Heselwood

lessly inadequate sum she had realized from the sale of the last of the family jewels, on the desperate chance of winning enough with it to pay the claim of Unwin. But alas, she lost even that paltry bit and accepted gratefully the notes the unscrupulous Dangerfield offered her, and the web around this hapless maiden slowly tightened. Unwin was adamant. She must pay him or go to prison. She must marry Roderick or pay him the notes he held. She had never dreamed, of course, of such perfidy. She knew not which way to turn and had it not been for her faithful Rosemary she would have given up entirely.

This enterprising damsel had stumbled on an item in the *London Gazette* narrating that it was becoming the custom of ladies of fashion to take advantage of a law then prevailing in England, which automatically transferred their debts, upon marriage, to their husbands, by marrying condemned felons in Newgate on the night before their execution. She tried to persuade her sore distressed mistress to do this thing and the distracted girl was on the point of yielding to her pleading when she recalled the promise of the handsome stranger.

"I cannot wed with a horrible criminal, Rosemary, sweet friend," she said with a shudder, "we will send a white rose to my Knight of the Inn. He will help me. I know that well."

Forthwith, a single white rose was placed in a casket and dispatched by her trusted footboy to the Boar's Head Inn, and the two women waited with hope high in their hearts for the reply. The reply was Argyle himself, and casting aside all reserve, Beatrice asked him to marry her at once without asking any reasons. This, he appeared to be most eager to do.

"Thou art a true, brave and noble Lord," she said over and over again, "some day I will tell thee the cruel straits circumstances put upon me, but thou'lt have to find thy reward in Heaven, I hope, for I can never repay thee."

"Say not so, sweet Lady, I am honored above all men in thy trust. 'T is reward enough to serve thee. Mortal man could not ask more. Tomorrow at the Templar's Chapel—if that pleases thee, we will go thru the ceremony. My life is yours to command. Adieu."

In the meantime Samuel Pepys came to Beatrice with an invitation to visit the King at Whitehall. With a sinking heart she divined what that meant, and stood abashed before him. "My—my Lord," she said stammering in her fright, "give me but a day to think. Say thou couldst not find me. Say anything, but give me a little time. Oh, was ever a maid so troubled as I?" The garrulous old man, kind at heart,

promised to come back the day after for his answer, and Beatrice, awaiting the marriage with her unknown protector, was sure that it would be no.

But, alas for her desperate plans! One of Roderick's ubiquitous spies had overheard the interview with the real Argyle and reported at once to Unwin and Roderick. Argyle was trapped upon his return to his Inn and held a prisoner until they could decide what to do with him. As the hour set for her wedding drew near, Beatrice flew into a panic of foreboding and she was more than half prepared, when instead of her gallant cavalier, the half-wit Humpty arrived with a box. She opened it with trembling fingers and a heart of ice. In it lay her rose drooping and wilted and spotted with sinister dark spots. On a torn slip of paper was written in an ugly sprawling hand, "Thy rose—and his heart's blood."

She fainted dead away. And Rosemary spent the next two hours with restoratives. When Samuel Pepys presented himself the following day as he had promised, the wretched girl accompanied him to Whitehall. He was appalled at her haggard pallor and did his best to cheer her up, recounting bits of court gossip in his own inimitable way and retailing piquant scandals to her unheeding ears. His tales of the "Merrie Monarch," altho intended to reassure her, made her shudder with dread.

The usual gay revels at the royal palace were at their height when they arrived. She waited while Pepys went into

Forthwith, a single white rose was placed in a casket and dispatched by her trusted footboy to the Boar's Head Inn. And the two women waited with high hearts for the reply





He paused for a moment to gloat over his success, his horny fists clutching the window ledge tensely as tho they were on the white flesh of the beautiful woman who lay there helpless before him

the banquet hall for the King, visioning herself as the King's mistress. No! A thousand times no! She could never do it. She would flee while there was yet time. She jumped to her feet and parted the heavy portières, but the King stepped thru. He seized her fluttering hand and exclaimed half in anger, and half in banter, "Whither away, pretty bird? Art so frightened of thy captor?" "Oh, my liege Lord," the terrified girl replied, "Ask me not to do this thing. I am thy most loyal subject, but I—I—" she stopped, choked by frightened tears. Such dread lay in her eyes and such poignant pain rang in her voice that the King hesitated, looked at her long and lingeringly, and finally released her hand. And then for once in his life the man lived up to his royal title. He redeemed his unhallowed pursuit of this lovely girl in a single sentence.

"Mr. Pepys," he said turning to the waiting secretary, "escort this sweet lady to her home and guard her as thou wouldst were she thy own daughter."

Back in her apartments, Beatrice found a violent and excited Stephanie talking to Rosemary.

"Oh, my lady," she cried. "let me befriend thee. Let me save thee from these villains. Tho I must tell thee 't is not for any love of thee, but hatred for Walter Roderick and that vile Unwin. False wretch! I only discovered yesterday that Roderick meant to wed with thee. Miscreant!" she screamed in her wrath. "That shall never be. I loved the man, worked for him, slaved for him, waited for him and then to discover his perfidy! Ah, it is too much. But I will help thee now, for I know thou'rt innocent."

"I thank thee," Beatrice replied wearily, "but there is no use. Tomorrow I may be in prison."

"Nay, nay, my Lady," exclaimed Rosemary,
(Continued on page 94)

And so together they walked away to safety, borne up by their great love; and recalling tenderly in each heart the little lad and lass who romped and played and listened to fairy stories under the hay loft . . .



Whose Double Are You?



Photograph by Apeda

Herewith are two scenes from the first Louise Du Pre starring vehicle, "The Proof of Innocence." Above is a new camera study



Stardom has come to Louise Du Pre. It was because she was said to be Mary Pickford's double that she came into prominence. In "Pollyanna" she doubled for Miss Pickford, and from then on her rise has been rapid. Whose double are you?



"One of Us"



Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

what she wants to be. That's what her fan letters tell her she has succeeded in being.

"I feel," writes the Small Town Girl (there are many letters from her), "I feel that you are just one of us."

"I feel," writes the College Girl, "that you are simply a sorority sister."

"You are," writes Any Mother, "so much like my girl . . ."

"I wish," writes Seventeen, "that I had a sister like you . . ."

And so forth, *ad lib.*

"And that," said Miss Dempster, "is just what I want the people who are kind enough to like me to feel. I want them to feel that I'm one of them, regular and

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander



MISS DEMPSTER and I did a thing never before recorded of an interview. We collided—each on time to the minute. There is no precedent. At least for me. There doubtless is for Miss Dempster. I believe she would keep appointments on time.

Miss Dempster is a healthy, intelligent, clean, clear, lovely type. She looked dainty, distinct and definite and out-of-doorsy. I noted that one can look like no other person, and also like a lady at one and the same time

And we didn't lunch at any one of the Taverns of Thespis! We ordered fruit salad and Orange Pekoe, like scholars and gentlemen, at Gushee's—a quaint little tea-room on upper Fifth Avenue, boasting a Chinese interior and tiny Chinese waitresses like stray almond shoots from the Celestial Kingdom.

We talked Chinese philosophy, children and Ourselves. We had both read of Confucius, Madam Montessori and Unexpurgated Egos.

Miss Dempster is a healthy, intelligent, clean, clear, lovely type. She looked dainty and distinct and definite and out-of-doorsy. She wore a light astrakhan fur coat over sport clothes and a small hat and I noted that one can look like no other person and also like a lady at one and the same time!

Anyway, the story is in the title. That's what Carol Dempster is—one of us. That's

By
GLADYS
HALL

human and everyday, with much the same ambitions and disappointments and griefs and joys. I want to be *real*. I want to portray girls with strength and depth of character — to strike, as fully and profoundly as possible, the warmly human note.

"I cant stand the ingénue with the fluttery curls and the fluttery viewpoint and the wobbly mind.

"I cant stand the actress who is being the actress all over the place.

"It seems to me that what the screen needs more than any other thing is sane, normal people, doing

sane, normal things in a constructive and understandable way. Illusion is all very well, and certainly it has its place, as has the bizarre and the Macabre and all the other extravagances, but it is poor food for a steady diet."

You see, Miss Dempster has background. She was brought up in the average, protected American home. She had an older sister and a very wise mother.

"My mother," Miss Dempster told me, "started in very early to teach me values—to teach me to discriminate and to think before acting. 'Always think twice, Carol,' she would say, 'before doing anything.' It was the same with people . . . with girls I went with in school. She used to say that she could tell by my manner when I came in from school just whom I had been with that day. If she didn't care for some particular girl she would tell me so, and tell me why. She would argue both sides of the question and tell me what effect she thought that particular association would have on me, pro and con. Then she would ask me to stay alone for half an hour and think it out, and after that I would be at liberty to decide freely, and without further opposition or discussion, for myself. I almost always saw the justice of her reasoning. And I believe that any girl will respond to justice and to that personal 'honor system.' And they will grow up naturally, from force of habit, to see both sides of a question and to make their own decisions."

"What did your mother feel," I asked, "about your going on the screen?"

"My mother believed that talent is God-given," that wise mother's daughter said, "and should be used. She felt that she had done all that she could for me—and she trusted me. She was glad."



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

"It has been invaluable to me in my work—that early training. Sometimes I get so discouraged about what seems to me to be my lack of progress that I could despair—and give up. And then I turn the matter around to its other side and tell myself that I have only made four pictures, that I am, comparatively speaking, a novice, and, which is more, that the pictures I have made stand for something.

"As a matter of fact, I wouldn't do just *any* picture. I didn't even care, at first, to play in 'Sherlock Holmes' with John Barrymore. But Mr. Griffith approved it, and all of my friends argued in favor of it, and now I am glad that I did it. Curiously enough, I had never seen Mr. Barrymore either on the stage or the screen. I told him that when he first telephoned me about the picture and he said, 'Perhaps you have *heard* of me!' I thought he might not want me after that—but he did. He had seen me, it seems, in 'Dream Street' and thought that we were much the same physical type. Built long, I suppose he meant!

"At present I have no definite plans. Mr. Griffith wont know just what he will do next until the premières for 'Orphans of the Storm' are over.

"I shall probably do nothing at all until then. You know, I dont care for sensational publicity at the price of my idealism. I dont think I confuse fame with notoriety. I know that to build securely and sincerely is far better than to build swiftly. There are so many poor 'flashes in the pan.' Of course," Miss Dempster's brown,

(Continued on page 93)

"Between the ages of forty and fifty," said Carol Dempster, "I shall appear before the world as an opera singer. I am studying daily right now"

Our Quest for "Beauty"



The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is searching for the most beautiful girl in America. Your mirror should tell you whether you are eligible to enter this contest. What tale, then, does your mirror tell?

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is searching for the most beautiful girl in America. Your mirror should tell you whether you are eligible to enter this contest. What tale, then, does your mirror tell?

We are not seeking a motion picture star—we are searching for the American Beauty. She may be an actress. She may be a seamstress. She may be a social leader. She may be a stenographer. She may be old or young—short or tall. Wherever she is we want to find her.

Anyone and everyone will have an opportunity to enter this unique contest. A contestant may send in her own picture or someone may send it in and enter it for her. That does not matter. Professional photographers are permitted to submit the portraits of their clients, provided, of course, that permission to do so has been obtained from the subject of the picture. On another page there is an advertisement which gives all the rules of the contest and also a coupon which may be used on the photograph entered. You may send any number of pictures.

Beginning with the next issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, an Honor Roll will be published each month until the end of the contest. This Honor Roll will contain the photographs of those who, in the opinion of the judges, are the most beautiful women entered the month previously. At the close of the contest the winner will be chosen from among those who have previously appeared on the Honor Roll.

So that the contest will be judged fairly; so that each contestant will be carefully considered, we have selected a group of judges who, by reason of their standing in the artistic world, we think best able to select the winner of a contest as important as the American Beauty Contest.

Our list of judges is not yet complete but a tentative list

is given below. You will see that the selection of the winner is in competent hands. The judges to date are:

Florenz Ziegfeld, jr., of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame, who is known for his remarkable selection of the beautiful women of his "Follies"—

Neysa McMein, the well-known illustrator whose beautiful women covers are to be found on all the magazine stands—

Rodolph Valentino, the popular moving picture star who has created such a furore in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The Sheik."—

Heywood Broun, dramatic critic and member of the editorial staff of the *New York World*—

Clare Sheridan, sculptor and author of international fame—

And Mrs. F. Coppinger, proprietor of the Charm Shop, the well-known beauty parlor—

We believe that it would be impossible to select a wider variety of judges. The names mentioned above represent several people well qualified to help us in our final selection of "Beauty." And there are other judges whose names we are not yet ready to announce. They will be mentioned in future numbers.

The prizes, too, are infinitely worth while.

A trip to New York, well chaperoned, in which the American Beauty will be shown all the sights of the great city—the museums, art galleries, theaters, opera, the wonderful hotels and restaurants. In fact, everything will be done to make her trip to the Greater City memorable.

Thousands of people all over the world have dreamed dreams about a visit to New York. It possesses all the glamor of a magic city and offers constant stimulant to the imagination. Besides the gay things above mentioned, there are the quaint byways. There is Greenwich Village almost entirely populated by young and earnest artists, writers, actors and musicians who dedicate their life to doing the things they wish to do above anything and everything else. It is a romantic and colorful place, Greenwich Village.

And the luxurious shops alone would be fairyland to any woman. They exhibit gowns and wraps almost too beautiful to be imagined and even those who live in New York never weary of the extravagant fashion parades—

If, however, the winner of this contest be a resident of New York City or its environs, she will receive one thousand dollars in lieu of the trip.

To mention the possibilities afforded by the one thousand dollars seems superfluous. It makes all sorts of things possible. It promises tuition in singing, drawing, writing or acting, whichever intrigues your fancy. It suggests an automobile or a palatial motor launch—it brings a long desired trip to some distant city or some foreign land. It comes pretty near meaning the realization of your favorite dream, whatever it may be—

Of course, there is the unusual honor of being chosen the most beautiful woman in America—

In addition to this, the "Beauty's" portrait will be painted by a well-known artist and exhibited in prominent galleries.

This portrait will also be used as a cover for BEAUTY.

(Continued on page 103)

Facing Facts

Concerning the New Faces in Hollywood

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

IN the solemn manner of the Hon. Warren G. Harding about to deliver opinion on the Soldiers' Bonus, or Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin about to deliver a custard, I give utterance to a pronunciamento on new film faces and where to find them.



This is no subtle dictum. I seek not to reveal the Fannie Wards and Eva Tanguays in their dire processes of uplift. Whether they clip cuticle or coupons is nothing to me. I seek Youth and the Divine Spark. Having found them, I shall set them upon a pedestal and offer wan worship.

Eminents have spouted about it, producers issued bulletins upon it, editors written reams anent it and still, they sob, it remains unfound—this wondrous combine of Youth and the Flame. Contests and contests, yea, even opportunity contests, have sought it; so far in vain. And still they go on.

A suggestion among producers is like a bomb among bankers—an annoyance at best; yet I would make one.



Photograph by
Hoover, L. A.

Bringing new faces to Hollywood is like carrying coals to Newcastle. Hollywood is cluttered with new faces, wanting only to be discovered. And behind them is a flicker, anyway, of that very necessary thing called experience



At the top of
this page is
Barbara La
Marr. In the
center is Lois
Lee. And at
the left is
Jacqueline
Gadsden

Photograph by
Elwood M. Payne,
L. A.



Photograph (above) by Hoover Art Studios

It is this: that bringing new faces to Hollywood is like carrying coals to Newcastle. Hollywood is cluttered with new faces, wanting only to be discovered. And behind them there is a flicker, anyway, of that very necessary thing which a new face plucked from Oshkosh must lack utterly—experience.

It is a curious circumstance of great screen success that it must come up like thunder or not at all. Rodolph Valentino, threatening now the sway of Wally Reid as Sheik Supreme of feminine hearts, rocketed into fame overnight, when Rex Ingram cast him as Julio in "The Four Horsemen." He was a new face, scarcely known even after years of effort in the very midst of the film world. A new face; but more than that. He suggested background, a provoking wisdom. Only experience could have given him that. He demonstrated conclusively in "The Sheik" that the public can get along without good acting, without good directing, without even good mechanical processes. It needs only this—a personality. An abrupt revealing after one has suffered hard years of striving outside the public ken—that would seem to be the one secret for screen success.

Thus, in my search for new screen idols, I hand all familiar faces, all lesser luminaries, a one-way ticket to Limpopo. And let us not forget the good gods and goddesses who bear each one the marks of the Essanay Deluge; the near-greats; the consistent successes. As well be dead as consistent, as pictures are today. Too many prophets

nominated these for stellar rank. No more than near-beer can near-greatness ever become the genuine Pilsner.

I apply the broom, too, to the bright young thing who may emerge, giggling, from the questionable cocoon of an opportunity contest. Motion pictures are young, yes, but they are twelve years young; let us offer praise to Baal that there are a few satyrs among us who are beginning to see the indecency of nursing bottles. The time is coming when all producers making pictures fit for children or one hundred per cent Americans will be hung without hearing.

It is a curious circumstance of great screen success that it must come up like thunder, or not at all. Rodolph Valentino, threatening now the sway of Wally Reid as Sheik supreme of feminine hearts, rocketed into fame over night. At the left, Ramon Samanyagos, and below, Marie Mosquini

We must turn, then, to the unknown. Astonishingly, there are two names which, shrouded at this time of writing in the veils of obscurity and conspicuously absent from the dirge of prophets, are threatening to riot joyously over the

Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser



country within the next few months, as did the names of Rodolph Valentino and Alice Terry after "The Four Horsemen." They are Roman Samanyagos and Barbara La Marr. And again, as with Valentino and the lovely Alice, we find behind them the singular genius of Rex Ingram. These two figures appear, like rapier blades in the brilliancy of their cross play, in his production for Metro of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

RAMON SAMANYAGÓS

Ramon Samanyagos. Born to be mispronounced—and to be famous.



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

No. Hollywood doesn't need new faces. What it does need is a relentless slaughter of some of the unimaginative, gregarious and nincompoop directors, who, by some myopic token, can see no further than the trick actor who can get out before the camera and express faith, hope and claret-cups by the very, *very* simple procedure of crossing his eyebrows



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Rex Ingram says: "I have good reason to believe that Samanyagos will become one of the screen's greatest actors."

It is an audacious statement; but Rex Ingram has built upon audacity.

Ramon Samanyagos is twenty-three, with a naïveté of manner that takes three years from that. "The Prisoner of Zenda" will bring him before the public in his first name part, as Rupert of Hentzau. He has played one other, that of the leading juvenile in Ferdinand Pinney Earle's production of "Omar Khayyam." He is at work upon a third, another Ingram production, "Black Orchids."

The secret of Samanyagos (the pronunciation, phonetically, is Sam-man-yea-goce) is an uncanny knack of facial expression, an extraordinary grace of carriage and a mind like a polished mirror. It was that, his reflection of the character of Rupert of

(Continued on page 117)



At the top of the page is Malcolm McGregor. In the center is Beatrice Arnold, and at the left is Edna Tichenor

Reputations - - -

They like to think of actors as insidious people who drink champagne, eat lobster and sleep on satin—when they do sleep.

"And so what's the use of trying to make the public believe there's any good in you? You'll only be forgotten along with *charlotte russe*, the newspapers' advice-to-the-lovelorn, and church festivals and the rest of the sanctimony."

And maybe that's the main reason, we both agreed, that everybody who doesn't *know* Hollywood believes it to be a small Sodom whose side-streets are replete with dope dens, hop joints and other habitats of iniquity.

All because people *want* to believe this! There happens to be nothing at all sensational about the Washburns—about either Bryant or his wife. They have a pretty, cozy, home-like home in Hollywood's choicest residential district. Not a hop joint, motion picture studio or actorial arena is in sight. At eight o'clock in the evening the neighborhood is so quiet as to make a neurotic person more neurotic.

Bryant Washburn was worried for fear that I shouldn't find anything about him sensational enough to write about. "When the public finds out that actors do everything just as they do," said Washburn, "they lose interest. They like to think of actors as insidious people who drink champagne, eat lobster and sleep on satin—when they do sleep." At the left, with Helen Ferguson in "Hungry Hearts," and below, a new camera study

And if my taxi driver hadn't once been Washburn's private night-watchman, we shouldn't have been able to find the place because of the street's darkness.

Washburn him-

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

ALL actors are wicked . . .
And roll in luxury . . .
And beat their wives . . . and all that.
So the public believes.

And if an actor happens to be a human sort of person who doesn't wear outlandish clothes, who treats his wife with love and respect, and who doesn't commit any extraordinary crime against social conventions—why, then, ye Publique is disappointed in him.

It's terrible to spoil illusions—to upset public faith in one of its popular celebrities. And yet it behooves me to say that Bryant Washburn is more like a business man than an actor, that he doesn't do outlandish things in outlandish ways, and that he's as much one of the *hoi polloi* as you or I.

He was worried for fear that I shouldn't find anything about him sensational enough to write of. He admitted candidly that he couldn't think of anything new under the sun to say in print that hasn't already been said to death.

Whereupon I began to realize that, after all, he is original because he is willing to confess to shortcomings.

"When the public finds out that actors do everything just as they do," said Washburn, "they lose interest."

By
RICHARD BISHOP

self looks exactly like his photographs. He is very much of a man—very much the gentleman. His home shows culture and refinement, and he, himself, answers your doorbell ring.

Inside—in the parlor—Mrs. Washburn sits by the fire, reading. When you enter, she greets you cordially and makes you feel as tho you're a human being even if you *are* strange.

And Bryant immediately begins upsetting all your delusions anent the w. k. wickedness of the actorial coterie by "being himself" in a comfortable, refined manner.

It seems that he was never exactly intended to be either on the stage or in pictures. His career there has been more or less an accident. He is strictly the business man type—very punctual in attitude, very courteous, very responsive. Very witty—and very good-natured.

When he has saved enough money to launch both his children with a good education and to provide for the oncoming years of himself and his wife, he intends settling on a farm. At the right, another new portrait, and below, with Mrs. Washburn, Sonny and the baby, Dwight Ludlow



All photographs by Melbourne Spurr

I hate too-nice people. But he's not too nice. If he happens to feel like saying anything as wicked as "damn," he says it in a natural, conversational way. Yet, on the other hand, he is not the type of man who uses either profanity or innuendo. There is no *double entendre* in his make-up.

For he is precisely like a million other successful, popular business men—neither high-brow nor low-brow.

"My mother," he explained, regarding something I said, "wanted me to study for the ministry. *Deliver me!* I couldn't see it. And, after doing almost everything else in the other professions, I ended up on the stage."

But the theater has never held any mystic attraction for him. It was a means of earning a good living, and he's tried to make the best of it. When he has saved enough money, however, to launch both his children with a good education and to provide for the oncoming years of himself and his wife, he intends settling on a farm.

(Continued on page 108)



Angel Face

search among documents for the lost address and chart. I found it and returned eventually to discover—do you believe in Fate?—that I had passed the only house I shouldn't have passed. Yes; it was Alice Calhoun's. Oh, yes; I believe in Fate.

She came to the door herself, a dark slim girl in a simple velvet dress. Sweetly, she bade me enter. Sweetly still, she introduced me to her mother. More sweetly, she pointed to a deep encompassing chair. Her smile was angelic.

Alice Calhoun's idealism is very beautiful; her outlook is something perhaps to be envied. But I do not think she knows the world, this Alice. Her success in pictures is more astonishing for that. Her imagination is, apparently, illimitable. It must be the source from which she draws the power she has in acting. Surely, it is not experience. At the left, a camera study, and below, with her mother

"Do sit down," she murmured.

It was like a heavenly psalm of welcome chanted to a tired pilgrim, while outside the lights of the coup gleamed like the eyes of a cheated devil.

Thru the fog of tired vision, the face of Alice Calhoun



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

I HAD lost her address somehow. It was evening, a peculiarly dark evening. And it was in Hollywood, California.

I knew it, the address, was Seventeen Something. Her press agent had told me that over the 'phone . . . Miss Alice Calhoun, Seventeen Something, N. Alexandria. But I couldn't recall the something.

Seventeen—seventeen—oh, damn. In my Ford coup I chugged up and down the street, got out and sneaked up to doorways, lit matches to stare at names on the mail-boxes like Garnokitz and Hefflefinger, then fled back to my coup and chugged some more. I resolved finally to get out and ring every door bell under the seventeens and under Heaven.

The first two didn't answer. The third was bald and in accents heavy with horseradish said, "I ban tank you haf wrong noomber." A bulbous frau bulged and bellowed at me from over the dining table within and wheezed, "Vot iss," as her spouse slammed to the door. Appropriately the next house was a Swedish massagery, pungent with horse liniment and loud with groans.

Alice, where art thou?

In the haste of my retreat I passed up the next two, and the house two houses on, if you follow my drift, and resolved to return and



Photograph by David Reans

By
KENNETH CURLY

gleams like that of the Madonna. She is dark; dark hair, deep wells of darkness for eyes, a faint smile which makes one question a moment whether he has not confused the Madonna with the Mona Lisa. She sits quietly; white hands folded in her lap.

Alice Calhoun's idealism is very beautiful; her outlook is something perhaps to be envied; her faith in goodness strong, with the tenuous slender strength of a cobweb. But I do not think that she knows the world, this Alice. Her success in pictures is the more astonishing for that. Her imagination, apparently, is illimitable. It must be the source from which she draws what power she has in acting. Surely it is not experience.

"Home and studio—they are all my world," she said simply, and then added, "Aren't they, mother dear?"

Between Alice Calhoun and her mother there is obviously a bond of mutual love and faith. To me there is nothing more astonishing than the potentialities in a



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Pictures, from the beginning, have laid glamorous fingers on the fancy of Alice Calhoun. Still a kid, she used to head resolutely for the front row in the picture houses to stare hungrily at each gesture and movement of the players. Above and at the left, two new portraits

mother's faith. I have seen it before lift a frail girl to unique success. There is no doubt now that Alice has settled her feet firmly on the Filmy Way by her performance in "The Little Minister," that Mrs. Calhoun's faith in her daughter is unquench-

able. That, after her own self-confidence, will prove Alice's greatest asset.

One obtains from her photographs, and from most printed comments upon her work, an impression of quiet maturity. Rather it should be one of quiet girlhood. Alice Calhoun is still engrossed, as an aside, with high school studies. I didn't ask her age. It must be eighteen or less.

To speak well of people, to see the good in them, to refrain from judgment—that, clearly, is Alice's desire.

"But it is a little disheartening at times," she said. "I want nothing but that which I can gain by merit. And yet merit, apparently, is not the only nor the surest sesame to success."

A little disillusionment creeping in, then. But no bitterness. The reception accorded her in "The Little Minister" has left too pleasant a glow.

Pictures, from the beginning, have laid glamorous fingers on the fancy of Alice Calhoun. Still a kid, she used to head resolutely for the front row in the picture houses in Cleveland, Ohio, her home town, to

(Continued on page 93)

The Toothless Age

WHAT ever becomes of them—these fascinating children of the screen—when once their infant crop of milk-teeth commences to be replaced by the more mature molars of adolescence; when the soft, dimpled knees of children metamorphose into the angling shanks of early 'teens—when, in short, they arrive at an age when they are too large to portray rôles of babyhood and are yet not sufficiently mature to be either ingénue or juvenile?

Where are Carmen de Rue, the Lee kids, Bobby Connelly, Leslie Loveridge, tow-headed little Francis Carpenter, Zoe Rae—and the myriad others who of yore decorated the silent drama with their childish grace?

And will future years see them reincarnate in the films as either lovely leading ladies or handsome leading men?

Or have they filled their niche in the hall of fame and passed on perhaps to remain in the oblivion of private citizenry and to bask in the glory of childhood fame?

All these questions, and more, too, can we ask. For there were many childish faces that were as dear to us as the faces of Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Norma and the other "grown-ups," and every time we see a new childish personality registered on some new film we traditionally ask ourselves the why, the wherefore and the whereabouts of its infant predecessors who, in years gone by, won our love and our manifest admiration of their childish charms.

Theatrical children have always been more or less a problem. In days before the films, when the activities of child actors were confined to the legitimate stage, the question of their education was of principal concern, and one which caused innumerable managers no end of annoyance. A child would appear in a play for perhaps several performances when finally, presto! would arrive a representative of the Gerry Society, an organization of child-protectors with aims similar to those of the S. P. C. A. And were the youngsters not receiving proper tutelage in the three R's they would be suddenly removed from the play's cast and sent to school.

But film producers solved that education problem long ago. Even in the buxom days when Reliance-Majestic flourished as a king-pin studio of the industry



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

The children of the screen truly represent the life cycle. For a time their very cuteness and childish winsomeness get them salaries that grown-ups can easily covet. But their vogue is all too short lived. At the top of the page, Jackie Coogan; just above, Pat and Micky Moore, and at the left, Virginia Lee Corbin



—when Griffith was making his reputation pictures as “The Escape” and “The B” schools, taught by accredited city teacher gates of the film-factories in order that lessons and yet continue with their hi

And these studio schools still conti actors in the shadowplays.

Many families have found their earned by some child member. I r flaxen-haired child who often Marsh in the old Griffith dramas ing “The Birth of a Nation,” w the early days of grammar school, and lived with her parents directly across the street from the bungalow wherein re-sided Mae Marsh and her family of numerous brothers and sisters. The Wilkies were regarded as high-type, good citizens who lived on the more or less humble wages of the father, a street-car conductor.

Peculiarly enough, little Violet rather closely resembled Miss Marsh —so much so that neighbors often spoke of it, and so much so that Miss Marsh herself took Violet to the studio one day “just to show Mr. Griffith.”

That visit was one of those rare bits of luck that have occasionally accrued in the history of pictures, for Mr. Griffith instantly foresaw the possibility of having the child portray the “early” existence of “the little sister” in his epochal film of the Klu Klux Klan. And Violet, finishing that work with aplomb, became a member of the great producer’s juvenile stock company.

Her earnings came as a particular bonanza to her family. Her mother, a shrewd woman, created a savings account for the future education of both Violet and her younger brother. And now, since years have passed and Violet is no longer a member of the screen family, one sees her as a tall, graceful girl who can justly take the credit of having performed a service for her family that otherwise could not have been performed.

A family of three youngsters, the Hattons, are now quite in vogue as child actors in the Los Angeles studios. The eldest of these boys is thirteen, the youngest, eight. Their mother is a widow, and is wholly supported by the earnings of her progeny, who have,

(Continued on page 100)

Will future years s children reincarnate films as either leading or handsome leading mei Or have they filled their niche in the Hall of Fame? At the top of the page is, Mary McAllister; just above is Baby Peggy, and at the right is “Peaches” Jackson.



Enter Salomé!!

right, reading from left to right, are Arthur Jasmine, Earl Schenck and Mme. Nazimova. The scene is the great terrace in the Palace of Herod



Camera Studies
By Rice

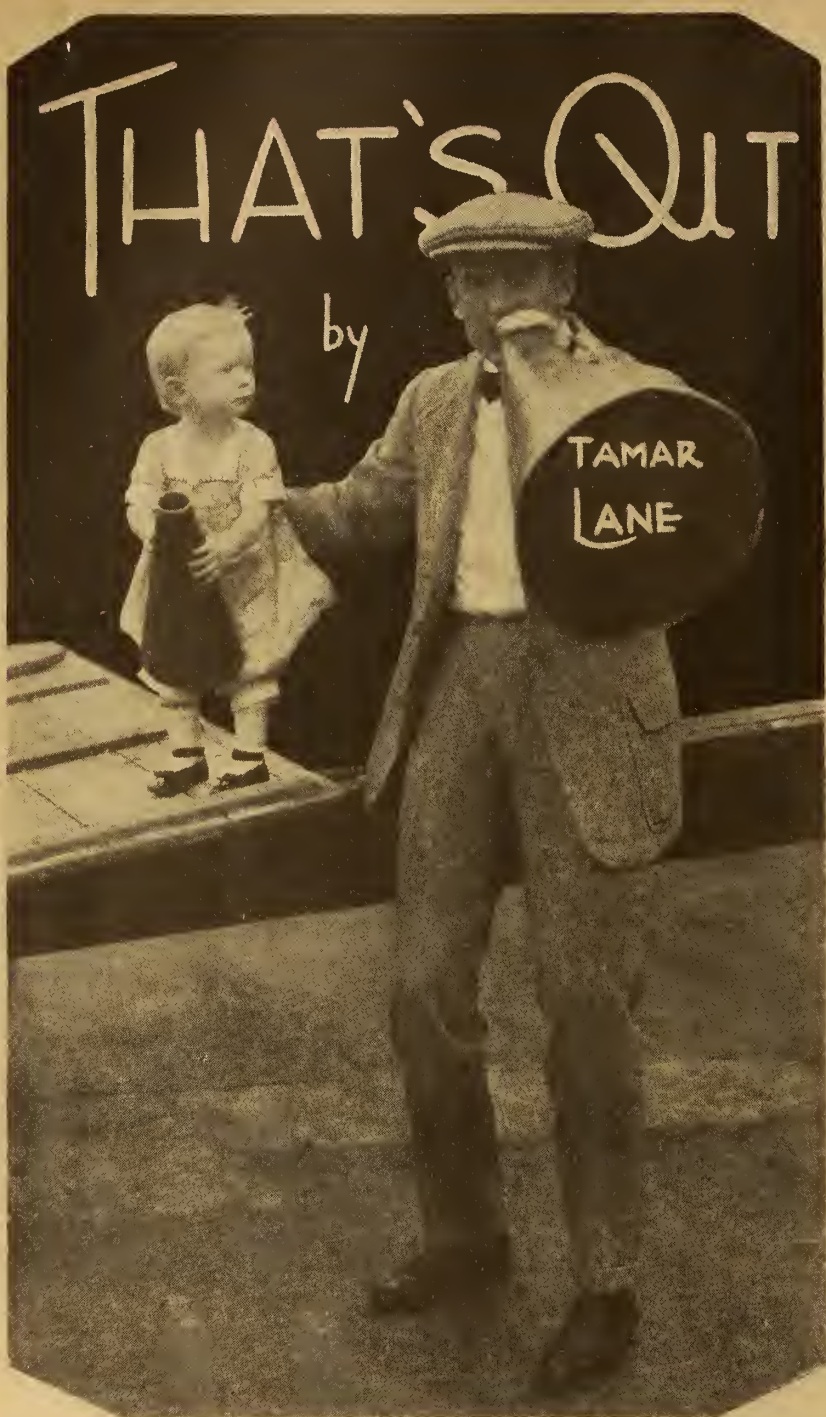


Above, one of the beautiful slave girls of the Princess Salomé. At the left are Earl Schenck and Arthur Jasmine, as the Syrian and the Page. Below, the weird dwarf musicians who play for the dancing in the brilliant court of Herod

"Salomé," the next Nazimova production, promises to be one of bizarre and exotic beauty.

Madame Nazimova plays the Princess Salomé . . . Salomé, "like a dove that has strayed; like a narcissus quivering in the wind; like a silver flower."





Courtesy Famous Players-Lasky, Director Sam Wood and Gloria Wood, namesake of Gloria Swanson

WE have carefully examined the various ideal casts which have been voted upon by the movie fans, and are far from satisfied. Just to be original, here are our selections:

Daisy Dewdrop, a sweet young thing Vera Gordon
 Percy Poorboy, the handsome hero, George Fawcett
 Jack Dalton, the deep-dyed villain, Eugene O'Brien
 Willie Dewdrop, Daisy's invalid brother, Doug. Fairbanks
 Mrs. Poorboy, Percy's mother Viola Dana
 Maggie, a child of the slums Elaine Hammerstein
 Reggy Astorbilt, a society man Wm. S. Hart
 Grandpa Greylocks Jackie Coogan

We think it worthy of special note that we have this month seen a film in which one of the characters, about to start on a trip, actually packed more than three handkerchiefs, one collar and three pair of socks in the grip.

We have seen many movies that were "murder" and other crimes but not titled such, and no little credit should go to the two producers who have so candidly labeled their productions in advance, "Grand Larceny" and "Manslaughter."

GRIFFITH SUSPENSE

When we are executed we hope that the executioner will be as slow and deliberate as the one in "Orphans of the Storm." It should add several years to our life.

YEAR'S BEST MYSTERY PLAY

"Bobbed Hair" featuring Wanda Hawley. Wanda is all right, but what's it all about?

"I know that I could write for them movies if I only had the chance," writes a movie fan. "Enough things has happened to me to make a swell picture, but I cant write it because I dont know where to stop."

A small matter like that shouldn't bother anyone who is going to write for the movies.

After viewing Pola Negri in some of her latest productions, we are more satisfied than ever that our own American girls will continue to hold first place in our heart.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF—

Francis X. Bushman's amethyst ring?

Mary Thurman's bathing suit?

The perils of Helen Holmes?

Crane Wilbur's photographs?

June Caprice's curls?

The Keystone cops?

And the custard pies?

They've given us "The Sheik," "The Sheik's Wife," "The Sheik of Araby." By all means let us have "The Sheik's Cousin," "The Sheik of Kalamazoo" and all the rest of the family.

There's one thing that screen fans can be thankful for —Harry Lauder has never been featured on the screen in "I Love a Lassie."

Sears-Roebuck has just gotten out a wonderful new catalog that should make an excellent special production for some enterprising film producer.

Some wit wants to know if cemeteries have plots, why
 (Continued on page 99)

The Perfect Scenario

By
LAURA KENT
MASON

Illustrations by
G. Francis Kauffman



RIGHT at the beginning I'll admit that I don't guarantee that this is the perfect scenario. There may be a critic some place cruel enough to discover an error in it. I'm modest. I can even conceive that some day someone may write a better one. But, as things go today, you got to hand it to me. It's pretty good. Considered by and large, if that means anything to you—it doesn't to me—I can't think of any moving picture that's got anything on it. It's got everything, if you know what I mean. And who could ask for more?

I think the title of it will be "Ten Million A Week," tho, as with all good movies, this may be changed at the last minute. If I do change it, I'll call it "The Woman Without Honor," or, better still, "The Virtues of the World." They've all got possibilities. I rather lean to "Ten Million A Week." There is nothing about ten million anythings in the picture, of course, but doesn't that hint at wealthy, or at least at a lot of something, which in turn points out that the picture must have been expensive? The "A Week" part, of course, has nothing to do with the picture, either, but it hints a bit at rapid action. Anyhow, as I understand it, it's a crime to have the title connected, even in a remote way with the picture itself, and I don't want to be disqualified as a scenario writer, right from the start.

After the title, when the picture is done—I'm going to insist on directing it myself. I've heard too much talk about stories being ruined, "my brain child murdered" stuff, at the Author's League—comes a caption. And the caption will read "Suggested by *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*." That's to give class to the scenario. If it's adapted from some book or suggested by some book, it is so much grander than if anybody made it all up out of his own head. The dictionary might have suggested it just as well as not. It has suggested lots of things to me, before. In fact, it's one of the most suggestive books I know—and you remember, yourself, how you used to look up words in it, in school—not the words teacher thought you were trying to get familiar with. Besides, using the dictionary instead of a novel will save money, and maybe a lawsuit or two. You never can tell, anyhow, and it's just as well to play safe with such a perfect thing as this is.

After the caption about the dictionary, you see the dictionary itself, a large one, on a stand, and it opens up by an unseen hand. Then you get a close-up of it, and there, on the screen you see: *Sin* 1. Transgression of the law of God; iniquity. 2. An offense; misdemeanor.

The book closes. Then comes a title—and all of the titles are the new art title, of course; each one symbolic of something or other. The title reads.

We Who Transgress the Law of God Must Suffer. But Who Shall Say What Is Virtue and What Is Sin.

Then, a velvet screen, a curtain. One at a time, the characters appear, bow, fade out. Then come pictures of the director in riding costume, the photographer, the owners of the picture company, their wives, children and as many feminine friends as is proper under the circumstance, the property man, the film cutter, the girls who develop the films, the young lady the property man is going to marry after he gets his divorce, the woman who looked up the historical details of the picture, the costume designer, the keeper of the lunch-room that was patronized when the company was out on location and the pretty extra girl the director is getting interested in. Follow, then, people with veiled faces, symbolic of hate, love, rage, intrigue, harmony and alimony, each with a suitable costume and caption.

Now, we are ready for the story.

It opens.

"And so, on a sunny June day, when Nature smiled, little Apple Blossom knew not what Fate had in store for her."

Apple Blossom is the heroine, of course, and no one could be more so. This part will be taken by Winsome Faun, formerly Myrtle Brodsky of Third Avenue. Apple is discovered in a beautiful garden, surrounded by flowers and pets. She has a dove on her arm and tiny rabbits hop at her feet. In the background there is a fountain. You never see this scene again, of course, for it fades out and you find that Apple is very poor and lives in a tiny, tumble-down cottage with her parents. They are not her real parents, of course, but you don't know that then, and neither does Apple. In spite of the

The brave Avril—well, anyhow, he rescues dear little Apple just when rescuing was exactly what ought to have happened to her . . .

fact that they are between ninety and a hundred years old, as is the way with most stage parents, no one has ever raised a doubt as to the relationship. Apple is, apparently, around eighteen and has, of course, long golden curls that would take several hours a day to keep in order, tho she is the household drudge and has to work every minute. Considering the fact that the cottage is in terrible disorder, you are led to believe that Apple isn't an especially good worker—houseworker we mean.

Life and Love Were Young and They Were Sweet-hearts.

The young couple plight their—well, anyhow, they kiss for quite a bit; remembering the censors, nevertheless. Then the supposed father of little Apple appears. He has an evil eye, and tries to brain Avril by coming up behind him and trying to hit him with a wagon-wheel

It is moonlight now and the old yard of the cottage doesn't look half bad. Blue over everything. Young Avril Alden comes a-courting. Avril is poor, too. In fact, if you met him on the street, you'd know by his clothes he was a professional beggar.

In the movies, he's but a poor and, at this time, honest young fellow dropping in to see his gal. Avril is played by young Jack Stalwart, one of the newer screen juveniles. Jack is slightly bow-legged, which patrons of the silent drama would discover before long, if left to themselves. When he found that all of the leg-straighteners in the mail-order catalogs wouldn't help much, he talked it over with his press-agent and the press-agent, being worth almost as much as his salary, turned the bow-legs into a virtue. Remember the stories you've read about Jack's legs, how he acquired the "slight, manly curve" by hours on horseback, dashing across the plain, how they indicate his firm, strong masculine nature?

The young couple plight their—well, anyhow, they kiss for quite a bit, remembering the censors, nevertheless. Then the supposed father of little Apple appears—he has an evil eye—and tries to brain Avril by coming up behind him and trying to hit him with a wagon-wheel. Avril turns, just in time, and seizes him. The old man kicks Apple. Now he must suffer! Avril is about to

choke him when Apple raises a tiny white hand. "He Is An Old Man, and my Father," she offers, and his life is his own again.

That Night.

The lovers have said farewell and Avril has been forbidden to darken the Woppit house again—it was pretty dark already. Apple goes to sleep and dreams.

Here is a good chance for costume work. Costume plays are supposed to be passé, but we all know how folks eat them up. This dream starts out in Colonial days and goes, without warning, into Italian Renaissance. It gives a good chance to the costume designers, helps a few hundred extras turn an honest penny, and gives the company's advertising department something else to blurb about. The dream is, of course, in a way, symbolic, tho nobody ever knows what it's symbolic of.

But the Cruel Realities Call Apple Blossom to Earth Again.

The old lady who isn't her mother—only you dont know it yet—is shaking her. She gets up, dresses in rags again, and tries to do a little something to the cottage with indifferent effect. If she'd only read one of the woman's magazines about this time, she

(Cont'd on page 114)



Trouble

By NORMAN BRUCE



AT four o'clock in the morning Depot Street was not prepossessing. In fact, to interpret the thoughts of Officer Casey as he swung along the broken pavement, it was an elegant place for a fine juicy murder. Consequently when he heard an unexplainable sound at his elbow as he stood near the corner of Mason's Alley, thinking wistfully of the dear dead days now past beyond recall when the building on the corner had been Joe's Place, he whirled on his heel, removing his revolver from his hip pocket.

But there was no one in sight save a huge electric lady and gentleman dancing the Camel Walk in the heavens above the Midnight Roof Cabaret. Officer Casey scratched his head. "Maybe 'tis wan av thim ghosts that belongs to the Sir Oliver Lodge," he muttered, "if I had a Wee-Gee board here I'd arrest 'em."

The sound again, a vigorous scratching close by. The policeman's eye fell upon the over-turned barrel beside the door of the delicatessen shop. "Sure," he chuckled, "wan av the Dutchy's cheeses must have got loose." He approached the barrel warily and tapped its sides, expecting to see what emerged—a small, soiled, nondescript dog, and quite unprepared for what followed, a small, soiled, equally nondescript boy, with a mat of tangled, brown hair under which two exceedingly bright eyes looked up at him with a mixture of curiosity, friendliness and fear.

"We wasn't doing nothing," said the small boy sturdily. "I guess he was dreaming about chasing cats because he was wagging his tail and there wasn't room for me and the wag."

"In the name av Saint Patrick that drove the snakes out of Ireland, and Congress that tried to drive the snakes out av the United States," said Officer Casey, "who are you and who do you belong to, and what are you doing in that barrel?"

"Jackie. Nobody. Nothing," said the small boy, answering briefly in order. He whistled to the dog, "C'mhere, General!"

That's short for General Pershing," he explained, "on'y he doesn't know his name yet. He's never heard it, you see."

"And who does he belong to?" asked the policeman.

"Me," said Jackie, "he's a perfectly good dog that somebody threw away because he had a teeny piece bit off his ear and looked kind of second hand. I'm going to 'dopt him and someday I'm going to hunt lions and tigers with him."

"Hm," said Officer Casey dubiously. There were a good many large families in this part of town, but they usually counted the children at night. "I'm thinking," he said sternly, "that you've run away from home."

"I've run away from the Home," Jackie admitted, "the capital 'H' kind, you know. I ran away because they made me wash so much."

"The Home for the Friendless Children?" the policeman asked, "then 'tis back again you'll be going, young fellow, me lad," but his tone was kindly. His was the tragedy of the child-loving man who, day after day, has to serve as a bug-a-boo for mothers attempting to intimidate their children, "Abie, if you dont do what I say this minute, I'll give you to the cop." The heart under the blue uniform beat with sympathy for all hop-scotching, ball-playing, marble-rolling youth, but the brass buttons of authority twinkling above it roused the warning cry wherever he went, "Cheese it, youse guys, here's the cop! Get a move on! Beat it!"

Here however was one youngster who did not fear and despise him for his badge of authority. He held out a huge friendly paw. "Come on, let's be getting back. I'll see the matron myself and tell her to let you off without a spanking this time, and I would wonder if they'd be having pancakes for breakfast."

The last part of the sentence had its effect. Thru the



From the barrel came a small, soiled, nondescript boy, with a mat of tangled brown hair, under which two exceedingly bright eyes looked up with a mixture of curiosity, friendliness and fear



"Dear Sir,"
Jackie prayed, ad-
dressing the Lord in
the most respectful man-
ner he knew, "we'd like to
be 'dopted, if it's all the same
to you"

dawn, which in
Depot Street is
dingy and un-
washed looking,
like the clothes
flapping endlessly

with a moist pink tongue. With great presence of mind,
Jackie concealed him in a hamper of soiled towels while
he performed his own ablutions. "I should think," he
reflected, "they'd let him stay. An orphanage needs a
dog to do its barking for it. Miss Ames would, but I
dunno about Miss Curtis. And even if she did let him
stay, she'd wash him!"

It was an innocent little figure that slid into its seat
at the breakfast table, and choosing a moment when the
Matron's head was bowed to say grace, signaled for
General Pershing to follow, and had him safely con-
cealed under the table in time to murmur a devout
"Amen" with the fifty-three other dulcet childish voices.

"Whar you-all been?" whispered his neighbor, a col-
ored boy whose natural facilities for concealing dirt
Jackie passionately envied, "huccum you wasn't in baid
when we got up this mornin'?"

"Oh look, over there!" shrilled Jackie, pointing at the
crayonned picture of the Founder, a stern gentleman in
a frock-coat on the opposite wall. The general attention
being directed away from him, he skilfully removed the
bacon from the plates of his neighbors on either side and

slid it under the table.
The innocence of one of
Raphael's angels was in
his eyes as he turned
them upon the Matron's
stern countenance. "Did-
n't you see it?" he asked
sweetly, "there was a fly
sitting on the Founder's
nose!"

"That child," said Miss
Curtis harshly to the
pleasant faced house-
keeper at her side, "is
more trouble than half a
dozen others put together.
Really one of the things
I'm hoping most from
this publicity drive is that

on endless clothes-lines, the two made their way uptown,
followed at a discreet distance by the dog who was not
quite certain that the large man had a friendly smell.
And on the return-trip Jackie confessed that he had run
away to find a home with a small "h," like the one the New
Boy had told him of, the kind that had cookies and white
curtains and somebody who tucked you into bed at night.

"The Matron," Jackie sighed, "isn't a tucker-in. She
is a washer. You have to scrub your hands three times
a day at the Home, and behind your ears, and sing 'I
want to be a Nangel.' I dont want to be a Nangel, I'd
rather be a pirate any day or go out West and make the
redskins bite the dust!"

A stout woman was mopping the stone steps of the
orphanage when Officer Casey and the truant appeared.
A depressing soapy smell filled the narrow hallways,
bearing out Jackie's
characterization of the
matron as a "washer."
Officer Casey looked
down—very far down—
into the small face of the
youngster who wanted a
home with a small "h" and
pity tugged at his heart-
strings, which, tho elder-
ly, had never grown rusty
because they were so
often tugged.

"Good-bye, Jackie!"
said Officer Casey shak-
ing hands, "promise me
you wont be runnin'
away again and I wouldn't
wonder if you'd find your

TROUBLE

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the First
National release of the Sol Lesser production, based on
the scenario and original story of Clara L. Raush.
Directed by Albert Austin and starring Jackie Coogan.
The cast:

Jackie	Jackie Coogan
Edward Lee.....	Wallace Beery
Mrs. Lee.....	Gloria Hope
Police Officer.....	Eddie Gribben
Mrs. Lee's Father.....	Charles French
Mrs. Lee's Mother.....	Martha Franklin
Judge White.....	Bert Woodruff
The Dog.....	Queenie
Matron of the Orphanage.....	Nell Spaugh
Assistant at the Orphanage.....	Wilson Hunmel
Chocolate Drop.....	Herbert Jenkins

someone will adopt him. He needs parents just to spank him."

If this was not sweet-faced Miss Ames' idea of parenthood, she wisely made no comment. She was one of those women who was born to be a mother, and had somehow missed her birthright. It is not always the fathers and mothers of this world who have the children. And so instead of kissing the bumps and mending the knees of three or four of her own, she did her best to make her mothering spread over those little unloved, unwanted waifs of life. "Jackie is very bright, she said softly.

"Bright!" sniffed Miss Curtis—she had a nose that seemed to have been designed especially for sniffing thru, "an orphan doesn't need to be bright, he needs to be dutiful and grateful."

Fortunately for Jackie and General Pershing, it was Miss Ames' turn to make the rounds of the dormitories that night. It seemed to her experienced mind that things were almost too peaceful and quiet. The children lay with closed eyes and small folded hands in long tidy rows. No one was whispering, no one was uncovered, no one had the stomach-ache—it was too good to be true. With unerring instinct, the housekeeper's eyes went to Jackie's bed. Its occupant's appearance of slumber was flawless, but the lower part of the bed-clothes was violently agitated by some unseen cause. Under Miss Ames's amazed eyes the counterpane rose and fell, writhed and wriggled, and all the while Jackie slept on determinedly. Then as she started forward, a small head emerged at the foot of the bed.

"Mercy gracious!" gasped Miss Ames, "a dog!"

Instantly the occupants of the beds were awake and pleading General Pershing's cause. Jackie in flannellette night-drawers put his protégé thru endearing tricks, small face taut and strained with anxiety. After General Pershing had been a dead dog, had sat up and begged and rolled over and over, the boy held the little panting, squirming body close to his chest and looked silently up into the housekeeper's face, his eyes filled with agonized questioning.

Her own eyes dimmed. "He may stay tonight, Jackie," she said gently, "and perhaps—tomorrow I will see what I can do. But not in bed. He will have to sleep on the floor."

"Trying to hold out on me, eh?" snarled a voice from behind them. "Here, gi'me that!" He was advancing on the trembling little woman; but Jackie planted himself in his path





"He's sleeping!" she told Jackie. "I wouldn't dare wake him, dearie. You'll have to find another plumber . . ." but her eyes, like wilted violets, filled with tears

Rastus, the dirt-proof orphan, was just drifting into dreamland when a rude hand dragged him back. He sat up blinking, "White boy, quit your foolin', nerve am the only thing you ain't got anything else but!"

Jackie was merciless. "Get out of bed and say your prayers! I'm 'shamed 'of you. We cant help being orphans, but we dont need to be hethans too. Besides, the preacher says that if you've got faith you can get anything you want. I dont b'lieve it, but there's no harm trying, is there? I'm gonna pray for a home with a real mother in it."

Side by side, small white feet upturned beside small black ones, they knelt. "You say it," Rastus whispered in sudden stage fright, "taint likely God would listen to cullud folks as quick as he would to white ones!"

"Dear Sir," Jackie prayed, addressing the Lord in the most respectful manner he knew, "we'd like to be 'dopted if it's all the same to You. Somebody that isn't so awful partickler about ears and would let boys have a dog. And please remember 'bout the cookies and the curtains. Yours Truly, Amen."

Miss Curtis actually allowed General Pershing to

remain, having the business acumen to see that he would provide valuable "sob-stuff" for the "Adopt A Child" campaign which the directors of the orphanage were just launching. Thereafter the General was photographed extensively for the newspapers and brought such a host of sentimental ladies flocking to the Home that every curly-headed child in the orphanage was adopted within a fortnight.

Among the picked-over remainder, the freckled and red-haired, the pug-nosed and those whose smiles disclosed wide gaps, was Jackie, who had none of these drawbacks. He could have been adopted many times, but behind his wide blue gaze his small brain cataloged each applying mother critically—that one with the beautiful smell like a whole bouquet of flowers and the shiny hair would make you wash too much, and that one with the young pink cheeks and the old neck would hate dogs, and that one had smiley lips but her eyes didn't smile. Whenever he felt himself in danger of being chosen by one of these undesirable mothers, he retreated behind the Matron's

back and made up a face so horrible and disconcerting that they drew away appalled and boldly murmured something about preferring a younger child.

At last came a little woman with greying hair and faded blue eyes. As soon as he saw her, Jackie smelled ginger cookies. "I—I thought I'd like to adopt a little

boy," she said timidly to Miss Curtis, "we're poor folks but I'd try to do well by him——"

She didn't get any farther, for Jackie, with the General at heel, stood beside her, "Here I am, mother," he said, "I been waiting for you a long while, but I'm glad I waited. Come on, let's go home."

And presently Jackie and the General and the little faded woman did go home together to four tidy bare rooms behind a plumber's shop. The man who occupied the plumber's shop and kept his feet on the counter and his frowzy head buried in a newspaper was the reason for the little woman's greying hair and wistful eyes. Jackie understood this without knowing just why. In a few days he knew why.

General Pershing agreed with Jackie in his estimate of the plumber, he had felt the weight of his size eleven shoe and retreated growling under any shelter that offered when he saw him approaching. "I like families all except fathers," Jackie confided to him as he toiled mightily to polish the dingy panes of the shop window, "he's in there now, drunk, and she's been crying. I got to hurry and grow up, so's to protect her."

With a honking of the horn and a clatter of brakes, a shiny automobile drew up alongside the shop and the chauffeur leaned forth. "Hey, kid! Send along the plumber to this address——" he tossed a card to Jackie. "the pipe in the cellar has sprung a leak and the wet goods the master's got stored down there is getting wetter ever minute! Hurry up now!"

The automobile started off again with a roar and rumble. Jackie hastened into the shop and poured out his story to the little faded woman. She glanced uneasily toward the closed door of the sleeping room. "He's sleeping. I wouldn't dare to wake him, dearie—you'll have to go find another plumber——," but her eyes, like wilted violets, filled with tears.

Jackie went into the shop. The plumber's kit stood on the counter and he managed to drag it down to the floor, but the areaway stairs were beyond his powers. Taking a coil of rope from a hook, Jackie fastened one end to the handle of the kit and the other to the rear of a delivery wagon standing at the curb. When the wagon moved on, it drew the ponderous kit up the stairs to the street. "General," said Jackie, sitting on the kit, "there was a book at the Home that told how a boy like me stopped up a leak in Holland with his finger. I guess we'd ought to be able to stop up a leak in a teeny pipe. And when *she* sees the money, she'll like us as much as if we were borned relations instead of only 'dopted ones."

A delivery wagon with a friendly grinning driver was induced to take Jackie and the kit aboard and to deposit them at the back door of the handsome house whose address was on the card. A flurried maid servant greeted him with relief. "Are you the plumber's boy? Go right down the stairs there and tell your

father to hurry up. The master'll have a fit if the labels get soaked off his bottles."

Going right down the stairs was a simple matter; Jackie and the kit arriving in a heap at the foot, with the General barking anxiously close behind. From a huge pipe in one corner the water was spurting in great jets, and already a part of the floor was flooded. Jackie looked from the pipe to the bag and from the bag to the pipe, he had never realized that the plumbing business was such a damp one—it was even a wetter life than being an orphan at the Home.

Half an hour later the lady of the house, turning a faucet in the bathroom, was outraged when instead of water, only a gasping and gurgling sound issued forth.

(Continued on page 105)



"And he said, 'You brat! I'm going—to—kill—you!' And the cop came, and I threw the flower-pot, and that's all there was," finished Jackie, cheerfully. "He didn't kill me, the least little bit!"

Concerning My Husband



arising in the morning; perhaps he would rather not have a great deal of company to dinner when he arrives home, tired, from the studio.

And perhaps he would wish to see a musical comedy instead of a heavy dramatic play. Is that not like any other man?

It is a shame to spoil illusions. Particularly when so many people believe that actors generally beat their wives. It is not so, however. Very few actors I have ever known even argue with the ladies they have married, knowing well that Woman will invariably have her last word.

When Frank and I were married in the funny little grocery store of Tia Juana, Mexico, we braced ourselves against a stack of flour sacks and resolved that neither of us would, strictly, "obey."

That word, in the marriage contract, is one which causes any amount of post-nuptial disturbances, particularly if one, or both parties to the marriage are extreme individualists.

Therefore we decided to omit

"One never really understands an actor," writes Dagmar Godowsky Mayo, "until she is married to him. Actors are in a class by themselves. They have mannerisms . . . off stage as well as on." At the left, a portrait of Dagmar Godowsky, taken in the Mayo home. Below, a new camera study of the genial Frank Mayo



All photographs by
C. Heighon Monroe

Of course, I am excited! Even tho I am married, I find myself vastly intrigued when people ask me to write things about my actor-husband, Frank Mayo. Could I say bad things? *Never!!!* For what would be the use? I should still continue being his wife.

One never really understands an actor until she is married to him. Actors are in a class by themselves. They have mannerisms—off the stage as well as on.

And it remains for the actor's wife to discover them. If she will recognize them and, perhaps, overlook certain of them, her marriage is a success. If she deplores them and tries to thwart them—well, *that* is a matter for the Court of Domestic Relations.

A great many persons believe that my husband is temperamental. Why the thought? Perhaps he does desire his cup of *café-au-lait* immediately on

By
DAGMAR
GODOWSKY MAYO

it. There was very little of the original ceremony, however, that we could literally understand, for it was read in Spanish. All of which is now, sometimes quite pleasant, for should the conversation ever revert to the absolute verbalism of our wedding vows we can both truthfully say that neither of us definitely understood the ceremony word for word.

My husband is a peculiar man. Very peculiar! He much prefers to go out of the city on quiet trips, when he is not working, than to bask in the lime-light. He likes the seashore. We have had innumerable exciting clam-bakes when both of us would return home with burned fingers and infinitely full stomachs.

Very much does he dislike ostentation. It is positively disgusting the way



Photographs by C. Heighton Monroe



Also Mrs. Mayo writes, "If Frank were not able to make other women care for him, I would be disappointed. No woman can love a man if she knows he cannot be the cause of competition amongst other women." At the top of the page, an informal picture of the Mayos. At the left, Frank Mayo on a location trip. And at the right, in a scene with Claire Windsor

he refuses to go to formal dinners. And if he does consent to go out in the evening, I have a most pitiful time to keep him from wearing clothes other than for the golf links.

This is something which I cannot understand. Why do men enjoy wearing sport attire in the evening? Why, also, do they *not* enjoy having their wife wear sport attire after 6 P. M.?

(Continued on page 98)





His Mother

Photograph (below) by J. Edwin

Claire Windsor finds life a full affair. There is her screen work, of course. Right now she is busy every day at the Goldwyn studios where she is playing in the Peter B. Kyne story, "Brothers Under Their Skin" . . . And then there is little Billy . . . She finds here greatest interest in life in being just—his mother



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THERE were several ways in which Solomon fell short when compared to the lilies of the field, besides the fact that his raiment was not so fair as theirs, neither was his proximity so appealing to the olfactory nerves. At that time it was not known that cleanliness is akin to godliness, and baths, as we understand them today, were practically unknown.

Could the Queen of Sheba or even Cleopatra see the modern woman performing her regular daily toilet she would be mystified, to say the least. And had they to compete with the modern flapper or bachelor maid they would undoubtedly find themselves in the discard deck. They could not even hold a candle to our charming women of forty or more.

Imagine taking a bath in oil and perfuming one's body with spices so that one is reminiscent of Grandmother's kitchen and the cookie jar! What modern man could the historical beauties hope to vamp today? In justice to our men I must say that I think the first feeling of repulsion would come thru the olfactory nerves.



The Lesson of The Lilies

By
CORLISS PALMER

Corliss Palmer says: "Do not use a lilac shampoo on the hair and a violet perfume on the brush and a French perfume on the handkerchief. Select one perfume and make it distinctly your own by using nothing else"



Were you at dinner the other day and did you discover that someone had been careless about the kitchen doors and the odor of cooking had filled the house? Do you remember how offended you were that time you had to sit in the street car beside someone who had been eating garlic? Haven't you felt that if there are some people who do not object to these odors themselves, they should have too much regard for the feelings of others to be careless of the odors that emanate from their persons and their homes?

Perhaps where there is extreme poverty such conditions can be forgiven, but where there is means it is impossible to excuse it. It is careless, slovenly, selfish. Such people are lacking in energy, ambition, and,

(Continued on page 96)



With Rome For a Backdrop

For several months George Fitzmaurice has been producing pictures on foreign shores. In "The Man from Home," which was filmed in Italy, the two leading players are Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood. They were both vacationing abroad when Mr. Fitzmaurice corralled them for portrayals in this production



Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays In Review

IF "The Glorious Adventure" had not been filmed in colors, it might readily have been a more colorful production. Paradoxical as it may seem, this is true. Thruout, everything has been sacrificed to the Prizma process by which it was photographed. The acting, drama and photography itself—except in a color sense—are secondary always to the color of the scenes. And it is these three things which stimulate the imagination of the spectator—it is these three things which compositely give birth to meritorious motion pictures.

Nor is "The Glorious Adventure" any achievement in color photography. Red predominates. It is a harsh red. Often it seems to smear the screen, and the hair and complexion harmonize with the gown. The screen sometimes resembles a huge and ornate French pastry—a pastry in which raspberry predominates. Countless short subjects depicting fruits, scenic wonders and flowers have been infinitely superior in a color sense.

More is the pity because, after all, the story is different from the human triangle affairs which have monopolized the screen. It might have been a pleasantly melodramatic offering.

The story itself was suggested to J. Stuart Blackton by a painting which hangs in one of the English galleries called "The Rope and the Ring." It depicted a fair lady being married to a felon condemned to hang on the morrow. In this way she automatically transmitted her debts to her ill-fated husband.

That is the gist of the screen story, too, altho the fire of London interferes with what would otherwise have been a pleasant and simple solution of the financial problem of the heroine.

The story finds its background in quaint old London town in the colorful era of Charles II and the garrulous Samuel Pepys. This offered innumerable opportunities for high romance and court intrigue, but they were either overlooked or ignored. At no time did the flavor of those early days permeate to the audience.

Lady Diana Manners, long a figure of interest and internationally famed for her beauty, is entrusted with the rôle of Lady Beatrice Fair. It is a tradition that ladies must never, even under the most trying circumstances, show their feelings. They are, if we understand it correctly, trained to cover a breaking heart with a smile. That makes things difficult when a puzzled audience seeks to find in the emotions of a lady some guidance to the story being unfolded. Lady Diana Manners, it would seem, is more the lady lound by repression,



Above, "The Woman He Married," with Anita Stewart. At the left, Mae Murray, in "Fascination." And below, a scene from the forthcoming Harold Lloyd comedy, "Grandma's Boy"



than the actress. But, on the other hand, it may be that she was given no opportunity to prove her histrionic ability.

Nor is her beauty vivid and colorful. Hers is a face finely patrician and of delicate mold. None the less beautiful, however.

Victor McLaglan who plays the imprisoned felon was undoubtedly the most able member of the cast, but he seemed to lack direction. And Lennox Pawle was diverting as Samuel Pepys.

SMILIN' THRU—FIRST NATIONAL

In direct contrast to "The Glorious Adventure," we consider Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Thru." "Smilin' Thru" teems with color and builds in your imagination fragile images which survive long after the story has faded from the screen.

"Smilin' Thru," as you probably know, is adapted from the stage play in which Jane Cowl is now touring the country. It is intensely sentimental. But it offers no excuse for its sentimentality. And because of this, you accept it as you would a valentine of lace, a love sonnet, or yellow love-letters tied with lavender ribbon and scented with rosemary.

It might have been a better picture. There are several instances when a rough edge is manifest. There are episodes which have been injured because the direction was not more clearly and delicately thought out.

The story tells of John Carteret who has built about himself a wall of hate, ever since his beloved Moonyeen was taken from him on the very eve of their wedding. It is not until her niece, Kathleen, finds her love and breaks down the barrier that the spirit of Moonyeen can smile thru at the lover she left behind her.

Wyndham Standing is splendid as the hardened John Carteret and Harrison Ford plays Kenneth Wayne with an abandon and fire and Jeremiah Wayne with understanding and appeal. We also liked Glenn Hunter immensely as Willie Ainsley. Mr. Hunter touches his portrayal with a youthful whimsy.

Norma Talmadge too plays a dual rôle. As Kathleen, she is the Norma we have known in recent productions. There is sympathy and charm in her work. But we liked her best as Moonyeen. Here she brought a poignancy to her rôle which was overwhelming.

(Continued on page 109)



Above, Lady Diana Manners, in "The Glorious Adventure." At the right, Norma Talmadge, in "Smilin' Thru." And below, Betty Blythe, in "Fair Lady"



On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

THE most momentous event of the year in Hollywood is the arrival of the Selznick production forces who have moved into our town from New York.

They came in a special train with a staff forty-five strong, headed by Myron Selznick, and including Elaine Hammerstein, Owen Moore and Niles Welch, the newest of the Selznick stars.

Three directors were in the party: Ralph Ince, Victor Heerman and George Archainbaud.

Selznick has rented space for the three production units in the United Studios where Nazimova, the Talmadges and several other stars make their pictures.

To the joy of many motion picture attachés who were thrown out of work by the suspension of operations at Metro and elsewhere, the Selznicks will recruit their working and office staffs in Los Angeles. Eating, in many quarters, will be resumed.

Work will begin at once on two pictures—"Rupert of Hentzau" and Eugene Walters' "The Easiest Way."

Douglas Fairbanks is raising some more hirsute decorations: this time he is complicating the situation by giving his fuzzy mustache a companion—a goatee.

He will wear the entire collection in his big Robin Hood picture which bears the studio title "The Spirit of Chivalry."

Work has already started on the picture, which will be one of the most terrific screen dramas ever undertaken. The studio looks like a mobilization encampment with young armies of workmen, artists, armorers making weapons, girls sewing banners and the like. The sets are very beautiful. Mr. Fairbanks intends to preserve a little of the fantastic atmosphere of a fairy story, with sets that just lightly touch the same tone that was carried to extreme in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

At the time of writing, the first outdoor scenes were being shot of a medieval tournament with twenty-five hundred armored knights and ladies fair crowding the grand-stands in front of the magnificent castle of King Richard. Richard (Wallace Beery) with attendants, and Maid Marian (Enid Bennett) with ladies occupied separate and richly canopied boxes. Doug, as



Milton Sills and Thomas Ince thought they would tease Florence Vidor about a scene to be filmed, but Mrs. Vidor apparently knows them of old. At the left, Lois Wilson rests after a morning of tennis. Below, Sessue Hayakawa and his slip of an Oriental wife, Tsuru Aoki, apply first aid to Bessie Love, when gases overcome her on location





Oscar, the studio bootblack, makes his morning rounds, and Betty Compson contributes white kid slippers to the heap. Oscar should know whether your idol has feet of clay—yes? At the right, Constance Talmadge goes in for a combination of billiards and golf. Her own game! Below, Reinald Werrenrath, the famous singer, attempts a duet with Jackie Coogan. We bet the song is "The Road to Mandalay"



the Earl of Huntington, later to become the bandit Robin Hood, entered the lists and fought a lively tilt.

For the sheer medieval splendor, it looks as tho Douglas were due to lift the roof right of screenland. The picture is directed by Allan Dwan.

At the completion of "Oliver Twist," Jackie Coogan is going to Europe. The plan is for him to make personal appearances with well-known Continental stage artists. He has always been a popular figure in London; his films ranking next in English popularity to Charlie Chaplin's. His managers are negotiating for the film rights for Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper" in a film version of which Marguerite Clark appeared six years ago.

Jackie says he is having the time of his life in "Oliver Twist." He has a new toy from which he is never separated when off duty; it is a bisque doll, made in the image of Fagan, master crook of the Dickens' story.

The "rushes" on "Blood and Sand," featuring Rodolph Valentino supported by Nita Naldi, Lila

Lee and other well-known people, and directed by Fred Niblo, have impressed Famous Players - Lasky so favorably that Mr. Niblo has been signed by that organization to produce a series of special productions starring Valentino. The scenarios will be written by June Mathis, who adapted Ibañez's "Blood and Sand," as well as "The Four Horsemen," for the screen. The first picture of the Valentino - Mathis - Niblo series will be "The Rajah," based on John Ames Mitchell's story, "Amos Judd."



Norma and Constance Talmadge are both working on new productions. Frank Lloyd is directing Norma in the "Mir-

age," an Edgar Selwyn play; and Constance is appearing in the winsome rôle of Ming Toy in "East Is West," the piece that brought Fay Bainter such bundles of success, season after season, on the stage. Constance is under Sid Franklin's direction. Frances Marion remains the official scenarist for the Talmadges. Miss Marion is now adapting "Three Wise Fools" for the screen as the second feature for Constance.

Pauline Frederick is scheduled to appear during the summer in London in a spoken drama by Samuel Shipman, entitled "Lawful Larceny," under the management of Al Woods. She has apparently left the screen indefinitely.

Eric von Stroheim is excited over two events. He has
(Continued on page 111)

The Versatile Lytell

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

THE screen never shows Bert Lytell so charming as he is in real life. In life he is such a gay companion, a debonair sort of person—yet a keen thinker. On the screen he chameleons into any character the story requires: pugilist, crook, boob detective — Lombardi. Some cinema celebrities are content to play up their own personalities, or the one they have assumed, and have the story changed to suit them.

I interviewed Lytell the day before he left Hollywood on a personal appearance tour thruout the Loew circuit. He was being harassed by a dozen people asking his advice or sympathy, for the Metro studio was about to close, having turned out all of its stars and companies with the exception of Lytell and Viola Dana. Everyone was in anything but a happy frame of mind and it seemed as if the whole personnel sought Lytell's advice. His dressing-room was the mecca



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

"Each time I make a picture," said Bert Lytell, "I work just as hard to make it better than the last one, as a salesman does to sell his wares, an architect to plan new buildings, an author to write new books. No one can get anywhere without honest-to-goodness toil"

for all the heavily laden—even Viola.

"Oh Bertie," she caroled outside his dressing-room door, "I hate to bother you, but I really need your help."

"Fire ahead," encouraged Lytell.

Vi emerged from her sables just long enough to pronounce her minor problem, receive sentence from Lytell, and bound away with a merry "thank you."

A scenario writer with a grievance was the next interruption. Mr. Lytell soothed more ruffled feelings. When we were at last alone . . . I in a great comfortable wicker chair, he striding up and down his small reception-room like a little captive tiger.

"Good Lord," he said, "I feel sorry for them

(Continued on page 102)



Greenroom Jottings

Elinor Glyn's story, "Six Days," which is, in a way, a sister story to "Three Weeks," will be brought to the screen by Goldwyn. As soon as the censors hear this, there will be a clicking and sharpening of the shears—

After weeks of planning, Maurice Tourneur and his company sailed to film "The Christian" on English soil. The picture will be made in London and on the Isle of Man. The cast has not yet been made public.

Marion Davies has been talking about returning to the stage for months. Now, however, it has been definitely decided that she will appear in an A. H. Woods production in the early autumn. Avery Hopwood, who has won an enviable reputation thru his authorship of farces, is now writing a play for Miss Davies' debut. At present Miss Davies is creating the stellar rôle in the screen production of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

There has been great difficulty experienced in obtaining a story for Jack Pickford. When they sold "The Tailor-Made Man" to Charles Ray, they thought they would be able to secure the screen rights to "Six Cylinder Love" immediately. But Ernest Truex has been scoring such a hit in the stage play of this story that it is not yet available for screen production. "Garri-son's Finish" has been finally settled upon, however, as Jack's first story. It is likely that his productions will be handled by the Allied Productions Company, the new branch of United Artists.

People still talk about the days when Eugene O'Brien supported Norma Talmadge. It was probably one of the most popular combinations in motion pictures. Then Norma was starred in the films of her own company, and Eugene signed on the dotted line of a Selznick contract.

But now, the debonair Eugene is no longer with

Selznick. And now Norma needs a charming leading man for her next picture, "The Mirage," which is an adaptation of the stage play in which Florence Reed was starred. And it is quite likely that the charming leading man will be Eugene O'Brien.

It would be pleasant to find them together again.

The Vidors are filming the Frank Howard Clark story, "Shuttle Soul." King Vidor is directing, of course, and Florence Vidor is starring.

It was a historic painting in a London art gallery which suggested the principal complication of J. Stur-att Blackton's "The Glorious Adventure."

The painting showed the wedding of a fair lady to a felon in the Newgate Gaol, and was entitled "The Rope and the Ring."

Altho Roscoe Arbuckle has been acquitted of the charges upon which he was recently brought to trial in San Francisco, Will H. Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, Inc., has outlawed his films. And, while this involves the loss of millions of dollars, the producers interested have bowed to the request. Certainly, it would seem that the motion picture profession intends to stand behind the man they have elected their guide.

Robertson-Cole have many new

stars. But they are a different order of stars—stars on a co-operative basis. Ethel Clayton and Helen Eddy have already signed contracts to this effect. This means that the star shares the risk of a production, together with the producer. It is a departure.

When Rex Ingram completes "The Black Orchid," he will leave for the East, where he will make arrangements for the filming of the Victor Hugo story, "Toilers of the Sea," on the coast of Maine. Alice Terry, Edward Connelly and Ramon Samanyagos have been chosen as part of the cast.



Photograph by F. E. Geisler

Norma Talmadge makes the most of every opportunity. When she journeyed eastward for rest upon completing "The Eternal Flame," she decided to run down South for a few spring weeks. Ethel Levey, now Mrs. Claude Graham White, accompanied her. Mrs. White was formerly Mrs. George M. Cohan, and is well known in musical comedy and vaudeville

Well-groomed nails a social necessity

—How you can have them

ONCE manicuring was so complex and difficult that people either neglected their nails or had to go to a professional manicurist. But now manicuring has become so easy that no man or woman who expects to meet the critical eyes of friends dreams of neglecting this essential part of the toilet.

You no longer have to cut the cuticle. All those hard dry edges of skin you now remove simply and safely without cutting. Just dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex and work around the nail base. Wash the hands and the surplus cuticle will wipe away, leaving a beautiful, even, nail rim.

And for that last finishing touch of brilliance to your nails which social necessity now requires you have only to use one of the marvelous Cutex polishes. These come in paste, liquid, cake, powder and stick forms. The liquid and powder polishes have been recently perfected and are far superior to any polishes of their kind so far appearing on the market.



Photo by Nickolas Muray
Miss Violet Heming, who says:
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Greenroom Jottings

Speaking of **Edward Connelly**, he had a narrow escape a few weeks ago, when an ape, being used in the scenes of "**The Black Orchid**," attacked him. The ape had been irritable all the morning, and it was during a lull in the production, when neither Mr. Ingram or his trainer were looking, that he strode toward Mr. Connelly, grasping him in his huge arms. It was several minutes before they could pry him loose, but it is not believed that Mr. Connelly will suffer any permanent injuries.

Mary Hay on the stage and screen—or, if you prefer, **Mrs. Richard Barthelmess** in private life—has scored such a hit in the musical comedy of "**Marjolaïne**" that **Russell Janney**, the producer, has signed her to a five-year contract.

Virginia Faire, winner of the Fame and Fortune contest, who came into notice in "**Without Benefit of Clergy**," and later as **Buster Keaton's** leading woman, is to be starred in a series of one-reel comedies. Her producer is no less than **Billy Joy**, brother of **Leatrice Joy**.

D. W. Griffith is another of the cinema celebrities who departed for Europe. The ostensible purpose of his trip is to see if the newspapers are telling the truth about the extraordinary reception his "**Orphans of the Storm**" received in London. Whether or not Mr. Griffith anticipates making pictures, or a picture, on the other side has not been determined.

The latest player who has been signed for the **Cecil B. de Mille** cast of "**Manslaughter**" is **Lois Wilson**. It bids fair to be, in sooth, an all-star cast.

When **Douglas Fairbanks** finishes "**Robin Hood**," he will have "**Monsieur Beaucaire**" waiting for him. This delightful **Booth Tarkington** work should serve as a splendid vehicle. It has been served heretofore to an appreciative public as a play, as a musical comedy, and in book form.

May Collins and **Mary Thurman** came to New York from the West Coast this spring. The object of their visit, so far as can be learned, was the Fifth Avenue shops and the theaters.

George Fawcett, undoubtedly one of the finest actors shadowed upon the screen, regardless of the fact that his name doesn't shine forth in electric lights as the star of productions, has signed a contract with **Jesse L. Lasky** to play in **Paramount** pictures. He departed from New York for **Hollywood**, where he will work for the next few months. As a character actor, Mr. Fawcett has few equals.

George Arliss has completed his road tour in the stage play of "**The Green Goddess**," and is anticipating a vacation in England, which is, incidentally, his native heath. Before sailing, however, he will make another picture for release thru the **United Artists**. This is good news, for his productions are unfailingly meritorious and interesting.

The first thing **Elliott Dexter** did upon his return from Europe was to sign a contract calling for his appearance in the forthcoming **Clara Kimball Young** picture.

For a little while we thought the Balzac story, "**The Duchess of Langeais**," in

which **Norma Talmadge** is starred, would be released under that title. Balzac having approved of it and everything. We were wrong again. It will be released under the cinematic title of "**The Eternal Flame**."

Speaking of titles, we like the new one which will adorn the next **Hugo Ballin** picture—namely, "**Marrried People**." **Mabel Ballin** is, of course, playing the leading rôle, and **Percy Marmont**, who has been absent from the films lately, will portray the hero.

Until now **Mrs. Bryant Washburn** has found it was all she could do to run her charming household and

(Continued on page 102)



Most of the problems of the world are settled in the motion picture studios in the trying waits between scenes. Above, **Dorothy Dalton** and **Milton Sills** devote their attention to the topics of the daily news, but they do not seem to take the world too seriously

Makers of sport silks and sport waists make washing tests

Find safe way to launder silks

Sport silks and sport waists were practically unknown fifteen years ago. Today it is hard to find a woman who doesn't wear them.

These light-colored silks have to be laundered so frequently that it is of real interest to the manufacturer as well as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash them.

The makers of Lux have helped Mallinson, famous for sport silks, and Max Held, creator of the Forsythe Waist, solve this washing problem. Together they had extensive laundering tests made. As a result of these tests, they recommend Lux as the safe way to wash silks.

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Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Our washable Pussywillow is now made in thirty colors, all fast to sunlight, and with the proper care, fast to washing.

Thorough washing tests with Pussywillow were made by an unquestionable authority on Home Economics. Samples were washed in Lux fifty times, a number far beyond the life of the ordinary fabric. We found that these colors absolutely stood up and did not lose a trace of the original color or bloom. There was no roughing up of the fabric even at the end of these exhaustive tests.

Our Sport Silks, Whippoorwill Brocade, Ruff-a-nuff, and Eponette were also washed with Lux twenty times by the same authority. Neither the color nor the texture of the fabric was affected in the least.

It gives us real pleasure to write you of the success of our tests with Lux. These tests have demonstrated very strikingly that Lux is an ideal product for washing silks, and we are certainly glad to give credit to its unusual purity and mildness.

Very truly yours,

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, INC.

The Forsythe Waist Co.

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Once in a while a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the material we use in making our blouses and we are sure of our workmanship. What we are not sure of is the treatment the blouse gets after it is in the hands of the owner.

If women would wash their blouses with Lux 90 percent of our complaints would disappear. Frayed pulled threads do not always mean a poor quality of silk, but a blouse that has been rubbed clean. The thick Lux lather makes rubbing unnecessary.

The other day a crepe de Chine blouse was returned to us which had "gone" under the arm. The owner had put away the blouse which was badly soiled with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and a harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled, we would not have had the complaint.

For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks.

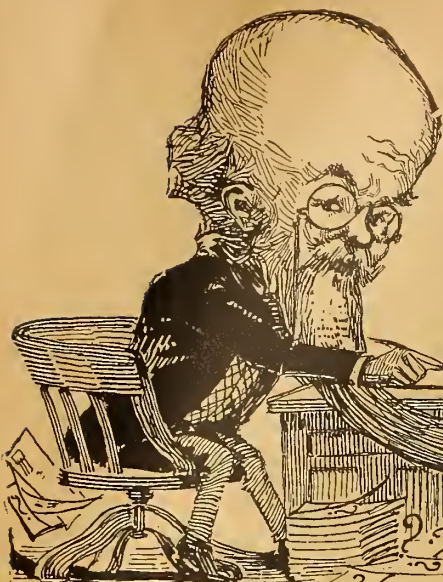
Very truly yours,

Max Held



LUX

The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

The rolling stone may gather no moss, but it takes on a high polish, and perhaps the experience it gathers is better than the moss. The stone that never moves from its mossy bed will never move the world. So keep on moving.

VYRGYNIA.—Yes, summer is here. Thanks for the poe-tree. It's just like you. Norma Talmadge will play in "The Mirage," which starred Florence Reed on the stage. Her "The Duchess of Langeais" has been changed to "The Eternal Flame." Marjorie Daw in "The Lying Truth."

LONELY LITTLE GIRL.—Cheer up! Play and make good cheer. I have written to Mr. Valentino, and you will no doubt hear from him. Humanity is not a vain word. Our life is composed of love; and not to love is not to live. Agnes Ayres in "Borderland."

A LITTLE GIRL.—No, little girl, I am glad I am old. No wise man ever wished to be younger. Yes, I am enjoying my hallroom these warm evenings with a General electric with four blades buzzing to the tune of my Underwood, and a pitcher of buttermilk. Ho for the life of an Answer Man! You can reach Eugenie Besserer at 2215 Baxter Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Edythe Chapman, at Lasky Studio. Mollie McConnell was with Metro last, and Ida Waterman at 203 West 14th Street, New York City. The other players you mention are not playing now.

ONE MAN.—Yes, I agree with you. Many a thing a man does to broaden his life serves only to shorten it. You want another interview with Thomas Meighan soon, and you say you want to see some pictures of his wife. That "Bachelor Daddy" of his was fine, wasn't it? Made me feel sorry that I wasn't a daddy myself. Yes, the story "K" has been produced in pictures.

CARIBON.—No, I dont mind getting old. The remembrance of a well-spent life is sweet. Yes, I use an oil on my beard once a week, followed by a shampoo, and I use a lotion every night, so you see, my beard is in the white of condition. Why dont I use it on my head, did I hear you say? Aye, there's the rub! Rodolph Valentino is going to play in "The Rajah." More cheek!

DIXIE.—You have *entente cordiale*. Mildred Davis can be reached at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. No, Allene Ray is no relation to Charles Ray. But I suppose that when they retire from the screen, they will be called Ex-Rays. Mrs. Mix is married to Tom Mix, and their little daughter will be called Thomasina Mix. Some Mix up, all right.

S. E. C.—Iota is the ninth letter in the Greek alphabet. It is also the smallest: hence, its application to anything very small, as to a jot, a tittle, a minute particle. Mae Murray is playing in "Broadway Rose." Herbert Rawlinson in "The Man Under Cover," for Universal.

BUD C. O.—I'll say we are. Your letter was mighty interesting, but I dont know how I can advise you about getting into pictures. Why dont you stop off at California?

JERRY FROM BEERVILLE.—You might have. He has

played in "The Sheik," "Moran of the Lady Letty," "Camille," "The Rajah," "Beyond the Rocks," and "Blood and Sand." Mary Hay is playing now, but on the stage.

LITTLE FAN.—It was very kind of you to send me the Chinese goldfish. You know, goldfish are natives of China, and were introduced into England about the end of the seventeenth century. They are bred principally in ponds fed with the waste of hot water from condensing steam engines. I promise you I will not have mine for breakfast. Again thanks, Dorothy Dalton and Conrad Nagel in "Fool's Paradise." James Cruze is directing now, and Vivian Rich has not been playing for some time.

THE SOUTHERNER.—Your letter was very interesting. In part you say, "Now the reason of this letter is to ask, why, oh, why do all the 'Southern Gentlemen' in May McAvoy's picture, 'A Virginia Courtship,' shake hands with the negroes? Sir, or madam, I have been in the South all my life. I was born here and have never seen a real Southerner shake the hand of a negro." I shall have to ask Corliss Palmer about that. Perhaps it is a lingering habit of the old slave days in some parts of the South.

MAGGIE.—How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning? Charles "Buck" Jones is playing in "Western Speed." Mary Pickford in a new version of the old "Tess of the Storm Country." "Is it very hard to get into pictures?" you ask. Well, it certainly isn't very easy. Sooner can a camel enter the eye of a needle, etc. Run in again, Maggie.

HAROLD W.—I agree with you. They who spend life in dancing are seldom found advancing. Dancing is fine, tho, as a pastime. No, we never published the story of "Fool's Paradise." You want us to publish the verses that appeared in "The Three Musketeers." Maybe.

MADAM FEW CLOTHES.—Is that your trouble? That's out of my line. I have no clothesline. Edmund Lowe is playing in a series of pictures for Glavey Productions, with Diana Allen.

A. H.—Hey there! Dont you call me a "trump." After much investigation I find that the modern dictionaries define the word as a cross-tempered, old-fashioned woman. This is just the reverse of its original signification, which, according to Bailey (not Barnum and Bailey), was "plump, fat, jolly." Which do you mean? Yes, Norma Talmadge played in "The Eternal Flame," and in "She Loves and Lies," with Conway Tearle. Harrison Ford in "The Wonderful Thing." You refer to "Secret of the Storm Country."

R. R. C.—Observation, my child, which is an old man's memory. Eugene O'Brien has brown hair and blue eyes. You're right. Douglas MacLean is five feet nine and one-half.

CONNY PEKING.—Thanks for the snapshots of "The Wall of China," and "The Princess' Tombs." I certainly appreciate your kindness. No, Mary Miles Minter is not married. Neither is Marjorie Daw. No,



How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright,
Fresh-Looking Hair

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and luster, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simply, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair

and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week



for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Natalie Talmadge is not a star—at least she married before she became a star. Buster Keaton thinks she's a star tho. Marie Doro is playing in "Lillies of the Field." Your letter surely was mighty interesting.

ELINOR G.—Well, a woman cannot long love a man who she feels is inferior to herself; love without veneration, without enthusiasm is but friendship, and friendship is but a cold support under those immense evils accepted for the sake of love. So you would like to see Eugene O'Brien as Tom Sawyer. Rather a large and aged one, dont you think? Ella Hall and Emory Johnson in "The Midnight Call."

NOBODY'S BABY.—Thanks a lot, and I was glad to hear from you; run in again.

SALERNO.—See here there, what do you mean by calling me Solomon? I never had a single wife in my life. Nor a married one either. You can just go where the woodbine turneth. Unless—unless—say, did you refer to the wisdom of Solomon, or to his wives?

RIO.—All the way from South America. Thanks for sending the foreign magazine. It was mighty interesting, and splendidly edited—couldn't have done any better myself. (But I must admit I didn't read a word of it—I couldn't.) Wallace Reid at Hollywood, Cal. Thanks again.

I. M. S.—Well, to get one hundred per cent out of life, you must put one hundred per cent into living. It mostly depends on the liver. You say after reading "Too Many Cooks Spoil the Pictures," the only wonder to you is that we get any connection or sense out of motion pictures. Very often we dont. Just be patient for a little while longer.

HOWARD C. W.—I suggest that you write to our editor, giving her your suggestions. I am sure they will be gratefully received.

PINK.—It was Rudyard Kipling who wrote "Gunga Din." You will find it in the Barrack Room Ballads. Address, William Hart at 1215 Bates Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Be sure and enclose twenty-five cents in stamps. Yes, William Wallace Reid, Jr., is playing in pictures with his mother, Dorothy Davenport.

SUNNY SOUTH AFRICAN.—I sure am pleased to meet you. You say you are perfectly white because Americans seem to think that South Africa is colored. Say not so. You also say that "The Lost City" was not true to form in any way. Your letter was splendid. Write me again.

CONSTANCE D.—Of course, I'm not a connoisseur. As Byron says, "In her first passion, woman loves her lover; in all the others, all she loves is love." I do know that a husband without ability is like a house without a roof. Thanks for the snaps. Address, Constance Talmadge, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, she is married. Your surely sparkled.

HELEN, KANSAS CITY.—You seem to know. No, I never get tired of answering questions. I live in a hall room, get a weekly existence of \$10.50 per, and live mostly on buttermilk. Outside of that I'm a regular fellow. Write me again, even if you dont like Rodolph Valentino. Why, oh why, is this thus?

ORIETTA D.—Thanks for the fee. He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it. But we can just reverse that—I'll remember, and you wont forget to send me another. Corinne Griffith is playing in "A Virgin's Sacrifice." Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn." She was Constance.

RACNELA-RIO.—Thanks for the postals, and the fee. I'm sorry, but I cannot give you the home addresses of the players you mentioned. They can be reached at Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Harold Lloyd at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's a small colony right out of Los Angeles.

LADY ROWENA.—My time is at your disposal—shoot! Matrimony has many children; repentance, discord, poverty, jealousy, sickness, etc., etc. You say you hope Rodolph Valentino's success wont turn his head. If it does, he will go the other way, wont he?

JUST PEGGY; JEAN F.; WANT MUCH; PATTY; AL J. F.; MRS. P. J. B.; JAMES MORRISON FAN; RUTH P.; DINAN; LILLIAN R.; M. H. FOLEY; LITTLE FAN; STANLEY BUD OSBORNE; SAN JOSE'S NUT; ALEX G.; DOMINICK F.; AGNES AYRES ADMIRER; LOUISE R.; R. E. G. and J. G.—Sorry to put you in the also rans, but all of your questions have been answered before.

VRGYNYA.—You call me a precious old wrinkled dumplin'. I suppose with hard sauce, too. But then you say you prefer snow white beards and bald-heads to smooth chins and slicked black hair. That makes me feel better. You've got real good common sense, you have. Why, Valentino cant hold a candle to me, and you are one of the few who know it. There's nothing can be done for you, you're too far gone. Write me again. Your letters are great.

ODESSA.—Are you Russian me? What do I know about love—I'll give you Izaak Walton's definition: "Love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us as unwearyed industry to the attainment of what we desire." That's why I never got into the blamed thing. Clara Kimball Young is playing in "The Heart of Nara," with Elliott Dexter.

CARMEL.—You sound like something sweet. A woman is to her husband what her husband has made her. Savee! His next picture is "Blood and Sand," and then "The Rajah."

FOREST DUB.—No doubt he was there. There's no way I can make sure.

ROBERT.—It is a well-known fact that the body of Cromwell was exhumed, and beheaded, and that the head was afterwards exposed on the top of Westminster Hall for more than twenty years. It was blown down on a stormy night and was taken possession of by a soldier. It is now supposed to be in the possession of a doctor. You bet, Ruth Roland is a peach. She's a pal of mine, all right.

CHAS & DE.—But if every day was a sunny day, who would not wish for rain? Every cloud has a silver lining—except a cloud of dust. She played on the stage some time ago. Fritzi Brunette is not playing now. Thanks.

ELIZABETH H.—*Commend vous en va?* Alice Terry was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1896. She is married to Rex Ingram.

MADCAP.—Thanks for the chocolate. The more a man possesses, the more he desires; the more he succeeds, the more he wishes to undertake; and the more obstacles he has overcome, the more new ones he creates for himself. It is, perhaps, a favor of providence to deprive of desire those who have no chances of hope. So you see, I am quite happy with my \$10.50. Harry Carey has signed up with Robertson-Cole.

MRS. C. C. L.—Thanks. You say Mildred Harris is playing in vaudeville in "Getting the Money." She knows how to get it.

THE BRAINY ONE.—So you think I should cut my beard and send it to the starving Russians for breakfast food. Or perhaps I might sell it to Kellogg. No, Bebe Daniels is not married. Well, your letter was full of clever stuff.

DIOXEN.—You bet, the Ruth Roland Club is fine. Write to Walter J. Moses, Box 267, Dixon, Ill. No, I am not the Answer Man for BEAUTY. Corliss Palmer is it. She is certainly very beautiful, but she cant begin to write Answer Man stuff like I can. I thought something of marrying her once, but after talking the matter over with her, I changed my mind.

A MISSOURIAN.—I think I'll buy a radiophone so I can eavesdrop on all the world. We had an interview with Rodolph Valentino in the December issue of the CLASSIC. No, I never get angry, but when I do, it isn't safe to be in the same county with me.

MARY SHOESTRINGS.—No, thank you, I've sworn off. Dont care for the bootleg product, anyway—they

(Continued on page 107)

Women Give Him No Rest Since Discovering Skin Laxative

*He Physics the Skin and Purges
Every Pore Making Any Complexion
Beautiful in One Hour*

BY WILLIAM R. DURGIN

WHAT THE OBSERVER SAW

A Chicago laboratory full of women of every age, with skins good, bad—and worse. Sallow complexions; dull complexions; some were pimples. One was a mass of blackheads.

—Then a young man, serious of countenance, but with a skin of startling fairness, applied the magic element to each face AND

In forty minutes I beheld a roomful of absolutely beautiful women! Features unchanged, but what complexions! Science had turned artist. It was amazing.

—While out in the corridors a throng was pleading for admittance.



M. J. MCGOWAN, WHOSE DISCOVERY LEAVES LITTLE
USE FOR SKIN SPECIALISTS OR BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

A BEAUTIFUL complexion is now a mere matter of personal cleanliness! Thanks to a young English scientist, every woman so minded can make her skin beautiful while she waits! Small wonder this young man receives more letters than any moving picture idol in his halcyon days—and has had twice to remove his laboratory to a more secluded spot.

One must believe what one sees, and the writer has found accounts of this discovery indeed true. I have seen the magic of modern chemistry change the most lifeless, impoverished skin to one of radiant color and velvet texture in less than an hour! It is wonderful.

The newly-found element actually **phys-ics one's skin**. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, not distasteful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip into your easy chair to dream or doze; in less than an hour the skin pores move. Impurities that are clogging your facial pores come out as if squeezed from a tube. It's a wonderful feeling, this flushing of the pores. They tingle with relief and relaxation. When you pick up your handglass you'll almost drop it with surprise—for the new bloom of color and texture of skin are simply marvelous.

Same Results for Men

Terradermalax is the scientific name of this modern achievement. It is not a cosmetic, cream or other beauty nostrum. It is harmless; it is hygienic and helpful to the skin. Women on whom Mr. McGowan experimented daily for months, show skins and complexions of striking health and beauty.

The discovery will mean as much to many men as it does to women; Terradermalax has the same marvelous clarifying powers on any human skin—whether it be the fine-textured skin of women or the coarser-textured man's skin.

How It Works

This new element is blended into plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. No expert masseuse's fingers ever felt so soothing, for you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In an hour, or less, wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. For a week or two, it is well to move the skin every other day. Then once a week suffices. In the end, the skin is trained to function without aid.

Not on Sale

Unfortunately, Terradermalax cannot be stocked by druggists. The active ingredients that loosens the pores of the skin structure must be fresh. The laboratory carefully seals each jar and dates every label. On store shelves, this laxative element would lose its force, and then the application would have no more effect than the ordinary massage. So the laboratory supplies the users direct.

How to Obtain a Supply of Terradermalax

Making this new material is slow work. But the laboratory fills requests for single

jars in the order received. Each jar is a full two months' supply; with it comes McGowan's own directions. Send no money but pay the postman a total of only \$2.50 when he brings your jar, fresh from the laboratory. McGowan says: "Any woman whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and perfectly astonishing benefits that she can feel and see may have this small laboratory fee back without question."

If you expect to be out when the postman calls, you may as safely send check or money order for \$2.50 with your application, as the laboratory guarantee will protect you just the same.

Sallow, oily or muddy skin will soon be looked on not as a misfortune, but evidence of neglect. So if you desire a skin of God-given purity, softness and coloring, here is your opportunity. Just fill out this application—but do not delay mailing it.

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
329 Plymouth Court, Chicago:

Please send two months' supply of freshly compounded Terradermalax soon as made. I will pay postman just \$2.50 for everything. My money to be refunded if the very first application does not show surprising improvement. [116]

(Write name and address plainly on these two lines)

(Canadian applications should enclose fee)

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

We echo this reader who asks "Why not more pictures for children?"

DEAR EDITOR: It seems to me that letters on all kinds of subjects pertaining to motion pictures have been printed in your magazine, but, to my mind, we have forgotten something. We adults fight for ourselves only. We are very particular about how our entertainment is served to us. We complain that the pictures are poor and do not suit us. We complain about the acting. However, we have entirely overlooked the children. We want our amusement to be just so, and if we don't get what we want, we grumble. How about the kiddies? They have their likes and dislikes, just as well as we have, and they deserve to get what they want.

The children must not be neglected. I have often overheard the children in the theater speak among themselves, sometimes declaring that the picture wasn't good—wished it was over. When I heard these childish complaints of the little boys and girls, I thought it was time for someone to speak up for them and help them in their troubles. Among many of the pictures that are being produced there are many that are not fit for them to see.

Of what interest is it to a child to sit for two hours and look at a photoplay that has divorce or the sex problem for its theme? None whatsoever. He doesn't care a particle for it. Give the child what he likes, is my idea, and at the same time, that which is elevating and not degrading.

Not many years ago, the producers, especially William Fox, used to produce fairy tales. What has happened to them? Those were pictures suitable for children. Mr. Producer, take the children of your country into consideration. Give them the kind of story they like. Let them see their beloved fairy heroes and heroines on the screen. Do not bother their tiny minds with pictures which are not within their experience. Help the boards of education and the public school teachers in their noble work by producing pictures that the child will like and understand, pictures that will help to educate him and broaden his mind.

Sincerely yours,
STANLEY J. DESSAN,
659 Eleventh Ave., Astoria, L. I.

A Philippine reader writes in praise of Gloria Swanson.

DEAR EDITOR: After reading J. E. Finnigan's in "Letters to the Editor" of your magazine in the August issue, I can not but write you this short note in defense of my admiration for Miss Gloria Swanson. Of course, one's appreciation regarding matters movie is purely a personal view, but why ridicule those who try so hard to please us? J. E. Finnigan's letter is a "movie libel," to be denounced by the "People of Cinemaland" as malicious, defamatory and against "fair play."

Being a great lover of the movies, I have seen and observed many a star, the Talmadges, the Gishes, Mary Pickford, Elsie Ferguson, Enid Bennett, Vivian Martin, Dorothy Dalton, Ethel Clayton, Blanche Sweet, Margarite Clark, Marie Walcamp, Geraldine Farrar, Ann Little, Priscilla Dean, and many others, but, above all, Miss Swanson. I admire them all, their unques-

tionable pulchritude, and the way they touch the hearts of movie fans. But the great pleasure, complete satisfaction, and human pride which I constantly feel in Miss Swanson, place her at the summit of my admiration. She is my star, my "Ideal Leading Woman."

Standing in a beam of golden light, she is to me the most beautiful creature I have ever seen on the screen. Her physical features reveal everything expressive of beauty. In short, she is the real incarnation of beauty itself. She acts explicitly, wonderfully. There is all realism in her actions, and there is not a look nor a smile of hers without that sympathy which burns within me.

I have seen her in many casts and her portrayal of the different rôles is beautiful and unforgettable. I like her best in "Why Change Your Wife," which was repeatedly shown here in Manila at the request of the public. She is just the kind of a movie star I admire.

To do justice to Miss Swanson, as well as for the information of those who are movie-mad, kindly give this note a space in your very interesting magazine.

Thanking you very much for the favor, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
JOSE CANDO,
College of Law, National University,
Manila, P. I.

About this and that.

DEAR EDITOR: Why all this fuss over Rodolph Valentino? Lewis Stone is a far better actor. And if Antonio Moreno had a decent play once in a while he would be just as popular as Valentino, and then some. (Why not Moreno as Ben Hur?) "The Four Horsemen," of course, was a splendid picture, but as for "The Sheik"—well, the scenery was beautiful. I came in while Valentino was rolling his eyes all over the set, and thought at first he was Ben Turpin.

Vitagraph's "The Little Minister," with Alice Calhoun and James Morrison had the Famous Players-Lasky production of the same name beat a mile.

I have seen Lon Chaney in just four pictures—"The Miracle Man," "Outside the Law," "Bits of Life," and "The Penalty"—and each time he was more wonderful than the last. I think he is without exception the greatest motion picture actor that ever lived, and if anyone deserves his name in electrics, he surely does.

Elliott Dexter is a fine actor and deserves the best there is. He was about the only redeeming feature of that great disappointment, "The Affairs of Anatol"; also, he walked away with the honors in "Don't Tell Everything."

The best pictures I have seen recently were "Way Down East," "Sentimental Tommy," "Miss Lulu Bett," "The Four Horsemen," "Tol'able David," "Proxies," "A Perfect Crime," "Over the Hill," "One Arabian Night," "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Jim the Penman" and "Saturday Night."

Are there really people in existence who like such "wishy-washy" bunk as "The Oath" and "Journey's End"? I believe these two pictures are the worst I have ever seen, followed closely by "The Speed Girl," "Stardust" and "Don't Call Me Lit-

tle Girl." It's a crime for a producer to spring such idiotic drivel on the unsuspecting public.

Wish Edward Rosemon, of "Bride 13" and "Fantomas," would play in features. He is a dandy villain.

Some of my favorites are Lillian Gish, Tsuru Aoki, Sessue Hayakawa, Thomas Meighan, Monte Blue and Richard Barthelmess. And I adore Charles Ogle. Who was the lady who played Ma Bett in "Miss Lulu Bett"? She was a real humdinger! I hope to see her again.

I am looking forward to seeing "Orphans of the Storm," "Forever," "Fool's Paradise" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." I am sure they will all be grand. I was so unfortunate as to be away when "Broken Blossoms" was shown in our town, but I haven't given up hopes of seeing it yet.

Long live the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

Sincerely yours,
ETHEL CROFT,
519 Fifth St., North, Fargo, N. D.

There is, undoubtedly, a great amount of truth in this letter, whether the particular instances are correct or incorrect. Stardom has been too readily offered in the past.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read your splendid MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for several years. The "Letters," especially, interest me, and as this is my second one, I hope this time to see my letter in print.

Why is Eugene O'Brien—why is he a star? I cannot see anything about him or his acting to justify his being a star. True, he wasn't so bad in the days when he was leading man for Norma Talmadge. But a star—*non, non!* And Conway Tearle—I could never see why they made him a star. However, like Eugene O'Brien, he was quite likable in the rôle of leading man. I always rather enjoyed his playing opposite Marion Davies, the Misses Talmadge and other good stars. But I cannot appreciate him as a star.

This idea of starring players who certainly aren't worthy of the title is one thing I never could see thru. I don't see why they don't leave good enough alone, and let these nice leading men (and leading women) go along making a hit and gaining new admirers by playing opposite our most popular stars.

Even Thomas Meighan doesn't seem to shine as a star as he did during the long period he was free-lancing, and was leading man for almost all of our best actresses. He was splendid in these pictures. But when I see him as the star in pictures like "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" and "Cappy Ricks," my admiration for him seems to wane considerably.

There are so many stars today who are not worthy of stardom, who have not earned their title, as did Richard Barthelmess and Charles Ray, and many others too numerous to mention. There is little Marie Prevost, for instance. She is pretty, but that is all. Surely, she will need years of experience before she is capable of stardom. Also, we are told that Doris May is now working on her first starring vehicle. I cannot imagine this little actress a star.

Anna Q. Nilsson is moving right ahead. Here is a young woman with an exquisite

(Continued on page 103)



After 2000 years-a SUPER-fine face powder

THE more delicate the texture of your skin, the finer should be the face powder you use to enhance its beauty.

Enchanting to the eye, the smoothest skin reveals itself under a magnifying glass as made up of countless tiny mounds and valleys.

To lay a transparent, even bloom on such a varying surface, a face powder must be *super-fine*. Ordinary powders show because their coarse grains fill the depressions and give that coated look which is so common. Yet women have waited twenty centuries for the invention of a *super-fine* face powder.

Hand-sifting a primitive process

Cleopatra's powders, we know, were hand-sifted through gauze. Queen Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette, Empress Eugenie used powders made in the same primitive way. Not until the remarkable new Melba process of *air-sifting* was perfected, was the first *super-fine* face powder created.

Compare Melba with any other face powder, imported or domestic. Apply them side by side. Note how much finer Melba *air-sifted* powder is. How closely it clings. How difficult it is to blow or even wipe away. How natural and transparent is the effect it gives. How smoothly it blends with the tone and texture of your skin.

Clinging and blending as it does, Melba *air-sifted* powder is hardly affected by wind, heat or moisture. It stays on. You can motor or dance, play golf or tennis without fear that your complexion will lose its freshness.

How complexion charm is gained

Melba *air-sifted* powder gives an exquisite bloom to a woman's beauty. But complexion health and charm lie deeper. Every inch of your face contains hundreds of oil-laden pores, which are almost invisible until this oil and body-wastes, mingling with outside dust and dirt, accumulate and clog them.

Washing with soap and water only clears the surface. Melba Skin Cleanser, applied daily, will penetrate the trouble-breeding stuff within the pores and little by little bring it to the surface for removal. Following this, a stimulating massage with Melba Massage Cream will flush the tissues and refine and restore the pores to normal.

This test is easy to make

Melba *air-sifted* powders and Melba face creams can be bought at 40,000 drug and department stores. Send the coupon below with 25 cents for a test package containing generous samples of

Melba *air-sifted* Face Powders
Melba Skin Cleanser
Melba Massage Cream
Melba Vanishing Cream
Melba Dry Rouge
Melba Skin Lotion

To the first twenty thousand who accept this test offer, we will send our new booklet, "The Art of Make-up."

MELBA



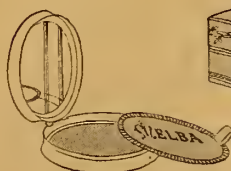
Melba Skin Lotion
35 cents



Melba Massage
Cream, 50 cents



Melba Skin Cleanser
50 cents



Melba Rouge Compact
Large size, \$1.00; small, 50 cents



Melba Face Powder
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I enclose 25c (stamps or silver) for which send me 1 trial tube of Melba Skin Cleanser, 1 trial tube of Melba Massage Cream, 1 trial tube of Melba Vanishing Cream, 1 trial bottle of Melba Skin Lotion, sample of Melba rouge, and sample packets of Melba *air-sifted* face powders. You are to include your book, "The Art of Make-up," free.

Print plainly with a pencil

Name

Street No.

City..... State.....



"Pleasant, safe, feminine—this way to remove hair"

Ruth Miller tells how the makers of Odorono came to complete the underarm toilette

With the same eagerness with which women adopted the Odorono standard of the underarm toilette, they appealed to us to give them what they have so long lacked and wanted—a pleasant way to remove hair.

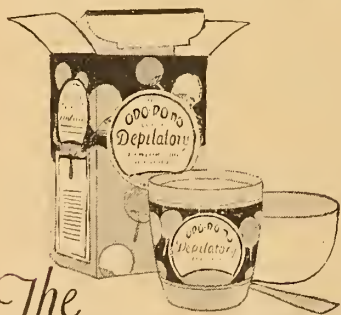
"We want a method as satisfying as Odorono. Pleasant. Effective. Dainty. Safe. Easy. Feminine."

A large order, this. But the chemists in the Odorono laboratories have finally perfected Odorono's toilet complement, The Odorono Company's Depilatory.

First of all, it has a new quality for a depilatory—it is pleasant. No disagreeable odor, here; it is fragrant with burnt almond scent.

And so easy and effective! It removes the offending hair like magic, leaving the underarm smooth and white. There is never a twinge of irritation.

Relieved from using dangerous blades which coarsen and increase the growth, women find in Odorono Depilatory the ideal method for this important phase of the underarm toilette. A complete 12 weeks' supply, at toilet counters everywhere, 75c. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send it postpaid. Address, Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 1007-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



The
ODO-RO-NO
Company's
Depilatory

Candlelight

(Continued from page 23)

too dark for the part, but I went downtown and got a blonde wig. It made me fit the rôle, and I played it. The picture was 'Arizona.'"

In such a manner was she launched upon her career. She's always been lucky—as luck goes in the film industry—and has never played anything else than a leading rôle during her three years before the camera. Today she has one of the brightest futures in Hollywood ahead of her. Her salary is in four figures; she is in constant demand at the studios.

But there has been a deep tragedy in her life—a catastrophe that has left its eternal impress on her heart, that nearly crushed her with its fatality.

A little over a year ago, when she was working in a scene of a picture, she was confronted with news of the death of both her parents. They were driving their automobile in Hollywood. Came a sudden, terrible collision—and Marguerite and her younger brother were left orphaned. She was barely sixteen, still a child.

For a time it looked as if she would become an invalid. She had no further desire to work again in theatricals. Her recuperative period was a long one, but when her health was regained she emerged fully adolescent. Her childhood was gone. She became a woman overnight.

At the time of her parents' death, J. L. Frothingham, the film producer, was her business manager. To him fell the full responsibility of guiding her destiny. He and his wife became Marguerite's legal guardians.

And it has been only the last six months that Miss de la Motte has been legally "of age." Now she can collect and invest her own salary; yet it is to the kindly Frothingham that she refers all queries.

Knowing the story of her life, her tragedy, I did not probe into the details of her real "shattered idols." Marguerite, with her large, sympathetic eyes, her ready, good-natured smile, her indelible sweetness, isn't the sort of girl who inspires interviewers—or anybody else—to probing.

Recently there was a rumor rampant that she was engaged to marry someone. Promptly, however, she put this to rest.

"Not for years—and years!" she declared with emphasis. "I'm not thinking selfishly of my career, but I haven't any desire to marry. I like solitude, and I'm not temperamental, either. I like my work, and I'm trying to branch out. I'm going to try to write a book—just an anthology of certain little thoughts, philosophies, in which I have faith—and after that I'm going to undertake to paint something that will satisfy my idea of what is worth while. And, after all, I have my dancing. I love to dance, and I've always wanted to dance on the screen."

As I have previously said, Miss de la Motte has never played any other than a leading rôle in pictures. After "Arizona," she played opposite Jack Pickford in "In Wrong." Following this, she was with Bessie Barriscale in "Jocelyn's Wife"; later with H. B. Warner and William Desmond as their leading woman in a number of productions. Came a rôle in the all-star cast of Vitagraph's "Trumpet Island," and then the three leads with Douglas Fairbanks that firmly established her as one of the bright lights of the screen colony, "The Mark of Zorro," "The Nut" and "The Three Musketeers." Frothingham, her producer-guardian, next featured her in "The Ten Dollar Raise" and "The Daughter of Brabana," altho this latter title has been since changed, I am told, to "Shattered Idols."

But it was in "Jim," made by Ince, that her salary jumped to the four-figure class, and she has been re-signed to head the all-star cast of his "The Brotherhood of Hate."

Again we asked her to play "Shattered Idols" for us on the piano. Its delicacy and charm leaves us with a memory of its composer. And, while she played, one of the mural candles commenced to flicker. It had burned a long while. Its flicker recalled to us the fact that our interview had been a lengthy one.

"I haven't said a thing you'll want to publish," smiled Marguerite, finishing at the piano.

"Ah, but . . ." I corrected, for I was thinking of the candles and their mellowness, of the musical work and of Marguerite's own radiance—so like the gentle glow of a paschal candle on the altar at Eastertide.

Mum's the Word

(Continued from page 26)

too, for detailed planning before actual production, believing that much of the terrific expense incurred by faulty schedules might thereby be cut down.

"Of course," he said, "I am speaking of a thing which does not directly concern me. I have never attempted to produce on my own. For myself, I have no plans. I shall tie up immediately, anyway, with no one concern. I personally would prefer to remain free. There is a lot in being able to come and go as you wish. But it is sometimes difficult for the wife."

Tom Moore remains in appearance what he has always been, a curly-haired blue-eyed, quick smiling lad from Ireland. More mature, perhaps, than when he played "The Cinderella Man" with Mae Marsh, a shade heavier, but scarcely noticeable. The Moore triumvirate—Tom Moore, Owen Moore, Mat Moore—remains a substantial example of the more permanent factors in motion pictures, a bright galaxy in the original constellation of stars about which the present filmament has been grouped.

The strange quality of reticence in him, so far as speaking for publication is concerned, is not remarkable when one thinks upon the enormous amount of it he has had, the percentage of hokum which has been launched and floated in his name.

"Publicity for the picture, yes," he says. "For myself, my wife, my private life, no."

Think it over. Put yourself in his place. Can't blame him much. Anyway, mum's the word.



Beauty and the Bool

(Continued from page 33)

the last year he has sent more than two thousand five hundred dollars back to his parents, and built them a cottage besides.

It is interesting that von Stroheim once played as an extra alongside the Bull, and, with Spike, aided him in getting on his first make-up of grease-paint and powder. Now Von and Bull both enjoy stellar fame and Spike is not far behind with advice and managerial ability.

The two of them demonstrate their mutual affection much in the manner of a couple of bear cubs, growling and insulting each other with the utmost enthusiasm.

Bull's new production manager, Hunt Stromberg, explained his much discussed venture in starring Bull.

"I didn't go into it hit or miss," he said. "I made a study of the market first and I found that exhibitors were featuring Bull of their own accord. He has a tremendous following. All this publicity that he has got has come entirely without solicitation. He has never had a press agent. I'm going to put Bull on, not in a cheap way, but with all the care and outlay that would be put into any rational business venture. We are going to play him, not as the lover particularly, but rather as the big brother type, with legitimate comedy situations."

"In another year," interrupted Spike solemnly, "Bull is going to be the most talked of comedy bet on the market."

That was the real Spike talking, the man whose faith in Bull Montana is one of the new star's biggest assets. But to make up for the humiliation of having paid a compliment, he added to Bull: "You big Guinea, if it hadn't been for your monkey face, you'd never have gotten anywhere."

Bull chuckled.

I switched the conversation.

"They say," I explained, "that fellows like you and Valentino and this Ramon Samanyagos are going to back some of the erstwhile stars off the screen as heartbreakers."

Bull grinned broadly.

"That would be verra nice. I should not be surprise."

"Say, you big Wop," began Spike, with his usual affection, "do you think you're as good lookin' as Wally Reid?"

Bull flung him a dont-insult-me flicker from his flashing eyes.

"I should sa-ay not! But you getta smart, Spike, an' I breaka you head, see?"

Spike yawned disinterestedly and adjusted his boutonniere.

Bull spoke seriously for a moment of his new honor and how it felt.

"It mean nothing to get swell head about. Peepul, they start to call me Meester Montan, I smasha them hard. I Bool Montan before, I Bull Montan now. Tha's all. No beeg chest, lika dat. More money; tha's all. Then I go to Italee for long visit."

"You are going to find a girl there, maybe," I suggested.

He hitched up his pants again and smiled his Pebeco best.

"Old folks; tha's all. If I find girl, maybe I marry. American girl swell. I marry I-talian girl."

"You marry!" exploded Spike again, "with a mug like that? I dont think."

Thus, gentle matrons, sweet maids, I offer you Bool Montan. Where before, on the wrestling mat, he used to kick his man to death, now he will beam kindly upon you from the silverscreen, content to knock you stiff with his beauty.

I thank you.



How Pretty Teeth affect the smile—teeth freed from film See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germ constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years

two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists almost the world over. Used by careful people of some forty races. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

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Only one tube to a family

We Interview "The Boy"

(Continued from page 21)

DeMiracle

Every
Womans
Depilatory

Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so called Cold Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

Dept. K-29 Park Ave. and 129th St., New York

Sweetness in
Large Lumps

FIFI

Specials

"For the Sweetest
Girl You Know"

A novel, new confection that never fails to elicit—with OHS! and AHS! of delight—the exclamation, "Where DID you get those DELICIOUS dainties!" Snowy, delectable marshmallow and fresh shredded cocoanut hidden beneath luscious, mouth-melting milk chocolate. Each FIFI as big as a breakfast roll, packed carefully in glazed paper; 12 in a pleasing Gift Box, and mailed fresh each day anywhere in the U. S. for \$1.

Send a dollar bill at our risk and give that "sweetest girl" a surprise as "different" as it is delicious.

H. DORKIN & SON CO., Inc.
Dept. A Bridgeport, Conn.

She has eaten practically nothing for days. I hope you'll understand—

G. H. (*complacent and unabashed*): Yes, I was saying just before you came along that if you could make me laugh today you'd be more than a good comedian, you'd be a philanthropist.

H. L. (*looking discreetly as the chefs-d'œuvre of the cuisine which have been served her*): I'm afraid my stock as a comedian won't go up in your estimation then. As a matter of fact, a comedian is seldom a comedian off the set, so to speak. Comedy is a serious business, you know, and it takes us most of our time watching the other fellow being funny. We get ideas. While, on the other hand, if I were to be funny here I'd have to be thinking 'Let me see, what can I do to make the girls laugh?' Instead of which I'm watching Miss Fletcher eating her sausage in the hope that I may get an idea for some comedy hit—

(A. W. F. manifests agitation.)

G. H. (*urbanelly*): Your eventual claim to fame, my honored contemporary, is that you will be seen eating Gastronomic sausages in a Harold Lloyd comedy—

A. W. F. (*with pathos*): You might have waited until I had finished. I'd love to be in a Harold Lloyd comedy more than anything I can think of but—not with a sausage!

H. L. (*earnestly and boyishly*): Oh, I'm sorry! I only said that in explanation. I—I—I wouldn't think of having you play opposite a sausage.

G. H. (*bravely, over her convalescent diet*): Let us get to weightier matters, Mr. Lloyd. How do you make your comedies?

H. L. (*with an anxious glance at A. W. F.*): As we go, for the most part. Spontaneously always. I have a general theme in mind, but we never work from a scenario. I tried that in the beginning, but somehow it didn't succeed. The mechanics creaked. That's fatal in comedy. Now we just build the story around some funny incident, sometimes taking the last scene first, as it happens. In "Never Weaken" all we had in mind when we started was that business on the girders high above the street—remember? We did that first and then built the rest of the story around that. There had to be a reason for The Boy being there and all that sort of thing.

A. W. F. (*her agitation has disappeared*): I should think that would be a frightful strain. Don't you ever run out of ideas—go stale?

H. L.: Sure. Lots of times. When that happens, we don't try to work any longer. We quit and go off and play ball or dance or have luncheon or something like that. And nine times out of ten someone will say, "Here's a good gag, Harold"—and we're off again. I don't worry about ideas any more. That's the surest way to kill them. And things always work themselves out.

MR. REDDY (*efficiently, earnestly*): Harold doesn't believe in the artistic temperament, tho. That quitting work when they go stale is just plain common sense.

H. L. (*definitely*): Of course, I don't believe in "artistic temperament." It is mostly credited to stars, I believe, and they, of all people, have the least claim to it. When you have reached the place where you can have our own way in what you do and when you do it; when you have

sufficient money for all your needs and are secure, if one can ever be secure, in the knowledge that your remaining days are taken care of, why then, surely, there is no call for "temperament." You're darn lucky to have so little to worry about and the thing for you to do is to work hard and pray that the wheel of chance may not turn against you. It's the chap on the way up—the fellow who is struggling with the outcome still uncertain who has the right to be temperamental if he wants to. He's laboring under a strain and that's the only excuse there is for hitting the sky.

A. W. F.: What do you want to do? After you have earned all the money you can possibly need—have you any dreams?

H. L.: Of course. Not to dream is to die, in a sense. Definitely, I want to make the pictures that please me. Comedy-drama is the term, I suppose. I have to go slowly—rather gradually, of course. At present comedy means more or less the slap-stick stuff. It is not readily recognized in any other dress. If I should go abruptly into the more subtle type of comedy, there would be less laughter and that would not be especially good business. Eventually, however, I hope to make comedies which are comedies to me.

(The luncheon which has comprised breakfast for A. W. F. and a course dinner for G. H. draws, at length, to a close. The party rise and stroll to the door.)

SCENE III.—The anteroom as in Scene I. Harold Lloyd and party enter.

H. L.: I had planned to see "Orphans of the Storm" this afternoon. Would you care to go?

A. W. F.: We would—if we could. But we have another engagement at four. We've enjoyed lunching with you immensely. Thank you—and good-bye.

H. L.: Thank you. Good-bye.

G. H.: You'll love "The Orphans of the Storm." Good-bye.

H. L.: Good-bye.

(HAROLD LLOYD exits. The two interviewers and MR. REDDY stand watching him.)

A. W. F. (to MR. REDDY): You have redeemed my fallen faith in press-agents. Harold Lloyd is even nicer than you tried to tell us. He acts more like a keen and serious college man than a comedy star.

G. H.: He has a sensible viewpoint—and a nice skin. And good eyes. He's the sort you would trust. That's better than to be merely the sort you laugh at.

MR. REDDY (*triumphantly*): He's always like that. Everyone likes Harold. I'm glad you came. Good-bye. (He exits.)

G. H. (*frantic and anxious*): Where's the dressing-room? Have you powder?

A. W. F.: This way, my dear. I suppose you're starting now to get ready for the appointment at four. Very well, come on.

(The Interviewers go off scene.)

THE USUAL RECOMPENSE

By FRANK V. FAULHABER

"I'm contemplating applying for a job as an 'extra.' What does one usually receive in such a capacity?"

"An 'extra' usually receives the calling down the director aches to give the 'leading lady,' but which he doesn't dare."

Angel Face

(Continued from page 49)

stare hungrily at each gesture and movement of the players. Opportunity came finally, during a trip to New York, when a director approached her with an inducement to work in a picture he was about to make—a small part. Mrs. Calhoun, after a few dubious moments, or days, consented. Since then, Alice's path toward stellar fame has been unswerving.

Alice has a different slant, for Hollywood, on the question of a star's personal and private life. She would admit the right of the public to interfere.

"I think," she said, "that it is up to every one who holds a ranking place in pictures to live up to the character they have painted on the screen. I don't, of course, mean the villains," she qualified hastily. "But the majority of stars appear in fine rôles. I believe that they should regulate their personal lives to parallel their screen lives; that they should keep reasonable hours and temperate hours."

It is a denial, of course, of a thing, personal freedom, that most of us, less Spartan than Alice, would not care to contemplate, a sacrifice to public opinion which, apart from being nice, is in these hectic times, an insurance of continued commercial value. The mood of the movie public now is like that of the revolutionary mob in France. More heads for the guillotine!—with the press playing *les femmes terribles*.

She is waiting now for a renewed understanding with Vitagraph before she continues making pictures. She has recently completed two, "Angel Face" and "Locked Up." I should not be surprised, in the face of the reports that "The Little Minister" made big money, to see Vitagraph clinch her tighter to its bosom. But one never knows.

Searching for a tag, one could not find a better line than the title of her picture, "Angel Face." She is that—nicely so.

"One of Us"

(Continued from page 40)

remarkable eyes twinkled—"of course, I am building against a rainy day. For middle age, you know."

I thought in terms of porphyry and marble. I said as much.

"No, indeed!" laughed Miss Dempster. "Between the ages of forty and fifty I shall appear before the world as an opera singer! I am studying daily right now. And I'm told that by far the most successful age for the career operatic is in the middle forties. That is remarkably opportune for me. From films to 'Faust.' If my voice fails, I'm keeping up my dancing. Of course, the 'forties aren't so good for that. Still, with athletics, I may be able to keep sufficiently limber."

"Seriously, however, I am studying voice culture with that end in view. I know that I shall not always be young enough to be on the screen, and I shall have had just enough of publicity and that sort of a life to be unable to be relegated to oblivion during the so-much-dreaded 'middle years'—hence the preparation!"

Miss Dempster is one of the hopes of the screen; of the "new era," of which we hear so much—and too little. Clean-cut and cultured, she could temper, with her normal, sane viewpoint, the swollen, splenetic waters; help to prune the noxious undergrowths; confound and make superfluous the bumptious Board of C's.



Only one-fifth of the buildings owned by the Bell System are shown in this picture.

A Telephone City

Above is an imaginary city, made by grouping together *one-fifth* of the buildings owned by the Bell System, and used in telephone service. Picture to yourself a city *five times* as great and you will have an idea of the amount of real estate owned by the Bell System throughout the country.

If all these buildings were grouped together, they would make a business community with 400 more buildings than the total number of office buildings in New York City, as classified by the Department of Taxes and Assessments.

Next to its investment in modern telephone equipment, the

largest investment of the Bell System is in its 1,600 modern buildings, with a value of \$144,000,000. Ranging in size from twenty-seven stories down to one-story, they are used principally as executive offices, central offices, storehouses and garages. The modern construction of most of the buildings is indicated by the fact that the investment in buildings is now over three times what it was ten years ago.

Every building owned by the Bell System must be so constructed and so situated as to serve with efficiency the telephone public in each locality, and to be a sound investment for future requirements.



"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks;" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases accepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory

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Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.



The Glorious Adventure

(Continued from page 38)



There are times
when you want to make
a good impression

Then you will suddenly realize that freckles
and frocks do not look well together

Well enough to run wild, to play in forest
and sunshine, to enjoy games!

But there will come a time when you will
wish to make a good impression. Your fair
skin should be as lovely as a flower, and you
will be sorry you neglected it.

And yet it is not too late to remove these
freckles with

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

It leaves the skin without a blemish, and
causes no downy growth. Well groomed girls
always keep it on their dressing tables.

If your druggist has no supply, write us
direct. Mailed in a plain package. 50c a
jar. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Send today for booklet, "Wouldst Thou
Be Fair?" containing helpful beauty hints.

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Our method of teaching is so
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"thou canst still marry the condemned
prisoner and save thyself."

"Aye, there's Bulfinch," Stephanie cried.
"He's in Newgate Gaol awaiting execution
for the murder of Argyle. It is sim-
ple——"

"The murder of Argyle," whispered
Beatrice in a faltering voice. "What
meanest thou?"

And Stephanie, in a burst of passion, told
the whole story of how Hugh Argyle, on
his way home to claim his inheritance, had
fallen in with the lawless band led by
Roderick; and how they had stolen from
him his identification papers and the locket
with the Lady Beatrice's own picture in it;
and how Roderick had commanded Bul-
finch to murder him and throw the man
overboard; and of his miraculous escape;
and that Roderick, fearing Bulfinch would
betray him, had caused him to be arrested
and thrown into gaol; and of the con-
nivance of Unwin and their scheming to
get the Lady Beatrice in their power, she
also told. Beatrice listened aghast at the
recital, and joy and pain struggled in her
heart, for she knew now the handsome
stranger was none other than Hugh Ar-
gyle, her childhood sweetheart; but she
trembled at the recollection of the rose
spotted with his blood. But she must make
some reply to Rosemary and Stephanie,
who were urging her to marry the con-
demned Bulfinch.

"So be it," she said at last, worn out
with the struggle. "Tonight I marry a
criminal. At dawn he is executed and I
am free of debt. It is the law."

At midnight a strange and tragic scene
was enacted in a corridor of Newgate
Gaol. Bulfinch was told that a beautiful
lady wished to marry him, whereat he
laughed a hoarse and mirthless laugh and
shouted bitterly, "Bring on my beautiful
bride. Let's have a look at her!" The
shrinking Lady Beatrice was half led, half
carried, to the cell door by Stephanie and
Rosemary, and the priest read the wedding
service by the flickering light of the
torches held in the hands of calloused tho
interested prison guards. Bulfinch eyed
the beautiful drooping figure before him
lustfully, and when her small cold hand
was placed in his great greasy paw, he
laughed maliciously, and drew her arm
suddenly thru the bars of his cell and
laid his brutish mouth to the soft white
flesh. She shrank back in horror, in a
veritable agony of fear and loathing, and
the vigilant guards prodded the felon with
their swords until he slunk back against
the far wall of his cell, muttering foul
imprecations on the whole lot. Lady Bea-
trice was led fainting away, but she had
survived the horrible ordeal, and she was
free. Once at home, she had retired in a
state of nervous exhaustion and slept fit-
fully, now dreaming of the horrible face
leering at her thru the prison bars, and
now seeing the handsome face and form of
Hugh Argyle. Outside, the noises of a
great city were hushed and still. Peace
and quiet brooded over the cobbled streets.
All was serene.

But a figure was creeping down Pudding
Lane near Thames Street; a wild figure
with unkempt hair and the lurid light of
fanaticism gleaming in its bloodshot eyes,
muttering as it went, calling on the Lord
to destroy a wicked city by fire, since it
was too iniquitous to live any longer. He
stood still a moment, with face upraised
to Heaven, but there was no answer to his
prayer, and he shambled off out of sight,

only to reappear with a lighted torch in
his hand.

Out of the quiet night tore a sudden vol-
ume of sound, a mighty crescendo, swell-
ing and amplifying into a gigantic roar.
London was in flames! The terrified popu-
lace fled this way and that, trying to es-
cape, screaming and fighting and trampling
on each other in a frenzy of terror. Great
tongues of flame shot across the narrow,
crowded streets to the overhanging eaves
on the other side, licking into smoldering
ashes whole blocks at a time. The fire
spread and spread, crept its devastating
way down thru Thieves' Kitchen, around
the corner to Threadneedle Street, pausing
long enough to destroy Paupers' Court,
and then with the voice of a thousand
avenging hosts, attacked Newgate Gaol in
a fury of flame and violence. Warden
Simon, together with the prison Chaplain,
released the prisoners, who, by this time,
were making a perfect bedlam of the
place, shrieking and screaming like mad-
men, tearing at each other, bruising their
hands against the sharp iron gratings, beat-
ing their defenseless heads against the
stone walls. It was an act of common hu-
manity, but the results were far from
human.

Bulfinch, herded into the chapel with the
rest, promptly took advantage of the ex-
citement to choke the one guard who stood
in his way and make his escape unmolested
in the uproar. Straight he made for his
wife's house, thanking his lucky star that
he had inquired in idle curiosity who she
was and where she lived. "What? Art
expecting to visit her, rascal?" the guard
had queried with a mocking laugh; but he
had told him, and now the man approached
that quarter of the city where she lived,
still sleeping and unmindful of the great
conflagration that was raging not so far
away. He climbed the wall of the house
as agilely as a cat, to a latticed window,
opened wide to the night breeze. He paused
a moment to gloat over his success, his
horny fists clutching the window ledge
tensely, as tho they were sunk into the
white flesh of the beautiful woman who
lay there helpless before him. He leaped
into the room silently and drew near the
bed where Beatrice lay, one white arm
pillowing her head, as unconscious as a
child. He licked his gross lips and sud-
denly seized her in his arms. She awoke
with a start, all her senses alert. She
screamed and fought with all her strength.
The frightened inmates came running in
response, but Bulfinch thrust them aside
with savage strength and bore the now
limp figure of Beatrice down the stairs
and out to the street below. Over the cob-
bles he ran, down one blazing street after
the other, the people too frightened and
excited to pay any attention to him. Back
he went to his haunt of former years, the
deserted crypt of old Saint Paul's, and
there, in its musty recesses, he imprisoned
his helpless bride. Outside resounded the
reverberating crashes of falling buildings,
the detonation of dynamite explosions, in
vain endeavor to stop the ravaging flames;
the shrill screams of terror-filled women
and children, the gigantic crackling of old
dry wood, the stupendous concentrated roar
of a million throats. But Beatrice faced
her captor bravely. Better the fire than he
should touch her again. She sprang to-
ward the doors, and lo, they were opened
for her. Walter Roderick stood forth in
the sudden flare of light.

Bulfinch wheeled swiftly. This was too
good. A beautiful woman in his power,

and now his bitter enemy in his hands! He seized the startled Roderick before the man could say a word, and, carrying him high over his head, threw his living body to the flames. Beatrice closed her eyes, sick with horror.

"And now we are alone again, pretty bride," said Bulfinch, coming toward her.

In another part of the city, Stephanie Dangerfield made her way to the Inn, where Argyle lay a prisoner, under two armed guards. How she effected his release need not to be discussed here. Suffice it to say, she showed him the way to the old crypt of Saint Paul's, where she and Rosemary had seen Bulfinch take the Lady Beatrice. And if Stephanie perished in the flames, God rest her soul! She had made atonement.

When Hugh Argyle reached the great doors, he found them locked, and thrust a burning mass of wreckage against them. Hugh stepped in, and with a joyous cry Beatrice ran to him.

"Oh, my dear lord," she cried; "thou'rt but just in time," and fainted dead away.

Bulfinch started toward her, but Hugh thrust him aside with his sword.

"Touch her not, carrion," he said.

"Why not?" the man replied, with an ugly laugh. "She is my wife."

Hugh stared at him as tho he thought the man were mad. "What sayest thou?"

"Ask her?" answered Bulfinch.

Beatrice slowly opened her eyes.

"Is it truth that this man speaks?" he asked. "Art thou his wife?"

"She is not," said a coarse voice unexpectedly. "The good-for-naught is wed to me eight years come next St. Michael's day. Come home, ye worthless rascalion, and look after thy brats. Vagabond!"

A small, sharp-tongued, shrewish little woman advanced toward the startled Bulfinch, and led him off, utterly cowed.

"Oh, my dear Hugh," said Beatrice, "for I know thou'rt my own childhood playmate. I will explain all to thee when——"

"Thou needst tell me naught, sweetheart, save how thou knewest me. I love thee, and lov'st thou me, what does aught else matter? But we must get away from here—together, dear heart, together always now."

And so together they walked away to safety, borne up by their great love; and recalling tenderly in each heart the little lad and lass who romped and played and listened to fairy stories under the hay mow, and plighted their childish troth at the end of each tale, never dreaming but that it would some day come true.

In Youth

(Continued from page 66)

Again we felt a definite note——

"People keep on doing practically the same things over and over," he went on. "That's why we dont get there faster. You know, there are all sorts of things we could do. I'd like to see 'Romeo and Juliet' on the screen, wouldn't you? 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Mary as Juliet and John Barrymore as Romeo——"

James Kirkwood was waiting for him in another room of the suite, so we let him make his escape. He was unfailingly pleasant—charming—but we have the conviction that interviews are not the high spots in his existence.

After he had left, we remembered what he said about Mary as Juliet and John Barrymore as Romeo——

Youth with dreams, fraught with romance; Utopian ideas and a ceaseless urge——

In its youth the screen will find its own.



*The Hinds Cre-Maids
Can bring to you
Health and Beauty
And Comfort true*

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Summer Days

In summer places, on hills or sands,
You'll find your complexion, your arms and hands
Will need protection from wind and sun;
Then let the Cre-Maids bring this one.

Cool Hinds Honey and Almond Cream
For mid-summer comfort reigns supreme;
For no matter how "blowy" or hot the day,
Sunburn and windburn it keeps away.

For "hiking" blisters, for bites and stings,
An instant relief it always brings;
Dust irritations soon disappear,
Leaving your skin soft, smooth and clear.

Constant use throughout summer days
Is a healthful habit that always pays,
And every outing a treat will seem
If you take Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

TO PREVENT SUNBURN Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream before and after exposure; also morning and night to keep the skin soft.

If the skin is inflamed and sore, do *not rub it*, but moisten a piece of soft linen or absorbent cotton with the Cream and lay it on the skin for a half hour or longer; repeat until relieved. It will quickly cool the burned surface and prevent blistering or peeling.

WONDERFUL BASE FOR FACE POWDER. The liquid Hinds Honey

and Almond Cream is now used for this purpose with marvelous success. Moisten the skin slightly with the cream; let it nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere to perfection.

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You will find the Hinds Week-End Box especially convenient and useful now, as it contains those essentials for the comfort and attractiveness of the face and hands. Trial size, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, Cold and Disappearing Cream, Soap, Talc and Face Powder,—50c. Try-out Box of 5 samples, 10c.

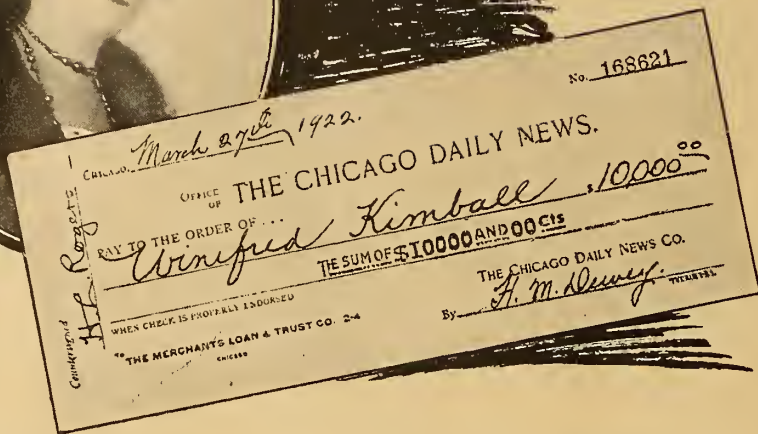
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MISS WINIFRED KIMBALL wins over 30,000 contestants in Chicago Daily News scenario contest—She trained her natural gifts by Palmer Plan.



\$10,000 reward for a Palmer Student's imagination

THE first prize of \$10,000 in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest was awarded to Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida. It is the biggest prize ever offered for a scenario.

The contest was open to everybody. Nearly 30,000 entered, many professional scenarists competing. Miss Kimball, an amateur heretofore unknown to the screen, wrote "Broken Chains," the scenario adjudged best.

Miss Kimball is an enthusiastic student of the Palmer Course and Service. Of the Palmer Plan she writes:

"There is something unique in the kindly interest that the Palmer institution evinces toward its students. I feel that much of my success is due to its practical instructions. I have advantaged greatly from the fundamental wisdom of its criticisms and teachings."

A second prize of \$1,000 was won by Mrs. Anna Mezquida, of San Francisco, also a Palmer student. Seven other students of the Palmer Plan won \$500 prizes.

Until the Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered and developed their gifts in its nation-wide search for screen imagination, these prize winners were unknown to the motion picture industry.

That search goes on and on. Through a questionnaire test which reveals creative imagination if it exists, more hidden talent will yet be uncovered. The test is offered free to you in this page.

* * *

This is the kind of story that needs little elaboration. The awards speak for themselves. The Chicago Daily News put its great influence and resources behind the motion picture industry, which desperately needs fresh imagination for scenarios. Thirty-one cash prizes amounting to \$30,000 were offered. Thirty thousand professional and amateur writers competed. Their manuscripts were identified to the judges, not by author's name, but by number.

The judges—among whom were David Wark Griffith, the famous producer; Samuel Goldwyn, whose studios will produce the first prize scenario; Norma Talmadge and Charles Chaplin, screen stars, and Rupert Hughes, celebrated author and scenarist—selected "Broken Chains" as the best of the 30,000 scenarios entered.

To a Southern girl, who lives in a little village of 3,000 population, that selection meant a check for \$10,000, and a career.

To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the incident is just one more gratifying record of a Palmer student's brilliant success.

A public that makes its own scenarios

In its issue of April 1, announcing the prize winners, the Daily News quoted the judges as agreeing that—

"—it proves beyond all doubt that the American public can supply its own art industry, 'the movies,' with plenty of impressive plots drawn from real life."

That is the message which the Palmer Photoplay Corporation emphasizes in its nation-wide search for creative imagination. As the accredited agent of the motion picture industry for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on, the Palmer organization seeks to enlist the country's imagination for the fascinating and well paid profession of scenario writing. Here, in the inspiring story told on this page, is proof that imagination exists in unexpected places; evidence that it can be inspired to produce, and trained in the screen technique, by the Palmer Home Course and Service in photoplay writing.

A free test of your imagination

Imagination is the indispensable gift of the scenarist. It exists in men and women who never suspect its presence. The problem of the motion picture industry is to discover it, and train it to serve the screen.

By a remarkable questionnaire, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is enabled to test the imaginative faculties of any person who will send for it and answer its questions. The test is free. The results of careful analysis by our Examining Board will be given you. We shall be frank. If your questionnaire indicates that you do not possess the gifts required for screen writing, we shall advise you to think no more of writing for the screen. But if you have those gifts we shall accept you, should you so elect, for enrollment in the Palmer Course and Service.

The opportunity is immense, the rewards are limitless. Will you take this free confidential test in your own home, and determine whether it is worth your while to try for the big things—as Miss Kimball did?

The questionnaire will be sent to you promptly and without obligation, if you clip the coupon below. Do it now, before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation
Dept. of Education M-7, 124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name.....
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address.....

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Ye Gentle Tourist

(Continued from page 65)

ACT II

Place: Typical studio set. Goldie Forelocks rehearsing highly emotional scene as curtain rises.

Time: Five minutes later.

Director:

Miss Forelocks, you're in mortal fear;
The villain's opening the door . . .
Register terror now, and shriek,
"Where have I seen that face before?"

Enter Guide and First and Third Tourist.

First Tourist:

My land sakes! Does she look like that!
I'll bet that she has on a wig!!
What would our Sewing Circle say!!!
If they could see her in that rig!!!!

Third Tourist:

I'm goin' to move out here to stay;
I always liked Los Angel-ees.
Some scenery . . . but, say, I hope
Miss Forelocks dont get in a breeze . . .

Director (glaring):

I must have quiet on this set;
What do you people take us for?
Now, Action—Take—Goldie, your cue:
"Hark! Who is knocking at the door?"

Enter Second Tourist, quite unexpectedly thru door—

It's only me . . . I dont know how
You folks all guessed that I was there;
But now I'm in the picture, too.
I'm sure that Maw and Paw wont care . . .

Director takes a bite out of his megaphone. Miss Forelocks faints. Cameraman and electricians think unthinkable thoughts.

Guide (in a hoarse voice):

I would suggest that we depart,
With all due haste . . . call it a day.
Your offspring still is in One Piece—
Doubtless, you like him best that way . . .

Excunt Guide and Tourists, as curtain collapses.

Exit Ye Gentle Tourist—
He has seen the Studio . . .
But do not strike the sets; alas,
Tomorrow—we repeat the show . . .

The Lesson of the Lilies

(Continued from page 73)

of course, personal attraction, for it is impossible for an unclean person to be attractive.

The body is not only a living thing. It is also a dying thing. Every day, in fact, every minute, parts of the body are decaying and dying. Cells and corpuscles die and new ones are born. The old skin is dying and a new one forming. This takes place so regularly and uniformly that we are said to have completely discarded at the end of seven years every particle of the body that we had seven years before. When you think that it only takes seven years for us to wear our bodies out, atom by atom, cell by cell, is it any wonder the bodies of unwashed individuals have a terribly repulsive odor?

Perspiration is the principal visible form the wearing-out of the body takes. And usually it is the most healthy persons

who are annoyed by excessive perspiration. In the armpits and on the bottoms of the feet are the principal places where perspiration gathers, and are the places from which it is easiest to remove it. Frequent bathing alone is not enough. It removes the odor of the perspiration, but not the cause. Just as soon as the moisture gathers again there is also the odor with it. The best thing one can do is get a bottle of liquid or a jar or tube of cream made for the especial purpose of removing the cause of the trouble. There are plenty of them on the market, under different names. Just go to the counter of toilet accessories and tell the clerk what you want, and she will recommend a good preparation to you. Or, better still, watch the advertisements. I seldom recommend home-made preparations, for the reason that it is usually more expensive to experiment than to buy the desired article outright. Especially if one's time is valuable; and whose is not, today?

Tho the full-blooded, healthy individual is more troubled with the odors arising from perspiration, he is less troubled with a bad breath, which is caused either by decaying teeth, diseased tonsils, catarrh, or stomach troubles. Here, as always, the remedy can not be applied until the cause is found. There is no need for anyone to suffer from any of these causes. They are merely the result of overeating, neglect of the dentist, etc. However, there is one general remedy I have to offer, and that is the daily use of hot salt water in the mouth. Have a glassful of water as hot as you can stand it. Take a mouthful at a time, holding it for a moment, then ejecting it. Gargle a little, and swallow as much as you like, the more the better. It seems to absorb the odors and leave a sweet, pleasant taste in the mouth.

If you have to do your own housework, cooking and dishwashing, wear an apron that envelops you from neck to feet, instead of one of those dainty ruffled or flowered things. This keeps dust and odors from the clothes, and when you join your family or friends in the living-room after dinner you will not carry with you the odor of food or dishwater. Wear rubber gloves whenever possible.

Keeping the hair fresh and clean and fragrant is, after all, the greatest problem. Of course, a cap should be worn when sweeping or dusting. Why not wear one when cooking, too? Dust in the hair is no more unpleasant than the odors that arise from food cooking on the kitchen stove, and dust is more easily removed than odors are. A thoro brushing every night will remove the dust, while it will only lessen the odors slightly.

There is no feature, no portion of the body that demands more attention than the hair, and perhaps none other wins as great admiration in the beholder. But it must smell sweet. There must emanate from it a delicate, fragrant perfume that seems to belong to it. This is easily obtained by shaking a few drops of your favorite perfume into the rinsing water when shampooing the hair. Also by dampening the hair-brush with the same perfume or toilet water and brushing the odor into the hair.

Do not use a lilac shampoo on the hair and a violet perfume on the brush and a French perfume on the handkerchief. Select one perfume and make it distinctly your own by using it and nothing else. This is easy. What is more difficult and far more important on this subject of odors is to eliminate from the body, the hair and the clothes the least suggestion of an unpleasant odor. Emulate the lilies of the field as they affect the olfactory nerves.



The shocking subject of yesterday now sets for women a new standard

The underarm toilette is a new conception of cleanliness which two million women now practice regularly

By RUTH MILLER

Several years ago, when I first told women some personal things about themselves, they were shocked and offended at my seeming to question their habits of cleanliness.

But I believed that some day a special underarm toilette would be recognized as necessary and important as the use of soap and water or a dentifrice. Time has verified that belief.

Every day letters come from women—and from men too—thanking me for making it possible for them to avoid the discomforts and embarrassments of underarm perspiration.

The underarm toilette—a new conception of cleanliness

The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

Even more repellent than the unsightly moisture here is the unpleasant odor caused by changing body chemicals. And it is such an insidious thing—for it sometimes seems impossible to detect this odor about ourselves while others may be keenly conscious of it.

Only special care of the underarm will save you from offending in this way. You can't afford to depend on preparations that are effective for only part of a day. They'll fail you when you count on them most. Your surest safeguard is the Odorono standard of personal daintiness, effective for at least three days at a time.

Odorono is the original perspiration corrective. Formulated by a

Cincinnati physician, it has been improved to scientific perfection through years of research by the chemists in the Odorono laboratories and by other leading chemists of the country.

Odorono is a clean, clear antiseptic liquid, delightful to use. One application assures entire relief from *both moisture and odor* for at least three days.

Physicians and nurses use and recommend it as the safe and most effective means of correcting perspiration moisture and odor. Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

Regularly used twice a week, Odorono will keep your underarms always dry and dainty in any weather, under any circumstances. It protects your dainty gowns and blouses from moisture and stain and all taint of odor. You may place complete dependence for protection in this respect upon Odorono. No other precautions are ever necessary.

Odorono is obtainable at all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1, or sent by mail post paid.

As a specialist in the toilette of the underarm, I am always glad to advise with you. If you will tell me of your perspiration troubles, I will try to help you and will send you free our new booklet of information on this subject, containing quotations from authorities, together with a sample of the Odorono Company's new After-Cream. Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 1007 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canadian address, The Odorono Co., Ltd., 60-62 Front Street, West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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THE UNDER-ARM TOILETTE





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Mary Garden

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GEO. BORGFELDT & Co., New York, Sole Distributors

*Packed in rose-red tins and
dainty glass containers*



Concerning My Husband

(Continued from page 63)

It is unfair. But the wife, I suppose, must continue always to be regarded as her husband's trademark, because of the weakness of her sex.

Seriously, however, Frank is a charming man. Naturally so, or I should not have married him. He is *not*, in his private life, the brute-breaking character such as the screen has pictured him. He is, rather, more like a big, good-natured boy. Sometimes—quite often—he has a stomach-ache from eating indiscriminately, because when he is at the studio he has no regard for food-values and adores salad and ice cream.

It is then that he must be humored. Not humored by oily words and sayings, but by the quick application of a hot-water bottle. I learned this almost immediately after our marriage—and now I should not dream of allowing him to go away on a location trip without this thermos-pad.

And, even tho he is a star and one sees his name in electric lights when his pictures are showing, he has his share of disappointments and despair. There are days that he comes back from his studio fairly in tears because the work has blackened his hopes. And, again, he will come whistling into the house at night because everything has been going smoothly.

Do women still propose to him? Certainly. There are certain silly women all over the world who write love-letters to their favorite actors. And they will continue to write them so long as the profession of acting continues. If Frank were not able to make other women care for him, I should be disappointed. No woman can love a man if she knows he *cannot* be the cause of competition amongst other women.

For every woman likes to regard her husband as a particular prize that she has won thru great competition. The fact that he has married her is *his* tribute to her womanliness.

And do I get angry when I see Frank making love on the screen to his leading women? No, I do not. It is altogether professional—and most of his screen partners are quite as married as he. Besides, no actor is going to get a great thrill out of a kiss when he hears his director keep shouting:

"Turn your face more to the camera; raise your eyes, lower them; *kiss her*—and cut!"

It's all in the day's work.



Anzac Enid

(Continued from page 29)

I was too concerned with the golden glint in her hair, or the blue in her eyes. Anyway, it came as a pleasant surprise.

Enid Bennett is to return to the screen as leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks in his version of Robin Hood, titled now "The Spirit of Chivalry." It is to be her first appearance in motion pictures in other than a stellar rôle, but it is in keeping with the times, when the trend of all pictures is toward emphasis on the story, and in keeping with her own wise announcement, made some months ago, that she would not seek stardom again, but rather the opportunity to appear in good productions. She is to be the only girl in the picture, appearing as the lovely Maid Marion. It is difficult to imagine a more perfect type. Enid Bennett is precisely what English beauty always strives to be—but frequently isn't. Her color that day was beyond imagination; but it was every bit her own. I know, ignorant male that I am, because of a little episode at lunch, which for a moment sent shivers of apprehension down my spine.

I noticed alarmedly, as we sat down, that she had a smudge on her cheek, a distinct, black and undeniable smudge upon the rose pink of her cheek. Sister Katherine noticed it, too. I surmised, from her sudden agitated attention to her mushrooms. Meanwhile, Enid, in her softly modulated voice, was chatting happily on. The suspense was tremendous. Sister Katherine broke under the strain, and in her best tragic, afterward-the-deluge manner muttered, "Enid! You've a smudge! No! The other side!"

Calmly, whilst I stared, fascinated, Edith moistened her handkerchief with a pink tongue tip, raised it—the handkerchief, not the tongue tip—and rubbed! I gasped. It was genuine. The color stayed on.

Does this sound absurd? Perhaps you've never sat opposite a charming girl and watched her laugh and laugh until the tears came—black tears? I have.

"They say," Enid murmured, ignoring the climax, "that happiness, too much of it, is bad for one's work. If that's the case, mine will be most awful, because I am completely and wonderfully happy."

"But Maid Marion was very placid, you know," offered Sister Kate kindly. Sisters are always so, so kind!

A woman was never more remote from things theatrical, things cinematic, than Enid Bennett, in her quiet charm, her unique manner, appears to be; but probably there is no more sincere votary of the muse than she. To know her is to make acceptance of the horrible injustices being done her profession an impossibility. She is of that rare womanhood which justifies faith.

Her sympathies lie largely with the stage. She is one of the few who are sought by, instead of seeking, the screen. It is for that reason that stardom fell into her lap with her first picture—for Ince.

Australia comes to mind as a place of dry, illimitable stretches of bush, with shaggy wild men hurling boomerangs at kangaroos and other carnivore or vegetarians. But Australia has given us Enid Bennett and others of distinctive beauty. It was there that she first met Fred Niblo, then himself an actor and a lecturer alternately.

It is probable that we must concede the palm to Fred as the magnet which drew Enid here. Anyway, he's the one she mar-

ried, not very long after her arrival in New York.

It will be interesting to note the effect of motherhood upon the work of Enid Bennett. Certainly it has lent a wondrous charm to her beauty, rounded it to the perfection of which before it had been but a promise. And, speaking of babies, I must correct a most ghastly error which I made in the story of my last interview—and so outraged the entire Niblo family. I spelled the baby's name incorrectly! It is—and no nonsense about it—*Loris Bennett Niblo*.

"Do you know," said Enid happily, toying with her salad fork, "I had a premonition the other evening, when Fred and I were watching Ethel Barrymore in 'Declassée,' that Loris was going to be a very great actress, that a genius had been born into our family. I think Loris is going to be a most splendid individualist. I have seen signs of it already. She will be startling, unusual. You can see it in her vivid brown eyes."

"And her head wobbles, too, doesn't it?" I agreed heartily.

I was favored with an indignant eye, a pitying smile.

"No!" It is quite firm, thank you. It only wobbled when you saw it. It doesn't now."

"Oh," I said meekly. My evil eye again!

But she's charming, isn't she? Enid—not my eye.

That's Out

(Continued from page 54)

cannot screen comedies? Probably the producers dislike digging things up.

"Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" asks a recent film. With "Polly of the Follies," no doubt.

Cape Cod claims to have the greatest supply of fish, but they have reckoned without the motion picture industry.

OUR SUCCESSFUL SCREEN STARS
OUGHT TO BE GOOD IN THESE
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"The Primitive Lover"



COMES Constance Talmadge, fresh from her triumphs in "Polly of the Follies," tripping merrily across the screen in her latest comedy, "The Primitive Lover," that is sure to bring you joy and laughter.

Miss Talmadge is one of the independent artists making pictures in her own studio for release through First National. And it is through the work of independent stars and directors that First National believes that the best pictures are obtained, because they are working for themselves and to please you, their public.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of finer photoplays, and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the pictures of these independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.



Ask Your Theatre Owner If He
Has a First National Franchise

The Toothless Age

(Continued from page 51)

with their earnings, built a home for her, and are maintaining it comfortably. Not long ago Will Jim, the eight-year-old, won a contest held by a newspaper. The award was a complete baseball set, which, with true patriotism, he presented to Daniel Frohman for auction at the carnival held by the entire Hollywood film colony for the benefit of the Actors' Fund.

Of course, their contact with adults makes theatrical children grown-up in attitude. Baby talk is rarely heard as coming from their lips. They are, for the most part, serious-minded little persons who do their work and "take direction" as seriously as any of their elders. Sub-consciously, perhaps, they seem to realize that their work is *not* play.

In some few cases, one finds them spoiled and affected, altho producers, as a rule, try to avoid having them become thus, for it shows in their performance.

The early crop of kidlets—now that they have arrived at the toothless age of gangling joints and intermediate stature—are, for the most part, like Violet Wilkie, attending school. Others, however, are still in the dramatic purple.

Recently a vaudeville circuit presented Jane and Katharine Lee as headliners in a comedy-dramatic sketch pertaining to their studio life. Jane is a truly remarkable natural comedienne; Katharine is more serious—but in the end the tiny blonde Jane electrified her audience by crying real tears to the accompaniment of some sad music.

And Virginia Lee Corbin, that elfin blonde, formerly of the Fox forces, danced and sang as the headliner of another vaudeville circuit, while Gloria Joy headed her own legitimate-stage company in a dramatic offering that peculiarly fitted her.

Of all the movie children, Frankie Lee, Mary Jane Irving, Richard Headrick, Pat and Mickey Moore, Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, Gertrude Messinger, Johnnie Jones, Peaches Jackson and Lucille Rickson are now in their prime.

They have superseded little Mary McAllister, Marie Kiernan, Thelma Salter (the Ince baby), Lillian Wade (the Selig baby), True Boardman, jr., and Zoe Rae (Universal's child-star of yesterday).

Ben Alexander, Wesley Barry, Lewis Sargent and Gordon Griffith are a quartet of youngsters who have untraditionally withstood the toothless age and become "type" actors. No longer does Ben Alexander wear his hair bobbed *a la* Buster Brown, for it is now a shock of juvenile bloneness. And Lewis Sargent, the youth who made his first impress as Huck Finn a few seasons ago, has developed into a handsome, manly chap, a portrayer of young, romantic characters, and "Freckles" Barry, particularly in "Penrod," has come into his own as a gangling *comique*.

But, as for Leslie Loveridge, Betty Berthelon, Carmen de Rue, Francis Carpenter, Thelma Salter and others of the "scout corps" of kidlets—these have gone into school and, as mere citizens, are growing up into young men and women of prominence. Leslie Loveridge, I am told, is studying dancing in New York, and bids fair to be a new Genée.

The children of the screen truly represent the life cycle. For a time their very cuteness and childish winsomeness get them salaries that grown-ups can easily covet—but their vogue is short-lived. All because the terrible, inevitable toothless age is bound to come—and the little majors of the silent drama are destined to grow into men and women.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The American Beauty Contest

"Queen Rose of the Rosebud Garden of Girls"

Are you a beauty?
Consult your mirror. It will tell you.
Are you one of the many "flowers born to blush unseen
and waste your sweetness on the desert air"?
Consult this page. It will tell you.

Glorious News

The Brewster Publications, **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**, **CLASSIC**, **SHADOWLAND**, and **BEAUTY**, are going to conduct a great contest. It will *not* be a moving picture contest. We are *not* looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

Is It You?

Here are the names of ten distinguished judges who will award the prizes to the most beautiful girl in America. They are people with international reputations in the artistic and literary world, and have been most carefully selected.

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN Beautiful and celebrated English sculptor	HEYWOOD BROWN Distinguished Art and Literary Critic of the <i>New York World</i>
MISS NEYSA McMEIN One of the best known women artists in America	FLORENZ ZIEGFELD Who knows more about beauty and beautiful girls than any- one in the country
CARL HOVEY Editor of the <i>Metropolitan</i>	MRS. CORA COPPINGER Beauty Specialist
ANNASTEESERICHARDSON Department Editor of the <i>Woman's Home Companion</i>	HOWARD C. CHRISTY Best known of all America's artists
IDA CLYDE CLARKE Associate Editor of <i>Pictorial Review</i>	CLARENCE H. WHITE Vice-President of the Pictorial Photographers of America

The Grand Prize!

To the woman who these illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful girl in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera, the theaters, our wonderful library, the famous "East Side," great museums, the celebrated Greenwich Village, all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world—Fifth Avenue—and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of **BEAUTY** magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be \$1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars! (\$1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

Notice

Photographs that are submitted to us in our Beauty Contest will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan Cover Contest*.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**, **CLASSIC**, **SHADOWLAND** and *Beauty* at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.
8. The most beautiful pictures received each month throughout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

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Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

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**Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life
Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments**
How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

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Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Develops Erect Graceful Figure

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable—easy to wear.



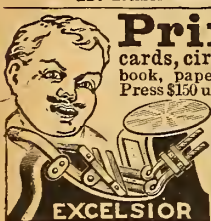
KEEP YOURSELF FIT

EVERY MAN with heavy abdomen, rupture, stooping shoulders, backache, shattered nerves or other spinal trouble, should wear my brace.

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Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides irregularities of foot form. Worn in any shoe; no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. Ask your shoe dealer or druggist. Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

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The original liquid dressing for lashes and brows. Tears, perspiration or even swimming will not cause it to run or smear. DELICA-BROW will make the lashes look long and thick. Will stay on all day, yet can be removed at night. Full instructions. Large sample 25 cents. Full size package \$1.00. DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., 3933 Broadway, Chicago

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

The Versatile Lytell

(Continued from page 79)

all. It makes a fellow appreciate his own good fortune. But then I never have been able to feel that a huge salary was only my due. I have always endeavored to give the public enough entertainment to merit drawing it. I am very grateful to pictures for bringing up my earning capacity, and I try to give all that I possibly can in order to merit success.

"But, seriously, I often wonder if it pays to be versatile. I have held out for parts that give me an opportunity to characterize, for, while I could have specialized on one type—say, the gentleman crook, or playing just myself—I felt that, so long as acting was my business, I would rather act and try to prove my versatility. I wanted to give the public something different with each picture, rather than myself over and over again, in a slightly different story. But, as I say, I am still wondering if versatility pays; if the chaps who specialize in a certain type, like Bill Hart or Charlie Ray, are not preferred by the public. And yet, the people sometimes tire of a 'type' actor. It is hard to tell just which is the wiser course."

A keen thinker, that Bert Lytell. He reminds me of a successful Napoleon marshaling his forces of genius, wit, humor, good looks, intelligence, to conquer the topmost peaks of his chosen profession. Unlike many other actors, he does not leave his fortune to luck. That is one reason why he is surviving the frightful cutting-down-expenses attack, before which so many erstwhile stars of the cinema are falling.

It takes a level-headed man or woman to survive the plaudits which a shadow star receives. His day begins with a stack of mail containing eulogies from all over the world. At the studio everybody makes it their business to please the star, to stand in well with him; and on the streets people stop and stare admiringly or beg to shake his hand. Small wonder, then, that egoism and temperament are such encroaching plagues in Hollywood.

Yet Bert Lytell is as natural, as kind-hearted and forgetful of self, as if he were unknown to fame. He has, however, that straightforward, assured way of meeting people or problems which characterizes the successful man in any walk of life. When you see him, you might take him for either a business man or a champion tennis player—if you didn't know he was Bert Lytell, the actor. He is handsome, as I said, and much better looking off the screen than on. His eyes are keenly blue, with a certain sparkle of devilry in them. His skin is fascinatingly bronzed by constant exercise in the sun; his chin so square and firm that one feels instantly his dependability. Yet the universal liking of Bert Lytell belongs intrinsically to the man himself. There is a certain flame of personality about him, a spark which attracts one irresistibly. I have talked often with Lytell, and still I cannot catalog the reason for his fascination. I only know that everyone upon leaving him, whether it be the first or the twenty-first time, enthuses, "Isn't he wonderful! What a prince of a fellow."

He has his little eccentricities, without which no artist ever existed. He hates to be bothered with money details, preferring to hand it all over to some dependable person to take care of. He prefers living in a hotel to a private house or bungalow, for he likes the companionship of men, and he feels that they drop in oftener when one

lives in a hotel. He's a regular fellow, a man's man.

As Lois Wilson said to me one day, when we happened to pass Bert Lytell driving his machine, "There goes the handsome Bert. Isn't he the most thrilling man!" And if Lois, who is a placid soul, finds him thrilling, then I'll say he is.

"Don't say I wear immaculate clothes. It makes a man sound as if he were a tailor's dummy. Or don't write about my ranch or my car," he told me, as he munched a bright-red apple, the only lunch he believes in. "I should think your readers would tire of hearing about all the gorgeous things the picture people have. Why don't you ever tell them about the things we want and can't have. None of us has everything, and we struggle just as hard to attain the things we desire as people do in any other walk of life. Each time I make a picture, I work just as hard to make it better than the last one as a salesman does to sell his wares, an architect to plan new buildings, an author to write new books. No one gets anywhere without honest-to-goodness toil. I started at the bottom of the theatrical business, as a prompter and filler-in, and I know. Those that leap to the top overnight don't stay there very long, unless they have the ability to stick to business. Success in pictures isn't obtained by posing before the camera for a few seconds and partying the rest of the time."

"I am very proud of my profession, and I wish the general public could see us more often as we are, instead of having us pictured riding in limousines, etc., until they must hate the very sight of our supposed luxury."

He had finished his apple, and Bayard Veiller entered with some problem for Mr. Lytell to solve, so I said good-bye and—in spite of all his sensible arguments—I left him, saying as Lois Wilson did:

"Isn't Bert Lytell thrilling!"

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 82)

superintend the activities of her two sons. But now the children are older and she has had such a very attractive offer that she admits she is tempted. There is a strong probability that Mabel Forrest Washburn will return to the screen with Bryant Washburn in a series of two-reel domestic comedies. They will be similar to the old Sidney Drew comedies which enjoyed popularity a few years ago.

Carl Laemmle put his O. K. on von Stroheim's new story last week. And he also signed a few checks to start its production. Mary Philbin, Maude George, Dale Fuller, Cesare Gravina and Al Edmundson will have leading rôles. There is not a word uttered about the title. As a matter of fact, it is a great secret, for it is said to be of great box-office value.

And all of this despite the croakings of many in the motion picture profession who declared "Foolish Wives," would finish von Stroheim.

Mrs. Rupert Hughes is not content to let her famous husband corner the literary honors of the family. She will shortly publish another book of verse, her pen name being Adelaide Hughes.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 88)

beauty and charm who becomes a better actress with every new picture.

Lew Cody is unquestionably the very best actor of his type on the screen. He is always realistic and convincing, and, altho the parts he portrays on the screen are not always likable, I cannot help but admire the actor. His Frank Devereaux, in Norma Talmadge's "The Sign on the Door," was deserving of mention.

I am glad to hear that Charles (Buck) Jones will henceforth play various rôles instead of just cowboy parts. I believe he will make good if given good stories (which he has lacked, more or less, since his appearance on the screen).

Harold Lloyd is the best bet in screen comedy. He is an artist. I would rather see him any day than Charlie Chaplin, altho Chaplin is also an artist.

I shall be very glad to hear from readers who do or do not agree with me.

With best wishes for the continued success of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I am,

Sincerely yours,

GLADYS CLEMENT,
142 Dearborn Ave., Beloit, Wis.

Our Quest for "Beauty"

(Continued from page 42)

A study will also be made by an eminent sculptor and likewise exhibited in prominent galleries—

Once again, we implore you—

Look into your mirror and see if you qualify for this contest!

If you do, send your photographs at once to the Contest Manager.

The goal shines forth, alluring, beckoning—

It is surely worth the effort!

WHAT EVERY DIRECTOR KNOWS

By R. JERE BLACK, JR.

That all short women under seventy make cunning ingénues.

That all doctors and lawyers are bearded.

That a baby strengthens a plot.

That wives are always neglected.

That all boarding-house slaveys are wistfully refined and intelligent.

That everyone wants to get married.

That all beautiful heroines can sleep without rumpling their hair.

That all middle-aged women (*i. e.*, over seventy) always retire in curl papers.

That all farmers wear chin-whiskers and nightcaps.

That first-aid-for-the-injured consists in either walking the patient violently about, or ignoring him altogether, while the heroine registers half a reel of horror.

That white-haired characters always die suddenly of heart disease.

That only the wicked wear earrings.

That a pretty girl never marries a fat man.

That everyone owns a machine.

That no one can possibly penetrate the disguise of a girl dressed as a man.

That the surest way to emphasize the irresistible humor of a situation is to have the butler relax into a smile.

That there are only two classes in the world—millionaires and servants.

How YOU Can Write
Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks,"
"The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary

events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

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The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life-time. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for \$500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some

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The Ordeal

(Continued from page 71)

They returned to New York, and Geoffrey went to college. College seemed to cost Geoffrey more than it cost any other three boys of Sybil's acquaintanceship, and she didn't especially like his selection of friends, or his attitude toward life; but Geoffrey, she told herself, was very young. He'd had an unhappy boyhood—it was owing to him.

She liked the money, too. The soft and pleasurable things it could do for one . . . the gowns, the motors, the trips, the freedom from pressure. . . . It would be hard to deny one's self . . . now.

After all, that was all she had . . . the children. Doing things for them was her chief pleasure . . . their happiness was what she had sacrificed her own chances for, all along. If, now and then, she thought of Robert Acton and the brief month of magic she had known with him, it was with a duller pain, a subsiding memory . . .

And then, one day in spring, she met him again, quite by accident. She had paused by a florist's window to admire the show-ers of jonquils and early marguerites. . . . Flowers were friendly things to her. . . . She was wondering why it took such extravagant things to give Helen any pleasure. Helen would have scoffed at jonquils. She would have called them "stupid." . . . Somehow, they brought back that month to her . . . clean air . . . the narrow trail . . . the early notes of the birds . . . a sunrise they had watched together . . . the moon, slender and silver, over the eager lake . . . the slim, brown man, with the clean lines and the skilled hands . . .

"Mrs. Bruce . . ." and then they were holding hands again as tho their hands had never unclasped, and Sybil was saying all the impulsive things she would not have said had she had time to prepare herself for the meeting . . .

"I read that you were engaged . . . a society girl . . ."

His laugh . . . now she knew it echoed daily in her heart! "No, that is my cousin . . . Robert Acton, same name . . ."

"Oh . . . I never thought of that. I'm glad."

"You are? Really! I mean . . ."

"Aren't the jonquils lovely? I adore them . . ."

"You do? I thought you'd prefer orchids . . ."

"Why? Because I'm a 'rich widow'?"

Ah, that stung! Then, he had said that! Then they were walking toward her home, were talking seriously; she was inviting him in for tea.

Before the fire they talked more gravely. Their first tumult subsided, giving them a better grasp of themselves.

"I read," he spoke quietly, "that if you ever remarried you would forfeit Bruce's fortune . . ."

"Yes, that is true."

"That's unfair . . . isn't it?"

"Oh, well . . ." she waved a negligible hand. Fortunes didn't seem to matter now. For the moment, all the mumbo-jumbo of everyday life receded, leaving her on a warm, exalted plane, where the jonquils turned flame, and Robert Acton's voice filled the air . . .

"Would you ever—give it up?"

She knew what he meant. The month of magic had stayed with him, too . . . it wasn't magic . . . it was *real* . . .

"I'd give anything up," she said, "for this . . ."

"For what . . . dear?"

"For what I am feeling now . . . the

jonquils . . . they are little flaming faces . . . do you see them? For your voice . . . it sinks into my heart. For the fire, there on the hearth . . . and the tea . . . see how pretty it is! And the twilight . . . creeping in . . . violet tonight . . . not grey . . . like other nights . . . money . . . money isn't buying . . . *this* . . ."

Incoherencies. But Robert Acton knew what they meant. He knew that they meant she loved him.

"Sybil," he said, "you're going to marry me. . . . Oh, my dear, after all this . . . after all this . . ."

And Sybil knew that *he* meant that he loved her . . . and that he had suffered . . .

Twilight darkened the room. The little, flame-like faces of the jonquils grew pallid . . . the fire died down . . . the tea turned cold in the cups. . . . Sybil heard Helen's petulant voice calling her maid. . . . Suddenly she remembered—"the children!" For herself, she knew it now. Robert Acton's love was enough . . . hours like these would atone—to her. But they wouldn't atone to "the children." They wouldn't buy Helen's clothes and hats and lingerie and boots. They wouldn't pay Geoffrey's enormous college debts. They wouldn't supply town and country house and country club dues and motor cars. What would "the children" do? They were old enough to fend for themselves—true enough. But what could they *do*? The only thing they knew how to do was to spend money on a good time; and that, Sybil was forced to admit, they knew superlatively well.

"I'll have to have a little time, Robert," she said, finally, breaking the rapturous spell, reluctantly, "tonight . . . at the Caldwell's dinner . . . I will let you know . . . you will know . . ."

"How, dear? How shall I know?"

"By the gown I wear. That will tell you. If I am very simple, you will know that I am going to be a doctor's wife . . . and very happy. . . . If I am splendid and extravagant, you will know that—that I can't leave 'the children'."

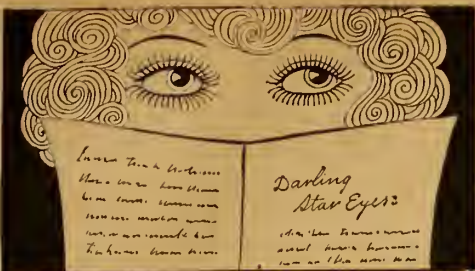
Sybil Bruce sailed into the Caldwell dining-room ablaze with the Bruce jewels and wearing a Paquin gown that represented "a small fortune." Her eyes were as glittering as her jewels. And as hard. And as Robert Acton looked at her, his own face hardened, too. So, she had made what old Bruce called "a hell of a choice." She had chosen the money! He might have known.

After the dinner, she told him why.

She had had a "scene" with Helen. . . . Helen had criticized the simple gown Sybil had put on, for the purpose of saying "yes" to Acton. . . . Sybil had told Helen that now she would have to grow accustomed to simple things on herself, as well as on her sister. . . . Helen had gone into violent hysterics . . . had said the old pain in her back bothered her again . . . had had to be soothed into calm by Sybil's promise that the Bruce fortune would not be "flung to the four winds."

Geoffrey had turned up at the last moment and demanded—demanded, not asked—for twenty-five thousand dollars. Sybil had refused him. Had told him she wished to marry and give up the Bruce money. Geoffrey had raved, threatened suicide, told his sister he was "ruined" if he didn't have that money at once. . . . Sybil had been terrorized. She had created a Frank-

(Continued on page 112)



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Trouble

(Continued from page 61)

The lady called her maid, the maid ran for the butler, the butler sent the housemaid for the gardener and the gardener descended into the cellar, and paused halfway down the steps. The basement was afloat, and on the constantly increasing flood-tide a small boy and a dog sailed joyfully about in a boat made out of an upturned cracker box.

"Come on in," invited Jackie gleefully; "the water's fine!"

The gardener uttered an exclamation. "You shouldn't say such naughty words," reproved Jackie, poling his boat skilfully about the coal-bin and sending it into a cupboard, from which issued the sound of broken glass. The gardener moaned as one in pain.

"Wait till I get hold of you, you young limb!" he roared.

Jackie danced in naughty defiance, and placed his thumb in juxtaposition to his nose. "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me," he sang, keeping his craft tantalizingly just beyond the reach of the gardener's outstretched hand.

"You little guttersnipe!" shouted the gardener. "You little—glub! Glub! Woof!" It is not safe for a large and exceedingly angry man to reach too far. Jackie hurriedly rowed his craft toward the stairs and reached them one stride ahead. With General Pershing barking deliriously about him, he raced up the stairs and burst into the back hall, tore thru the kitchen, to the confusion of a custard pie the cook was just taking out of the oven, and gained the drawing-room, an interesting place, but he could not linger, for by now the butler and the parlor maid had joined in the pursuit.

In and out among the furniture Jackie and the General dodged, gained the front hall, raced up the stairs, only to confront the housekeeper and the chambermaid at the top. Down the banisters, small heels flying, and now, his Guardian Angel, mopping his hallowed brow, gave up his task, and Jackie flew off the end of the banisters, straight into the butler's arms.

"You're going to get what's coming to you," promised that functionary, grimly, forgetting his imported English accent. "You're going to—uh! Take that damned dog off me, somebody!" For General Pershing had come to his master's rescue, and fastened himself to the calf of the butler's leg.

"What is this all about, Pearson?" The lady of the house had appeared unnoticed, and now stood beside the large, angry man and the small, anxious boy. "I don't recollect that I ever told you that one of your duties would be to spank children. Please invert that baby and put him down. Then you and the rest may return to your work."

Jackie, reprieved, poured out his story with an artistic appreciation of its pathetic parts that brought the tears into the eyes under the elaborately marcelled and tinted hair. At the end, the lady picked out a comparatively clean spot on his face, kissed him and put a bill into his hand. "Tell your mother," she said, in a queer, trembly voice, "that she is richer than I am! She'll understand what I mean."

Joyously, Jackie and the General set out for home, drying themselves at a roofer's cauldron along the way. "It's a nice world, General, when you're not friendless any more!" Jackie confided. "I'm so happy that, if I only had a tail, I'd wag it, too!"

The little woman with the greyish hair was ironing. When she saw the money in



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Jackie's hand, she looked almost frightened. "Hush!" she whispered. "If he sees it, he'll take it away—"

"Trying to hold out on me, eh?" snarled a voice from behind them. The plumber stood in the door of the bedroom, and Jackie thought that his face looked like the ogre's in the fairy book—it was so red and twisted and ugly. "Here, g'me that!" He was advancing on the trembling little woman, but Jackie planted himself in his path.

"Dont you touch her!" Jackie shrieked. "I'm dang'rous when I get mad! I got a mean left!" He doubled his small hands into fists mightily, while the little, faded woman screamed and covered her eyes.

Officer Casey answered the screams and pulled the limp little figure out of the big, cruel hands. Dizzily, Jackie clung to the table, watching the battle royal that raged about the kitchen. When he saw his chance, he lifted the flower-pot from the window sill and hurled it. The plumber had got his hands about the policeman's throat. The flower-pot hit him, his hands flew loosely out at his side, and with an idiotic look of surprise, he sat down heavily upon the floor, a red geranium drooping over one ear.

"What a cop you'll make with a little growin'!" Officer Casey exclaimed admiringly, snapping handcuffs about wrists that flapped feebly. "The gunmen wouldn't have a chanct! Come along, youse; what, with assault and battery, attempted murder, resisting an officer and mayhem, 'tis my opinion you'll be massaging the rock piles up the river for some time to come; and if youse dont come pretty and polite, I'll add forgery and arson to th' charge!"

It was Jackie who told the story in court which sent the big plumber to Sing Sing for two years, for the little faded woman with the marks of brutal fingers still bruising her cheek, would not speak. "I married him," she told the elderly couple who sat with her, and called her, tenderly, "daughter"—"I married him for better or for worse. If it's been worse, I cant go back on my bargain."

So Jackie, resting his chin on the railing of the witness-box, piped out his story, and the jury, looking at his small, chubby face and the great muscular hands of the prisoner, found their own hands clenching, their own muscles tensing, with the impulse to inflict bodily damage on the man-brute who could hurt a woman and a child. "And he said, 'You—brat—I'm—going—to—kill—you,' and the cop came, and I threw the flower-pot, and that's all there was," finished Jackie cheerfully. "He didn't kill me the least little bit!"

"Guilty!" said the jury, without leaving their seats.

"Two years in prison," said the Judge heartily, "and if, when you finish that, you'd like some more, and molest your wife or this boy, I'll be delighted to oblige you."

"And now," said the elderly lady, putting one arm around Jackie and the other around the little faded woman, "you're coming home to the farm with Papa and me. I've always thought that I'd make a real good grandma!"

Jackie looked at her thoughtfully. "Can you make cookies?" he asked.

"Five kinds!" said the old lady briskly. "And gingerbread boys and doughnuts, besides!"

"And are there white curtains at the windows?" cross-examined Jackie relentlessly.

"At every window, and red-and-white checked table-cloths and a canary!" said the old lady. "And there's a paperweight with

(Continued on page 108)

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 86)

should call it aleohell. I thank you for the collapsible drinking cup, but it proved its name the second time I used it. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "John Smith."

LORAINÉ.—What you say is a very important matter, but the most important matter in the world is grey. There is a rumor that Eugene O'Brien will play in Norma Talmadge's "The Mirage." You see, he would only be a leading man, whereas he has been a star; but what's a little thing like that in order to play opposite Norma?

WALLY D.—You want an article on perfumery, telling what kinds the stars prefer. Good idea. I'll speak to Corliss Palmer about it.

BOOK WORM.—Thanks for the dime. I can go out and buy a soda now. The first American soda fountain has just been installed in Cairo, Egypt. Eugene O'Brien has naturally curly hair. It's a permanent wave. Antonio Moreno is with Vitagraph.

REBECCA.—No, all the power to run the Broadway street cars does not come from the Battery. Mary Pickford, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mary played in "The Fatal Wedding" when she was nine years old. You're welcome.

YANKEE DOODLE.—You're á dandy all right. Yes, the Sedgwick girls are sisters. I believe in educating them. But the percentage of foreign-born people of the whole population of the United States is smaller today than it has been since 1860. Norman Kerry's name was Norman H. Kaiser before the war. (More power to him.)

BETTY E.—Nay, child, I am not so good as you would think. In fact, I am very wicked. You know the good die young. You are all for Richard Barthelmess. Violet Mersereau is now in Europe, playing in "Nero," which is being filmed in Rome. No, Cullen Landis is no longer with Goldwyn.

HAPPY BEA.—What makes you think I am a woman? Zounds! Also, the devil! Marion Davies, in "The Young Diana," which is her thirteenth picture, by the way, is playing her first character part, in the shape of an old maid. Must be some hidden reason for it. Yes, Billie Ritchie died in California, July sixth. Henry Walthall joined Western Vitagraph to play opposite Pauline Starke.

EVELYN M.—I shall always remember "The Jack Knife Man" as being one of the most human pictures I have ever seen. Bobby Kelso was the boy. There isn't much I can do for you, I'm sorry.

MELLE B.—I am on to your curves. I may be eighty, but I am this year's model. Mary Pickford and Mahlon Hamilton, in "Daddy Long Legs." I saved you this time. Wallace Reid is playing in "An Assisted Frankenstein." Gloria Swanson, in "Beyond the Rocks."

SOME GIRLS.—Thanks for the rooster. Good work. You ask whether I believe in the simple life, or in the strenuous life. Both. There is a way to combine the two. You bet, I'm a bachelor.

EDWARD E. J.—No, Eddie, I never saw a chimney draw, nor even sweep, but I have seen people who could ask a lot of foolish questions. Your letter was all about Bessie Love. Thanks for the verse. It was very clever. Run in again some time.

G. L., Atlanta.—Yes, they are married. Why, Tom Gallery and Priscilla Bonner, in "The Son of Wallingford," for Vitagraph. Anyone wishing to join the National Post No. 1 of the Bushman Club, send stamped addressed envelope to Miss Beck, 3828 Iowa Avenue, St. Louis,



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By Viola Dana

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Viola Dana

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Reputations - - -

(Continued from page 47)

"Not on any of your Western ranches with cactus and cowboys," said he, "but on a home-like, quiet spot in New England. I like scenery, but not too much of it. I'd rather have a few traditions thrown in with my picturesque landscape."

"The solitude of the country is the only hope for any man who has bucked the world for a number of years, wresting his pittance from it. Even now I try to believe I'm in the country—even tho I know the street-car runs only a block away."

"He believes so much," interrupted Mrs. Washburn, "that we've sat down to many a cold dinner because he wouldn't stop fussing with the hens out in the chicken-coop."

Probably because Washburn has brown eyes, an infectious smile and a dimpled cleft in his chin, picture producers have always offered him to the public in light, innocuous comedies. Whereas he really is a rather serious-minded sort of person who has a logical outlook on life.

Recently he terminated a starring contract—terminated it because he was tired of doing vapid, old-style farces and comedies, when he felt he was capable of bigger things.

"An actor," he said, "suffers terribly thru other people's mistakes. If he gets a line of bad stories, the public blames him—and he really has little or nothing to say in regard to what his producer will buy for him to play in."

"Because he makes one play that is a success, all the scenario readers and writers in the studio are put to work in an effort to get repetitions of the same effect."

"They don't want you to be versatile on the screen. They go on offering and offering you in the same line of stories until what admirers you've had begin to get tired of the type."

Long ago Washburn started about upsetting people's illusions. When he was with Essanay he got married. His wife is charming and brilliant and a compliment to any man's sense of possession. And he immediately announced his marriage—and never since has denied it.

He was the first screen actor to admit that he had a wife!

"Another star told me I'd kill myself if I ever spoke of Mrs. Washburn," he explained. "And I said, 'All right, then I'll die game.'"

"Finally it got to be the thing for actors to use their wives in their publicity. And I can't recall any sudden professional deaths among the married men as having occurred, either."

"Deep down in their heart, the public likes to be clean. A scandal may offer spicy sensation for the moment, but decent-minded people don't care to know their scandalous neighbors."

"It's all right for you to sow your wild oats—but don't hold anybody else responsible for the crop."

Speaking of Washburn's being the first film star to admit having been married, reminds me that he has also been the advance scout of other cinema foibles.

Over a year ago he took his company to England to produce there "The Road to London"—the first British-made production of an American cinemateur. Since making that trip and that production, Washburn has developed a tremendous liking for European manners and customs.

Yet, while his admiration for Britishers is frank and open, he never momentarily forgets that he is first an American.

"Those who are always knocking the

United States because of prohibition and other perhaps arduous constitutional amendments, should have no place in America," is his opinion. "Europe is spacious and still liberal in the matter of personal liberty. But . . ."

He confesses to having been very happy when, once more, he set foot on native soil. For he is extremely sincere, has a mind of his own, and is not afraid to speak it.

Soon he hopes to engage in making a revival of "Skimmer's Dress Suit," the play that really proclaimed him a star. If he does refilm it, he will do so with his own company. Negotiations are now under way. And the new production will be very different from the former one, made in the days when pictures were in their swaddling clothes.

After departing from Essanay, his cinema alma mater, Washburn became a Lasky star, and "Till I Come Back to You," "The Way of a Man With a Maid," "Why Smith Left Home," "It Pays to Advertise," "What Happened to Jones" and "The Six Best Cellars" were, perhaps, the best of the pictures made there.

Still, his Lasky experience was a case of half-in-half. Some of his vehicles were wretched in their story-value. Others were side-splitters.

But the experience has taught Washburn never again to make pictures on a program schedule.

In "Hungry Hearts," which he recently made at Goldwyn, he ventured into the purple depths of heavy drama. He liked it—and wants other equally good opportunities. And his latest picture, "The Woman Conquers," with Katherine MacDonald, he feels has given him the chance.

And so, when we see the new Washburn playing different rôles, we need not be surprised. For he declares that he's going to do some serious work before he ever thinks of leaving the screen.

He has the facility of using his good, clear brain to the best advantage. He believes in fair play—and a good reputation.

Hollywood has never been able to scandalize either him or his wife. And probably never will be able to.

For Bryant and Mrs. Washburn represent the decent coterie—people who love and live and are raising their children to be self-respecting, genteel citizens.

Even as you and I.

Trouble

(Continued from page 106)

a snowstorm inside, in the parlor, and a stereopticon with pictures of the Alps and wild animals and the World's Fair!"

Jackie's eyes gleamed, but still there was one last point to be settled. He turned to the rosy old man. "Do you like dogs?" he asked breathless with suspense. "If you do, you'd be sure to like General Pershing, because he is almost all the kinds of dogs there are!"

"Always was fond of dogs!" affirmed the rosy old man. "The farm would be just the place for the General—great juicy bones, woodchucks to chase—haven't you ever heard that farming was a dog's life?"

Jackie hesitated no longer. He clutched the hand of the little faded woman. "We'll come, won't we, Mother?" he cried. "It's a home with a little 'h,' like the cop said I'd find if I prayed." He drew a deep breath. "And now," cried Jackie, "to start right in pr . . ."

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Sheldon Cheney writes on "Staging the Expressionistic Drama." Mr. Cheney has just returned from a study of the Continental theater.

Benjamin de Casseres will discuss **Pierre Loti**, the Prospero of Impressionism.

Oliver M. Sayler will consider **Eugene O'Neill's** literary masters from all angles.

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CLASSIC has managed to get brief stories on the unhappiest period in the life of these stars and how they overcame it and we are passing them on to you. They are absorbingly interesting and should be an inspiration and a help to all who read them.

It makes your favorites dearer to you, somehow or other, when you know that they, too, have suffered.

Mary Pickford, William S. Hart and Lila Lee begin the series. It is interesting to get these widely different reactions.

We have no space left to tell of the other good things in **CLASSIC**, but by this time you should know that you can't afford to miss a single number of—

The Picture Book De Luxe of the movie world.

CLASSIC

Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 76)

FAIR LADY—UNITED ARTISTS

"Fair Lady" is a story of Italy, in the beginning, where men love too well and where even the women carry on with oaths of vengeance. Then the story action shifts to America, St. Louis in particular, and it becomes complicated as it goes on with the black-hands operating as stevedores and the Fair Lady denying herself the new love which has come to her until the slayer of her Italian fiancé is brought to justice.

It is the average story of this kind—no better, no worse. There are mobs and riots when the action drags, and there is a happy ending. The Fair Lady is happy in her new love, and the desperados are brought to justice.

Betty Blythe is entrusted with the title rôle. Miss Blythe has the advantage of being able to dominate a scene, thanks to a striking appearance, even when she is not called upon to do anything dramatically. This is to her advantage in "Fair Lady."

FASCINATION—METRO

Some day, perhaps, in a cinematic Utopia, we will see motion pictures which have some reason for being besides exploiting the peculiar ability of their stars, whoever they may be. There are some such motion pictures now, but the majority of photoplays are vehicles for the star only. When a star can dance, innumerable opportunities are offered in which she may dance, regardless of anything else. When the star can ride swift as chain-lightning over hill and dale, lassoing the villain and rescuing the heroine by some miraculous feat, he also is permitted to do so, plot requirements notwithstanding.

Now and then, however, we have a photoplay which possesses qualities regardless of the fact that it is a vehicle for the star above everything else. Such a production is "Fascination."

Toward the end of the picture, the story seemed to run away with itself. We think it would have been a better picture if it had ended a reel or two before it did. But that is neither here nor there, and as it stands it possesses a charm of setting and background, enhanced by splendid photography, which holds your interest when the story and players fail to do so.

The story is about one Dolores de Lisa, who is sent to Spain under the guidance of her aunt when she becomes too much for her father to manage in New York. But Spain and the sour Marquesa de Lisa do not have the desired effect. Dolores flirts with debonair gentlemen at the slightest provocation, and even goes so far as to play with the affections of Carrita, a toreador and the idol of Spain. It is only tragedy which brings her to the realization that life has another side, after all.

Every episode permits Mae Murray Terpsichorean moments. She dances the modern dances in New York and the more fantastic dances in Spain. But it is only fair to say that we prefer watching Miss Murray dance to watching scores of others in emotional moments.

And there you are. Perhaps that is why we have vehicles.

THE WOMAN HE MARRIED—FIRST NATIONAL

In motion pictures, wives who attempt to help their husbands by returning to their previous occupations after marriage, so that they may enrich the family coffers, invariably come to a sad end. The censors should do something about it. It is wrong to give the impression that wives are pun-

(Continued on page 120)



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The Juvenile Critic

(Continued from page 72)

called "His Wife's Relations," and what a dreadful lot they were.

Poor Mr. Keaton gets married to a most dreadful woman. He doesn't want to marry her at all, but he has to, and I'll tell you why. There's another couple that telephone a Polish judge and ask him to marry them. He says he will, and just about that time poor Mr. Keaton gets into dreadful trouble with the postman. He is pulling a perfectly huge piece of taffy candy, and it's so long that he plays jump the rope with it; but, sad to say, just as he's throwing it over the hook, it gets mixed up with the postman's neck, and Mr. Keaton runs away, stumbles over a very fat woman, who has just dropped a bag of apples. At that moment, the postman throws something and breaks a window in the judge's house. The woman thinks Mr. Keaton did it, and takes him in to the judge, and, oh Punch, the judge thinks they're the other couple he has promised to marry, and they can't understand Polish, so he marries them, and then she takes him home.

I think there are four brothers and a father, and they're all great, big, huge men, and Buster Keaton is quite small. Well, they pommel him terribly, and don't give him anything to eat, and are most fearfully impolite to him, and make him keep passing things to them all the time. But he gets even with them. He takes the leaf off the calendar and tells them that it is Friday instead of Thursday, and so, as they are Catholics, they can't eat meat, and he has it all.

He goes to bed that night, and the only slat he has in his bed is a broomstick, and so his bed see-saws. Oh dear, it is all simply crazy, and his wife snores and he hits her and pretends he's asleep.

The next morning, something happens to him, or they think it has. They find a letter that Mr. Keaton has taken from the postman by mistake, and the address is all muddy. They open it, which is a simply awful thing to do, of course; and it says that there is a lot of money waiting to be claimed, and, of course, they think—by Mr. Keaton. Well, then they move into a big house and wear the foolishest clothes, and everything goes beautifully until they clean the mud from the envelope and discover that it wasn't addressed to Mr. Keaton at all, but to a girl. Then they have one of those chases, and the home-brew in the kitchen swells up and fills the whole room with foam, and Mr. Keaton almost gets drowned in it; but at last he gets to a window and does a really clever and daring jump from awning to awning, and finally jumps to the ground, where the horrid police patrol is waiting for him; but just when you think he is caught, it goes over a bump, and out falls Mr. Keaton, and sits in the middle of the road. It's a just perfectly funny picture. I'm sure you will like it. And, do you know, Mr. Keaton doesn't smile once while he's doing all those amusing things, and that's why it's so nice.

Your affectionate sister,
JUDY.

HE HAS THE WHIPHAND

By FRANK V. FAULHABER

INTERVIEWER: Is there any preliminary training required to secure a position as an "extra"? I'm contemplating applying for a job.

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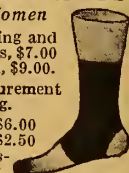
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On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 78)

discovered another Lillian Gish and has found a new screen story.

The new screen genius is a little girl named Mary Philbin, who is very young and little. She has wistful, forlorn, lonely eyes; and the agitated von S. maintains she is the great "find" of the year. She came to Universal City as the winner of a Chicago beauty contest.

Mr. von Stroheim's story is an adaptation of a Viennese play, which he promises is very charming. He will direct, but will not appear as an actor in it. Maude George, Dale Fuller and Cesare Gravina will have prominent parts.

Mr. von Stroheim is also working on another story from the pen of the famous Bavarian poet, Frederic Ganghofer.

The rumor is that Universal will station a reliable watchdog of the treasury on the trail of the young directing genius this time, to make sure that no such bills are run up as horrified the Laemmle heart when "Foolish Wives" was made.

Gossip has been exchanged in hoarse whispers back of the scenery to the effect that a very paprika version of "Foolish Wives" was to be sent to South America—all the stuff that the censors cut out, etc., etc. Mr. von Stroheim asserts, with a sigh, that, alas, this is not true. South America will have to be content with the same version that everybody else has seen.

Priscilla Dean, as this is written, is in the midst of her version of Ouida's "Under Two Flags." Many liberties have been taken with the story in order to give it "the Universal angle"; sheiks and sundry other fauna and flora having been added.

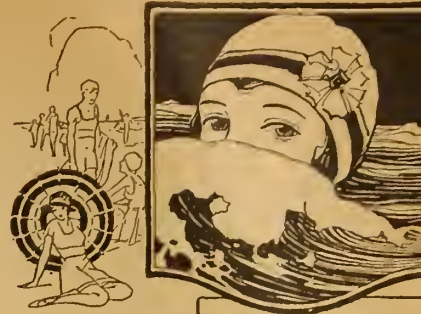
Doris May is going to have a husband in the cast of her new picture, "The Unexpected Honeymoon"; her husband, Wallace MacDonald, playing opposite her for the first time. In the same cast are Christine Mayo, Arthur Hoyt and Adela Farrington.

Three companies have been at work at Vitagraph, headed by Alice Calhoun, Earle Williams and Bill Duncan. Larry Semon is also whacking out comedies as per usual. His last one has a torture chamber in it. Miss Calhoun is soon to be seen in an original story, entitled "Blue Blood," which David Smith directed. Earle Williams has been playing in a version of one of the O. Henry "Cabbages and Kings" stories. Bill Duncan is completing a James Oliver Curwood story.

Peter B. Kyne has recently been signed by the Famous Players-Lasky company. Three of his stories are to be produced in the near future, with Jack Holt as the star—"The Last Just Over Yonder," one of the "Cappy Ricks" series, and "Humanizing Mr. Winsby." Joseph Henebery is directing "Humanizing Mr. Winsby," which, on the screen, is to be known as "The Lost Kingdom."

Gloria Swanson is in Europe for a vacation, part of which will be spent with Elinor Glyn. Mrs. Glyn says she will write no more screen stories unless they let her boss the whole picture. She says they murdered her last effusion.

It begins to look like an exodus of Metro stars and such to Lasky's. Now it is Bert Lytell, who has been signed to play the lead in "To Have and to Hold." Betty Compson will play opposite him, with Theodore Roberts in the cast.



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DR. THOMAS LAWTON
West 70th Street, Dept. 58, New York

The Ordeal

(Continued from page 104)

enstein—in the person of "the children"—in her hour of hope and joy, they had turned on her to destroy her...

Acton reasoned with her. He told her that she was doing Geoffrey and Helen no kindness—far from it. He told her that the Bruce money was tainting their very blood... that the extravagant debts and fur coats, suicide threats and hysteria were but the outward signs of the inward corruption. It were far better, he said, for Geoffrey to leave college and get to work, for Helen to stop dancing and have a few duties... But Sybil shook her head. Acton didn't know... didn't understand... he hadn't seen Helen's dark, convulsed young face... Geoffrey's eyes when he threatened to "end the whole business"... She couldn't desert the children... They were her life-work...

Acton's sympathy dropped from him. "You can't give up the money yourself, Sybil," he said, "that is the gist of the matter..."

Sybil plunged into the business of forgetting. Sir Francis Maynard, one of her latest admirers, helped her. They danced and dined and drank a little and took tea in odd little inns in Westchester. Sir Francis was wealthy, companionable, tender... He helped the hurt at Sybil's heart a little. She thought that if he asked her to marry him, she would do so. She was lonely. She needed desperately to shut Robert Acton's image from her mind.

But Sir Francis asked her something quite different... he loved her, he told her one day, but he had a wife... another kind of an alliance would give them both what they most needed...? Sybil burst into tears... it seemed to her as tho everywhere she turned she met snares, pitfalls, disillusionments. She told Sir Francis that she didn't blame him for thinking that sort of thing of her... it had been her fault... But Sir Francis said, no, it had been his. He was repentant, apologetic... "I can't have you," he said, as he took her home that afternoon, for the last time, "but I shall have a memory that will make, my child, a better man of me..."

Sybil reached home at twilight, to find that Helen had gone out for the night, "with some friends," said her message, vaguely. Sybil felt worried. Helen was too young to be going about in such hapless fashion. She felt, suddenly, that she was too young to control them. After all, they weren't children. They were more than that... they had taken the bit in their own teeth... she was their banker... nothing more... and they were headed... *whither?*

Sybil went to her room, listlessly. Well, there was still Geoffrey... she had always counted on Geoffrey. He was extravagant, but he was very young, wasn't vicious... he would "settle" eventually... Her room was in darkness and the figure of a man was silhouetted against the window pane... bent over her jewel case... She gave a slight scream and involuntarily reached for the electric light... *The man was Geoffrey...*

Her maid came into the room in time to hear Geoffrey say sullenly, "This is what your selfishness has driven me to..." Sybil moaned, "Oh, Geoff. Oh, Geoff... my selfishness..." and then she fainted.

When she recovered, Robert Acton was seated on the chaise-longue at her side. The maid had called for him, his being



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We also announce that

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President and editor-in-chief of Brewster Publications, Inc., pioneer editor and designer of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, and BEAUTY, will resume the active editorship of SHADOWLAND, assisted by an able staff of artists, editors and writers that he is now gathering around him.

You may therefore look forward to a

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While Mr. Smith has given us a most artistic publication, and one that is universally pronounced "the handsomest magazine on the stands," we feel confident in saying that there is nothing so good but that it can be better! We ask your support and patronage for the NEW SHADOWLAND.

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175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

the first name she could find in her mistress' address-book. . . . He had given her sal volatile and was chafing her cold hands. . . . Sybil began to weep, softly, resistlessly . . . she couldn't help it. . . . "I need you, Robert," she kept saying, control gone. "I cant go on like this, alone . . . always alone. . . . I dont know what to do. . . . I dont know what to do . . ."

"Marry me, Sybil. That is, always has been, the one thing for you to do . . ."

Sybil moved a little, twisted about . . .

"Robert," she said, dully, "why cant we . . . why not . . . dispense with . . . with marriage? No one thinks much of these things . . . nowadays? Then I could still care for the children . . . keep the money. . . . It would be cheating . . . a little . . . not so much, tho, as I am being cheated . . . all the while . . ."

Acton rose from the chaise-longue. "So this is what the money has done to you," he said.

The 'phone jangled and Sybil answered it. She spoke wonderingly at first, then with a sharp, distressful fear in her voice. . . . "I'll come at once," she said, and dropped the instrument.

"It was Minnie," she said. "Robert, isn't life strange . . . and terrible? Minnie . . . our old negress. Helen is at the Bussy Tavern, she tells me, in 'the devil's company'—she says I must come at once. Her voice . . . oh, Robert, dont leave me now . . . dont leave me, now . . . !"

Minnie had Helen in the garage of the tavern when they arrived.

"Is she drugged?" Sybil gasped, waiving preliminaries. . . . Minnie shook her kinky head. "She's drunk, Miss Sybil," she said. "That no-account crowd in thar done plan this all evenin' . . . when it got too bad, Mis' Helen come in the cloak-room, and I done recinize her. . . . Lord-a-mighty, baby, what-alls the matter?"

Sybil began to think with a piercing clarity. . . . "Drunk!" This was what George Bruce's money had done for all of them. . . . Her baby sister drunk . . . Geoffrey a thief . . . she, Sybil, proposing an alliance without marriage to the man she loved. . . . Why, the money was polluted, tainted . . . and she had committed a murder for this! For this . . .

She turned to Robert Acton, and his great pity for her was side by side with his love. . . . "My darling . . ." he began . . . but Sybil shook her head, holding the numb, unconscious figure of her little sister tighter to her breast. . . . "I see better now, Robert, dear," she said. "I dont want the money. I killed him to get it . . ."

The negress made a clicking sound with her tongue. . . . In her primitive soul, the emotions surging about her sounded deeply. "Honey," she said, "you-all didn't kill Mistah Bruce . . . honey, when you-all dropped that dig-talis, Mistah Bruce was done daid long since. . . . I saw him wiv Mis' Helen, hyar, and I couldn't stand his goings-on no longer. I jest nat'ally dropped rat-poison in his julep . . . that was th' matter wiv him . . ."

When Geoffrey came in ten minutes later, he found Minnie sobbing softly in a corner, softly but not unhappily . . . he found Sybil crooning over Helen, and Robert Acton with his strong arms about the pair of them. . . . The boy took his little sister gently from Sybil's arms . . . Helen was a tender point with Geoffrey. . . . "Syb," he said softly, "Syb . . . it's been rotten . . . I . . . I know. Is it too late . . . for us . . . ?"

Sybil turned first to Robert Acton, and in his eyes she found her answer.

"No, Geoff," she said, "no, dear, it isn't too late . . . for any of us . . . love is better than money . . . isn't it . . . ?"



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I needed money, but I had a lot of time on my hands in the evenings, Saturday afternoons, etc.—for I had no hobby—and besides my expenses had been mounting fast—so you will see the receptive mood I was in when I saw your little ad, "MAKE MONEY AT HOME."

I sent for your free booklet.

I read it.

Your plan looked good to me—your guarantee so liberal—and on investigation I found you were reliable, so I accepted your offer. If others could make money by your plan, I could.

That was less than a year ago.

Now I am earning \$15.00 to \$25.00 a week, each week, writing show cards in my spare time. In addition to this, I still hold my regular job, and my salary has been increased there, too. I believe my spare time work has made me better satisfied with life, and so I'm doing my regular work better.

I have been offered positions writing show cards, but I am not interested, as my present position is perfectly satisfactory, but I certainly am glad I enrolled in your school—my spare time money is exceedingly attractive. Besides, I find show card writing an interesting occupation that fills in those evening hours that used to drag so. In fact, it is really a hobby now with me—and a profitable one, as you can well imagine. Only last week I received a check from your school for \$70.00 for work done over the last three weeks. Of course, you'd have paid me regularly each week if I'd bothered about it, but I was too busy to tell you the amount of work I'd finished.

There are times, however, that I feel show card writing by your simple method is almost too good a thing—that's when I have so many orders ahead that I cannot see my way clear to finish them—and have to turn down work.

Your system of supplying work to your students has certainly helped me, but sometimes you send too much—I'm only working at it in my spare time, you know. Please note this, and don't try to overload me so much.

By the way, I think you'll be interested to know that previous to enrolling in your school I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—and you can certainly use my name and the prospective students, for I feel I'll be doing you a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work.

Yours sincerely,

WM. S. COULTHARD.

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City

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114

GE

The Perfect Scenario

(Continued from page 56)

could turn the cottage into a tea-house, with the addition of a little real work and a gallon of white paint; but, of course then, this wouldn't be the ideal scenario.

Apple is sweeping. The old man comes in and tries to kiss her. Apple shows horror—or as much horror as she can, and keep up the illusion of innocence.

With that kiss, Apple gains a knowledge of life.

And well she might! But she breaks away, finally, tho she takes quite a while to do it, at that. She packs her few simple clothes and her other pair of perfectly good French-heel party slippers—she is wearing one pair in the picture—and beats it.

She walks to the city. Wearier and wearier she gets. But she continues walking. Occasionally you get a glimpse of a trolley-car and wonder why she doesn't ride; but, after all, a trolley-car is a trolley-car, five cents is five cents, and a motion picture is a motion picture.

She reaches the city. Comes a search, then, for a job. It doesn't occur to her to look up the Travelers' Aid, of course, nor the Y. W. C. A., nor even the Y. M. C. A., for that matter. In and out of shops she goes. Nothing doing. Finally, she falls asleep, exhausted, in a doorway. Two men creep near. They are about to—well, whatever the director thinks best—when a dog leaps up at them. A collie dog. Out of nowhere. They run away. From then on, another element, a trained dog, is added to the picture. Our heroine has a protector. You know how popular dogs are, in pictures, these days.

Morning, and the dog on guard. Apple wakes up, much refreshed, apparently, and starts looking for a job again. She finds a stage-door and is about to stagger in and die on the inside, when the old stage doorkeeper, who once played with Booth—good chance here for a few flashes of the old man in his prime—sees her. She appeals to him at once. He sees she is different from other girls. He gets her a job in the chorus and takes her to his apartment.

Rapid action. Right away, you see Apple, in the chorus and living comfortably with the old man. She cooks breakfast for him. They eat together—Apple in a gingham dress, the dog, with his plate on the table, a canary bird in the window. Have you ever seen anything more touching?

Lots of back-stage stuff. And you know how that goes over. Chorus girls in costume—and on the way out of it.

Enter the villain. In a silk hat. And other things that sometimes accompany one.

A shadow falls on happiness.

Villain tries to get nasty. None of this city stuff for Apple. She resents, right away, the things a flapper would complain if she didn't get. Finally, the villain plans a big party. Apple says she will go. Old stage doorkeeper persuades her not to leave him and the dear old doggie. She refuses. She is on her way out of the theater, when—she is kidnapped. This is going to be managed cleverly, so the censors will actually enjoy it.

Now, when, for the first time, you are really starting to worry a bit about Apple, you find—

In the meantime—

Dear old Avril hasn't been asleep. No, no! Of course, he hasn't made much of an effort to find Apple; but, what would you? This is a perfect movie. Now, he feels he really ought to do something, so

he comes to the city and starts hunting.

How he does hunt! You'd think Apple had shrunk to the size of a pin by his actions. Nothing escapes him. He gets really into action. But we know where Apple is, and that he can't find her.

He gets a job, too, with a brokerage firm; and, first thing you know, there he is, Broadway clothes and all, and still looking for Apple Blossom.

Finally, he goes to the theater. You know the night he goes and the show he chooses. What a coincidence!

He sees Apple on the stage. He asks the old man about her. The old man doesn't understand. His dear little Blossom shall not meet these city fellers. He sends Avril away. Avril hangs around the stage door, with Yarrow, the collie, whom he seems to know quite well. Girls come out. He starts forward, speaks to one. Apple slips by, unnoticed. He looks around—sees a limousine speed away. He and Yarrow to the rescue! Tho Apple may be just out to get a cup of coffee, our hero suspects the worst, and happens to be right about it.

Cut-back to the villain and our little girl. In the car. Lots of swaying stuff. Apple is taken into a great home, about the size of the Pennsylvania Hotel from the outside. Inside, it shrinks to the dimensions of a four-room New York apartment. And there you are—that shows what the movies can do. Apple is put into a room. She can't get out.

The villain goes into another room. To show how villainous a villain can be, there is another woman in that house. Who she is, depends on the censor laws of the State. Either way, she'll be chucked out if she doesn't help with the complete capture of Apple. He goes back to Apple.

Apple and Slytho, the villain, have a scene, now. Lots of emotion. Real tears from Apple—and it's enough to bring real tears to anyone.

In the other room, the wronged woman. She is having emotional spasms, too. What shall she do? Oh, my! Oh, my! Once, she, too, was young and innocent, tho it's hard to believe. Close-up of her face. No—she is *not* going thru the motions recommended to build up facial muscles. Bernice, for such happens to be her name, is moving nothing but her face. Yet, she is showing by her face alone that she is losing her mind. Character acting—wonderful stuff. That's what the critics always say when you see the close-up of a face going thru contortions to indicate any character change.

Cut-back to Apple and Slytho. Now Apple is on her knees, begging for something. Whatever it is, Slytho isn't giving it to her. He's just pulling her arm back and forth and sneering in her face.

Back to Bernice going mad again. She ought to be awfully mad before long.

Back, now, to Avril. He has jumped into a taxi. How he knows where he's going is something no one will ever find out, but it's a thought to take home with you. Yarrow, the collie, is with him. Wild cut-backs now, to Apple and Slytho, Bernice, madder than ever, and Avril, letting the taxi meter mount up. This is what folks go to the movies for.

Finally, Bernice, knowing that too many feet of film are being used, as it is, and that this can't go on forever, starts something. Nobody was ever madder than Bernice is now, and we don't blame her. She takes a lamp—tho, up till now, the house has seemed to be equipped with electric

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Wherever you may live, whether in a small town or a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an *Electrolysis Outfit* and learning how to operate with the simple directions accompanying it. *Anybody can learn to do it.* It requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can operate in your own home, because all you require is good light, two chairs and a table. Or you can operate in the homes of your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The usual charge for removing superfluous hair is \$5.00 for half an hour's treatment, and there are very few places in this country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an *Electrolysis Outfit*, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, \$20.00.

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All Ten Courses for \$10.00

Each course includes complete directions in simplified form. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as tweezers, bowls, saucers, witch-hazel, glycerine, cold cream, etc., except the mud bath, which is my own secret preparation; but I will make a special price on this and on all my preparations, if my pupils prefer them to others.

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lights—and throws it on the floor. The house catches fire immediately. Close-up of lots of flames. You know how folks love a fire. House on fire all over. Exciting exteriors, showing house burning and firemen disregarding union hours. Poor old Bernice was quite mad enough, and perishes in the flames. Horrible close-ups of Bernice that will give the censors something to do.

Apple and Slytho locked in the room. Slytho has locked the door, and now he can't find the key. Flames come in the doors and windows. It would be all up with anyone but a movie heroine.

Back to Avril and Yarrow in the taxi. They get to the fire, at last. Yarrow, who has a lot on the Uncle Tom bloodhounds, knows the house right away, and leaps out. Avril follows. Inside they rush, and—how could you guess it?—Avril knocks down the door, carries Apple out on his shoulder and a fireman rescues poor Slytho.

You'd think this was the end, if you didn't know a feature film. The worst, if possible, is yet to come. Now, Apple meets some rich people—her job in the chorus seems to have melted away, and Heaven knows where she gets her clothes. She is invited to take a yachting trip with them. She gets on board the yacht—and there is Slytho. You can imagine how she feels about it! Being a lady—on the days the picture is being taken—she treats him quite as if they hadn't ever had a little difficulty before. Grand luxury scenes here, with yacht sailing out on the ocean, and dancing at midnight. Give the people what they want.

Avril has not been idle. Certainly not. By a lucky chance, he did a favor for a man who turned out to be a millionaire—he makes a fortune. You see him making it—lots of Wall Street stuff, with extras giving imitations of folks in the wheat pit, tho it isn't wheat that Avril is worrying about. Anyhow, it's a fortune in the end, tho you're not sure for a long time.

He goes to balls now in a real dress suit. Ballroom scenes, with extras in rented dress clothes, trying not to look too conscious. You just can't count the extras, which shows what a good picture it is. Vamps enter now, half a dozen of different types. They try to vamp Avril, or rather, they do the things stage vamps are supposed to think is the way to vamp, tho they all employ other means in private practise. Avril almost falls for one vamp, a slim creature in a black lace dress with earrings on—earrings being one sign of the stage vamp. He is just about to succumb to her caresses when, suddenly, he sees, in his mind, the sweet face of Apple. He tries to brush it away. Nothing doing.

The memory of first love wafts a smile and a tear.

Avril tears himself away from the vamp and rushes out into the night. He doesn't know where Apple is just now, so he just rushes.

Bored with society, Avril tries to find relief.

If the crowd Avril went with bored him, we don't blame him. It would have bored us long ago. Avril, in evening clothes, rushes to the river. A tramp steamer is about to pull out. Avril offers his services, and is refused. At the last moment, a messenger boy rushes down to say that one of the men got a cinder in his eye and can't come aboard. Maybe you can imagine a common seaman sending a messenger boy. We can't. Which just shows the advantage of the movie to real life. So Avril is given a job. The tramp steamer steams out.

Back to the yacht. You know how it is.

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Alo Studies

The villain is getting fresh again, just as you had suspected. It looks like a jump in the ocean for Apple. The tramp steamer keeps steaming along, just as if it were going some place. Slytho and Apple are having a time of it, tho none of the others on the yacht seems to notice anything.

Finally, Slytho entices Apple to his cabin—he wants to show her a picture postcard of a little Boston bull he had when he was in prep school. And then—

Not at all. Something quite different. The crew has got drunk and the yacht is about to sink. What can one do about that? It sinks and sinks, one of these slow-sinking affairs. And the tramp steamer sails on—on—toward the yacht, of course. Just as the yacht is about to call it a day and really go down, the tramp steamer wakes up to what the shooting is all about, and takes a hand. The brave Avril—well, anyhow, he rescues dear little Apple, just when rescuing was exactly what ought to have happened to her. Some of the others are rescued, too, of course, and the old tramp turns around—what an obliging old thing it is—and sails—home.

Apple decides now to visit her old home. No one knows why, least of all, Apple; but it's a good thing to do, anyhow. After all, she had to go some place. Slytho follows her and Avril follows Slytho. But he is not alone. Two other men, mysterious creatures who keep their hats on—you've guessed it, detectives—follow Slytho, too.

They all get on the train. You can see them do it. A real, life-sized train, too. And it puffs away. In the middle of the night—yes, and just before Apple reaches her home town, the train is wrecked. A real wreck, a wreck so real that it will cost thousands to put it across. That's what I care for money! The wreck is one of the "big scenes," so the close-ups are particularly horrible.

And do you know who is killed? You'd never guess! The villain! And the two detectives say that, as soon as they find one more rascal they are after, they'll have nothing to do till tomorrow.

Avril and Apple, after just enough doubt to get you all anxious about them—are discovered safe and sound.

They go to the old home. It is still a mass of dust and dirt, but Apple flits about as if she quite fits in. And, just as she begins to think that, maybe scrubbing floors—tho you can tell by the floor that she never really scrubbed it—might be better than actually working for a living, the two detectives enter and arrest the old couple. Apple wasn't their child at all! I told you, in the first place, remember? Nope; they stole her when she was a baby, and she's a rich girl now, and her parents want her with them.

That's about all. Lots of scenes, showing Apple as the petted child of millionaire parents—and how the dear does take to luxury! But she loves Avril thru it all.

And so faith and love find their reward, and sin sinks away, ashamed.

And there you are, with Apple and Avril in each other's arms, standing against the sunset, just as the picture *irises out*.

Didn't I say that scenario had everything? A fire, a train wreck, young love, animals, the sinking of a ship, a mad woman—what more do you want? Of course, as is usual, you may have wanted much less. But think of the millions that were spent! And the words I'll have to use, the day after the première, talking about the "death of my brain child," and "the sacrifice of my art." Writing a motion picture is the greatest indoor sport. And sometimes, like this, you can get away with anything. I'll say so.

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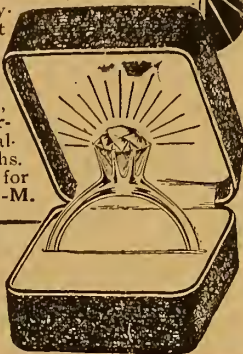
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Facing Facts Concerning the New Faces in Hollywood

(Continued from page 45)

Hentzau as Ingram described it to him, that convinced the director. He has said that Samanyagos visibly became Rupert as he spoke.

Comparison of Samanyagos and Valentino, both brought to public notice by Rex Ingram, both Latins, both dancers, is inevitable. But, with the twin facts of their Latin origin and dancing experience, similarity ends. Samanyagos is an idealist, setting woman upon a height, yet wisely concluding that if he would retain his conception of her, he had better remain below. Valentino has no illusions. Samanyagos believes that in imagination lies the resource of the actor. Valentino relies upon experience wholly. Samanyagos attains a brilliancy and variety of characterization that amounts at times to wit, and yet is always sincere. The few women who have thus far witnessed his love-making on the screen have gasped indignantly—and sat enthralled. As one of them put it, "It is like being tickled. It makes you furious; but, Lord, how you love it." Valentino works more slowly, like a curious drug.

Samanyagos comes to screen prominence—and in this he is again like Valentino—only after five years of hardship in this country, during which he ran the gamut of professions.

Ramon Samanyagos, then; a new face, the new face perhaps. Certainly as great, more facile, than any now established. For his imagination, for his lithe strength, for his sheer wit of gesture, I nominate him.

BARBARA LA MARR

Barbara La Marr. Of French and Italian extraction; formerly, too, a dancer; with the dancer's grace and sinuous, rich figure; eyes violet, but contrarily touched with wisdom; dark hair; olive skin. She is twenty-four, and completely a woman.

Fred Niblo gave her her first title of fame in "The Three Musketeers." It remains again for Rex Ingram to reveal her fully. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" Barbara La Marr appears as a luxuriant foil for the slim reed-of-gold loveliness of Alice Terry. But in "Black Orchids," a story of strange and somber power from his own pen, Rex Ingram has cast her as Zareda, the mystic—the only woman in the picture. It will make her or break her as a candidate for screen greatness.

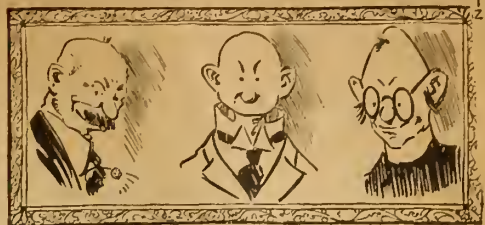
Of herself, amusingly, she says this: "When I am happy, I am like a sleek, contented cat."

A very beautiful cat, one imagines. Her voice is resonant, a sirenic purr enough for any male.

She was an infant prodigy, appearing publicly at the startling age of seven. As a dancer, she continued her career on Broadway, in the theater or in the ballroom. Later, she migrated to California and tortured her rhythmic body over the staccato click of typewriter keys, writing scenarios for Fox. Then, acting.

Behind her there is more of life lived than in the entire average mortal coil; curious vistas, beautiful and haggard. She has been tried well for her profession.

To watch the two of them developing together, Ramon Samanyagos and Barbara La Marr, will be interesting. In "The Prisoner of Zenda"—promise. In "Black Orchids"—fulfilment. The pair work together remarkably. Of him she says, smiling so that her eyes are narrowed to a fringe of silk and a gleam of the devil beyond: "Ramon! He comes to me with little bits of business for our love scenes



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Violets and Spice

By Montanye Perry

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Beauty
MAGAZINE

the second instalment of which can be found in the July issue. Mrs. Montanye Perry, the author, is a well-known writer of popular fiction whose work has appeared in the *Woman's Home Companion*, *Delineator*, *Pictorial Review*, *McCall's*, etc., etc.



Montanye Perry

In the July issue will also appear the first of a group of articles by Mr. Paris of Troy entitled "WOMAN'S BEAUTY AS SEEN BY MAN." The opening story is devoted entirely to "Her Complexion."

"FAMOUS BEAUTIES I HAVE KNOWN" is an intimate story concerning various stage and screen beauties whom the author, Hazel Simpson Naylor Shelley, has known.

Another timely feature article, "WHY CURLS LEAVE HOME," by Harriet Works Corley, is a discussion of the interesting and absorbing question of bobbed hair.

All this and more in

Beauty for July

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in 'Black Orchids.' 'We shall do thees, no?' he says, and kisses me placidly on the neck, with the enthusiasm he might display over a postage stamp. But on the screen—he—one's breath is gone!"

These two, then, the ripest fruits for plucking in stellar gardens, cultivated by that Burbank of California, Rex Ingram. They stand a monument to the blindness of movie magnates. They were both registered, both known at the majority of studios for many months, for years; and it remained for Rex Ingram, leaving Alice Terry momentarily to her fame, to seek them out.

MALCOLM MCGREGOR

Malcolm McGregor. A former Yale swimming champion; sporadically mistaken for Rodolph Valentino because of his sleek hair and swarthy skin, but upon further inspection, not the idol. He resembles, too, Tony Moreno. But handsomer than either, younger, with a splendid mold of muscle and body that the other two, fine as they are, cannot equal; he has unique possibilities. The rôle of Fritz von Tarlenheim, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," is his first name part. Progressing, he should develop a fine sincerity. Sympathetic direction is his present need. Rex Ingram gave him that in "Zenda" and revealed potentialities in him. McGregor should strive constantly for deeper notes, the bourdon note of grief perhaps. If there is any criticism to make, it is that he has apparently never been tried by mental suffering or hardship. Given time, and an added intensity of soul, he should do something unusual. He is young—still in his early twenties. He has every physical implement with which to carve success.

Were he a woman, one might ape the great director who once said to his silken star, who was beautiful but quite cold: "Go! Fulfil thy destiny as a woman! Then, when the fires of greatness have been given thee, return."

But for mere man? Motherhood seems somehow irrelevant.

Withal, there is no material obstacle to keep Malcolm McGregor from splendid fame.

MARIE MOSQUINI

Marie Mosquini is almost the victim of a too excellent publicity campaign. Out of the ashes of the Snub Pollard tragedies she has risen to a degree of printed fame approaching that dangerous degree where it will rob her of novelty and so destroy her chance for sudden bloom. To call her a new face will be to provoke the eyebrows of Hollywood, where she has been known, long and enthusiastically, as a darn nice kid and Bebe Daniels' pet chum.

Convent-bred, the child—as, strangely enough, is Barbara La Marr—of French and Italian parents, Marie Mosquini wears her natural vivacity beneath a cloak of demurely downcast eyes. She does, anyway, for the interviewer. They sparkle, those eyes, or melt, to suit the solemnity of occasions. Her favorite sport seems to be boasting about Bebe. Bebe's favorite sport seems to be boasting about Marie, one for two, and two for one, so to speak.

One is conscious of a latent flame within her; the sauce of Paris, the soup of Rome. There can be no question of personality, of possible depths. They are there, needing only to be plumbed.

Hal Roach, famous for his Harold Lloyd productions, lifted her out of his stenographic department; but he has clung too tightly to her since. The only hope for her release seems to be that Snub Pollard will one day forget he is looking

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at his own comedy and laugh himself to death.

Too many times it has been said that comedy is the ideal school for drama; that the latter is only comedy toned down. I agree; altho I would point out that because a cow can moo it does not signify that she can yodel. Not that I am thinking of Marie.

The break must come. Who will be the director to discover Marie Mosquini? It is whispered that Cecil B. de Mille has cast an eye athwart her path more than once. Remember, Cecil! He who hesitates . . .

LOIS LEE

I recall first beholding Lois Lee in the very small rôle of French maid, in "A Private Scandal," starring May McAvoy. She stood out startlingly pretty, vividly French in type, dark, brilliant of eye, with a mass of dark hair piled on her bird-like head. I remarked to my companion that if I were a director I should "discover" her at once. A month or two later it was announced that Rex Ingram had cast her for the principal rôle in "The Prisoner of Zenda." The recurrence of the name Rex Ingram is not deliberate; it is forced by facts. Seeking the creative spirit in pictures, one can't avoid it.

One sees now in Lois Lee a pretty dignity, a promise rather than a fulfilment. But there are possibilities.

These, then: five figures that have come up into some degree of prominence in Hollywood already, in spite of the apathy of producers and the inadequacy of directors, and far enough so that we may begin to detect, even in some cases to feel sure of personality—that thing without which the screen can hold no hope.

But peering on into the nebulous spaces one sees flower faces drifting vaguely, beautiful, but yet without that something upon them which marks achievement. If you will accept a face as a face, you may come to Hollywood with an assurance of contentment. Among the countless who are knocking at the gates of the studio your eye will light upon one here, another there who might emerge one day into stellar light; or who might not. Offering no praise, withholding none, I name a few:

Jacqueline Gadsden, with something of the beauty in her face of Alice Joyce, something of the same finely etched sensitive mouth, the poignant eyes.

Edna Tichenor, whom the camera makes another, a younger Maude George, with the same inscrutable Slavik mold of face.

Beatrice Arnold, fluffy, the wide-eyed ingénue to her lasting blonde tendril of hair.

No; Hollywood doesn't need new faces. Even the casting directors admit that. Learning my mission, they sobbed joyously on my shoulder.

"Keep them away from Hollywood!" they cried. "We are swamped!"

No; Hollywood doesn't need new faces.

What it does need is a massacre, a bloody and relentless slaughter of some of the unimaginative, gregarious and nim-compoopic directors, who, by some myopic token, can see no further than the trick actor, the so-called "trouper," who can get out before the camera and express faith, hope and claret-cup by the very, very simple procedure of crossing his eyebrows.

ART SUPPRESSED

By FRANK V. FAULHABER

"You always had artistic tendencies. I s'pose your position as 'extra' now gives you an outlet for those talents, eh?"

"Yes, but if I let them out of my own volition the director is the first one to squelch them."



Miss Shannon Day,
screen star, is a user
of Neet

Mid-Summer Daintiness Demands Neet!

Comes now the Season when women's charm meets severest test. Filmy frocks and gauzy blouses so frankly reveal the underarm. It must be smooth and sweet—freed from unsightly hair, and distressing perspiration.

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 109)

ished for such virtue. Of course, they never tell their husbands about it—that's the trouble. Maybe, the censors have taken this into consideration. And the husbands are always most suspicious.

We doubt if a picture has ever been filmed in which the husband trusts his wife, even with appearances against her, and wherein the wife is really guilty. Even the critics would be forced to admit such a story was original. We offer the idea gratis to anyone who can get it produced.

But to come to the point of "The Woman He Married," once again the wife almost comes to a sorry end in her efforts to help her husband. There are slight deviations, of course; the suspense, which is, for the most part, created during the last reel, is maintained until the fade-out.

Anita Stewart is the star, and many months have passed since she has appeared to better advantage.

THE SPANISH JADE—FAMOUS PLAYERS—
LASKY

The more you think about it, the more you realize that, young as the motion picture is, it has scores of traditions. For example, motion picture heroines must be above reproach. No matter what a heroine may have been in the original stage play or novel, she is reformed when she comes to the screen. Only when her reformation would mean the total destruction of the story is this tradition ignored.

The heroine of "The Spanish Jade" is reformed, even tho it has meant the loss of the most poignant episodes.

Manuela, in the picture which John Robertson directed for Famous Players-Lasky during his sojourn in Spain, is all you could wish for in the way of a heroine. It is only when she discovers that her cruel stepfather plans to give her to Estaban in order to pay his gambling debts that she runs away from home. She meets an adventuresome countryman, who helps her escape, and later an American, visiting in Seville. Estaban follows her, and, believing the American personally interested in Manuela, he threatens his life. She attempts to save him, and in the struggle, Estaban is killed. His father swears vengeance and the trial finds both the adventurer and the American ready to risk their all in order to save her from the fate the father has planned for her.

Estaban's father brings his influence to bear—

The American brings his bank check to bear—

And there is a happy ending.

Altho, as we said before, this picture was produced in Spain, the cast is not composed entirely of unknown players. During the past year, many of our screen players vacationed abroad. And when they found an American director, in the course of their wandering, who offered them a part in the picture he was making on foreign soil, they usually accepted his offer. Therefore, two of the important rôles in "The Spanish Jade" are played by David Powell and Marc MacDermott. Mr. Powell is seen as the adventuresome Spaniard and Mr. MacDermott as the revengeful father of Estaban. Both acquit themselves well. Manuela, however, is played by a Spanish girl, and while she gives evidence of no particular ability, she is pleasant to look at in her rôle.

Mr. Robertson has not done for "The Spanish Jade" what he did for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Sentimental Tommy." Nor does the original background give birth and color which might be expected.



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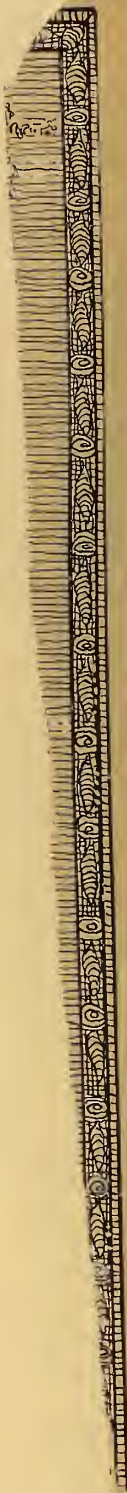
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is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and BEAUTY MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00 a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a One Dollar bill or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

CORLISS PALMER POWDER

beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell **how**, but I can tell **why**. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about One Dollar a box. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

Cut out and mail today

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For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

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Better than jewels

—that schoolgirl complexion

The girl with a clear, smooth skin, radiant with freshness and natural color, should leave jewels to those less fortunate. The charm of a perfect natural complexion attracts far more than elaborate dress and ornaments.

If your complexion lacks the beauty which women envy and men admire, don't depend on clothes and jewelry to draw attention from its defects.

Every woman can transform her bad complexion into a good one, for alluring freshness and clear color isn't a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

How to have a perfect skin

No girl need be afflicted with a bad complexion, for improvement is simple and easy. Daily cleansing, gentle but thorough, is the secret. You must use soap, for nothing else will remove the dirt, oil and perspiration which collects in the pores and causes most skin trouble.

Choose Palmolive, because its action is soothing. Harsh soap should never be used for washing the face.

Massage the smooth, creamy lather gently into the skin until it removes all clogging deposits. Don't forget your neck and throat. They are as conspicuous as the face for any lack in beauty.



Take a lesson from Cleopatra

With a world of ancient beauty arts at her command, she depended on cleansing with Palm and Olive oils to protect, improve and preserve the freshness and smoothness of her skin.

Careful rinsing leaves the skin stimulated, freshened and free from the accumulation which enlarges the pores, causes blackheads and carries infection.

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Palmolive Soap is blended from the same bland, soothing oils which adorned the sumptuous marble baths of Egyptians, Greeks and Romans.

But although very expensive, the gigantic volume in which Palmolive is produced keeps the price very low. Users profit by Palmolive popularity. The Palmolive factories, working day and night, and the importation of the rare oils in vast quantities, allow you to enjoy this finest facial soap for the modest price of 10 cents—no more than ordinary soap.

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